

THE
Vocal Companion,
AND
MASONIC REGISTER.

In Two Parts.

PART I.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED
MASONIC SONGS,
ANTHEMS, DIRGES, PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES,
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS,
CHARGES, PRAYERS, FUNERAL PROCESSION, &c.

PART II.

A CONCISE ACCOUNT OF THE
ORIGIN OF MASONRY IN AMERICA;
WITH A LIST OF THE
LODGES IN THE SIX NORTHERN STATES,

—viz—

MASSACHUSETTS,	CONNECTICUT,
NEW-HAMPSHIRE,	NEW-YORK, &
RHODE-ISLAND,	VERMONT.

WITH THE NAMES OF THE OFFICERS,
AND THE NUMBER OF MEMBERS OF WHICH
EACH LODGE CONSISTS.

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PREFACE.

THE Publisher of the VOCAL COMPANION, and MASONIC REGISTER, is now enabled to present to his Patrons, a Register of nearly all the Lodges in the six Northern States : viz. *Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, and Vermont.*

It has been the endeavor of the undertaker to make the work as correct as possible ; should any Lodge be omitted, it must be attributed, either to the mis-carriage of the communications, or to the neglect of the Secretary, in not making the returns, requested.

For any error, in transcribing the list, he begs pardon, as the texture of the subscription paper was such, that the ink spread so as to render some of the names scarcely legible.

For reasons which will be apparent to the brethren, civil titles are wholly omitted.

The Editor renders his most sincere thanks to the officers and members of the several Lodges, to whom his Subscription Papers have been presented—for their liberal patronage, and the promptness of their communications, by which he has been enabled to make the work so far correct.

Whatever are its merits, or demerits, it has not wanted assiduity in its execution ; and it is confidently hoped some praise will be thought due for having attempted well.

This is the first work of the kind, to the Editor's knowledge, that has ever been offered for the encouragement of the brethren, in this quarter of the world, and it is presumed it will have a tendency to make those more known to each other, whose hearts are in unison, and to strengthen the Masonic ties, by which we are held together.

It has been suggested by many of the brethren, as a desirable object, that the Register might be made to comprise a list of all the Lodges in the United States; and as the present Edition, of three thousand, is but barely sufficient to supply the Subscribers, the Second Edition will be put to press as soon as we shall be enabled to procure the necessary information, which, it is hoped, will speedily be accomplished through the spirited assistance of particular brethren, in different parts of the Union. In the interim, the Secretaries of the various Lodges, which we have here registered, are requested to forward favorite songs, if any they have, with such variations, as shall have taken place in their Lodges, respecting the choice of their officers.

The Proposals for this work were originally issued by ROBINSON and DUNHAM; but for a valuable consideration, the former having relinquished his interest in the publication; Brethren are solicited to direct all future communications to the Subscriber.

Accept, Brethren, my grateful acknowledgement, for your liberality, and believe me ever devoted to the cause of harmony, good fellowship, and Masonry, wherever and whenever I can best serve it.

J. M. DUNHAM.

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THE

Vocal Companion, &c.

I.

At the Opening of a Lodge.

HERE *Wisdom* her standard displays,
Here nobly the sciences shine ;
Here the Temple's vast column we raise,
And finish a work that divine,
Illum'd from the *East* with pure light,
Here arts do their blessings bestow ;
And all perfect unfold to the sight
What none but a Mason can know.

With *feruency, freedom, and zeal,*
Our Master's commands we obey ;
No cowan our secrets can steal,
No babbler our myst'ries betray.
Here all competitions must cease—
And not e'en one discordant strain,
Disturb e'er the Lodges' sweet peace,
Where *silence and harmony* reign.

If on earth any praise can be found,
Any virtue unnam'd in my song,
Any grace in the Universe round,
May these to a Mason belong !
May each Brother his passion subdue,
Practice *Charity, Concord, and Love* ;
And be hail'd by the thrice happy few
Who preside in the Grand Lodge above.

II.

Written by Brother J. WILLIAMSON.

[Tune, *Dear Tom, this brown Jug.*]

ADVANCE each true brother, my song now attend,
And assist in full chorus a brother and friend.
With good humour he calls you, then socially join,
That the cieling may ring with a theme that's divine.

Cho. Then join, brother Masons, aloft raise the song,
All the virtues in life to true Masons belong.

The wisest of men was a Mason, we know :
From him our chief honors and dignities flow ;
He founded the temple, the pillars he rais'd,
And Solomon still in our songs shall be prais'd.

Cho. Then join, &c.

With square and with compass, with level and line,
We constantly work to complete our design ;
By prudence we steer, and the passions subdue,
What we learn in our youth in our age we renew.

Cho. Then join, &c.

On Freedom and Friendship our order began,
To deal squarely with all is the chief of our plan ;
The sneer then of fools we esteem as a feather,
Since virtue's the cement that joins us together.

Cho. Then join, &c.

Till the ocean be dry, and hard rocks melt away,
Till the globe shall dissolve, and no sun cheer the day ;
Long shall the Masons their order maintain,
And the arrows of slander be shot forth in vain.

Cho. Then join, &c.

III.

*An extemporaneous Dirge, by the Rev. T. M. HARRIS,
sung at the Funeral of Br. GEORGE WASHINGTON.*

WHILE all our nation, wheml'd in grief,
Lament their General, Patriot, Chief,
Let us, his brethren, long revere
A name to Masonry so dear !

In mystic rites our Lodge displays,
Its sorrows and its patron's praise ;
And spreads fresh garlands round the tomb,
Where the sweet cassia long shall bloom.

Look to the East ; its splendors fail !
The lesser lights grow dim and pale !
—The glory once reflected here
Now dawns upon a higher sphere !



IV.

*ANTHEM—On Laying the Foundation Stone, or at the
Consecration of a Church or Chapel.*

TO Heaven's high Architect all praise,
All gratitude be given,
Who deign'd the human soul to raise
By secrets sprung from Heaven.
*(Cho. Then sound the great JEHOVAH's praise ;
To him the glorious structure raise.*

Now swells the choir in solemn tone,
And hovering *Angels* join ;

RELIGION look delighted down,
When vot'ries press the shrine,

Blest be the place ! thither repair
The *true* and *pious* train :

DEVOTION wake her anthems there,
And heaven accept the strain.

V.

GUARDIAN genius of our art divine,
 Unto thy faithful sons appear :
 Cease now o'er ruins of the east to pine,
 And smile in blooming beauty here.

The sciences from eastern regions brought,
 Which after shine in Greece and Rome,
 Are here in hundreds stately lodges taught,
 To which remotest brethren come.

Behold in strength our rising dome appear,
 Till mixing with the azure skies :
 Behold what beauty through the whole appears :
 So wisely built, it must surprise.

Nor are we only to these arts confin'd ;
 For we the paths of virtue trace :
 By us man's rugged nature is refin'd,
 And polish'd into love and peace.



VI.

OPEN, ye gates, receive the fair, who share
 With equal sense our happiness and care :
 Then, charming females, there behold
 What massy stores of burning gold ;
 Yet richer is our art ;
 Not all the orient gems that shine,
 Nor treasures of rich Ophir's mine,
 Excel the Mason's heart :

True to the fair, he honors more
 Than glit'ring gems, or brightest ore,
 The plighted pledge of love :
 To every tie of honor bound,
 In love and friendship constant found,
 And favored from above,

VII.

For the Festival of St. John the Baptist.]

[Tune, Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

COME, ye Masons, hither bring
The tuneful pipe and pleasing string,
Exalt each voice,
Aloud rejoice,

And make the spacious concave ring :
Let your hearts be blythe and gay,
Joy and mirth let all display,
No dull care
Shall enter here,

For this is Mason's holiday.

Cho. Let your hearts, &c.

Friendship here has fix'd her seat,
And virtue finds a calm retreat ;
Go tell the fool,
'Tis wisdom's school,
Where love and honor always meet.

Cho. Let your hearts, &c

Social pleasures here invite
To fill the soul with sweet delight,
While hand in hand
Our friendly band

In love and harmony unite.

Cho. Let your hearts, &c.

May we oft assemble here,
And long the badge of honor wear ;
May joy abound,
And we be found

For ever faithful and sincere.

Cho. Let your hearts, &c,

Take the flowing glass in hand,
 And drink to your provincial grand ;
 Long may he reign,
 The cause maintain,
 And lodges flourish thro' the land.
Cho. Let your hearts, &c.

 VIII.

[Tune, *Derry down.*]

FIDELITY once had a fancy to rove,
 And therefore she quitted the mansions above ;
 On earth she arriv'd, but so long was her tour,
 Jove tho't she intended returning no more.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Then Merc'ry was hasten'd in quest of the dame
 And soon to this world of confusion he came ;
 At Paris he stopp'd, and enquir'd by chance,
 But heard that Fidelity ne'er was in France.

The god then to Portugal next took his rout,
 In hopes that at Lisbon he might find her out ;
 But there he was told she had mock'd superstition,
 And left it for fear of the grand inquisition.

Being thus disappointed, to Holland he flew,
 And strictly enquir'd of an eminent Jew ;
 When Mordecai readily told him thus much,
 Fidelity was never lik'd by the Dutch.

Arriving at London, he hasten'd to court,
 Where numbers of little great men do resort ;
 Who all stood amaz'd; when he ask'd for the dame,
 And swore they had scarce ever heard of the name.

To Westminster Hall did the god next repair,
 In hopes with dame Justice she might be found there :

For both he enquir'd ; when the court answer'd thus,
 " The persons you mention, Sir, ne'er trouble us."

Then bending his course to the Cyprian grove,
 He civilly ask'd of the young god of love ;
 The urchin reply'd, " Cou'd you think here to find her,
 " When I and my mother, you know, never mind her ?

" In one only place you can find her on earth,
 " The seat of true friendship, love, freedom, and mirth :
 " To a lodge of Free-masons then quickly repair,
 " And you need not to doubt but you'll meet with her
 there."

—●●●●●—
 IX.

[Tune, *Goddess of Ease.*]

GENIUS of Masonry, descend,
 And with thee bring thy spotless train :
 Constant our sacred rites attend,
 While we adore thy peaceful reign ;
 Bring with thee Virtue, brightest maid,
 Bring love, bring truth, bring friendship here ;
 While social mirth shall lend her aid,
 To smooth the wrinkled brow of care.

Come, Charity, with goodness crown'd,
 Encircled in thy heavenly robe,
 Diffuse thy blessings all around,
 To every corner of the globe,
 See where she comes, with power to bless,
 With open hand, and tender heart,
 Which wounded feels at man's distress,
 And bleeds at every human smart.

Envy may every ill devise,
 And falsehood be thy deadliest foe,

Thou friendship, still shalt towering rise;
 And sink thine adversaries low ;
 Thy well-built pile shall long endure,
 Thro' rolling years preserve its prime,
 Upon a rock it stands secure,
 And braves the rude assaults of time.

Ye happy few, who here extend
 In perfect lines, from east to west,
 With fervent zeal the lodge defend,
 And lock its secrets in each breast :
 Since ye are met upon the square,
 Bid love and friendship jointly reign,
 Be peace and harmony your care,
 Nor break the adamant chain.

Behold the planets how they move,
 Yet keep due order as they run ;
 Then imitate the stars above,
 And shine resplendent as the sun :
 That future Masons, when they meet,
 May all our glorious deeds rehearse,
 And say, their fathers were so great,
 That they adorn'd the universe.

 X.

The TREASURER'S Song.

[Tune; *Near some cool shade.*]

GRANT me, kind heav'n, what I request,
 In Masonry let me be blest ;
 Direct me to that happy place,
 Where friendship smiles in every face ;
 Where freedom and sweet innocence,
 Enlarge the mind and cheer the sense.

Where sceptred reason from her throne
 Surveys the lodge and makes us one ;

And harmony's delightful sway
 For ever sheds ambrosial day ;
 Where we blest Eden's pleasures taste,
 While balmy joys are our repast.

Our lodge the social virtues grace,
 And wisdom's rules we fondly trace ;
 All nature, open'd to our view,
 Points out the paths we should pursue ;
 Let us subsist in lasting peace,
 And may our happiness increase.

No prying eye can view us here,
 No fool or knave disturb our cheer ;
 Our well-form'd laws set mankind free,
 And give relief to misery ;
 The poor, oppress'd with woe and grief,
 Gain, from our bounteous hands, relief.



XI.

By GAVIN WILSON.

[Tune, *By the Side of a Murmuring Stream.*]

HOW doubly blest the condition
 Of brethren that live on the square !
 How excellent that institution,
 No discord can germinate there,
 No sallies of angry resentment,
 No sullen effect of the spleen ;
 No meagre-hue'd pale discontentment
 Is e'er in the lodge to be seen.

Complacency, mirth, and good nature
 Is ev'ry Free-mason's enjoyment ;
 Which, by the glass render'd completer,
 Doth soften our harder employment.

The Graces and Virtues united
 Regard us with fond admiration,
 Beholding their work so completed
 In forming the heart of a Mason.



XII.

By MR. DIBDIN.

IN all your dealings take good care,
 Instructed by the friendly square,
 To be true, upright, just, and fair,
 And thou a fellow-craft shalt be.

The level so must poise thy mind,
 That satisfaction thou shalt find,
 When to another Fortune's kind :
 And that's the drift of Masonry.

The compass t'other two compounds,
 And says, tho' anger'd on just grounds,
 Keep all your passions within bounds,
 And thou a fellow-craft shalt be.

Thus symbols of our order are
 The compass, level, and the square ;
 Which teach us to be just and fair :
 And that's the drift of Masonry.



XIII.

[Tune, *Belleisle March.*]

IN hist'ry we'er told, how the lodges of old
 Arose in the east, and shone forth like the sun ;
 But all must agree, that divine Masonry
 Commenc'd when the glorious creation begun :
 With glory divine, oh, long mayst thou shine,
 Thou choicest of blessings, deriv'd from above !

Then charge bumpers high, and with shouts rend the sky,
To Masonry, Friendship, and Brotherly Love.

Cho. With glory divine, &c.

Judea's great king, whose vast praises we sing,
With wisdom contriv'd while the temple he plann'd ;
The mysterious art then took place in each heart,
And Hiram with Solomon went hand in hand :
While each royal name was recorded in fame,
Their works earth and heaven did jointly approve ;
Then charge bumpers high, and with shouts rend the sky,
To Masonry, Friendship, and Brotherly Love.

Cho. While each royal, &c.

Then Masons were true, and the Craft daily grew ;
They liv'd within compass, and work'd by the square ;
In friendship they dwelt, no ambition they felt ;
Their deeds were upright, and their consciences clear :
On this noble plan Free-masons began ;
To help one another they mutually strove ;
Then charge bumpers high, and with shouts rend the sky,
To Masonry, Friendship, and Brotherly Love.

Cho. On this noble plan, &c.

These maxims pursue, and your passions subdue,
And imitate those worthy Masons of yore ;
Fix a lodge in each breast, be fair Virtue your guest,
Let Wisdom preside, and let truth tile the door :
So shall we arrive to an immortal prize
In that blissful lodge which no time can remove ;
Then charge bumpers high, and with shouts rend the sky,
To Masonry, Friendship, and Brotherly Love.

Cho. So shall we arise, &c.

XIV.

[Tune, *Come let us prepare.*]

JUST straight from his home
 See yon candidate come,
 Prepar'd for the time and occasion :
 Of all that can harm
 We will him disarm,
 That he no way may hurt a Free-mason.

His eyes cannot search
 Out the way of his march.
 Nor yet where his steps he must place on :
 When him we receive,
 He cannot perceive
 How he came to be made a Free-mason.

Then he'll danger defy,
 And on heaven rely
 For strength to support the occasion ;
 With the blessing of pray'r
 He banishes fear,
 And undaunted is made a Free-mason.

When he makes his demand,
 By the master's command,
 To know if he's fit for the station,
 Around he is brought,
 E'er he get what he sought
 From a free and an accepted Mason.

When girded with care,
 By the help of the square,
 The emblem of truth and of reason,
 In form he is plac'd,
 While to him are rehears'd
 The mysteries of a Free-mason.

Then full in his sight
 Doth shine the grand light,
 To illumine the works which we trace on ;
 And now, as his due,
 He's cloth'd in full view
 With the badge of an accepted Mason.

Now hark ! we enlarge
 On the duties and charge,
 Where his conduct and walk he must place on ;
 Then a bumper we'll fill,
 And show our good will
 To a free and an accepted Mason.

 XV.

By Brother NOORTHOUCK.

LET drunkards boast the power of wine,
 And reel from side to side ;
 Let lovers kneel at beauty's shrine,
 The sport of female pride :
 Be ours the more exalted part,
 To celebrate the Mason's art,
 And spread its praises wide.

To dens and thickets, dark and rude,
 For shelter beasts repair ;
 With sticks and straws the feather'd brood
 Suspend their nests in air :
 And man untaught, as wild as these,
 Binds up sad huts with boughs of trees,
 And feeds on wretched fare.

But science dawning in his mind,
 The quarry he explores ;
 Industry and the arts combin'd
 Improv'd all nature's store :

Thus walls were built, and houses rear'd,
 No storms nor tempest now are fear'd
 Within his well-fram'd doors.

When stately palaces arise,
 When columns grace the hall,
 When towers and spires salute the skies,
 We owe to Masons all :
 Nor building only do they give,
 But teach men how within to live,
 And yield to reason's call.

All party quarrels they detest,
 For virtue and the arts,
 Lodg'd in each true-Free-mason's breast,
 Unite and rule their hearts :
 By these, while Masons square their minds,
 The state no better subjects finds,
 None act more upright parts.

When Bucks and Albions are forgot,
 Free-masons will remain ;
 Mushrooms, each day, spring up and rot,
 While oaks stretch o'er the plain :
 Let others quarrel, rant and roar ;
 Their noisy revels when no more,
 Still Masonry shall reign.

Our leathern aprons we compare
 With garters red and blue ;
 Princes and kings our brothers are
 While they our rule pursue :
 Then drink success and health to all
 The Craft around this earthly ball,
 May brethren still prove true !

XVI.

By J. F. STANFIELD, *Sunderland.*

[Tune, *To Anacreon in Heaven.*]

NCT the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old
Rome,
Shall with visions mislead, or with meteors consume ;
No Pegasus' wings my short soarings misguide,
Nor raptures detain me on Helicon's side.
All clouds now dissolve ; from the east beams the day—
Truth rises in glory, and wakens the lay.
The eagle-ey'd muse—sees the light—fills the grove
With the song of Free-masons, of friendship and love !

Inspir'd with the theme, the divinity flies,
And thron'd on a rainbow—before her arise
Past, present, and future—with splendid array,
In Masonic succession, their treasures display :
She views murder'd merit by ruffian-hand fall,
And the grave give its dead up, at fellowship's call !
While the Craft, by their badge, their innocence prove ;
And the song of Free-mason is friendship and love !

From those ages remote see the muse speeds her way,
To join in the glories the present display. -
In freedom and friendship she sees the true band
With their splendor and virtues illumine the land.
Religion's pure beams break the vapours of night,
And from darkness mysterious the word gives the light !
While the lodge here below, as the choirs from above,
Join the song of Free-masons, in friendship and love !

That the future might keep what the present bestows,
In rapture prophetic the goddess arose ;
As she sung through the skies, angels echo'd the sound,
And the winds bore the notes to the regions around ;
The kind proclamation our song shall retain,
'Twas— ' That Masonry long may its lustre maintain :

' And till Time be no more, our fraternity prove,
 ' That the objects we aim at, are friendship and love !'

—•••••
 XVII.

By Brother SAMUEL PORTER.

[Tune, *Mulberry Tree.*]

ON Avon's sweet banks, where the silver streams
 glide,
 The beauties in Stratford oft Shakespeare would pride,
 And say, when enraptur'd by the juice of the vine,
 He would there raise a lodge for his favourite nine.

Cho. To honor now his country,
 Do honor to his memory,
 And toast him round with three-time-three.

A few sons of science his name to revere,
 Agreed to his mem'ry a pillar to rear,
 In true antique order, immense in its size,
 From earth's hollow'd surface, to heaven should rise.

Cho. For so build we o'er earth and sea,
 With beauty and true symmetry,
 A sacred pile to Masonry.

From the north to the south pole its width be exprest,
 Its length full extending between east and west ;
 To make it immortal, they gave it a name,
 And call'd it the Shakespeare, to Warwickshire's fame.

Cho. And thus build we o'er earth and sea,
 With beauty and true symmetry,
 Such sacred piles to Masonry.

In Jehosophat's vale the foundation was laid
 By our Royal Grand Master, the prince of the trade,
 And to keep up in concord a grand jubilee,
 Ordain'd it a lodge of Free-masons should be.

Cho. Ye sons born free, with me agree,

The King and Craft let our toast be,
And toast him round with three-times-three.

May heaven's grand architect bless the design,
And health, peace and concord, its members conjoin ;
May they flourish in harmony, friendship, and love,
Till they're summon'd to join in the grand lodge above,

Cho. And so build we o'er earth and sea
Such sacred piles to Masonry,
Thro' time to all eternity.



XVIII.

[Tune, *To all you Ladies now on Land.*]

ON you who Masonry despise,
This council I bestow ;
Don't ridicule, if you are wise,
A secret you don't know :
Yourselves you banter, but not it ;
You shew your spleen, but not your wit.
With a fa, la, &c.

Inspiring virtues by our rules,
And in ourselves secure ;
We have compassion for those fools
Who think our acts impure :
We know from ignorance proceeds
Such mean opinions of our deeds.
With a fa, la, &c.

If union and sincerity
Have a pretence to please,
We brothers of Free-masonry
Lay justly claim to these :
To state disputes we ne'er give birth,
Our motto friendship is and mirth.
With a fa, la, &c.

Some of our rules I will impart,
 But must conceal the rest ;
 They're safely lodg'd in Masons' hearts,
 Within each honest breast :
 We love our country and our laws ;
 We toast the ladies, plead their cause,
 With a fa, la, &c.


 XIX.

[Tune, *Which nobody can deny.*]

SOME folks have with curious impertinence strove
 From Free-masons' bosoms their secrets to move ;
 I'll tell them in vain their endeavors must prove,
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

Of that happy secret when we are possess'd,
 The tongue can't explain what is lodg'd in the breast,
 For the blessing's so great it can ne'er be express'd,
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

By friendship's strict ties we brothers are join'd,
 With mirth in each heart and content in each mind,
 And this is a difficult secret to find,
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

But you, who would fain our grand secret expose,
 One thing best conceal'd to the world you disclose,
 Much folly in blaming what none of you knows,
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

Truth, Charity, Justice, our principles are ;
 What one doth possess the other may share ;
 All these in the world are secrets most rare,
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

While then we are met the world's wonder and boast,
 And all do enjoy what pleases each most,

I'll give you the best and most glorious toast,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Here's a health to the generous, brave and the good,
To all those who think and who act as they should ;
In all this the Free-mason's health's understood,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

—•••••
XX.
—•••••

By Brother BLACKLOCK.

THOUGH bigots storm, and fools declaim,
And Masons some thro' ign'rance blame,
The good, the just, the learn'd, the wise,
Free-masonry will ne'er despise.

Cho. O'er all the earth let Masons join
To execute one grand design,
And strike amazement into fools,
Who laugh at Masons and their tools.

On Justice, Truth, and Charity,
This edifice shall founded be ;
And we'll combine to rear the whole
By Wisdom's just unerring rule.

Cho. O'er all, &c.

Let ev'ry Mason then prepare
By virtue's mould his work to square ;
And ev'ry task adjusted be
By the level of equality.

Cho. O'er all, &c.

Let jollity and freedom then
For ever in our lodge remain,
And still our work cemented be
By universal harmony.

Cho. O'er all, &c.

This structure we will fortify
 With the barrier of secrecy ;
 A Mason-barrier we may boast
 Shall e'er impenetrable last.

Cho. O'er all, &c.

To mutual love and friendship rais'd,
 This fabric shall by all be prais'd ;
 And those who strive to ridicule
 Our Craft, shall but themselves befool.

Cho. Then o'er the earth, &c.

XXI.

By J. C. Cross.

THOUGH my voice can't enchant like the Syrens of old,
 I'll venture your ears to assail :

The attempt do not deem too intruding or bold,

Good humour 'tis meant to exhale.

Of the compact which binds proud ambition and pow'r,

My poor simple lays never dream ;

But that which for ages true friendship has wore ;

Free-masonry's compact's my theme.

Cho. Then join my song, brothers ! the sentiment pass,

No harm's in an honest endeavor ;

Fill higher—Affection presides o'er the glass,

“ May Free-masonry flourish for ever.”

Their pillars of rectitude ne'er will decay ;

Honor's temple's erected on high ;

And architect Truth does a building display

Of virtue, can't moulder or die.

I flattery scorn, it to falsehood gives birth ;

But rapture the deed must impart.

Which bids soft humanity patronize worth,

And light make the sad orphan's heart.

Cho. Then join, &c.

Let sensual drones to rich viands invite,
 Or tempt to gay Bacchus's board,
 One moment of feeling will give more delight
 Than ages of mirth can afford :
 To wipe from the eye the big tear of distress !
 Infant gratitude view fondly shewn !
 To blessings bestow, sure the donor must bless,
 Whose heart is humanity's throne !
Cho. Then join, &c.

 XXII.

THUS happily met, united and free,
 A foretaste of heaven we prove ;
 Then join heart and hand, and firmly agree
 To cultivate brotherly love.

With corn, wine, and oil, our table replete,
 The altar of friendship divine ;
 Each virtue and grace the circle complete
 With aid of the musical nine.

Thus blest, and thus blessing, employment supreme !
 May masonry daily increase,
 It's grand scheme of morals our fav'rite theme,
 The source of contentment and peace.

 XXIII.

THIS Masonry unites mankind,
 To gen'rous actions forms the soul ;
 In friendly converse all conjoin'd,
 One spirit animates the whole.

Where e'er aspiring domes arise,
 Where ever sacred altars stand ;
 Those altars blaze unto the skies,
 Those domes proclaim the Mason's hand.

As passions rough the soul disguise,
 'Till science cultivates the mind ;
 So the rude stone unshapen lies,
 'Till by the Mason's art refin'd.

Tho' still our chief concern and care
 Be to deserve a brother's name ;
 Yet ever mindful of the fair,
 Their kindest influence we claim.

Let wretches at our manhood rail ;
 But they who once our order prove
 Will own that we, who build so well,
 With equal energy can love.

Sing, brethren, then, the Craft divine,
 (Best band of social joy and mirth ;)
 With choral sound and cheerful wine,
 Proclaim its virtues o'er the earth.

◆◆◆◆◆
 XXIV. ◆◆◆◆◆

The GRAND MASTER'S Song.

WE sing of Masons' ancient fame !
 Lo, eighty thousand Craftsmen rise
 Under the masters of great name,
 More than three thousand just and wise.
 Employ'd by Solomon the Sire,
 And gen'ral Master Mason too,
 As Hiram was in stately Tyre,
 Like Salem built by Masons true.
Cbo. Who can unfold the royal art,
 Or sing its secrets in a song ?
 They're safely kept in Mason's hearts,
 And to the antient craft belong.

The royal art was then divine,
 The Craftsmen counsel'd from above,

The temple was the grand design
 The wond'ring world did all approve.
 Ingenious men from every place
 Came to survey the glorious pile :
 And, when return'd, began to trace
 And imitate its lofty stile.

At length the Grecians came to know
 Geometry, and learn'd the art
 Pythagoras was rais'd to show,
 And glorious Euclid to impart :
 Great Archimedes, too appear'd,
 And Carthaginian masters bright ;
 Till Roman citizens uprear'd
 The art with wisdom and delight.

But when proud Asia they had quell'd,
 And Greece and Egypt overcome,
 In architecture they excell'd,
 And brought the learning all to Rome :
 Where wise Vitruvius, warden prime
 Of architects, the art improv'd
 In great Augustus' peaceful time,
 When arts and artists were belov'd.

They brought the knowledge from the east,
 And as they made the nations yield,
 They spread it thro' the north and west,
 And taught the world the art to build.
 Witness their citadels and tow'rs,
 To fortify their legions fine ;
 Their temples, palaces, and bow'rs,
 That spoke the Masons' grand design.

Thus mighty eastern kings, and some
 Of Abram's race, and monarchs good
 Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
 True architecture understood :

No wonder then if Masons join
 To celebrate those Mason kings,
 With solemn notes, and flowing wine,
 Whilst every brother jointly sings.

Chor. Who can unfold the royal art,
 Or sing its secrets in a song?
 They're safely kept in Mason's heart,
 And to the ancient craft belong.

—•••••
 XXV.

[Tune, *Ye lads of true Spirit, pay courtship to Claret.*]

WHEN a lodge of Free-masons are cloth'd in their
 In order to make a new brother, [aprons,
 With firm hearts and clean hands they repair to their
 And justly support one another. [stands,

Trusty brother take care, of Eaves-droppers beware,
 'Tis a just and solemn occasion;
 Give the word and the blow, that workmen may know
 You are going to make a Free-mason.

The Master stands due, and his officers too,
 While Craftsmen are plying their station;
 The deacons do stand right for the command
 Of a free and an-accepted Mason.

Now traverse your ground, as in duty you're bound,
 And revere the authentic oration,
 That leads to the way, and proves the first ray
 Of the light of an accepted Mason.

Here are words, here are signs, here are problems and
 And room too for deep speculation: [lines,
 Here virtue and truth are taught to the youth
 When first he is bound to a Mason.

Hieroglyphics shine bright, and light reverts light
 On the rules and the tools of vocation ;
 We work and we sing, the Craft and the King,
 'Tis both duty and choice in a Mason.

What said or is done is here truly laid down,
 In this form of our high installation ;
 Yet I challenge all men to know what I mean,
 Unless he's an accepted Mason.

The ladies claim right to come into our light,
 Since the apron they say is their bearing ;
 Can they subject their will, can they keep their tongues
 And let talking be chang'd into hearing ? [still,

This difficult task is the least we can ask,
 To secure us on sundry occasions ;
 When with this they comply, our utmost we'll try
 To raise lodges for lady Free-masons :

Till this can be done, must each brother be mum,
 Tho' the fair one should wheedle and teaze on ;
 Be just, true and kind, but still bear in mind
 At all times that you are a Free-mason.



XXVI.

On the revival of Masonry.

[Tune, *Vicar of Bray.*]

WHEN Masonry expiring lay,
 By knaves and fools rejected,
 Without one hope, one cheering ray,
 By worthless fools neglected ;
 Fair Virtue fled,
 Truth hung her head,
 O'erwhelm'd in deep confusion ;
 Sweet Friendship too

Her smiles withdrew
From this best institution.

Cho. Fair Virtue fled, &c.

Cornubia's sons determin'd then

Free-masonry to cherish ;

They rous'd her into life again,

And bid fair science flourish.

Now Virtue bright,

'Truth rob'd in white,

With Friendship hither hastens ;

All go in hand

To bless the band

Of upright Cornish Masons.

Cho. Now Virtue bright, &c.

Since Masonry's reviv'd once more,

Pursue her wise directions ;

Let circumspection go before,

And Virtue square your actions ;

Unite your hands

In Friendship's bands,

Supporting one another ;

With honest heart

Fair truth impart

To every faithful brother.

Cho. Unite your hands, &c.

Let coxcombs grin, and critics sneer,

While we are blythe and jolly ;

Let fops despise the badge we wear,

We laugh at all their folly.

Let empty fools

Despise our rules,

By Jove, we ne'er will heed 'em ;

Say what they will,

We're Masons still,
 And will support our freedom.
Cho. Let empty fools, &c.

But may kind heaven's gracious hand
 Still regulate each action ;
 May every lodge securely stand
 Against the storms of faction ;
 May Love and Peace
 Each day increase
 Throughout this happy nation ;
 May they extend
 Till all shall end
 In one great conflagration.
Cho. May Love and Peace, &c.



XXVII.

[Tune, *Balance a Straw.*]

WHEN the sun from the east first salutes mortal
 eyes,
 And the sky-lark melodiously bids us arise ;
 With our hearts full of joy we the summons obey,
 Straight repair to our work, and to moisten our clay.

On the tressel our master draws angles and lines,
 There with freedom with fervency forms his designs,
 Not a picture on earth is so lovely in view,
 All his lines are so perfect, his angles so true.

In the west see the wardens submissively stand,
 The master to aid, and obey his command ;
 The intent of his signals we perfectly know,
 And we ne'er take offence when he gives us a blow.

In the lodge sloth and dulness we always avoid,
 Fellow-crafts and apprentices all are employ'd :

Perfect ashlers some finish, some make the rough plairi,
 All are pleas'd with their work, and are pleas'd with
 their gain.

When my master I've serv'd seven years, perhaps more,
 Some secrets he'll tell me I ne'er knew before ;
 In my bosom I'll keep them as long as I live,
 And pursue the directions his wisdom shall give.

I'll attend to his call both by night and by day ;
 It is his to command, and 'tis mine to obey :
 Whensoe'er we are met, I'll attend to his nod, [hod.
 And I'll work till high twelve, then I'll lay down my

 XXVIII.

[Tune, *Rural Felicity.*]

YE dull stupid mortals, give o'er your conjectures,
 Since Free-masons' secrets ye ne'er can obtain ;
 The bible and compasses are our directors,
 And shall be as long as this world doth remain.
 Here Friendship inviting, here Freedom delighting,
 Our moments in innocent mirth we employ.

Cho. Come, see Masons' felicity,

Working and singing with hearts full of joy.

No other society that you can mention,
 Which has been, is now, or hereafter shall be,
 However commendable be its intention,
 Can ever compare with divine Masonry.
 No envy, no quarrels, can here blast our laurels,
 No passion our pleasure can ever annoy.

Cho. Come, see, &c.

To aid one another we always are ready,
 Our rites and our secrets we carefully guard ;
 The lodge to support, we like pillars are steady,
 No Babel confusion our work can retard,

Ye mortals, come hither, assemble together,
 And taste of those pleasures which never can cloy.
Cho. Come, see, &c.

We are to the master for ever obedient,
 Whenever he calls to the lodge we repair ;
 Experience has taught us that 'tis most expedient
 To live within compass, and act on the square.
 Let mutual agreement be Free-masons' cement
 Until the whole universe Time shall destroy.
Cho. Come, see, &c.

 XXIX.

Most Excellent Master's Song.

ALL hail ! to the morning
 That bids us rejoice ;
 The Temple's completed,
 Exalt high each voice ;
 The Cape-Stone is finish'd,
 Our labour is o'er ;
 The sound of the Gavel
 Shall hail us no more.

To the power Almighty, who ever has guided
 The tribes of old Israel, exalting their fame ;
 To him who hath govern'd our hearts, undivided,
 Let's send forth our voices to praise his great name.

Companions assemble
 On this joyful day,
 Th' occasion is glorious,
 The Key-Stone to lay ;
 Fulfill'd is the promise,
 By the ANCIENT OF DAYS,
 To bring forth the Cape-Stone,
 With shouting and praise.

CEREMONIES.

There's no more occasion for Level or Plumb-Line;
 For Trowel or Gavel, for Compass or Square ;
 Our works are completed, the Ark safely seated,
 And we shall be greeted as workmen most rare.

Now those that are worthy,
 Our toils who have shar'd,
 And prov'd themselves faithful,
 Shall meet their reward.
 Their virtue and knowledge,
 Industry and skill,
 Have our approbation,
 Have gain'd our good will.

We accept and receive them, most excellent masters,
 Invested with honors, and power to preside ;
 Amongst worthy craftsmen, wherever assembled,
 The knowledge of Masons to spread far and wide.

ALMIGHTY JEHOVAH,
 Descend now and fill
 This Lodge with thy glory,
 Our hearts with good will ;
 Preside at our meetings,
 Assist us to find
 True pleasure in teaching
 Good will to mankind.

Thy wisdom inspires the great institution,
 Thy strength shall support it, 'till nature expire ;
 And when the creation shall fall into ruin,
 Its beauty shall rise, through the midst of the fire!



XXX.

A Royal Arch Song.

ALMIGHTY Sire ! our heavenly king,
 Before whose sacred name we bend,
 Accept the praises which we sing,

And to our humble prayer attend !
 All hail great Architect divine !
 This universal frame is thine.

Thou who didst Persia's King command,
 A proclamation to extend,
 That Israel's sons might quit his land,
 Their holy temple to attend.

That sacred place where three in one,
 Compris'd thy comprehensive name ;
 And where the bright meridian sun
 Was soon thy glory to proclaim.



XXXI.

MASTER'S Song.

[Tune, *Greenwich Pensioner*.]

I SING the Mason's glory,
 Whose praying mind doth burn ;
 Unto complete perfection,
 Our mysteries to learn ;
 Not those who visit Lodges
 To eat and drink their fill ;
 Not those who at our meetings
 Hear lectures 'gainst their will :

CHORUS.

*But only those whose pleasure
 At every lodge can be,
 T' improve themselves by lectures,
 In glorious Masonry.
 Hail glorious Masonry !*

The faithful worthy Brother,
 Whose heart can feel for grief ;

Whose bosom with compassion
 Steps forth to his relief,
 Whose soul is ever ready,
 Around him to diffuse
 The principles of Masons,
 And guard them from abuse ;

CHORUS.

*These are thy sons whose pleasure,
 At every Lodge will be,
 T' improve themselves by lectures,
 In glorious Masonry.
 Hail ! glorious Masonry !*

King Solomon, our patron,
 Transmitted this command,
 " The faithful and praise-worthy,
 True light must understand ;
 And my descendants, also,
 Who're seated in the East,
 Have not fulfill'd their duty,
 'Till light has reach'd the West."

CHORUS.

*Therefore, our highest pleasure
 As every Lodge, should be,
 T' improve ourselves by lectures,
 In glorious Masonry.
 Hail ! glorious Masonry !*

My duty and my station,
 As Master, in the chair
 Obliges me to summon...
 Each Brother, to prepare ;...
 That all may be enabled,
 By slow, though sure degrees,
 To answer in rotation,
 With honour and with ease.

CHORUS.

*Such are thy sons, whose pleasure
As every Lodge will be,
To improve themselves by lectures,
In glorious Masonry.*

Hail ! glorious Masonry !



XXXII.

KNIGHT TEMPLAR'S Song.

TO the Knight Templar's awful dome,
Where glorious Knight in arms were drest,
Fill'd with surprise, I slowly came,
With solemn jewels on my breast.
A pilgrim to this house I came,
With sandal, scarf, and scrip so white,
Thro' rugged paths my feet were led,
All this I bore to be a Knight.

With feeble arm I gently smote
At the Knight Templar's mercy gate,
What I beheld when it was open'd
Was splendid, elegant and great.
Twelve dazzling lights I quickly saw,
All chosen for the cross to fight ;
In one of them I found a flaw,
And speedily put out that light.

In regimentals did I dress,
Trimm'd with colours black and blue,
A blazing star on the left breast,
Denotes a heart that's always true.
Let none the Templar's name deny,
As Peter did the pass forsake,
Your conduct still preserve from blame,
And keep your heads free from the stake.

Unite your hearts and join your hands,
 In ev'ry solemn tie of love,
 United shall each Templar stand,
 The virtue of his cause to prove,
 Until the world is lost in fire,
 By order of the Trinity,
 The amazing world will still admire
 Our stedfast love and unity.



XXXIII.

[Tune, *Rule Britannia.*]

ERE God the Universe began,
 In one rude heap all matter lay,
 Which wild disorder over-ran,
 Nor knew of light one glimmering ray;
 While, in darkness o'er the whole,
 Confusion reign'd without controul.

Then God arose, his thunders hurl'd,
 And bade the elements arise;
 In Air he hung the pendant World,
 And o'er it spread the azure Skies;
 Stars in ~~wheels~~ caus'd to run,
 And in the centre fix'd the Sun.

Then man he call'd forth out of dust,
 And form'd him with a living soul;
 All things committed to his trust,
 And made him lord of ~~the~~ the whole;
 But ungrateful unto Heaven
 He prov'd, and was from Eden driven.

From thence proceeded all our woes,
 Nor could mankind one comfort share;
 Until Free-masons greatly rose,
 And form'd another Eden here;

Where true pleasure ever reigns,
And native innocence regains.

Here crystal fountains bubbling flow,
Here nought that's vile can enter in ;
The tree of knowledge here does grow,
Whose fruit we taste, yet free from sin ;
While sweet friendship does abound,
And guardian angels hover round.

—•••••—
XXXIV.

[Tune, *Rule Britannia.*]

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid
By the Almighty Artist's hand,
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
Establish'd by his strict command.

CHORUS.

*Hail, mysterious ; hail, glorious Masonry !
That makes us ever great and free.*

As man throughout for shelter sought,
In vain from place to place did roam,
Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught
To plan, to build, to fix his home.

Hail, mysterious, &c.

Hence illustrious rose our art,
And now in beauteous piles appear ;
Which shall to endless time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.

Hail, mysterious, &c.

Nor we less fam'd for every tie,
By which the human thought is bound ;

Love, truth, and friendship, and friendship socially,
Join all our hearts and hands around.

Hail, mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue blest,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world admiring shall request
To learn, and our bright paths pursue.

Hail, mysterious, &c.

—•••••—
XXXV.

[Tune, *When Phœbus the tops, &c.*]

WHILST princes and heroes promiscuously fight,
And for the World's empire exert all their might,
We sit in our lodges from danger secure,
No hardships we meet with, no pains we endure :
But each Brother cheerfully joins in a song :
Our rights we renew,
Our pleasures pursue ;
Thus we waft time along.

To restless ambition we never give way,
Our friends and our secret we never betray ;
Henceforth, O ye heroes, your ravages cease,
And the laurels ye wear, to Free-masons release :
Tho' ye won them by war, we claim them by peace,
They are ours, ours, ours, ours, ours ;
Tho' ye won them by war we claim them by peace.

—•••••—
XXXVI.

[Tune, *Hearts of Oak.*]

NO sect in the world can with Masons compare,
So ancient, so noble's the badge that they wear,
That all other orders, however esteem'd,

Inferiour to Masonry far has been deem'd.

Cho. We alway are free,
And for ever agree ;
Supporting each other,
Brother helps brother.

No Mortals on earth are so friendly as we.

When first attic fire Mortals glory became,
Tho' small was the spark, it soon grew to a flame ;
As Phœbus celestial transcendently bright,
It spread o'er the world a fresh torrent of light.
We always, &c.

The greatest of Monarchs, the wisest of Men,
Free Masonry honour'd again and again ;
And Nobles have quitted all other delights
With joy to preside o'er our mystical rights.
We always, &c.

Tho' some may pretend we've no secrets to know,
Such idle opinions their ignorance show ;
While others, with raptures, cry out, they're reveal'd,
In Free Masons' bosoms they still lie conceal'd.
We always, &c.

Coxcomical pedants may say what they can,
Abuse us, ill use us, and laugh at our plan,
We'll temper our mortar, enliven our souls,
And join in a chorus o'er full flowing bowls.
We always, &c.

—•••••
KXIXVII.

[Tune, *In Infancy, &c.*]

LET Masonry from pole to pole:
Her sacred laws expand,
Far as the mighty waters roll,
To wash remotest land ;

That virtue has not left mankind,
 Her social maxims prove,
 For stamp'd upon the Mason's mind,
 Is unity and love.

Ascending to her native sky,
 Let Masonry increase ;
 A glorious pillar-rais'd on high,
 Integrity its base.
 Peace adds to olive boughs entwin'd,
 An emblematic dove,
 As stamp'd upon the Mason's mind,
 Is unity and love.



XXXVIII.

[Tune, *Mulberry Tree.*]

YE sons of fair science, impatient to learn,
 What's meant by a Mason you here may discern ;
 He strengthens the weak, he gives light to the blind,
 And the naked he clothes—is a friend to mankind.

All shall yield to Masonry,
 Bend to thee
 Blest Masonry,
 Matchless was he who founded thee,
 And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

He walks on the level of honor and truth,
 And spurns the trite passions of folly and youth ;
 The compass and square all his frailties reprove,
 And his ultimate object is brotherly love.

The temple of knowledge he nobly doth raise,
 Supported by wisdom and learning its base ;
 When rear'd and adorn'd, strength and beauty unite,
 And he views the fair structure with conscious delight.

With fortitude bless'd, he's a stranger to fears
 And govern'd by prudence, he cautiously steers,
 Till temperance shews him the port of content,
 And justice unmask'd gives the sign of consent.

Inspir'd by his feelings he bounty imparts,
 For charity ranges at large in our hearts ;
 And an indigent brother reliev'd from his woes,
 Feels a pleasure inferior to him who bestows.

Thus a Mason I've drawn and expos'd to your view,
 And truth must acknowledge the figure is true ;
 Should you members become—be brothers and friends,
 There's a SECRET remaining, will make you amends.

 XXXIX.

[Tune, *God Save the King*.]

HAIL Masonry divine ;
 Glory of ages shine,
 Long mayst thou reign :
 Where'er thy lodges stand,
 May they have great command,
 And always grace the land,
 Thou art divine !

Great fabrics still arise,
 And grace the azure skies,
 Great are thy schemes :
 Thy noble orders are
 Matchless beyond compare ;
 No art with thee can share,
 Thou art divine !

Hiram, the architect,
 Did all the craft direct

How they should build ;
 Sol'mon, great Isr'el's king,
 Did mighty blessings bring,
 And left us room to sing,
 Hail, royal art !

} *Chorus 3 times.*

XL.

COME let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Assembled on merry occasion ;
 Let's be happy and sing,
 For life is a spring
 To a free and an accepted Mason,

The world is in pain
 Our secrets to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on ;
 They ne'er can divine
 The word nor the sign
 Of a free and an accepted Mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Nor why the great men of the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 And make themselves one
 With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their sword,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been asham'd
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an accepted Mason.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 To keep up our old reputation :

There's naught but what's good
To be understood
By a free and an accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
And just to the fair ;
They'll trust us on any occasion ;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand,
By each brother firm stand,
Let's be merry and put a bright face on ;
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a free and an accepted Mason.

CHORUS.

No mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a free and an accepted Mason.

} *three times.*

XLI.

[Tune, *In Infancy.*]

HAIL Masonry ! thou sacred art,
Of origin divine !
Kind partner of each social heart
And favorite of the nine !
By thee we're taught, our acts to square,
To measure life's short span ;
And each infirmity to bear
That's incident to man.
Cho. By thee, &c.

Tho' envy's tongue would blast thy fame,
And simple ignorance sneer,

Yet still thy ancient honor'd name
 To each true brother's dear :
 Then strike the blow, to charge prepare,
 In this we all agree,
 May freedom be each Mason's care,
 And every Mason free.
Cho. Then strike the blow, &c.

 XLII.

[Tune, *From the East breaks the Morn.*]

WHILST each poet sings of great princes & kings,
 To no such does my ditty belong :
 To no such does my ditty belong :
 'Tis freedom I praise, that demands all my lays,
 And Masonry honors my song ;
 And Masonry honors my song.
Cho. 'Tis freedom I praise, &c.

Within compass to live, is a lesson we give,
 Which none can deny to be true ;
 Which none can, &c.
 All our actions to square, to the time we take care,
 And virtue we ever pursue ;
 And virtue, &c.
Cho. All our actions, &c.

On a level we are, all true brothers share
 The gifts which kind Heaven bestows ;
 The gifts, &c.
 In friendship we dwell ; none but Masons can tell
 What bliss from such harmony flows ;
 What bliss, &c.
Cho. In friendship, &c.

In our mystical school, we must all work by rule,
 And our secrets we always conceal ;
 And our, &c.

Then let's sing and rejoice, unite every voice,
 With fervency, freedom, and zeal ;
 ∴ With fervency, &c.
Cho. Then let's sing, &c.

Then each fill his glass, let the circling toast pass,
 And merrily send it around ;
 And merrily, &c.
 Let us Masonry hail, may it ever prevail,
 With success may it ever be crown'd !
 With success, &c.
Cho. Let us Masonry, &c.



XLIII.

YE gracious powers of choral song,
 Attend ; inspire your festive throng ;
 Let harmless mirth, and frolic glee,
 Dance sportive at our jubilee.

We ask no sound of spear or shield,
 No trophies of the ensanguin'd field ;
 Let hope, let faith and charity,
 Begin and end our jubilee.

No savage warrior's scarlet name,
 Shall e'er defile our roll of fame ;
 But peace, with white rob'd train we see,
 Presiding at our jubilee.

The heart that feels for widow'd woe,
 The tears, for orphans pangs that flow,
 The voice which bids distress to flee,
 Shall celebrate our jubilee.

Mercy, with pearly melting eye,
 Stern justice with her sword on high,
 Shall both attendant angels be,
 To guide, to guard our jubilee.

Each brother's soul shall rapt'rous swell,
 Nor sorrow toll her sadd'ning knell ;
 The voice, the hands, the heart *by three*,
 Shall thrice repeat our jubilee.

Then call from east to west the world,
 The mystic banners are unfurl'd !
 And O ! departed ancients, see
 From heaven, and bless our jubilee !

Lo ! from his great or little store,
 Each brother flies his mite to pour,
 That men may still rejoice to see,
 A Mason's lodge a jubilee.

Then round the circle, let the glass
 Yet in the square, convivial pass ;
 And when the sun winds o'er the lea,
 Each lass *shall have her* jubilee.

Be this the general, cordial toast,
 A wish that never should be lost,
 That all the world may Masons be,
 And live and love in jubilee.

 XLIV.

THE VALEDICTION. *By a Brother.*

[Tune, *Princess Royal.*]

DEAR brothers of fraternal mind,
 Whom virtue, truth and honor bind,
 In whom the sons of science find
 No sly dissimulation ;

Accept a tribute justly due,
 From a fond heart, faithful and true,
 Accept a tender, sad adieu,
 And believe
 That I grieve,
 Your worthy social band to leave,
 Because I am a Mason.

Yet tho' remote from you I stray,
 Where fickle fortune leads the way,
 Your mem'ry in my breast shall stay,
 While I have respiration:
 And let me hold that fond idea,
 That you will mind unworthy me:
 Whenever you meet in social glee,
 Give a toast,
 Let me boast
 The friendship of your noble host;
 I ask it as a Mason.

If e'er the Sirens of the age
 Have drawn me from your mystic gauge,
 Pray blot the error from the page
 Of rigid observation.
 Your kindness on my heart I'll write,
 And all unkindness from my sight,
 I'll banish to eternal night;
 Let us be
 Masons free;
 Forgive, likewise forgiven be,
 The creed of every Mason.

Your choicest love I oft did share,
 Your brightest badge did often wear,
 Plac'd in the oriental chair,
 By mystic installation.

And by the emblematic three,
 Dispers'd the gifts of Masonry,
 'Till the meridian hour we see ;
 Then we may
 Wet our clay,
 And pass an hour cheerful and gay,
 In grateful relaxation.

A listening ear obtains our art,
 A silent tongue will ne'er impart
 The secrets of a faithful heart,
 Whatever the temptation.
 Honor and truth will still combine
 To dignify the grand design,
 And love will thro' their actions shine,
 With a mind
 Just and kind,
 And all their pleasures are refin'd,
 So happy is a Mason.

Then faith, upheld by reason's voice,
 Their hopes foretell enjoyment's choice
 In charity their hearts rejoice
 In bless'd conciliation.

When unforeseen misfortunes press
 The sons and daughters of distress,
 With kind fraternal tenderness,
 Prompt relief,
 soothe their grief,
 Of their pleasure 'tis the chief
 To raise a fallen Mason.

Humanity, that virtue bright,
 Friendship so lovely to the sight,
 Brotherly love their hearts unite,
 And bless each friendly action.

No doating sot their mirth shall wound,
 No minor knows their rights profound,
 No atheist treads their hotlow'd ground,
 No alloy,
 To their joy,
 Pleasures pure, which never cloy
 Belongs to every Mason.

May friendship harmony and love
 Your guardians and companions prove,
 Till the celestial Lodge above,
 Shall be each brother's station :
 But death the level, time the line,
 And plumb of justice must combine,
 To fit us for that bliss divine :
 Then shall we
 Happy be ;
 Towards the east we'll bow the knee
 To our grand master Mason.



XLV.

SO much of Masonry's been sung,
 It's praise resounds from tongue to tongue ;
 It's light remotest isles explore,
 It's fame rebounds from shore to shore.
Cho. Now in full chorus let us join,
 To hail great Masonry divine.

First in the east the light did rise,
 It now shines bright in western skies ;
 While wond'ring nations loud declare,
 The power of compass and of square.
Cho. Now in, &c.

When war pours forth her hostile band,
 We rear the bulwarks of the land ;

Nor even stops our glory there :
 We draw our swords to shield the fair.
Gbo. Now in, &c.

Fair science reigns within our walls,
 We aid misfortune when she calls :
 While justice, love and pity shine ;
 To prove our mystic art divine.
Gbo. Now in, &c.

Let wand'ring cowans rail in vain,
 Our mysteries they shall ne'er obtain :
 Our secrets shan't to them be known,
 Who ne'er have power to keep their own.
Gbo. Now in, &c.



XLVI.

[Tune, *Mason's Farewell.*]

A DIEU, a heart fond, warm, adieu,
 Ye brothers of our mystic tie ;
 Ye favor'd and enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy ;
 Tho' I to foreign land must hie,
 Pursuing fortunes slippery baa :
 With melting heart and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still when far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,
 To spend a cheerful, festive night,
 Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
 Presiding o'er the sons of light :
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write,
 Those happy scenes when far awa.

May freedom, harmony and love,
 Cement you in the grand design;
 Beneath th' Omnicient eye above,
 The glorious architect, divine ;
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still guided by the plummet's law,
 'Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you, farewell, whose merit claim
 Justly that highest badge to wear,
 May heaven bless your noble name,
 To Masonry and friendship dear ;
 My last request permit me then,
 When yearly you assembled a'a,
 One round, I ask it with a tear ;
 To him, your friend, that's far awa.

And you, kind hearted sisters, fair,
 I sing farewell to all your charms,
 Th' impression of your pleasing air ;
 With-rapture oft my bosom warms,
 Alas, the social winter's night
 No more returns while breath I draw,
 'Till sisters, brothers, all unite,
 In that Grand Lodge that's far awa.

 XLVII.

MASTER. RECITATIVE.

ARISE, my brethren, let us arise,
 For work let us prepare,
 Let's build a fabric to the skies,
 True architects we are.

AIR.

With plumb-line and square,
 Come let us prepare ,

True friendship shall be our foundation ;
 Da Capo { A temple we'll raise,
 Deserving of praise,
 For our first Master Grand was a Mason.

SEN. WAR. RECITATIVE.

See in the east yon star refulgent shine,
 Whose accents sweet fill me with love divine
 Attentive, brethren—mark his precepts true,
 Come heart in hand—and eager let's pursue.

AIR.

Come follow, follow, let's pursue
 Yon eastern star, we have in view,
 From whence true knowledge springs =
 Behold ! with what effulgent rays,
 Upon his breast, his jewels blaze,
 An ornament to kings.

Da Capo { From west to east, let us pursue,
 And keep yon orient star in view.

JUN. WAR. RECITATIVE.

It's high meridian, laborers all retire,
 (Rest after labor, our bodies do require)
 Till call'd again, your task for to fulfil,
 I go a while to learn our master's will.

AIR.

Whenever commanded we're always obedient,
 When wisdom he orders, for work we prepare,
 We work, sing and caper, yet think it expedient,
 To govern our actions by compass and square,

CHORUS.

With love that's delighting,
 And friendship inviting,
 Our moments in innocent mirth we employ ;

Come see Mason's felicity,
Working and singing with hearts full of joy.

TREASURER. RECITATIVE.

When harmony and love unite,
To me how pleasing is the sight,
My soul's elate—my heart's on fire;
Who can behold, and not admire ?

AIR.

Come charity thou goddess fair,
Come immortal heav'nly guest,
Teach to us thy virtues rare,
Reside within each Mason's breast,
Da { Cement, unite us all in love,
Capo. { And fit us for the realms, above.

SECRETARY. RECITATIVE.

Jehosephat, the great recorder,
Chosen by great Solomon,
Trace his pages there in order,
See the deeds by Masons done.

AIR.

When our Master command,
With my pen in my hand,
With pleasure I always obey,
Da { Recording each name,
Capo. { On the annals of fame,
That will stand till the world doth decay.

GRAND CHORUS.

With lofty praise rehearse,
In lofty poetic verse,
Hail Masonry.
With heart and hand unite,

Let us support with might
 And guard our ancient *Rite*,
 That makes us free.



XLVIII.

CURIOSITY labors and longs for to know,
 Why Masons are children of fame ;
 What makes them respected wherever they go ?
 Give me leave and the cause I'll explain.

A Mason's unaw'd by the sound of a name,
 He harbors no hate in his breast ;
 What superiors may do he pretends not to blame,
 As he hopes they intend for the best.

He's upright and just, to his country he's true,
 Likewise to his friend and his lass,
 Sincerity bids him give merit its due,
 Thus happy his moments doth pass.

No office he flatters, compounds with no cheat,
 But always takes honesty's part ;
 Belov'd and esteem'd by the good and the great,
 And charity dwells in his heart.

From his store with a gen'rous hand he bestows,
 His mite to the indigent poor ;
 Compassion invites him wherever he goes,
 When misery groans at the door.

The widow and orphan oppressed with grief,
 When hunger and want on them wait,
 His heart sympathizing, he sends them relief ;
 Humanity stands at his gate.

Yes, this is the man whom the good doth revere,
 Tho' envy may aim to disgrace,

His heart sympathizing, he sends them relief ;
Humanity stands at his gate.

Yes, this is the man whom the good doth revere,
Tho' envy may aim to disgrace ;
Undaunted he smiles, having nothing to fear,
While innocence beams on his face.

What makes him belov'd is his merit you see,
But this to the base is unknown ;
In the eye of a Mason, the mote they can see,
But discern not the beam in their own.



XLIX.

YE Masens look round, and hark to the sound,
To none but the worthy 'tis known ;
'Tis not ev'ry he, who says *I am free*,
Deserves to be reckoned as one.

When I enter'd the road, dressed alamode,
My gold it most brilliantly shone ;
More clothes I put on by the help of friend John,
Who freely disposed of his own.

When deeper I sought, arose a fresh thought,
Of the glorious thing I did see ;
A jewel most bright appear'd to my sight,
A rock and foundation to me.

I'm sure it is true, call me christian or jew,
Its rays I beheld in the east ;
From whence the wise came to honor and fame,
Declaring the author of peace.

Be every Lodge-Night conducted upright,
Abide by the things that are pure ;

No evil take in, choose virtue, quit sin,
Then shall the lodge ever endure.

What a glorious sound encircle us round,
When once form'd the method to peace;
No afflictions near, no grief interfere,
To lessen those measures of bliss.

O ye angels above, unite us in love,
Proclaim thro' the world Masonry,
Our actions shine bright as we come to the light,
When enter'd and once are made free.



I.

ASSIST my muse, thy influence bring
In praise of Masonry I sing;
In flowing notes my voice shall raise
To sing the worthy Mason's praise.

CHORUS.

*Whose heart is free from envy's stain,
And while he lives will so remain.*

Hail oriental splendid light,
And dove'ey'd peace, with beauty bright;
Thy all-enliv'ning, strength'ning rays,
Doth crown our bliss with happy days.

*Statesmen and kings with hand and heart,
Support, adorn our royal art.*

With music sweet, sage Tubal Cain,
On the deep organ tun'd the strain;
Sweet melody inspir'd his tongue,
With lofty note he sweetly sung:

*Hail Masonry from heaven sent,
In thee alone we find contents*

Benevolence and mutual love,
Sent by our Master from above,
Are pillars of our royal art,
Engraved on each Mason's heart.

*Those lofty pillars stand secure,
And shall the date of time endure.*

Hail royal art, from heaven reveal'd,
In Mason's heart thou art conceal'd,
Cowans may seek and knock in vain,
Our iv'ry keys their art disdain.

*Each Mason smiles and sees their art,
While prudence guards his faithful heart.*



LI.

ROYAL ARCH.

WHEN orient Wisdom beam'd serene,
And pillar'd Strength arose—
When Beauty ting'd the glowing scene,
And faith her mansion chose—
Exulting bands the fabric view'd ;
Mysterious powers ador'd ;
And high the *Triple Union* stood,
That gave the Mystic Word.

Pale envy wither'd at the sight,
And frowning o'er the pile,
Call'd Murder up from realms of night,
To blast the glorious toil.
With ruffian outrage join'd in woe,
They form the league abhorr'd ;
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That crush'd the Mystic Word.

Concealment, from sequester'd cave,
 On sable pinions flew ;
 And o'er the sacriligious grave,
 Her veil impervious threw.
 Th' associate band in solemn state,
 The awful loss deplor'd ;
 And wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate,
 That whelm'd the Mystic Word.

At length, thro' Time's expanded sphere,
 Fair Science speeds her way ;
 And warm'd by Truth's refulgence clear,
 Reflects the kindred ray.—
 A second Fabric's towering height,
 Proclaims the sign restor'd ;
 From whose foundation—brought to light,
 Is drawn the Mystic Word.

To depths obscure, the favor'd Trine,
 A dreary course engage—
 Till thro' the arch the ray divine,
 Illumes the sacred page !
 From the wide wonders of this blaze,
 Our ancient Sign's restor'd ;
 The Royal Arch alone displays,
 The long lost Mystic Word.

—◆—

LII.

[Tune, *A Rose Tree in full bearing.*]

COLUMBIA's sons attend a while,
 To one who will the truth impart,
 And shew that you are in exile
 'Till science guides you by our art ;
 Uncultivated paths you tread,
 Unlevel'd, barren, blindfold be,

'Till by a myst'ry you are led
Into the light of Masonry.

From chaos this round globe was form'd,
A Pedestal for us to be,
A mighty *column* it adorn'd,
In just proportion rais'd were we ;
When our *Grand Architect* above
An arch soon rais'd by his decree,
And plac'd the sun the arch key-stone,
The whole was form'd by Masonry.

It pleas'd our sov'reign master then
This glorious fabric to erect ;
Upon the square let us, as men,
Never the noble work neglect :
But still in friendship's bonds unite
Unbounded as infinity,
'Tis a sure corner-stone fix'd right,
And worthy of Free-masonry.

In ancient times before the flood,
And since, in friendship we've adher'd,
From pole to pole have firmly stood,
And by all nations been rever'd,
When rolling years shall cease to move
We from oblivion rais'd shall be ;
Then since we're met in peace and love,
Let's sing *All hail to Masonry*.

 LIII.

YE thrice happy few,
Whose hearts have been true,
In concord and unity found ;
Let's sing and rejoice,

And unite every voice,
 To send the gay chorus around,
 To send, &c.

CHORUS.

For like pillars we stand,
 An immovable band ;
 Cemented by pow'rs above ;
 Then freely let's pass,
 The generous glass
 To Masonry, friendship and love.

The grand architect whose word did erect
 Eternity, measure, and space ;
 First laid the fair plan on which we began,
 Cement of harmony and peace.
 Cement, &c.

Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Whose firmness of heart, fair treasure of arts
 To the eyes of the vulgar unknown,
 Whose lustre can beam new dignity and fame,
 On the pulpit, the bar, or the throne,
 On the, &c.

Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Indissoluble bands our hearts and our hands
 In social benevolence bind ;
 For, true to his cause, by immutable laws,
 A Mason's a friend to mankind,
 A Mason's, &c.

Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Let joy flow around, and peace-olive abound,
 Preside at our mystical rites,
 Whose candor maintains our auspicious domains,
 And freedom with order unites,
 And freedom, &c.

Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Nor let the dear maid our my [redacted] dread,
 Nor think them repugnant to love ;
 To beauty we bend, and her empire defend,
 Her empire deriv'd from above,
 Her empire, &c.

Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Then let's all unite, sincere and upright,
 On the level of virtue to stand ;
 No mortals can be more happy than we,
 With a brother and friend in each hand,
 With a brother, &c.

Cho. For like pillars, &c.



LIV.

The enter'd APPRENTICE's Song.

[Tune, *Come let us prepare.*]

WHEN quite a young spark,
 I was in the dark,
 And wanted to alter my station ;
 I went to a friend,
 Who prov'd in the end,
 A free and an accepted Mason.

At a door he then knock'd,
 Which quickly unlock'd,
 When he bid me to put a good face on,
 And not be afraid,
 For I should be made
 A free and an accepted Mason.

My wishes were crown'd,
 And a Master I found,
 Who made a most solemn oration ;
 Then shew'd me the light, &

And gave me the right
Sign, token, and word, of a Mason.

How great my amaze,
When I first saw the blaze !
And how struck with the mystic occasion !
Astonish'd I found,
Tho' free I was bound
To a free and an accepted Mason.

When clothed in white,
I took great delight
In the work of this noble vocation :
And knowledge I gain'd
When the lodge he explain'd
Of a free and an accepted Mason.

I was bound it appears,
For seven long years,
Which to me is of trifling duration :
With freedom I serve,
And strain every nerve
To acquit myself like a good Mason.

A bumper then fill
With an hearty good will,
To our master pay due veneration ;
Who taught us the art
We ne'er will impart,
Unless to an accepted Mason.

 LV.

[Tune, *Echoing Horn.*]

WHAT joys do the *Craft* on each Mason bestow
(Such rapturous pleasures as *Cowans* ne'er know)
All equally share the delightful repast,
Which time cannot change but eternal will last.

CHORUS.

*Hark away ! Hark away ! Hark away is the word !
 To the Lodge let's repair ;
 Where echo ! Where echo ! Where harmony echoes,
 And banishes care.*

Behold as the *Sun* in the *East* doth arise,
 Our *Master* the *Workmen* and *hiringlings* employ ;
 The *West* and the *South* their assistance impart,
 T' embellish the *Fabric* and strengthen the *ART*.
 Cho. *Hark away, &c.*

With *Level* and *Rule* we our business prepare,
 We work by the *Compass*, and act on the *Square* ;
 No murmurs are heard and no discord is known,
 Tranquility reigns, and *Ambition* has flown.
Hark away, &c.

Let the *World* make a scoff, we their sneering despise,
 Since they know not how much we *Free-masonry* prize ;
 In *brotherly love* let the time social pass,
 And mirth and festivity garnish each glass.
Hark away, &c.

Then charge my dear brethren, a bumper all round,
 To the brim fill each glass, let no *day light* be found ;
 Here's a health to all *Masons* who honor the name,
 By walking upright, and observing the same.

CHORUS.

*Hark away ! Hark away ! Hark away is the word !
 Let us sing and rejoice !
 Whilst echo ! sweet echo ! whilst echo of Masonry
 Sound from each voice !*



LVI.

A MASON's life's the life for me,
 With joy we meet each other,

We pass our time with mirth and glee,
 And hail each friendly brother :
 In Lodge no party feuds are seen,
 But careful we in this agree,
 To banish care or spleen.

The Master's call we one and all,
 With pleasure soon obey ;
 With heart and hand we ready stand,
 Our duty still to pay.

But when the glass goes round,
 Then mirth and glee abound,
 We're all happy to a man ;
 We laugh a little, we drink a little,
 We work a little, we play a little.

Cho. We laugh, &c.

We sing a little are merry a little,
 And swig the flowing can,
 And swig, &c.

See in the East the Master stands,
 The Wardens South and West, sir ;
 Both ready to obey commands,
 Find work or give us rest, sir.

The signal given, we all prepare,
 With one accord obey the word,
 To work by rule or square :

Or if they please, the ladder raise,
 Or plumb the level line :

Thus we employ our time with joy,
 Attending every sign.

But when the glass goes round,
 Then mirth and glee abound,
 We're all happy to a man ;
 We laugh a little, and drink a little,
 We work a little, and play a little,
 We sing a little, are merry a little,
 And swig the flowing can.

Th' Almighty said, "let there be light;"

Effulgent rays appearing.

Dispell'd the gloom, the glory bright

To this new world was cheering :

But unto Masonry alone,

Another light so clear and bright,

In mystic rays then shown ;

From East to West it spread so fast,

And Faith and Hope unfurl'd,

And brought us thee, sweet Charity,

Thou darling of the world.

Then while the toast goes round,

Let mirth and glee abound,

Let's be happy to a man ;

We'll laugh a little, and drink a little,

We'll work a little, and play a little,

We'll sing a little, be merry a little,

And swig the flowing can.



LVII.

*The following Song was composed and sung upon the
Occasion, by Brother BISSER.*

[Tune, *Vicar of Bray.*]

THE corner stone, this day, we have,
By solemn dedication

Of Stratford lodge, most firmly laid

On our most grand foundation.

Great Shakespeare's name the pile shall boast,

A name so much renown'd, sir ;

With flowing bumpers let this toast

Then cheerfully go round, sir

Cho. May this new lodge for ever stand
To grace Masonic story,

The wonder of this happy land,
And raise old Shakespeare's glory.

The mystic arts of Masonry,
From east to west extending,
From pole to pole expand a space—
A gift of heaven's own sending.
Blest light divine, sent from above
To cheer the discontented.
To make mankind unite in love,
Like Masons thus cemented.
Cho. Blest light, &c.

Great honors have been paid before ;
But Shakespeare's name to blazon,
Or give him fame none can do more
Than say—He was a Mason !
Upon the square he firmly stood,
Such lovely structures rear'd, sir,
That ne'er before nor since the flood
Have buildings such appear'd, sir.
Cho. Upon the square, &c.

All nature's secrets he explor'd,
With wonder struck she view'd him ;
She " never saw his like before,"
And all her works she shew'd him.
The child of fancy, e'en in youth,
In knowledge he surpass'd her ;
None ever could with him compare,
But Hiram our Grand Master.
Cho. May Shakespeare's lodge for ever stand,
And grace Masonic story,
The wonder of this happy land,
Old Stratford's boast and glory.

LVIII.

[Tune, *On, on, my dear brethren.*]

THE curious vulgar could never devise.
 What social Free-masons so highly do prize ;
 No human conjecture, no study in schools ;
 Such fruitless attempts are the actions of fools.

Sublime are our maxims, our plan from above,
 Old as the creation, cemented with love ;
 To promote all the virtues adorning man's life,
 Subduing our passions, preventing all strife.

Pursue, my dear brethren, embrace with great care
 A system adapted our actions to square ;
 Whose origin clearly appeareth divine ;
 Observe how its precepts to virtue incline.

The secrets of nature king Solomon knew,
 The names of all trees in the forest that grew ;
 Architecture his study, Free-masons' sole guide,
 Thus finish'd his temple, antiquity's pride.

True worthy Free-masons our arts did conceal,
 Their hearts were sincere, and not prone to reveal ;
 Here's the widow son's mem'ry, that mighty great sage,
 Who skilfully handled plumb, level, and gauge.

Toast next our Grand Master, of noble repute,
 No brother presuming his laws to dispute ;
 No discord, no faction, our lodge shall divide ;
 Here truth, love, and friendship, must always abide.

Cease, cease, ye vain rebels, your country's disgrace,
 To ravage like Vandals, our arts to deface ;
 Learn how to grow loyal, our laws to defend,
 And live like Free-masons, your lives to amend.

LIX.

By Brother COLLINS.

WHILST science yields a thousand lights
 To irradiate the mind,
 Let us that noblest art pursue
 Which dignifies mankind.

The pompous dome, the gorgeous hall,
 The temple's cloud-capt tower,
 The Mason's glory shall proclaim
 'Till time's remotest hour.

Yet he who thinks our art confin'd
 To mere domatic laws,
 As well might judge great nature's works
 Sprung up without a cause.

Ideal fabrics to uprear
 Some men think all our art ;
 But little think what plans we draw
 To form an upright heart.

That plumb we poise, and clear each clog,
 That hangs about the string ;
 And each unruly passion's flight
 Within due compass bring.

Religion's all enlightening page.
 We spread before our eyes,
 By which we're taught those steps to trace
 That lead us to the skies.

The summum bonum hence we learn,
 To which our sience tends ;
 Our brethren as our selves to love,
 And all mankind as friends :

The good samaritan to prove
 To all and every where :
 Upon the level still to meet
 And part upon the square.

Upon this rock we'll stand when worlds
 T' oblivion are consign'd ;
 And vision's baseless fabric like
 Leave not a wreck behind.



LX.

ODE to CHARITY,

OFFSPRING of heav'n, mankind's best friend,
 Bright Charity ! inspire the lay ;
 On these terrestrial shores descend,
 And quit the realms of cloudless day.

*Cho. To thee our constant vows are paid,
 Thy praise we hymn, illustrious maid.*

When Vulcan rages unconfin'd,
 And Neptune mourns his baffled power ;
 When flames, aspiring with the wind,
 To heaven's high arch resistless tower :

*Cho. 'Tis thou our hearts with pity's glow
 Inspir'st to feel for human wo.*

The house a dismal ruin lies,
 Where Mirth late tun'd her lyre of joy ;
 And tears of anguish fill thine eyes,
 Poor orphan girl, and houseless boy.

*Cho. But thou sweet maid, with pity's glow
 Inspir'st each heart to soothe their wo.*

Come then, all beauteous as thou art,
 And hide thee from our sight no more :
 Touch every soul, expand each heart,
 That breathes on Freedom's chosen shore.

Cho. *Columbia's sons with pity's glow,
 Inspire to feel for human wo*

 LXI.

The entered APPRENTICE's New Song.

[Tune, *Once I was blind and could not see.*]

YE Brethren free, attend to me,
 And listen to my song ;
 While I in verse great things rehearse,
 Which to our craft belong ;
 Which lately were to me reveal'd,
 From all but Mason's eyes conceal'd.

My eyes and mind, of late were blind,
 And could not see the light,
 Which sheds its rays, on Mason's ways,
 Thick scales obscur'd my sight ;
 I thought they were a wicked band,
 And Satan had the chief command.

Till reason bright, assum'd her right,
 And prejudice remov'd,
 Her sov'reign sway, I did obey,
 And fairly stood reprov'd ;
 Then straightway I resolved to know
 The skill which from their art doth flow.

To one then I did straight apply,
 Who was a Master free,
 And told him plain I wish to gain,
 The art of Masonry ;

Then to the lodge he did repair,
And brought an answer to my prayer.

Then quickly he directed me
To their bright temple door ;
And made me be, from terror free,
And mine own breast explore ;
My cobwebs then he brush'd aside,
Of self-love prejudice and pride.

My friendly guide a key appli'd,
The door wide open flew ;
A voice then straight did bid me wait,
Until the master knew,
That worthy I appear'd to be,
To share the blessing of the Free.

Then soon I found I was on ground,
To reprobates severe,
Quite near my heart, I felt a dart,
Which made me quake with fear,
A voice did speak in ancient lore
Such sounds I never heard before.

When cautious tread I then was led
Through dark and devious ways ;
Upon my pate I felt a weight,
Which put me in a maze ;
A cheerful voice I then did hear,
Which partly did dispel my fear.

Then from the east the good high priest,
My terrors kindly hush'd,
And said no snare I need to fear,
If I in God did trust :
Then with my guide, I round did steer,
In hope that light would soon appear.

But soon a sound did me confound,
 And conquer'd all my pride ;
 I did resolve, 'twas best to move
 More closely by my guide ;
 An altar did my course arrest,
 But what I heard—is in my breast.

Should Orphir's ore, and India's shore,
 Be laid beneath my feet,
 I'd ne'er explain, to the profane,
 The wonders I did meet ;
 Which were presented to my sight,
 When I received Masonic light.

But from my heart will ne'er depart.
 The working of my breast,
 Relief I sought, but soon was taught:
 To pity the distress.
 A noble friend, with smiles serene,
 Then open'd a most charming scene.

My garb of pride being laid aside
 I soon a new was cloth'd ;
 Then jewels three were given to
 More precious far than gold.
 But neither ear nor tongue nor he
 Shall e'er their sacred names impart.

Good'angels bright might with delight,
 Such glorious wonders view ;
 The gauge, the square, appeared there,
 The mystic Hammer too :
 While wandering still I there remain'd
 Their mystic uses were explain'd.

Then orders came that I the same,
 Bright path should still pursue,

To see of right Masonic light ,
 I to the lodge could shew :
 And soon I heard, with cheerful glee,
 Each cordial brother hail me free !

New stars advance in mystice dance,
 With hieroglyphic blaze :
 Beauty and grace adorn the place,
 With their resplendent rays :
 Bright Sol, from his meridian height,
 Beheld the scene, and shin'd more bright.

Then hand in hand—in order grand
 I join'd the friendly throng :
 With mind most free, we all agree,
 To chant a grateful song,
 In praise of ancient Masonry,
 Which makes us happy, great and free !



EXII.

*Composed by Capt. STODDERT, of the United States
 Artillery ; and sung at the Festival of
 ST. JOHN, in Portsmouth, N. H.*

[Tune, *British Muse.*]

COME Charity, thou peerless maid,
 Attend the poor man's ditty—
 Distraction else will break his heart,
 And torter'd pangs of grief impart ;
 At last in death's cold mansions laid,
 Without a friend to pity.

Thy balm, the best in nature's mould,
 Is sure the Mason's treasure ;
 The victim of relentless fate,
 Pleas'd at the opening of thy gate,

Renounces heaps of shining gold,
To gain sublimer pleasure.

Lo ! o'er this dreary desert wide,
Our weary eye-balls glaring—
We chance to see proud nations rise,
All darting fury from their eyes,
And navies on the mighty tide,
No human victims paring.

Lost are these when CHAR'TY we feel,
And soon forget to languish—
Our *lodge* the master builder sent,
To sooth our woes, and give content,
The pains of poverty to steal,
And rob us of our anguish.

The grand celestial *lodge* above,
Vouchsafes our *craft* to nourish—
Contriv'd in *wisdom* out of night,
Adorn'd with *beauty* and with *light*,
Upheld by *strength* and heav'nly love,
Our heritage must flourish !



LXIII.

*Written by the Rev. BUNKER GAY, of Hinsdale, (Mass.)
soon after his initiation into the Harmony Lodge
of Free-masons. Sung at the Festival of
St. JOHN, 1796, at Winchester, N. H.*

HAFL Brother Masons here conven'd,
To spend a social hour or two ;
A patient candid hearing lend,
Unlike my age, my song is new.

I have been young, but now am old,
With me youth's pleasing scenes are past,

But Mason's pleasure I've been told,
Are ever new, and always last.

If this be true, as I presume,
'Tis virtuous friendship, makes them so ;
That sheds a far more rich perfume
Than garden plats where roses grow.

No orchard fruits, nor vintage crops ;
No spicy grove, nor flow'ry field,
Where dews collect in pearly drops,
Can such delicious pleasures yield.

Such friendship does each Mason boast—
Then while he holds the smiling glass,
And doth Masonically toast
His brother Masons, or his Lass ;

Let him reflect and call to mind,
Friendship, to merit recompence,
Must be from lees of vice refin'd
And pure like virgin innocence.

Such friendship, Oh, where shall I find,
On earth it is as rare as dear ;
To virtuous bosoms all confin'd,
Then may I hope to find it here !

Yes, here with you I hope to share
The joys that from such friendship flow ;
With which no pleasures can compare,
Bestow'd on mortals here below.

Yes, in this lodge, where I have chose
To spend the evening of my days ;
And here enjoy that sweet repose
Which now calls forth my warmest praise.

My time is short, my strength is small ;
 Yet still my heart seems well inclin'd
 To serve the brotherhood, and all
 The various ranks of human kind.

Let every sordid appetite
 To friendship's pleasures then give way,
 Let mutual love our souls unite,
 And virtuous friendship bear the sway.

Then hither we may oft repair,
 Our social band this board surround ;
 And each assume a cheerful air,
 To see it with such pleasure crown'd.

Hence vice and discord to your cell ;
 And every foggy mist depart ;
 While here in harmony we dwell,
 And strive t'advance the royal art.

Thus only can we hope to shut
 The mouth of scandal—blunt its pen,
 And to perpetual silence put
 The waspy tongues of foolish men.



LXIV.

Hymn to Love. By R. JAMEISON.

HAIL blissful night ! whose genial ray
 With lustre more refin'd,
 Beaming abroad a kindlier day,
 Illumes each nobler mind !
 Sweet fount of life ! first born above
 Bland emanation bright !
 Endearing, soul-exalting LOVE !
 Pure essence of delight !

For health, for joy, for every good,
 Thy gladdening smile is daily woo'd ;
 Each lovlier muse is of thy seemly train,
 And raises to thy laud her happiest, sweetest strain.

In heaven, on earth, in sea, in air,

Thy mighty power is own'd :

In all of good, or goodly fair,

Thy influence is found.

The great Creator, full of thee,

This splendid frame ordain'd ;

Thro' thee, in wondrous harmony,

The fabric is sustain'd :

To all indulgent mercy thence

Does every precious boon dispense,

And copious pours from a benignant horn

Whate'er can most endear, or happy life adorn.

To thee, his mediator kind,

Man life and safety owes,

'Tis thine his every wound to bind,

And soften all his woes.

If, rous'd to wrath, Heaven's potent king

The blasting thunder raise,

Thy voice stops vengeance on the wing,

And all his ire allays :

Well pleas'd thy suppliant call he hears,

Relenting at repentance' tears

The levell'd bolt drops from his slackening hand,

Listening thy soothing lore, he spares the rescued land.

Each sweetest sympathy our hearts

In mutual concord find ;

All friendship's harmony imparts

Consenting souls to bind ;

Whate'er of kind domestic sweet,

Or Charity's wide round,
 Embracing all with cordial greet,
 By all a sister own'd ;
 Whate'er it be surpassing art,
 Which kindly thus links heart to heart,
 The subtle power 'tis thou alone canst know ;
 From thee these raptures all, these bland effusions flow.



LXV.

Love to the Brethren. By Brother FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in virtuous love !
 The fellowship of kindred minds.
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

When we assunder part
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Though all eternity.



LXVI.

LONG had the jarring atoms been
 In their confusion hurl'd,
 'Till Deity, his care to prove,
 Bid concord form the world.

By steady rules in order bright,
 The new creation rose,
 And wonders issuing into light,
 A beauteous frame disclos'd.

All nature closely link'd we find,
 Such ties doth love inspire ;
 'Twas love alone that knot could bind,
 By force of social fire.

'Twas kindness spread it o'er the earth,
 And union nurs'd the flame ;
 This gave our social compact birth,
 And friendship's tenderest name.



LXVII.

LET there be *light*, the *Almighty* spoke,
 Refulgent streams from chaos broke,
 To illumine the rising earth !
 Well pleas'd the great *Jehovah* stood ;
 The power supreme pronounc'd it good,
 And gave the *planets* birth.

In choral numbers Masons join
 To bless and praise the *light divine*

Parent of light accept our praise,
 Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays,
 The light that fills the mind.
 By choice selected, lo, we stand,
 By friendship join'd a social band,
 That love, that aid mankind!
 In choral, &c.

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
 All wants, our ready hands supply,
 As far as power is given :
 The naked cloth'd, the prisoner free,
 These are thy works, sweet Charity !
 Reveal'd to us from heaven.
 In choral, &c.



LXVIII.

Christianity, Humanity, and Masonry United.

NO man a disciple can be,
 Of the Author Supreme who 's above,
 Until he can fully agree,
 With harmony, friendship and love,

His steps must agree with the plumb,
 His actions conform to the square ;
 Before to the temple he comes,
 For no sounding hammer is there.

His Love universal must flow
 Which none should attempt to confine
 Tho' a priest, or a Levite say no,
 He must pour in the oyl and the wine.

Must find himself worthless and blind,
 Must knock, and he ne'er must give o'er ;
 The truth must encircle his mind,
 Before he can enter the door.

When guarded thro' darkness unknown,
 And light on him suddenly beam ;
 He'll smile and deride the sad tomb,
 When the ark of his safety is seen.

Nor will the effulgence of light,
 Afford him a full cheering ray,
 Until he sees blooming to life,
 That part which will never decay.

With love to the grand architect,
 And faith in the essence of love ;
 Discipl'd he'll be an elect
 Of the author supreme who 's above.

Then he's like a Mason free born,
 Who level and plumb does revere ;
 With trowel he works in due form,
 And walks within compass and square.

No danger a Mason need fear,
 When aid of a brother is nigh,
 Who wipes the unfortunate tear,
 From widow and orphan's sad eye.

How happy and cheerful is he,
 From whatever distance he comes,
 To know himself welcome and free,
 And find himself always at home.

Pure joy and felicity flow
 From harmony, friendship and love ;
 Then taste of the streams here below,
 And seek for the fountain above.

May peace universally reign,
 And love as extensive abound ; ;

Our pillars and lodges remain,
Till discord no more can be found.

Then let us make vocal our song,
For nature in concert will join ;
Let's touch a soft note on the string,
And all in a chorus combine.



LXIX.

The MASON'S Prayer.

PARENT of all ! Omnipotent
In Heav'n and earth below ;
Through all creation's bounds unspent,
Whose streams of goodness flow.

Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what design'd ;
No private aims let me propose,
Since link'd with human kind.

But chief to hear fair virtue's voice,
May all my thoughts incline :
'Tis reason's law, 'tis wisdom's choice,
'Tis nature's call and thine.

Me from our sacred order's cause,
Let nothing e'er divide ;
Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applause,
Nor friendship false misguide.

Teach me to feel a *brather's* grief,
To do in all what's best ;
To suff'ring man to give relief,
And blessing to be blest.

LXX.

THE FOUR CARDINAL VIRTUES.

JUSTICE.

INFERIOR virtues rise from these,
 Affording pleasure, comfort, peace,
 And less'ning all our cares ;
 Here Justice see, at Mercy's word,
 Conceals her scales, and drops her sword,
 Appeas'd by her, the guilty victim spares.

FORTITUDE.

Here Fortitude, of Hope the child,
 With conscious resignation fill'd,
 Displays her dauntless brow ;
 Sees, fearless, human ills surround,
 She views them all with peace profound,
 And smiles at threaten'd woes !

TEMPERANCE.

Now ruddy Temp'rance shews her blooming face,
 Replete with health, with ease, and fair content ;
 Whilst pamper'd Lux'ry mourns her sickly case,
 And finds too late a glutton's life mispent.

PRUDENCE.

With cautious step and serious grace,
 A form behold with hidden face,
 Veil'd o'er with modest fears ;
 Till Confidence, unus'd to doubt,
 Resolves to find the goddess out,
 Withdraws the veil, and Prudence, see, appears !
 Without thy gifts mankind would savage turn,
 Would human nature wantonly disgrace ;
 Would at all bounds of due restriction spurn,
 And all the noblest works of Heav'n deface.

These moral Virtues are by us ordain'd
 Th' unerring pilots to the heavenly shore :
 By these directed, endless joy's obtain'd ;
 And, having their kind aid; we want no more.

Of all the mental blessings giv'n to man,
 These are the choice of each Masonic breast ;
 By us enroll'd, they form the moral plan
 Of this fair science—are supreme confess'd.

DUET *and* CHORUS, FINALE.

Then let us all in friendship live,
 Endearing and endear'd ;
 Let vice her punishment receive,
 And virtue be rever'd.

CHORUS.

May love, peace, and harmony, ever abound,
 And the good man and Mason united be found.

Now let the panting heart rejoice !
 The glowing mind expand !
 Let Echo raise her double voice,
 And swell the choral band.

CHORUS.

May love, peace, and harmony, ever abound,
 And the good man and Mason united be found.



LXXI.

An Allegory on CHARITY.

AS Poverty late in a fit of despair
 Was beating her bosom, and tearing her hair ;
 Smiling Hope came to ask—what her countenance told—
 That she there lay expiring with hunger and cold.

Come, rise ! said the sweet rosy herald of joy,
 And the torments you suffer I'll quickly destroy :

Take me by the hand, all your griefs I'll dispell.
And I'll lead you for succour to Charity's cell.

On Poverty hobbled, Hope soften'd her pain,
But long did they search for the goddess in vain;
Towns, cities, and countries, they travers'd around,
For Charity's lately grown hard to be found.

At length at the door of a lodge they arriv'd,
where their spirits exhausted the tiler reviv'd,
Who, when ask'd (as 'twas late) if the dame was gone home,
Said, No; Charity always was last in the room.

The door being open'd, in Poverty came;
Was cherish'd, reliev'd, and caress'd by the dame,
Each votary, likewise, the object to save,
Obey'd his own feelings, and cheerfully gave.

Then shame on the man who the science derides,
Where this soft-beaming virtue for ever presides.
In this scriptural maxim let's ever accord—
“What we give to the poor; we but lend to the Lord.”



LXXII.

URANIA, hail! to thee we sing,
And all with pleasure own the lay;
Come! from thy sacred fountain spring,
To clad the free-born sons of day;
O still attend our meetings here,
With peace serene, and joy sincere.

True joys unruffled, calm repose,
-In friendship's sacred band behold,
The happy recompence of those
Who laws and liberty uphold;
Who scorn all base, unmanly views,
From vice refrain, and virtue choose.

May each Free-mason good and true
 Within our realm be ever found ;
 And in remotest regions too,
 May love and harmony abound ;
 And all confess true wisdom's power,
 Till time and Masons are no more.

LXXIII.

Written by a member of the Alfred Lodge at Oxford.

STROPHE.

AIR.

WHAT solemn sounds on holy Sinai rung,
 When heavenly lyres, by angel fingers strung,
 Accorded to th' immortal lay,
 That hymn'd creation's natal day !

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

'Twas then the shouting sons of morn,
 Bless'd the great Omnific word ;
 Abash'd hoarse jarring atoms heard,
 Forgot their pealing strife,
 And softly crouded into life,
 When order, law, and harmony were born.

CHORUS.

The mighty Master's pencil warm,
 Trac'd out the shadowy form,
 And bid each fair proportion grace,
 Smiling Nature's modest face.

AIR.

Heaven's rarest gifts were seen to join,
 To deck a finish'd form divine,
 And fill the sovereign artist's plan ;

Th' Almighty's image stamp't the glowing frame,
 And seal'd him with the noblest name,
 Archetype of beauty, Man.

ANTISTROPHE.

SEMI-CHORUS *and* CHORUS.

Ye spirits pure, that rous'd the tuneful throng,
 And loos'd to rapture each triumphant tongue,
 Again with quick instinctive fire,
 Each harmonious lip inspire :
 Again bid every vocal throat,
 Dissolve in tender votive strain.

AIR.

Now while yonder white-rob'd train*
 Before the mystic shrine,
 In lowly adoration join,
 Now sweep the living lyre, and swell the melting note.

RECITATIVE.

Yet, ere the holy rites begin,
 The conscious shrine within,
 Bid your magic song impart,

AIR.

How within the wasted heart,
 Shook by passion's ruthless power,
 Virtue trimm'd her faded flower,
 To opening buds of fairest fruit :
 How from majestic Nature's glowing face,
 She caught each animating grace,
 And planted there th' immortal root.

EPODE.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Daughter of gods, fair Virtue, if to thee,

**The brethren in their white aprons.*

And thy bright sister, universal Love,
Soul of all-good, e'er flow'd the soothing harmony,
Of pious gratulation, from above,
To us, thy duteous votaries, impart,
Presence divine.

AIR

—The sons of antique art,
In high, mysterious jubilee,
With Pæan loud, and solemn rite,
Thy holy step invite,
And court the listening ear,
To drink the cadence clear,
That swells the choral symphony.

CHORUS.

To thee, by foot profane untrod,
Their votive hands have rear'd the high abode.

RECITATIVE.

Here shall your impulse kind,
Inspire the tranced mind.

AIR.

And lips of Truth shall sweetly tell
What heavenly deeds besit,
The soul by wisdom's lesson smit,
What praise he claims who nobly spurns
Gay vanities of life, and tinsel joy,
For which unpurged fancy burns.

CHORUS.

What pain he shuns, who dares be wise;
What glory wins, who dares excel!

LXXIV.

Written by MR. BROWN. Set to Music by MR. RÉMY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN first the golden morn' aloft,
 With maiden breezes whisp'ring soft,
 Sprung from the east with rosy wing,
 To kiss the heav'nly first-born spring;
 Jehovah then, from hallow'd earth,
 Gave Masonry immortal birth;
 'Twas then the new creation rung,
 And thus the host of Heaven sung:

AIR.

Hail, hail, O hail, thou source of love,
 Great artist of this goodly frame!
 The earth and sea, the sky above,
 Thou form'st to thy immortal frame!

SEMI CHORUS.

To thee, our sire,
 The cherub choir
 The air move with seraphic sound;
 Ye breezes sweet,
 The cadence meet,
 And waft it o'er the hallow'd ground.

AIR.

Ten thousand orbial beauties bright,
 Which long confus'd in chaos lay;
 Thou brought'st them forth to give delight,
 And make the face of Heaven gay.

SEMI-CHORUS.

To thee, our sire, &c.

RECITATIVE.

'Twas thus the Heavens in concert rung,
 While Nature kind from chaos sprung,

Brought forth her tender infant green,
 And flowery sweets, to deck the scene:
 To finish then the artist's plan,
 Of purest mould he form'd the man,
 Then gave him an immortal soul,
 And bid him live, and rule the whole;
 While angels, from their golden shrine,
 Sung with angelic strains divine:

AIR.

Happy, happy mortals, rise,
 Taste with us immortal joys,
 Blooming on yon sacred tree,
 Planted by the Deity,
 The hallow'd fruit is Masonry.
 Far beyond the pregnant sky,
 There the hopes of Masons lie;
 Masons' happy choice above,
 Masons every blessing prove,
 Friendship, harmony and love.

RECITATIVE.

As perfect love and power divine
 First gave our science birth;
 So Friendship shall our hearts entwine,
 And harmonize the earth:
 Behold the virgin hither flies,
 To crown us with her blissful joys.

AIR.

Blooming as fair Eden's bower,
 Friendship, goddess heavenly bright,
 Dropping in a balmy shower,
 Breathing concord and delight;
 Each Mason feels the sacred fire
 Glow with ardour in his heart;
 The flame inspires him with desire
 To relieve each other's smart:

FULL CHORUS.

From Heaven since such blessings flow,
 Let every Mason while below
 Our noble science here improve :
 'Twill raise his soul to realms above,
 And make his lodge—a lodge of love.



LXXV.

WAKE the lute and quiv'ring strings,
 Mystic truths Urania brings ;
 Friendly visitant, to thee
 We owe the depths of Masonry ;
 Fairest of the virgin choir,
 Warbling to the golden lyre,
 Welcome ; here thy art prevail !
 Hail ! divine Urania, hail !

Here, in Friendship's sacred bower,
 The downy-wing'd and smiling hour
 Mirth invites, and social song,
 Nameless mysteries among :
 Crown the bowl, and fill the glass,
 To every virtue, every grace ;
 To the Brotherhood resound
 Health, and let it thrice go round.

We restore the times of old,
 The blooming glorious age of gold ;
 As the new creation free,
 Blest with gay Euphrosyne ;
 We with godlike Science talk,
 And with fair Astræa walk ;
 Innocence adorns the day,
 Brighter than the smiles of May.

Pour the rosy wine again,
 Wake a brisker, louder strain ;

Rapid zephyrs, as ye fly,
 Waft our voices to the sky ;
 While we celebrate the Nine,
 And the wonders of the Trine,
 While the angels sing above,
 As we below, of peace and love.



LXXVL

*Ode for the Dedication of a Masonic Hall, by the
 Rev. Brother DANIEL TURNER, A. M.
 Woolwich, Kent.*

STROPHE.

RECITATIVE and CHORUS.

WHAT sacred sounds on Zion's top were heard,
 When rising light t'illumine new worlds ap-
 Seraphic bands all join'd the lay, [pear'd]
 And hail'd creation's natal day.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

'Twas then old Chaos stood amaz'd
 Before the Almighty's face,
 Heav'n and earth assum'd their place.
 The all-pervading hand
 Divided sea and land.
 Then beauty, grace, and order first were rais'd !

CHORUS.

The mighty Architect design'd
 An emblem of his spotless mind :
 Perfection glow'd throughout the whole,
 And harmony was Nature's soul.

AIR.

Unfinish'd still the great intent,
 Once more th' Almighty word was sent

To fill the wond'rous plan :
 The new-form'd dust in majesty arose,
 And with his Maker's image glows,
 Prince of creation, Man.

ANTISTROPHE.

RECITATIVE *and* CHORUS.

Celestial spirits loudly sounding,
 Holy harps through heav'n resounding,
 Sweep the strings with touch divine,
 Masons will the concert join !
 While the notes in highest strain
 Wake all nature to a song !

AIR.

Praise to Masons doth belong,
 Masons sons of art reveal'd ;
 Tenets pure, tho' deep conceal'd,
 Craft and master extol,
 While truth and life remain.

RECITATIVE.

Concord's each peculiar son
 Sure will baneful passion shun ;
 Unity's the strongest power ;

AIR.

Unity can blessings shower
 O'er a chosen band and free ;
 Such as is fam'd Masonry.
 Benevolence each heart expands.

AIR *continued.*

Philanthropy extends the willing arm,
 To feed, to shelter, and to warm,
 Each who in need of pity stands. *Chorus.*

EPODE,

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Virtue, all hail ! before thy shrine we bow ;
 Exalt our minds with emulations fire ;
 To tread the paths of heroes let us now
 Attempt, and after lasting fame aspire.
 To our endeavors aid divine impart,
 And grace the works mysterious of our art.

AIR.

Science ! gaudiest plume of reason,
 Now to thee, in this their dwelling,
 Masons all mankind excelling,
 Yield the palm of grateful praise,
 And a joyful chorus raise,
 Which shall last through ev'ry season.

CHORUS.

Long may the social bond remain,
 While arts and virtue grace its reign.

RECITATIVE.

Its influence shall hold
 Till death doth all unfold.

AIR.

Tread gently o'er this sacred ground,
 Here the dome aspiring,
 Breasts Masonic nobly firing,
 Leads to honor, merit, glory ;
 From deep foundations proudest structures rise,
 Thence lofty monuments do strike the skies,
 Such as bare renown in story.

First CHORUS.

May bliss eternal, pleasures fair,
 Crown the compass and the square.

GRAND CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy he,
Who tastes the joys of Masonry.

LXXVII.

By Brother EDWARD FENNER.

WITH grateful hearts your voices raise,
To sound the great Creator's praise,
Who by his word dispell'd the night,
And form'd the radiant beams of light ;
Who fram'd the heav'ns, the earth, the skies;
And bid the wondrous fabric rise ;
Who view'd his work, and found it just,
And then created man from dust.

Happy in Eden was he laid,
Nor did he go astray,
Till, by the serpent, Eve, betray'd,
First fell and led the way.

But fallen from that happy plain,
Subject to various wants and pain,
Labor and art must now provide
What Eden freely once supply'd :
Some learn'd to till th' unwilling ground ;
Some bid the well-strung harp to sound ;
Each different art pursu'd and taught,
Till to perfection each was brought,
Mason's pursue the truth divine,
We cannot go astray,
Since three great lights conjointly shine
To point us out the way.

Zion appears, rejoice, rejoice,
Exult, and hear, obey the voice
Of mercy and enlightening grace,
Recalling us to Eden's place.

With faith believe, and hope pursue,
 And mercy still for mercy shew ;
 Proclaim aloud, with grateful theme,
 The great redeemer's blessed name.

The eastern star now shews us light,
 Let us not go astray ;
 Let Faith, Hope, Charity unite
 To cheer the gladsome way.



LXXVIII.

CONVEN'D we're met my jovial souls,
 With sparkling wine come fill our bowls,
 Let concord be the toast ;
 With glass in hand let each agree
 To sing in praise of Masonry,
 What mortal more can boast.

Here dove-ey'd peace, celestial maid,
 Stand ready waiting for to aid,
 And guard the sacred door !
 Here's charity from heaven sent,
 To bring her freeborn sons content,
 And comfort to the poor.

See in the east effulgent shine,
 Bright wisdom with his rays divine,
 Hark ! hark the solemn sound ;
 " While thus we live in mutual love,
 " We taste what angels do above,
 " Here happiness is found.

" The fruit of Eden's tree we taste,
 " Its balmy joys are our repast,
 " Here freedom cheers the heart ;
 " The indigent opprest with grief,
 " Gains from his brothers hand relief,
 " Each to his want impart.

" The great and good, with us combine
 " To trace our mysteries divine,
 " And find the pleasing light ;
 " With pleasure we pursue the plan,
 " While friendship rivets man to man,
 " How pleasing is the sight."

United thus our structure stands,
 Untouch'd by sacrilegious hands,
 A monument of fame ;
 Nor envious foes shall e'er deface
 The virtues that our order grace,
 Or blast a Mason's name.

*Till Heaven sends her summons forth,
 From east to west, from south to north,
 Her chosen sons to call ;
 While time runs its continual round,
 Shall fame with golden trumpet sound,
 Masons shall never fall.

LXXIX.

By Brother J. BANKS.

[*Tune, Goddess of Ease.*]

GENIUS of Masonry descend,
 In mystic numbers while we sing ;
 Enlarge our souls, the craft defend,
 And hither all thy influence bring.
Cho. With social thoughts our bosoms fill,
 And give thy turn to ev'ry will.

While yet Batavia's wealthy pow'rs
 Neglect thy beauties to explore ;
 And winding Seine, adorn'd with tow'rs,
 Laments thee wand'ring from his shore ;

Cho. Here spread thy wings, and glad these isles,
Where arts reside, and Freedom smiles.

Behold the lodge rise into view,
The work of industry and art ;
'Tis grand, and regular, and true,
For so is each good Mason's heart.

Cho. Friendship cements it from the ground,
And Secrecy shall fence it round.

A stately doom o'erlooks our east,
Like orient Phœbus in the morn ;
And two tall pillars in the west
At once support us and adorn.

Cho. Upholden thus the structure stands,
Untouch'd by sacrilegious hands.

For concord form'd, our souls agree ;
Nor fate this union shall destroy ;
Our toils and sports alike are free,
And all is harmony and joy.

Cho. So Salem's temple rose by rule,
Without the noise of noxious tool.

As when Amphion tun'd his song,
E'en rugged rocks the music knew ;
Smooth'd into form they glide along,
And to a Thebes the desert grew ;

Cho. So at the sound of Hiram's voice
We rise, we join, and we rejoice.

Then may our voice to Virtue move,
To Virtue own'd in all her parts :
Come, Candour, Innocence, and Love,
Come and possess our faithful hearts :

Cho. Mercy, who feeds the hungry poor,
And Silence, guardian of the door.

And thou, Astrea, (tho' from earth,
 When men on men began to prey,
 Thou fled'st to claim celestial birth,)
 Down from Olympus wing thy way ;

Cho. And, mindful of thy antient seat,
 Be present still where Masons meet.

Immortal Science, be thou near,
 (We own thy empire o'er the mind ;))
 Dress'd in thy radiant robes, appear,
 With all thy beauteous train behind ;

Cho. Invention young and blooming there,
 Here geometry with rule and square.

In Egypt's fabric* learning dwelt,
 And Roman breasts could Virtue hide :
 But Vulcan's rage the building felt,
 And Brutus, last of Romans, dy'd :

Cho. Since when, dispers'd, the sisters rove,
 Or fill paternal thrones above.

But, lost to half the human race,
 With us the Virtues shall revive ;
 And, driv'n no more from place to place,
 Here Science shall be kept alive :

Cho. And manly taste, the child of Sense,
 Shall banish Vice and Dulness hence.

United thus, and for these ends,
 Let Scorn deride, and Envy rail ;
 From age to age the Craft descends,
 And what we build shall never fail :

Cho. Nor shall the world our works survey ;
 But ev'ry brother keeps the key !

LXXX.

Written by Brother NORTHOUCK.

OPENING.

ORDER is Heaven's first law : through boundless
 space
 Unnumber'd orbs roll round their destin'd race ;
 On earth, as strict arrangements still appear,
 Suiting the varying seasons of the year ;
 Beneficence divine presents to view
 Its plenteous gifts to man, in order true ;
 But chief a mind, these blessings to improve,
 By arts, by science, by fraternal love.

DIVISION.

When men exalt their views to Heaven's high will,
 With steady aim their duty to fulfil,
 The mind expands, its strength appears,
 Growing with their growing years,
 Mounting the apex of Masonic skill.
 Be this the earnest purpose of our lives ;
 Success must crown the man who nobly strives !

CONCLUSION.

Loud let us raise our swelling strains,
 And Harodim proclaim,
 Of excellence the name ;
 Good will to all, love to each other,
 The due of every skilful brother,
 Who worthily our ancient lore maintains.
 Indulgence in pleasure
 By prudence we measure ;
 And, cheerfully parting, exchange an adieu ;
 Till we meet with fresh vigour our tasks to renew.

LXXXI.

PROLOGUE, spoken in the character of TEAGUE for the
Benefit of a Free-mason in Distress.

Written by LAU. BERMOTT, D. G. M.

GOD save you, gentlefolks, both great and small—
I'm come to tell—(pause) phuh, I forgot it all.
You, Mister Prompter, there behind the screen,
Why don't you spake, and tell me what I mean ?
I have it now.—I'm sorry, I confess,
A brother Mason is in great distress ;
Nothing to ate, and, what you all will think
Is ten times worse, the divel a sup of drink.
To-day I ax'd him, how did matters go :
He shook his head, and cry'd, " But so and so."
" What want you ?" said I : " come now, tell me, hone
" Nothing," said he—" but a small bag of money :
For want of which, my bowels all are achin'"—
Why do you laugh there ?—Is it game you're making ?

[To the galleries.

Burn me, but he'll after be after running crazy,

[In a beat

Except this night you make his stomach easy.
In London born, he's a true patriot really ;
And I'm his brother, born here in Shileally.
Arra, why not ?—I prithee where's the blunder ?
It is but just three hundred miles asunder,
What tho' our parents never saw each other,
Fait that's no reason that he's not my brother.
For we are Masons, and our union hence
Hath made us brothers in the strictest sense.
Our union such that it no difference makes
If England, Ireland, or the Land of Cakes ;
Nay, round the globe, if e'er a Mason roam,
He finds a brother, and a kindly home.
Therefore, my jewels, let us all befriend him,
And when in danger, Hannum an Doul defend him

LXXXII.

PROLOGUE, (*from an English publication,*) spoken by
 MR. SUTHERLAND, in *Mason's Clothing*, at
 Dundee Theatre, in October, 1778.

Written by J. R. LAMY, Esq.

MUSIC, be hush!—let catgut cease to trill,
 I come to speak a prologue if ye will.
 To close the day, Sol sinks into the west,
 And the pale Moon proclaims the hour of rest :
 Now Silence reigns! and Nature from her treasure
 Pours forth to mortals ev'ry lib'ral pleasure.
 Those badges of an ancient art I wear,
 Which grace the prince, and dignify the peer.
 The sister lodges bade me kindly say,
 They love the drama—and they've chose the play,
Know your own mind—it is no common thing ;
 Some fickle minds are ever on the wing.
 When sprightly Fancy once begins to roam,
 She little thinks of any thing at home ;
 Such wand'ring minds in ev'ry place are known,
 Who know your minds much better than their own.
 This is no secret ; tho' we've secrets too,
 Secrets as yet unknown to some of you :
 Without the aid of devils, spells, or charms,
 The coquet fair-one drops into our arms.
 Honour and Virtue all our actions guide,
 We woo the virgin, and we kiss the bride ;
 But never blab—for blabbing is forbidden,
 Under the clothing the grand secret's hidden.
 I have a mind one secret to disclose,
 (*Come forth, sweet secret, from the blushing rose,*)
 The tale unfolded, to the world discovers,
 That we Free-masons are no luke-warm lovers ;
 Sly, leering looks, and soft, and tender presses,
 Are signs and grips no other man possesses ;

And when a brother tries the maid to move,
He whispers Phyllis that the *word* is—Love.



LXXXIII.

PROLOGUE, *spoken in the character of an Irish Free-mason.* Written by LAU. DERMOTT, D. G. M.

I DARBY Mulroomy, from Moat of Grenoge,
Beg lave to be spaking by way of prolog :
And first to begin, Sirs, this night is the day
Fix'd for brother L'Estrange's benefit play :
I heard him, just now, about telling an actor
He'd soon be as rich as a Jew or contractor ;
His lodge congregated, and ready, for certain,
To open in form, just behind this big curtain.
But he admits women, because they are skill'd in
(As well as Free-masons) the new art of building :
O the sweetest of creatures ! they're cunning projectors,
They build without rule, square, compass, or sectors ;
Their ashlers are curls, their bricks are all wool,
Their mortar's pomatum, foundation a skull ;
On which they can build (and I'm sure 'tis no lie)
As broad as a turf-stack, but three times as high.
The men too can build, as their fancy best suits,
With curls on each side like a pair of volutes ;
High toupees in front, something like a key-stone,
To wedge up the brains in those skulls that have none.
For freize and festoons, they all use Brussels laces ;
And, like the fine ladies, can white-wash their faces,
With long tails behind, and with nothing before,
Except down their waistcoat a little tom bore.

[*Meaning tambour.*

Thus some have depicted our actors at large ;
You, visitors, are not compriz'd in this charge.

[*Bowing to the audience.*

* *The fashions of 1775.*

In our ancient Craft true friendships abound ;
 I wish amongst all men the like could be found.
 Were all Yankees Free-masons, and Englishmen too,
 They'd hearken to reason, old friendship renew ;
 Wou'd drink, and shake hands and become mighty civil,
 And pitch all their guns and their swords to the divel.
 But I'll say no more——(*pause*) for the time's very
 square,
 And poor Darby shall never be caught in a snare :
 My business to night is to welcome you here.
 Welcome, brethren of the square and compass ;
 Welcome, bucks, who love to make a rumpus ;
 Welcome, cits, who love to sit in quiet ;
 Welcome, above, who never love to riot :
 Welcome, critics, dread of every poet,
 You spare the Craft, because you do not know it.
 Ten thousand welcomes Darby does decree
 To all the ladies ; welcome gra ma chree. †
 † *My heart's love.*

 LXXXIV.

PROLOGUE, spoken by Brother JOHN JACKSON, Esq. in
 the character of a Master Mason.

WHEN the Grand Master, and great Lord of all,
 Call'd up from chaos this terrestrial ball,
 He gave the word, and swift o'er eldest night
 Beam'd the first dawning of celestial light.
 Confusion heard his voice, and murm'ring fled,
 Whilst Order rul'd and triumph'd in its stead ;
 Discordant atoms rang'd from pole to pole,
 Forgot to jar, and Peace possessed the whole ;
 The fiercest foes in mutual concord strove,
 And all (at once) was harmony and love.

By this example taught, Free-masons join,
 And full in sight pursue the Heavenly sign.

With Love's firm bands connected, hand in hand,
 On Friendship's solid base secure we stand,
 While Confidence and Truth, by turns imprest,
 Beam heavenly influence on each conscious breast.
 No party feuds, no fierce intestine jars,
 No senseless tumults, no pernicious wars,
 Disturb our calm repose, where Peace alone,
 In decent order, fills the friendly throne.

Can Wisdom's self a nobler method find
 To charm the soul, and harmonize mankind,
 Than we adopt, who labor still to prove
 Unblemish'd Truth, firm Faith, and mutual Love ?
 And ye (unconscious of the Heavenly ray)
 Who smile, perhaps, at what these numbers say,
 Confine the rash reproach, and, warn'd forbear
 To spurn our laws because some brothers err,
 In Nature's fairest products faults arise,
 But shall we thence all harmony despise ?
 Or think creation's beauteous scheme undone,
 Because some specks appear upon the sun ?



LXXXV.

ÉPILOGUE, *spoken in the character of COLIN MACLEOD, in the Comedy of the Fashionable Lover.*

COLIN Macleod you see again appears,
 And these white gloves and this white apron wears ;
 He's a Free-mason ;—you, brethren, ken it well ;
 But how you ken it, that I shanna tell.
 Frown not, my pretty lasses ; tho' from you
 Our secret is conceal'd, we still are true ;
 None will more constant lovers prove, believe me ;
 And we're no Masons, if we e'er deceive ye.

In Edinburgh I lately was, and there
 Of Masons muckie good I chanc'd to hear :

They told me they were helpful to the poor,
 Lov'd all mankind, and op'd their friendly door
 To men of mean as well as noble blood,
 If they had honest hearts ;—were true and gude.
 Aw my poor father left was honesty,
 And by my sol it is not spent by me ;
 I offer'd,—was receiv'd,—and quickly found
 What they had told me was not empty sound.
 Then I to lodges, overjoy'd, repair'd,
 And I will now disclose what there I heard ;
 They told me in my dealings to be just,
 To keep my word, be faithful to my trust ;
 To love the man whose heart no falshood knew,
 Whether a Turk, a Christian, or a Jew ;
 They told me that the gracious God above
 Did gude men of all faiths and climates love.
 They said,—ne'er let affliction pass thee by,
 And not ask what it ails ;—they bid me try
 To ease the troubled mind, to wipe the tearful eye.
 Ah! when I see distress, my heart receives
 Ecod sike grief, and sike a pull it gives,
 I canna for my soul, without great pain,
 I canna get it bock t' its place again ;
 And to my laps it jumps for joy, when I
 Can find the means to stop a brother's sigh :
 I want to help all those who feel distress ;
 Cold hearts all hanna who cold climes possess.
 Since Heav'n has done so much for me, I were
 A graceless loon, a little not to spare :
 A little my dear brethren in distress,
 Muckle I'il spare to make your suff'rings less :
 I canna happy be, and you not so ;
 I take a share in ev'ry human woe.

Oh! Masonry, 'twas you my heart inclin'd,
 Thus with effectual love, to love mankind ;
 You taught me mercy, and enlarg'd my mind.
 May all your lessons through the world extend,

Then man will be of man the certain friend ;
 No diff'rent faith or party disunite,
 And doing good be every mon's delight,



EPILOGUE—*Spoken by Mrs. H. struggling as if to come on the Stage.*

LXXXVI.

EXCUSE me, Sir—I'll not be held—Go to—
 I fancy I can speak as well as you.
 I'm not prepar'd, you say—perhaps you're bit—
 Alas, you little know of woman's wit.
 Prologue, and songs, and all! 'tis rather hard,
 I should not in the deal put in my card.
 Encroach on Mason ground! no lodge is here—
 I'll speak the Epilogue, that's flat and fair.

[Coming forward.]

Brethren, (for by your smiles I well can see
 You bear our sex no great antipathy,)
 Forgive this little bustle and intrusion,
 For whence did order spring, but from confusion?
 And sure you'll deem a lady not absurd,
 To claim her right in having the last word.
 Besides, to be more plain, and tell you true,
 We have our mysteries as well as you.
 In short, (tho' I'm not apt to be laconic)
 Our aprons, tho' not sheep's-skin, are Masonic.
 Behold this tower suspended in the air;

[Pointing to her head dress.]

What master Mason, with his line and square,
 E'er form'd a juster plan? 'tis built t' a hair.
 This demi-bastion! is it not compleat?

[Turning half round, and pointing to the hinder hair.]
 See you not here the beautiful and great?
 Am I not qualify'd to give a lecture,
 Who boasts such noble piles of architecture?

You fix your scale, or spread your compass wide—
Eccentric fashion is the nobler guide.

Your figures ! pshaw ! e'en Euclid's self perhaps

'Twould poze to draw the figure of our caps.

And as for squares and hexagons, ye wise,

We beat you quite ; for instance—Christmas pies,

Talk you of instruments ; Our simple feet

Shall dance, and form a labyrinth of Crete.

In circles most exact you deal ;—mere rote !

What circle's equalling our petticoat ?

You sage philosopher may laugh or stare,

But if we please, we'll make the circle square.

Think you, you e'er will see in Bedford place

An oval finer than a female face ?

But not to matter and its laws confin'd,

Our nicer art attempts the human mind.

We turn the soil, fix firm foundations there,

And fanes to Love and sacred Hymen rear.

As the ground varies, whether vale or hill,

We Masons vary our materials still.

Some use gay airs yet innocently free,

Join'd with a dash of harmless coquetry :

Some coy reserve, some wit's enlivening fire,

Others, Amphion-like, the melting lyre.

The prude indeed could never build at all,

For Scandal's sandy pillars quickly fall.

Two radiant eyes have often rais'd a pile,

As the sun quickens insects in the Nile :

Yet Time we own will shake our firmest mound,

Unless by Virtue's lasting cement bound ;

Unless good temper veils each latent flaw,

And Decency her polish will bestow.

Thus, brethren, stands our claim to Masonry,

Let a free sister then accepted be.

Know then that all true adepts have their sign ;

Discover yours, I'll frankly tell you mine.

LXXXVII.

PROLOGUE, *delivered before a Play performed by Desire of the Union Lodge, Exeter, (Eng.)*

AS lately, brethren, from the Lodge I came,
 Warm'd with our Royal Order's purest flame,
 Absorb'd in thought—before my ravish'd eyes
 I saw the Genius Masonry arise :
 A curious hieroglyphic robe he wore
 And in his hand the sacred volume bore :
 On one side was divine Astræa
 And soft-eyed Charity the other grac'd ;
 Humanity, the gen'ral friend, was there,
 And Pity, dropping the pathetic tear ;
 There too was Order ;—there with rosy mein
 Blithe Temp'rance shone, and white rob'd Truth was
 seen.

There, with a key at his breast,
 Silence appear'd ;—he tips his finger prest :
 With these, soft warbling an instructive song,
 Sweet Music, gaily smiling tripp'd along.
 Wild Laughter, clam'rous Noise, and Mirth ill bred,
 The brood of Folly, at his presence fled.

The Genius spoke—"My son, observe my train,
 " Which of my order diff'rent parts explain.
 " Look up—Behold the bright Astræa there,
 " She will direct thee how to use the square ;
 " Pity will bid thee grieve with those who grieve,
 " Whilst Charity will prompt thee to relieve ;
 " Will prompt thee ev'ry comfort to bestow,
 " And draw the arrow from the breast of woe ;
 " Humanity will lead to Honour's goal,
 " Give the large thought, and form the gen'rous soul ;
 " Will bid thee thy fraternal love expand
 " To Virtue of all faiths, and ev'ry land.
 " Order will kindly teach her laws of peace,
 " Which Discord stop, and social joys increase ;

"Temp'rance instruct thee all excess t' avoid,
 "By which fair fame is lost, and health destroy'd ;
 "Truth warn thee ne'er to use perfidious art,
 "And bid thy tongue be rooted in thy heart ;
 "Silence direct thee never to disclose
 "Whate'er thy brethren in thy breast repose :
 "For thee shall Music strike th' harmonious lyre,
 "And whilst she charms thy ear, morality inspire.
 "These all observe ;—and let thy conduct show
 "What real blessings I on man bestow."
 He said, and disappear'd :—and Oh ! may we,
 Who wear this honour'd badge, accepted, free,
 To ev'ry grace and virtue temples raise,
 And by our useful works our order praise.

LXXXVIII.

PROLOGUE, delivered before a Play performed by Desire of the Union Lodge, Exeter, (Eng.)

SPEAKERS. { A FATHER,
 { A MOTHER,
 { A DAUGHTER about ten years old.

The Curtain draws up, and discovers the Mother sitting at a Table Knotting, upon which lies a Play Bill ; the Daughter enters, and takes it up.

DAUGHTER.

BY desire of the Union Lodge !—What's this ?
 This Union Lodge, Mamma ?—*Moth.* Free-masons, Miss.

DAUGHTER.

Free-masons, my good Madam ! Lack-a-day !
 What sort of things (I long to know) are they ?

MOTHER.

All women from their order they exclude.

DAUGHTER.

Do they, Mamma ?—Indeed that's very rude.
Fond as I am of plays, I'll ne'er be seen
At any play bespoke by such vile men.

MOTHER.

Call them not vile—I Masons much approve ;
And there is one whom you with fondness love ;
Your father ;—but, behold, he now appears,
And from the lodge the Mason's badge he wears.

*The Father enters, clothed as a Mason, the Daughter
runs towards him.*

DAUGHTER.

Papa, are you a Mason ?—Do tell me,
Now do, my good Papa, what's Masonry ?

FATHER.

I will, my dear. Our order is design'd
To expand the human heart, and bless mankind.
Wisdom herself contriv'd the mystic frame ;
Strength to support, t'adorn it Beauty came.
We're taught, with ever grateful hearts, t'adore
The God of all, the universal Pow'r ;
To be good subjects ; ne'er in plots to join,
Or ought against the nation's peace design.
We're taught to calm destructive anger's storm,
And bring rude matter into proper form :
Always to work by the unerring square,
With zeal to serve our brethren ; be sincere,
And by our tongues let our whole hearts appear. }
Lowly of mind, and meek, we're bid to be,
And ever cloth'd with true humility.
All children of one gracious Father are,
To whom no ranks of rich and poor appear ;
“ He sees with equal eye, as God of all,
“ A monarch perish, and a beggar fall.”

We're taught our conduct by the plumb to try,
 To make it upright to the nicest eye.
 The compass is presented to our eyes,
 And, circumscribe your actions," loudly cries.
 We're strictly order'd never to pass by
 Whene'er we see a fellow-creature lie
 Wounded by sorrow ;—but with hearts to go,
 Which with the milk of kindness overflow,
 And make a careful search each wound to find,
 To pour in oil and wine, and gently bind ;
 On our own beasts to place him ;—to convey
 Where all may strive to wipe his tears away.

MOTHER.

Go on ye good Samaritans, to bless,
 And may your generous hearts feel no distress !

FATHER.

Whoe'er believes in an Almighty cause,
 And strict obedience pays to moral laws,
 Of whatsoever faith or clime he be,
 He shall receive a brother's love from me.
 " For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
 " We know he can't be wrong whose life is right
 What tho' we here such diff'rent roads pursue,
 All right Masons, all good men and true,
 Shall meet together in the lodge above,
 Where their good names shall certain pass-wor

MOTHER.

No, God respects not persons but will bless
 Those of all climes who follow righteousness.

FATHER.

Whene'er philosophy, by rigid law,
 And brow severe, to Virtue strives to draw,
 Men are disgusted ; we take diff'rent ways,
 And make fair Virtue and her lessons please.

We at our work are rationally gay,
 And Music call to tune the moral lay.
 Intemp'rance never at our lodge appears,
 Nor noisy riot e'er assails our ears ;
 But Pleasure always, with her bosom friends,
 With Cheerfulness and Temp'rance, there attends.
 Our secrets (of importance to mankind)
 The upright man, who seeks, may always find.

MOTHER.

But women, ever seeking, seek in vain ;
 Be kind enough this myst'ry to explain.

FATHER.

Tho' women from our order we exclude,
 Let not that beauteous sex at once conclude
 We love them not ;—or think they would reveal
 What we as secrets wish them to conceal.
 We fondly love, and think we might impart
 (Sure of their faith) our secrets to their heart.
 But we're afraid, if once the lovely fair
 Were at our happy lodges to appear,
 That Love and Jealousy would both be there. }
 Then rivals turn'd, our social bonds destroy'd,
 Farewell the pleasures now so much enjoy'd !
 We're taught to build 'gainst Vice the strongest fence,
 And round us raise the wall of Innocence :
 Happy ! thrice happy ! could we Masons see
 Such perfect workmen as they're taught to be ;
 Could we behold them every where appear
 Worthy the honorable badge they wear.
 Thus I've explain'd my child, our Royal Art. :

DAUGHTER.

I'm much oblig'd, I thank you from my heart.
 All you have said I have not understood ;
 But Masonry, I'm sure is very good ;
 And if to marry 'tis my lot in life,
 If you approve, I'll be a Mason's wife.

LXXXIX.

PROLOGUE, *Spoken at Exeter, England.*

LADIES, perhaps, you've heard of Gyges' ring,
 Of which historians write, and poets sing :
 Form'd by a Lydian sage with potent spell,
 This ring its wearer made invisible.
 After his death it often chang'd its master,
 At length fate destin'd it to Zoroaster.
 By his successors carefully possess'd,
 Long did the Magi flourish in the east ;
 'Till Ammon's son with Thais thither came,
 Who fir'd Persepolis to please the dame.
 Beneath its ruins long the treasure lay,
 'Till by an Arab robber brought to day.
 Unconscious of the prize he trudg'd along,
 And sold it to a Bramin for a song.
 Thence in Bengal thro' various hands it past,
 And to a kinsman of my own at last ;
 By which such deeds he saw (the more's the pity)
 As ne'er will be explain'd to the committee :
 He dying gave it me ; its virtues rare
 Unfolded, and soon left a joyful heir :
 To pass where'er I pleas'd, unseen and free,
 O what a feast for curiosity !
 No more shall Masonry, I cry'd, conceal
 Its mysteries ; all its secrets I'll unveil.
 No more the fair shall languish ; explain
 What they all wish to know, and wish in vain.
 I said, and clapp'd my ring upon my finger ;
 Away I went in haste ; I did not linger ;
 At a fat brother's back, close as his shade
 I follow'd, and with him my entry made.
 The brethren all were met, a social board ;
 I saw unterrified the guardian sword.
 I saw—I saw—and now your ears prepare,
 What I then saw I'll publicly declare.

Clear'd was my mental eye—I saw each grace
And each protecting genius of the place :
Friendship on wing ethereal flying round,
Stretch'd out her arm, and blest the hallow'd ground.
Humanity well pleas'd there took her stand,
Holding her daughter Pity in her hand :
There Charity, which soothes the widow's sigh,
And wipes the dew-drop from the orphan's eye ;
There stood benevolence, whose large embraced.
Uncircumscrib'd, took in the human race ;
She saw each narrow tie, each private end,
Indignant, Virtue's universal friend :
Scorning each frantic zealot, bigot fool,
She stamp't on every breast her golden rule.
And tho' the doors are barr'd 'gainst you, ye fair,
Your darling representative was there,
Sweet Modesty. Amid the moral lay,
To you her tribute did remembrance pay.
I saw each honest heart with transport flow,
I saw each honest cheek with rapture glow.
These little absences I found would prove
But added fuel to the torch of love.
Smit with delight, at once reveal'd I stood,
And begg'd admission of the brotherhood :
They kindly heard, and pardon'd my offence ;
I barter'd curiosity for sense.
My magit ring destroy'd, reduc'd to dust,
Taught what was right, and generous, and just.
For Masonry, tho' hid from prying eyes,
In the broad world admits of no disguise.

XC.

ÉPILOGUE, spoken at Exeter, England.

Enter A, followed by B, speaking to him.

NAY, but my dear good brother, why so nice?
 I vow that secresy is grown a vice.
 You say you've given your promise—all a joke,
 A promise, like a pie crust, should be broke.
 Tell me your secret, I'll tell you a score.

- A.* You beaux tell every thing you know, and more,
 But we, who walk by Reason's friendly aid,
 Neither betray, nor fear to be betray'd.
 Nor think it fit that Wisdom's sacred rules,
 To all divulg'd, become the sport of fools.
 With these, thank Heav'n, we seldom are perplex'd.
- B.* Well preach'd, good brother, and without a text.
 Tho' you won't tell the secret, I could guess,
 If I knew what to make of that strange dress :
 Gloves, square, and apron, to be sure they're spruce,
 But rather seem too nice for workmens' use.
 Perhaps, (*pauses*)—ay, that will do—you leave your
 spouses,
 And at the lodge conspire to build card houses.
 There, as at White's, your tedious vigils keep,
 And 'tis quadrille, or whist, that murder sleep :
 Subjects perhaps of Pleasure's golden reign,
 Mirth is your business, and the word, champaign.
 Perhaps of harmony you own the pow'r,
 And sprightly glees beguile the fleeting hour ;
 Or else around the busy scandal flies,
 And at each breath a lady's honour dies.
 You mark their little foibles there, and rate 'em ;
 Since you exclude 'em, to be sure you hate 'em.
 If this is all you meet for, this-you'll see
 In more perfection at the Coterie ;

But in one thing we differ much—for there
 In all our joys the ladies have a share ;
 At our harmonic meetings they preside,
 And love and wine the blissful scene divide.
 There dazzling lights each wond'ring scene confound,
 And there we seem to dance on fairy ground ;
 And there—*A.* A moment's respite, if you can,
 And hear how widely you mistake your plan.
 Know, if in splendors any joys you place,
 Superior lights our happy lodges grace ;
 Serenely bright, they lead no sense astray,
 But point to Wisdom's throne the arduous way.
 Yet think not that we pass the churlish night
 Without refreshment.—*B.* Then I'm in the right.

A. The moderate glass with caution we dispense,
 Not to bewilder, but to cheer the sense.
 We Masons aim not to be more than Men.
 Music we have too.—*B.* Then I'm right again.

A. Yet no loose strains excite unchaste desire,
 Nor wanton sounds profane Urania's lyre :
 Chaste as the muse the lessons we are taught,
 Not cards nor scandal there deserve a thought.

B. No cards !—no scandal ! now you've spoilt the
 whole—

A very pretty meeting by my soul !
 A modest set, who neither game nor swear ;
 Egad, I fancy you'll not catch me there.
 In search of joys I vanish to Soho.
 But stay—I'll leave one secret e'er I go ;

[Affects to whisper.]

I find your order suits not lads of spirit.

A. For ever welcome to it men of merit.
 To such of every clime, of every station,
 We give at once a general invitation.

XCF.

EPILOGUE, spoken by MRS. HORTON.

WHERE are these hydras ? Let me vent my spleen;
Are these Free-masons ? Bless me ! these are
men !

And young and brisk too : I expected monsters,
Brutes more prodigious than Italian songsters.
Lud ! how report will lie ! how vain's this pother !
Are these like sparks who only love each other !
Let easy faiths on such gross tales rely,
'Tis false by rules of physiognomy ; }
I'll ne'er believe it, poz, unless I try. }
In proper time and place, there's little doubt,
But one might find their wond'rous secrets out.
I shrewdly guess, egad, for all their shyness,
They'd render signs and tokens too of kindness ;
If any truth of what I here observe is,
They'll quit ten brothers for one sister's service.
But hold, wild fancy, whither hast thou stray'd ?
Where man's concern'd, alas, how frail's a maid !
I came to storm, to scold, to rail, to rate,—
And see the accuser's turn'd the advocate.
Say to what merits might I not pretend ?
Who, tho' no sister, do yet prove your friend :
Would beauty thus but in your cause appear,
'Twere something, Sirs, to be accepted there :

[*Pointing to the boxes.*]

Ladies be gracious to the mystic arts,
And kindly take the gen'rous Masons' parts ;
Let no loquacious fops your joys partake,
He sues for telling, not for kissing sake :
Firm to their trust, the faithful Craft conceal ;
They cry no roast meat, fare they ne'er so well ;
No tell-tale sneer shall raise the conscious blush,
The loyal brother's word is always, "Hush."

What tho' they quote old Solomon's decree,
 And vainly boast that thro' the world they're free,
 With ease you'll humble the presumptuous braves,
 One kind regard-makes all these freemen slaves.

 XCII.

Epilogue, spoken by MRS. THURMOND, a Mason's
 Wife.

WITH what malicious joy, e'er I knew better,
 Have I been wont the Masons to be-spatter!!
 How greedily have I believ'd each lie
 Contriv'd against that fam'd society!
 With many more complain'd—'twas very hard,
 Women should from their secrets be debarr'd;
 When kings and statesmen to our sex reveal
 Important secrets which they should conceal,
 That beauteous ladies, by their sparks ador'd,
 Never cou'd wheedle out the Mason's word;
 I thought, unable to explain the matter,
 Each Mason sure must be a woman-hater:
 With sudden fear and dismal horror struck,
 I heard my spouse was to subscribe the book.
 By all our loves I begg'd he would forbear;
 Upon my knees I wept, and tore my hair;
 But when I found him fix'd, how I behav'd,
 I thought him lost, and like a fury rav'd.
 When he came back, I found a change, 'tis true,
 But such a change as did his youth renew:
 With rosy cheeks and smiling grace he came,
 And sparkling eyes that spoke a bridegroom's flame;
 Ye married ladies, 'tis a happy life,
 Believe me, that of a Free-mason's wife;
 Tho' they conceal the secrets of their friends,
 In love and fruth they make us full amends.

XCIII.

EPILOGUE, *spoken by Mrs. BELLAMY.*

WELL, here I'm come to let you know my thoughts
 Nay, be'n't alarm'd, I'll not attack your faults
 I'm in good humour, and am come to prattle ;
 Han't I a head well turn'd, d'ye think to rattle ?
 But to clear up the point, and to be free,
 What think you is my subject ?—Masonry :
 Tho' I'm afraid, as lawyers cases clear,
 My learn'd debate will leave you as you were.
 What think you, ladies, e'nt it very hard,
 That we should from the secret be debarr'd ?
 How comes it that the softer hours of love,
 To wheedle out this secret fruitless prove ?
 For we can wheedle when we hope to move. }
 What can it mean, why all this mighty pother,
 These mystic signs, and solemn calling brother ?
 That we are qualify'd in signs is known ;
 We can keep secrets too, but they're our own.
 When my good man went first to be a Mason,
 Tho' I resolv'd to put the smoother face on ;
 Yet, to speak truly, I began to fear
 He must some dreadful operation bear ;
 But he return'd, and on his face appear'd
 A pleasing smile that ev'ry scruple clear'd.
 Such added complaisance, so much good nature,
 So much, so strangely alter'd for the better,
 That, to increase the mutual dear delight !
 Wou'd he were made a Mason ev'ry night,

XCIV.

A DIRGE, *Commemorative of the Death of General*
 GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Written and set to music, by R. W. Br. O. HOLDEN.

WHAT mournful strains invade our ears ;
 Whence those sad plaints, those copious tears ?
 This solemn silence, woful pause ?
 All, all bespeak some deep-felt cause.

Cho. A deep felt cause ! A nation weeps,
 In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps.

A nation's prayers, his life to save,
 To heav'n in clouds of incense rose :

A nation's tears bedew his grave,
 And angels guard his sweet repose.

Cho. The PATRIOT'S dead ! A nation weeps !
 In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

When Albion's proud insulting foe
 Aim'd our best rights to overthrow,
 His arm, outstretch'd in conquering might,
 Their veteran armies put to flight.

Cho. The HERO'S dead ! A nation weeps !
 In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

The *Peace* obtain'd, so long desir'd,
 To Vernon's shades the CHIEF retir'd ;
 But *fashion's* hateful feuds arose,
 And broke the FARMER'S hop'd repose.

Cho. Our FRIEND is dead ! A nation weeps !
 In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN, sleeps !

His Country's voice once more he hears,
 And in the COUNCIL he appears ;
 The mighty CHARTER of our land
 Is sanction'd by our MOSES' hand.

Cho. Our CHIEF is dead ! A nation weeps !
In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

With equal laws he rules the state,
Supports the weak, directs the great ;
Then yields the *helm*, retires to rest,
By all his Country lov'd and blest.

Cho. The SAGE is dead ! A nation weeps !
In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

Again his ready sword he draws ;
Unmov'd he stands in FREEDOM'S cause ;
Nor shrinks to head the marshal'd band,
Should hostile foes invade the land.

Cho. Our GENERAL'S dead ! A nation weeps !
In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

Thy ways, O KING OF KINGS, are just ;
Or when we live, or turn to dust :
Then cease from man, look up on high,
Our only hope's above the sky.

Cho. We all must die and turn to dust ;
Tho' MAN is mortal, GOD is just.



XCV.

[Tune, *Young Damon*, &c.]

A MASON'S daughter, fair and young,
The pride of all the virgin throng,
Thus to her lover said :
Though, *Damon*, I your flame approve,
Your actions praise, your person love,
Yet still I'll live a maid.

None shall untie my virgin-zone,
 But one to whom the secret's known
 Of fam'd Free-masonry ;
 In which the great and good combine,
 To raise with generous design,
 Man to felicity.

The lodge excludes the fop and fool,
 The plodding knave and party-tool,
 That liberty would sell ;
 The noble, faithful, and the brave,
 No golden charms can e'er deceive,
 In slavery to dwell.

Thus said, he bow'd and went away ;
 Apply'd, was made without delay
 Return'd to her again ;
 The fair comply'd with his request,
 Connubial joys the couple blest ;
 And long may they remain.

—●●●●●●●—
 XCVI.

A HYMN, by Rev. Brother HARRIS. Sung at the Con-
 secration of UNION Lodge in Dorchester, (Mass.)

GREAT source of light and love,
 To thee our songs we raise !
 O in the temple Lord above,
 Hear and accept our praise !

Shine on this festive day,
 Succeed its hop'd design :
 And may our charity display
 A love resembling thine.

May this fraternal band,
 Now consecrated, bless'd
 In UNION all distinguish'd stand,
 In Purity be dress'd !

May all the sorts of peace
 Their every grace improve ;
 'Till discord thro' the nations cease,
And all the world be love.

 XCVII.

BENEVICENCE. A HYMN.

FA THER of our feeble race
 Wise, beneficent, and kind,
 Spread o'er Nature's ample face,
 Flow thy goodness unconfin'd :
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
 • Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye express'd ;
 Sympathy, at whose control,
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ::

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wound, or feed the poor ;
 Love embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with liberal storé :
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus th' accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind..

XCVIII.

The following Song is sung during the ceremony of closing.

MARK Masters all appear
 Before the Chief O'erseer,
 In concert move ;
 Let him your work inspect,
 For the chief architect ;
 If there is no defect,
 He will approve.

Those who have pass'd the square,
 For your rewards prepare,
 Join heart and hand,
 Each with his mark in view,
 March with the just and true,
 Wages to you are due,
 At your command.

Hiram, the widow's son,
 Sent unto Solomon,
 Our great key-stone ;
 On it appears the name,
 Which rises high the fame,
 Of all to whom the same
 Is truly known.

Now to the western move,
 Where full of strength and love,
 Hiram doth stand ;
 But if impostors are
 Mix'd with the worthy there,
 Caution them to beware,
 Of the right hand.

Now to the praise of those,
 Who triumph o'er the foes,
 Of Mason's art ;

To the praise-worthy three,
 Who founded this degree,
 May all their virtues be,
 Deep in our hearts.



XCIX.

MASONIC DIRGE, *Composed by the Rev. Br. T. M. HARRIS, and set to Music by Br. O. HOLDEN, at the request of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, as performed in Boston, Feb. 22, 1800, at the Celebration of the funeral obsequies of Brother GEORGE WASHINGTON.*

WHILE ev'ry Orator and Bard displays
 The HERO'S glory and the PATRIOT'S fame;
 And ALL the GUARDIAN of THEIR COUNTRY praise,
 Revere his greatness and his worth proclaim—
 We mourn the MAN, made ours by tend'rest ties;
 'THEIR honor'd CHIEFTAIN, our lov'd BROTHER dies!
 Come then, the mystic rites no more delay;
 Deep silence reigns, the tapers dimly burn,
 WISDOM and FORTITUDE the requiem pay,
 And BEAUTY strews fresh garlands round the urn.
 A MASON, Brothers, A GRAND-MASTER dies!
 The cassia sprig designates where he lies.

As LOVE FRATERNAL leads our footsteps there,
 Again to weep, Again to bid adieu,
 FAITH views the soul, releas'd from mortal care,
 Thro' spheres empyreal its blest course pursue,
 'Till it the Lodge of perfect light attain;
 There may we meet our WASHINGTON again.

C.

By Brother JOHN RICHARDSON, of the Royal Brun-
-wick Lodge, Sheffield.

ALONE from arts and science flow
Whate'er instructs or charms the eye,
Whate'er can fill the mind with awe,
Beneath yon arched azure sky.

With heav'nly true mechanic skill,
Our great Almighty Master wrought ;
And in six days did He fulfil
What far surpasses human thought.

Firm in the centre fixed He
The sun to guide the rolling spheres ;
The moon by night a light to be,
And mark us out the months and years.

What though no pow'rful lever's seen,
Nor axle, wheel, or pulley there ;
Yet they have ever constant been,
As time and truth to us declare.

Just so our true Masonic fame
On lofty lasting columns stands ;
Grac'd with a royal Brunswick's name,
And rear'd beneath his ruling hands.



CI.

[Tune, *Attic Fire.*]

ARISE, and blow thy trumpet, Fame !
Free-masonry aloud proclaim,
To realms and worlds unknown :

Tell them 'twas this great David's son,
The wise, the matchless Solomon,
Priz'd far above his throne.

The solemn temple's cloud-capt towers,
Th' aspiring domes are works of ours,
By us those piles were rais'd :
Then bid mankind with songs advance,
And through th' ethereal vast expanse
Let Masonry be prais'd !

We help the poor in time of need,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
'Tis our foundation stone ;

We build upon the noblest plan,
For friendship rivets man to man,
And makes us all as one. } *Chorus 3 times.*

Still louder, Fame ! thy trumpet blow ;
Let all the distant regions know
Free-masonry is this ;
Almighty Wisdom gave it birth,
And Heav'n has fix'd it here on earth,
A type of future bliss !



CII.

By Brother STEPHEN JONES.

[Tune, *Hearts of Oak.*]

A SYSTEM more pure ne'er was modell'd by man,
Than that which we boast as the Free-masons
plan ;
It unites all the world by the strongest of ties,
And adds to mens' bliss, while it makes them more wise.
From the prince to the boor,
Be he rich, be he poor,

A Mason is a brother,
 And each will help the other :
 So grateful the tie is of Free-masonry.

That hence flow the purest enjoyments of life,
 That banish'd from hence are dissension and strife,
 That the lessons are good which we practise and teach,
 Are truths that our foes vainly strive to impeach,
 From the prince, &c.

The greatest of monarchs, the wisest, and best,
 Have Masons become, and been true to the test ;
 And still with that sanction our rites are pursu'd,
 Admir'd by the wise, and approv'd by the good.
 From the prince, &c.

The task were too tedious the deeds to record
 Of the great and the good that our annals afford ;
 In a word, let us utter this truth to mankind,
 There's no temple more pure than the true Mason's mind:
 From the prince, &c.



CIII.

[Tune, *Attic Fire.*]

DIVINE Urania, virgin pure !
 Enthron'd in the Olympian bow'r,
 I here invoke thy lays !
 Celestial muse ! awake the lyre,
 With heav'n born sweet seraphic fire,
 Free-masonry to praise.

The stately structures that arise,
 And brush the concave of the skies,
 Still ornament thy shrine ;
 Th' aspiring domes, those works of ours,
 " The solemn temples—cloud-capt tow'rs,"
 Confess the art divine.

With Prudence all our actions are,
 By bible, compass, and by square,
 In love and truth combin'd ;
 While justice and benevolence,
 With fortitude and temperance,
 Adorn and grace the mind !



CIV.

A Royal Arch Song. By Brother Lowe.

FATHER Adam, created, beheld the light shine,
 Heav'n made him a Mason, and gave him a sign,
 Our royal grand secret to him did impart,
 And in Paradise often he talk'd of our art.

Then Noah found favour and grace in his sight,
 He built up an ark by the help of our light ;
 In the clouds God his Rainbow then set, to insure
 That his mercies and cov'nants should ever endure.

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, partook of the same,
 And Moses, that excellent Mason of fame,
 Whom God had appointed his chosen to bring
 From bondage, and humble proud Egypt's great king.

Bezaleel and Aholiab were likewise inspir'd
 By the spirit of wisdom, and for it admir'd,
 Well skill'd in all workmanship curious and true,
 Of scarlet and purple, fine linen and blue.

In the wilderness, taught by our great Architect,
 A grand tabernacle they then did erect,
 And vessels they made of gold that was good,
 Wrought silver, brass, stones, and fine shittim wood.

Then Joshua was chosen to have the command,
 Who led them all safe into the holy land ;

And to shew that the Lord would his mercies fulfil,
Sun and moon at the order of Joshua stood still.

Next David and Jonathan a covenant made,
By the son of great Saul he ne'er was betray'd ;
And though strange, yet it's scriptural truth that I tell,
That the love of Saul's son did all womens' excel.

David's heart sore did ache this kind love to return,
When for Saul's seven sons the Lord's anger did burn :
Then the sons of great Saul king David did take,
But spar'd Mephibosheth for his oath's sake.

Our noble grand masters appear next in view,
Who build up the temple, so just and so true,
The pattern which David from God had receiv'd,
Who, not suffer'd to build, in his heart was sore griev'd.

Our secret divine, which had lain long conceal'd,
By a light from above unto me was reveal'd ;
Surpris'd with the radiance with which it did shine,
I felt and confess'd it was something divine.

Then having pass'd three, and both offer'd and burn'd,
I soon gain'd admittance on that holy ground,
And reveal'd unto me were the myst'ries I sought,
Though the light was by darkness comprehended not.

Being thus consecrated, I soon did accord
To acknowledge Jehovah for God and for Lord ;
Believ'd him the source of the light that did shine,
And confess'd him to be our grand master divine.

Then join hands and hearts your voices to raise,
With the whole of creation unite and sing praise ;
To the power divine all glory be given,
By men upon earth, and by angels in heaven.

CV.

[Tune, *Caré, thou canker.*]

GLORIOUS Craft, which fires the mind
 With sweet harmony and love,
 Surely, thou wert first design'd
 A foretaste of the joys above..

Pleasures always on thee wait,
 Thou reformest Adams race ;
 Strength and beauty in thee meet,
 Wisdom's radiant in thy face..

Arts and virtue now combine,
 Friendship raises cheerful mirth ;
 All united to refine
 Man's from grosser part of earth..

Stately temples now arise,
 And on lofty columns stand ;
 Mighty domes attempt the skies,
 To adorn this happy land..



CVI.

A FELLOW-CRAFT'S Song.[Tune, *Rule, Britannia.*]

HAIL, Masonry, thou Craft divine !
 Glory of earth, from heaven reveal'd ;
 Which doth with jewels precious shine,
 From all but Masons eyes conceal'd :
 Thy praises due, who can rehearse,
 In nervous prose, or flowing verse ?

All craftsmen true distinguish'd are,
 Our codes all other laws excel ;

And what's in knowledge choice and rare,
 Within our breasts securely dwell.
 The silent breast, the faithful heart,
 Preserve the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
 From beasts, whose roar the forest rends ;
 From the assaults of warriors bold,
 The Mason's art mankind defends.
 Be to this art due honor paid,
 From which mankind receives such aid.

Ensigns of state, that feed our pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain,
 By Masons true are laid aside,
 Art's free-born sons such toys disdain ;
 Ennobled by the name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
 Friendly converse of brotherhood,
 The lodge's lasting cement be,
 Which has for ages firmly stood.
 A lodge thus built, for ages past
 Has lasted, and shall ever last.

Then let us celebrate the praise
 Of all who have enrich'd the art,
 Let gratitude our voices raise,
 And each true brother bear a part.
 Let cheerful strains their fame resound,
 And living Masons healths go round.


 CVII.

[Tune, *Enter'd Apprentice's Song.*]

HERE's a health to each one,
 From the king on the throne

To him that is meanest of station,
 If he can contend
 To have lawfully gain'd
 The name of an accepted Mason.

The glory of kings
 Are poor empty things,
 Though empires they have in possession,
 If void of the fame
 Of that noble name
 Of a free and accepted Mason.

It is ancients far
 Than other arts are;
 Surpassing all other profession ::
 There's none can pretend
 To discover a friend
 Like a free and an accepted Mason.

The world is amaz'd,
 Their wonder is rais'd,
 To see such concurring relation :
 Among us : : they cry,
 The devil is nigh.
 When one is accepted a Mason.

But let them say on,
 To us 'tis well known
 What's true or false in the relation ;
 Let's drink his health round
 That is secret and sound,
 And a faithful and accepted Mason.



CVIII.

[Tune, *The Miller of Mansfield.*]

HOW happy a Mason, whose bosom still flows
 With friendship, and who ever cheerfully goes

The Effects of the mysteries lodg'd in his breast,
 Mysteries rever'd and by princes possess.
 Our friends and our bottle we best can enjoy,
 No rancour or envy our quiet annoy,
 Our plumb line and compass, our square and our tools,
 Direct all our actions in virtue's fair rules.

To Mars and to Venus we're equally true,
 Our hearts he enlivens, her charms we subdue ;
 Let the enemy tell, and the ladies declare,
 No class or profession with Masons compare :
 To give us a lustre we ne'er need a crest,
 Since honor and virtue remain in our breast ;
 We'll charm the rude world when we clap, laugh and sing,
 If so happy a Mason, say, who'd be a king ?



CIX.

[Tune, *Ye Lads of true Spirit, pay courtship to Claret.*]

IN times of old date, when (as stories relate)
 Good men to the gods had admission, [liev'd:
 When those who were griev'd might with ease be re-
 By offering an humble petition ;
 Some few, who remain'd in their morals unstay'd,
 Submissively made application,
 To build a retreat, if the gods should think meet,
 To shield them from wicked invasion.

Delighted to find there was yet in mankind
 Some laudable sentiments planted,
 Without hesitation they gave approbation,
 And instant their wishes were granted.
 Then for artists they sought, and fam'd architects bro't,
 Who the various employments were skill'd in ;
 Each handled his tools, and by science and rules
 They straightway proceeded to building,

Fair Wisdom began first to sketch out the plan
 By which they were all to be guided ;
 Each order she made was exactly obey'd,
 When the portions of work she divided.
 The great corner stone was by Charity done,
 But Strength was the principle builder ;
 When for mortar they cry'd, 'twas by Friendship sup-
 And Beauty was carver and gilder. [ply'd,

Having long persever'd, a grand temple they rear'd,
 A refuge from folly and scandal,
 Where all who reside are in virtue employ'd,
 Nor fear the attacks of a Vandal.
 But if in their rage they should ever engage
 In th' attempt, 'twould be always prevented ;
 The door is so high, 'twould be madness to try,
 And the walls are all strongly cemented.

The gods all agreed 'twas an excellent deed,
 And to shew the affection they bore 'em,
 A treasure they gave, which the tenants still have,
 Secur'd in the *sanctum sanctorum*.
 Thus bless'd from above with a token of love,
 Each brother with joy should receive it ;
 Safe lock'd in his heart, it should never depart,
 'Till call'd for by heaven that gave it.



CX.

By Brother NORTHUCK.

LET drunkards boast the power of wine,
 And reel from side to side ;
 Let lovers kneel at beauty's shrine,
 The sport of female pride :
 Be ours the more exalted part,
 To celebrate the Mason's art,
 And spread its praises wide.

To dens and thickets, dark and rude,
For shelter beasts repair ;
With sticks and straws the feather'd brood
Suspend their nests in air ;
And man untaught, as wild as these,
Binds up sad huts with boughs of trees,
And feeds on wretched fare.

But science dawning in his mind,
The quarry he explores ;
Industry and the arts combin'd
Improv'd all nature's stores :
Thus walls were built, and houses rear'd,
No storms nor tempests now are fear'd
Within his well-fram'd doors.

When stately palaces arise,
When columns grace the hall,
When towers and spires salute the skies,
We owe to Masons all :
Nor buildings only do they give,
But teach men how within to live,
And yield to reason's call.

All party quarrels they detest,
For virtue and the arts,
Lodg'd in each true Free-mason's breast,
Unite and rule their hearts :
By these, while Masons square their minds,
The state no better subjects finds,
None act more upright parts.

When Bucks and Albions are forgot,
Free-masons will remain ;
Mushrooms, each day, spring up and rot,
While oaks stretch o'er the plains :
Let others quarrel, rant and roar ;
Their noisy revels when no more,
Still Masonry shall reign.

Our leathern aprons we compare
 With garters, red and blue ;
 Princes and kings our brothers are
 While they our rules pursue :
 Then drink success and health to all
 The Craft around this earthly ball,
 May brethren still prove true !



CXI.

[Tune, *God save the King.*]

LET Masons' fame resound
 Through all the nations round,
 Prom pole to pole :

See what felicity,
 Harmless simplicity,
 Like electricity,
 Runs through the whole.

Such sweet variety,
 Ne'er had society
 Ever before :
 Faith, Hope, and Charity,
 Love and Sincerity,
 Without Temerity,
 Charm more and more.

When in the lodge we're met,
 And in due order set,
 Happy are we :

Our works are glorious,
 Deeds meritorious,
 Never censorious,
 But always free.

When Folly's sons arise,
 Masonry to despise,

Scorn all **T**heir spite ;
 Laugh at their ignorance,
 Pity their want of sense,
 Ne'er let them give offence,
 Firmer unite.

Masons have long been free,
 And may they ever be
 Great as of yore :
 For many ages past,
 Masonry has stood fast,
 And may its glory last
 'Till Time's no more.



CXII.

By a Young LADY.

[Tune, *Come let us prepare.*]

OF your hearts to take care, now, ladies, prepare,
 Be silent ! I'll tell you the reason :
 Sly Cupid, they say, as the most certain way
 To conquer the fair, is made Mason.

The music you hear will ravish your ear ;
 Your eye will be pleas'd past expression :
 But think on the smart that follows the dart,
 When thrown by the hand of a Mason.

The nymph may pretend her heart to defend ;
 But let her from me take a lesson :
 She's surely undone, though her heart were of stone,
 It will melt at one glance from a Mason.

By the apron and glove Cupid reigns god of love ;
 His empire to deny now is treason :

Then I humbly agree soon m~~as~~ed to be,
And answer each call of my Mason.

Heaven prosper the youth for honor and truth,
And secresy fam'd by all nations ;
I'll ne'er be asham'd, nor fear to be blam'd,
While I write in the praise of Free-masons.

—•••••—
CXIII.

By GAVIN WILSON.

[Tune, *Old Sir Simon the King.*]

ON a whimsical frolic, fair Venus
Invited the gods to a ball ;
The occasion was, Chloe, the coquette,
Surrender'd to Damon, that's all.
A special request was committed
To Mercury, nimble of wing,
That Apollo with all his nine daughters,
Would come at their revels to sing.

When Merc'ry presented his card,
Apollo smil'd at the occasion :
But, friend Mercury, said he, I'm debarr'd,
You don't recollect I'm a Mason ;
And this night, by express invitation,
I go to the feast of St. John.
Let the gods quaff their goblets of nectar,
And strum o'er a song as they can.

—•••••—
CXIV.

By Brother JOHN RICHARDSON.

[Tune, *A Rose Tree in full bearing.*]

“ **O** WHAT a happy thing it is,
Brethren, to dwell in unity !”

Whilst ev'ry action's squar'd by this,
 The true base-line of Masonry.
 Our plumb-rule fixed to the point,
 The angle of uprightness shows ;
 From side to side, from joint to joint,
 By steps the stately mansion rose.

Whate'er the order or the plan,
 The parts will with the whole agree ;
 For, by a geometric man,
 The work is done in symmetry.
 From east to west, from north to south,
 Far as the foaming billows roll,
 Faith, Hope, and silver-braided Truth,
 Shall stamp with worth the Mason's soul.

But, chiefest, come, sweet Charity,
 Meek, tender, hospitable guest ;
 Aided by those, inspir'd by thee,
 How tranquil is the Mason's breast !
 An olive branch thy forehead binds,
 The gift that peerless Prudence gave,
 An emblem of congenial minds,
 And such Masonic brethren have.



CXV.

By GAVIN WILSON.

[Tune, *Sweet are the charms of her I love.*]

WHILE arts and sciences did lie
 In embryo in the human mind,
 'Twas then the rough inclement sky
 Made men employ their wits to find
 A shelter from the piercing cold :
 Hence caves and dens were dug of old.

But Masonry, with generous skill,
 Bade cities, castles, temples rise ;
 With influence superior still,
 Form'd Masons in societies :
 Where friendship in perfection shines,
 And harmony unceasing reigns.

Thus chaos wrapt in darkness lay,
 When it th' Omnic Fiat heard,
 From womb of night sprang new-born day,
 And thus the world's grand lodge was rear'd.
 With joy angelic harps were strung,
 From pole to pole creation sung.



CXVI.

WITH cordial hearts let's drink a health.
 To every faithful brother,
 Whose candid heart's secure whilst men
 Are faithful to each other ;
 Whose precious jewels are so rare,
 Likewise their hearts so framed are,
 And level'd with the truest square,
 That nature can discover.

As great a man as in this land,
 Or any other nation,
 Would take a brother by the hand,
 And greet him in his station ;
 Neither king nor prince, though e'er so great,
 Or any emperor of state,
 But with great candour would relate
 To every faithful brother.

The world shall still remain in pain,
 And at our secrets wonder ;
 No Cowan e'er shall it obtain,

Though all their lives they ponder ;
 Still aiming at the chiefest rite
 In which Free-masons take delight,
 They never can obtain the light,
 Though they spend their lives in wonder.

King Solomon, the great and wise,
 He was a faithful brother ;
 Free-masonry would not despise,
 No secrets he'd discover :
 But he was always frank and free,
 Professing such sincerity.
 To all of that fraternity,
 He lov'd them 'bove all other.

Come let us build on the firm ground ;
 Still aiding of each other ;
 Lay a foundation that's most sound,
 No arts-man can discover :
 Nor ever shall revealed be,
 But to bright men in Masonry :
 Here is to them wher'er they be,
 I am their faithful brother.

Come let us join our hearts and hands
 In this most glorious manner.
 And to each other firmly stand.
 Under our nations' banner ;
 That God may bless us still we pray,
 And o'er our enemies bear the sway,
 And forever win the day,
 And crown our days with honour.

 CXVII.

[Tune, *Mulberry Tree.*]

YE sons of fair Science, impatient to learn,
 What's meant by a Mason you here may discern ;

He strengthens the weak, he gives light to the blind,
And the naked he clothes—is a friend to mankind.

All shall yield to Masonry ;

Bend to thee,

Blest Masonry ;

Matchless was he who founded thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

He walks on the level of honour and truth,
And spurns the wild passions of folly and youth ;
The compass and square all his frailties reprove,
And his ultimate object is brotherly love.

The temple of knowledge he nobly doth raise,
Supported by Wisdom, and learning its base ;
When rear'd and adorn'd, Strength and Beauty unite,
And he views the fair structure with conscious delight.

With Fortitude bless'd, he's a stranger to fears ;
And, govern'd by Prudence, he cautiously steers :
Till Temperance shews him the port of Content,
And Justice, unask'd, gives the sign of consent.

Inspir'd by his feelings, he bounty imparts,
For Charity ranges at large in our hearts ;
And an indigent brother, reliev'd from his woes,
Feels a pleasure inferior to him who bestows.

Thus a Mason I've drawn and expos'd to your view ;
And Truth must acknowledge the figure is true ;
Then members become, let's be brothers and friends,
There's a secret remaining will make you amends.



GXVIII.

[Tune, *From the East breaks the Morn.*]

WHEN the Deity's word
Through all chaos was heard,

And the Universe rose at the sound,
 Trembling Night skulk'd away,
 Bursting Light hail'd the day,
 And the spheres did in concert resound.

Then the Grand Architect,
 In omnipotence deck'd,
 In order the mass did compound ;
 Deem'd the Sun king of light,
 Crown'd the Moon queen of night,
 And the earth with an atmosphere bound.

Mighty Man then was form'd,
 With five senses adorn'd,
 Which the noble five orders expound ;
 With the birth of the Sun
 Architecture begun,
 And 'till nature expires 'twill abound.

Bible, compass and square,
 As our ensigns we wear,
 The bright symbols of wisdom profound ;
 And while these are our guide,
 Ev'ry mystery beside
 As a foil to our art will be found.



CXIX.

[Tune, *Derry Down.*]

WHOEVER wants wisdom must with some delight
 Read, ponder, and pore, noon, morning and
 night ;
 Must turn over volumes of monstrous size,
 Enlighten his mind, though he puts out his eyes.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

If a general would know how to muster his men;
 By thousands, by hundreds, by fifties, by ten,
 Or level his siege on high castle or town,
 He must borrow his precepts from men of renown.

Derry down, &c.

Would a wry-fac'd physician or lawyer excel,
 In haranguing a court, or the sick making well :
 He first must read Galen or Littleton through,
 E'er he gets his credentials or business to do.

Derry down, &c.

But these are all follies, Free-masons can prove
 In the lodge they find Knowledge, fair Virtue and Love ;
 Without deaf'ning their ears, without blinding their eyes,
 They find the compendious way to be wise.

Derry down, &c.



CXX.

OH ! Masonry, our hearts inspire,
 And warm us with thy sacred fire ;
 Make us obedient to thy laws,
 And zealous to support thy cause ;
 For thou and Virtue are the same,
 And only differ in the name.

Pluck narrow notions from the mind,
 And plant the love of human kind.
 Teach us to feel a brother's woe,
 And, feeling, comfort to bestow ;
 Let none unheeded draw the sigh,
 No grief unnotic'd pass us by.

Let swelling Pride a stranger be,
 Our friend, compos'd Humility.
 Our hands let steady Justice guide,
 And Temp'rance at our boards preside ;

Let Secresy our steps attend,
And injur'd Worth our tongues defend.

Drive Meanness from us, sly Deceit,
And Calumny, and rigid Hate ;
Oh ! may our highest pleasure be
To add to man's felicity :
And may we, as thy votaries true,
Thy paths, oh ! Masonry, pursue.



CXXI.

By Brother SAMUEL PORTER.

[Tune, *A Rose Tree in full bearing.*]

YE free-born sons of ev'ry clime,
Attend while I the truth impart,
And shew that you are in exile
Till science guides you by our art ;
Uncultivated paths you tread,
Unlevell'd, barren, blindfold be,
Till by a myst'ry you are led
Into the light of Masonry.

From chaos this round globe was form'd,
A pedestal for us to be,
A mighty column it adorn'd,
In just proportion rais'd were we ;
When our Grand Architect above,
An arch soon rais'd by his decree,
And plac'd the sun the arch key-stone,
The whole was form'd by Masonry.

It pleas'd our Sov'reign master, then
This glorious fabric to erect.
Upon the square let us as men,
Never the noble work neglect ;

But still in Friendship's bonds unite,
 Unbounded as infinity ;
 'Tis a sure corner-stone fix'd right,
 And worthy of Free-masonry.

In ancient times, before the flood,
 And since, in friendship we've adher'd,
 From pole to pole have firmly stood,
 And by all nations been rever'd.
 When rolling years shall cease to move,
 We from oblivion rais'd shall be :
 Then, since we're met in peace and love,
 Let's sing, *All hail to Masonry.*



CXXII.

New-Year, or Festival Song.

COME Brothers, let us cheerful sing,
 Who can our arts discover ?
 For friendship, like a boiling spring,
 Flows constant for each other.
 Let's crown the festival with mirth,
 And hail the great mysterious birth,
 That adds such friendship here on earth,
 As makes a faithful Brother.

While jarring discords separate
 The firmest bands of unity,
 Of every class, of every state,
 Except it be Free-masonry ;
 Our arts are form'd so just and pure,
 They will from age to age endure,
 And in the bosom rest secure,
 With all that gain the mystery.

Our manners we derive and wear,
 From actors we discover ;

Let's cheerful hear him in the chair,
 And each proclaiming brother.
 And as we now begin the year,
 Let love and friendship fill the ear,
 With cordial harmony sincere,
 To every faithful Brother.

The greatest man found in the land,
 Of this, or any other,
 Will take a brother by the hand,
 And bid him welcome hither,
 O may their fame in raptures roll,
 And wide extend from pole to pole ;
 There's no such friendship for the soul,
 No, not with one another.

Where is an art with Mason's vie ?
 None—say the wise, of every tongue ;
 Yet so secure, from thought, or eye,
 And handed down from sire to son,
 Now let each celebrate the strain
 That echoes with a Mason's name :
 And all as one salute the fame
 Of our Grand Master WASHINGTON.

 CXXIII.

KING Solomon, that wise projector,
 In Masonry took great delight ;
 And Hiram, that great Architector,
 Whose actions shall ever shine bright.
 From the heart of a true honest Mason
 There's none can the secret remove ;
 Our maxims are justice, morality,
 Friendship and brotherly love.

CHORUS.

Then who would not be a Free-mason,
 So happy and social are we ;
 To all honest men we are Brothers,
 And to every false we are foes.

We meet the true friend on the
 And lovingly part on the
 Alike we respect King and
 Provided they do us no
 We scorn no generous
 When we with Free-masons compare ;
 We learn to live within compass,
 By rules that are honest and fair.

Cho. Then who, &c.

We exclude all talkative fellows,
 That will babble and prate past their wit,
 They ne'er shall come into our secret,
 For they're neither worthy, nor fit ;
 But the person that's well recommended,
 And we find him honest and true,
 When our lodge is well til'd we'll prepare him,
 And, like Masons, our work we'll pursue.

Cho. Then who, &c.

Success to all accepted Masons,
 Their names shall be on our roll down
 For ever and ever the great
 These great men
 When Adam was King of all nations,
 He formed a plan with all speed ;
 And soon made a fit habitation,
 For him and his companion Eve.

Cho. Then who, &c.

There's some foolish people reject us,

For which they are highly to blame ;
 They cannot shew any objection,
 Or reason for doing the same.
 The art's a divine inspiration,
 As all honest men will declare.
 So here's to all true hearted brothers,
 That live within compass and square.

Cho. Then who, &c.

Like an arch well cemented together,
 Thus firmly united we stand,
 And justly support one another ;
 With plumb line and level in hand.
 'Till the world is consumed by fire,
 And judgment is pass'd on us all ;
 They ne'er shall come into our secret,
 Or we from Free-masonry fall.

Cho. Then who, &c.

CXXIV.

HERE social love serenely smiles,
 Soft harmony inspires the breast,
 Music the weight of care beguiles,
 And lulls each gloomy thought to rest.

Come dove-ey'd peace, thou heavenly guest,
 And concord ; attribute divine !
 Reside within each Mason's breast,
 Their hearts with sacred union join.

Thus long shall stand our noble art,
 Hid deep within each faithful breast,
 We feel its influence on the heart,
 Therefore we say—*probatum est.*

AN ORATORIO,

*As it was performed at the Philharmonic Room, in
Dublin, for the Benefit of sick and
distressed Free-masons.*

The Words by Mr. JAMES EYRE WEEKS.

*The Music composed by Mr. RICHARD BROADWAY,
Organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SOLOMON, the Grand Master.

HIGH PRIEST.

HIRAM, the Workman.

URIEL, Angel of the Sun.

SHEBA, Queen of the South.

Chorus of Priests and Nobles.

ACT I.

SOLOMON.

RECITATIVE.

CONVEN'D we're met—chief oracle of heav'n,
To whom the sacted mysteries are giv'n ;
We're met to bid a splendid fabric rise,
Worthy the mighty Ruler of the skies.

HIGH PRIEST.

And lo ! where Uriel, angel of the Sun,
Arrives to see the mighty business done.

AIR.

Behold he comes upon the wings of light,
And with his sunny vestment cheers the sight.

URIEL.

RECITATIVE.

The Lord supreme, grand master of the skies !
 Who bade Creation from a chaos rise,
 The rules of architecture first engrav'd
 On Adam's Heart.

Chorus of the Priests and Nobles.

To Heaven's high Architect all praise,
 All gratitude be given,
 Who deign'd the human soul to raise,
 By secrets sprung from Heav'n.

SOLOMON.

RECITATIVE.

Adam, well vers'd in arts,
 Gave to his sons the plumb and line ;
 By Masonry sage Tubal Cain
 To the deep organ tun'd the strain.

AIR.

And while he swell'd the melting note,
 On high the silver concords float.

HIGH PRIEST.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Upon the surface of the waves
 (When God a mighty deluge pours)
 Noah a chosen remnant saves,
 And lays the Ark's stupendous floors.

URIEL.

AIR.

Hark from on high the Mason-Word !
 " David, my servant, shall not build
 " A lodge for Heaven's All-sov'reign Lord,

“ Since blood and war have stain’d his shield ;
 “ That for our deputy, his son,
 “ We have resery’d—Prince Solomon.” *Da Capo.*

Chorus of Priests and Nobles.

Sound great JEHOVAH’s praise !
 Who bade young Solomon the temple raise.

SOLOMON.

RECITATIVE.

So grand a structure shall we raise,
 That men shall wonder ! Angels gaze !
 By art divine it shall be rear’d,
 Nor shall the hammer’s noise be heard,

Chorus.

Sound great JEHOVAH’s praise !
 Who bade king Solomon the temple raise.

URIEL.

RECITATIVE.

To plan the mighty dome,
 Hiram, the Master-mason’s, come.

URIEL.

AIR.

We know thee, by thy apron white,
 An architect to be,
 We know thee, by thy trowel bright,
 Well skill’d in Masonry.
 We know thee, by thy jewel’s blaze,
 Thy manly walk and air.
 Instructed, thou the lodge shalt raise ;
 Let all for work prepare.

HIRAM.

AIR.

Not like Babel's haughty building,
 Shall our greater lodge be fram'd ;
 That, to hideous jargon yielding,
 Justly was a Babel nam'd.
 There, confusion all o'er-bearing,
 Neither sign nor word they knew ;
 We our work with order squaring,
 Each proportion shall be true.

SOLOMON.

RECITATIVE.

Cedars, which since creation grew,
 Fall of themselves to grace the dome ;
 All Lebanon, as if she knew
 The great occasion, lo, is come !

URIEL.

AIR.

Behold, my brethren of the sky,
 The work begins, worthy an angel's eye.

Chorus of Priests and Nobles.

Be present all ye heavenly host ;
 The work begins—The Lord defrays the cost !

 ACT II.

MESSENGER.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD, attended by a num'rous train,
 Queen of the south, fair Sheba greets thy reign !

In admiration of thy wisdom, she
Comes to present the bended knee.

SOLOMON to HIRAM.

RECITATIVE.

Receive her with a fair salute,
Such as with majesty may suit.

HIRAM.

AIR.

When allegiance bids obey,
We with pleasure own its sway.

Enter SHEBA attended.

Obedient to superior greatness, see,
Our sceptre hails thy mightier majesty.

SHEBA.

AIR.

Thus Phebe, queen of shade and night,

Owning the sun's superior rays,
With feebler glory, lesser light,
Attends the triumph of his blaze.

Oh, all excell'ing Prince, receive
The tribute due to such a king!

Not the gift, but will, believe!

Take the heart, not what we bring. *Da Capo.*

SOLOMON.

RECITATIVE.

Let measure, softly sweet
Illustrious Sheba's presence greet.

SOLOMON.

AIR.

Tune the lute and string the lyre,
Equal to the fair we sing!
Who can see and not admire

Sheba, consort for a king !
 Enlivening wit and beauty join,
 Melting sense and graceful air ;
 Here united powers combine
 To make her brightest of the fair. *Da Capo.*

SOLOMON:

RECITATIVE.

Hiram, our brother and our friend,
 Do thou the queen with me attend.

SCENE II. *A View of the Temple.*

HIGH PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Sacred to heaven, behold the dome appears ;
 Lo, what august solemnity it wears ;
 Angels themselves have deign'd to deck the frame,
 And beauteous Sheba shall report its fame.

AIR.

When the queen of the south shall return
 To the climes which acknowledge her sway,
 Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely burn,
 The princess with transport shall say,
 " Well worthy my journey, I've seen
 " A monarch both graceful and wise,
 " Deserving the love of a queen ;
 " And a temple well worthy the skies." *Da Capo.*

Chorus.

Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares
 With equal sense your happiness and cares.

HIRAM.

RECITATIVE.

Of riches much, but more of wisdom, see,
 Proportion'd workmanship and Masonry.

HIRAM.

AIR.

Oh charming Sheba ! there behold
 What massy stores of burnish'd gold,
 Yet richer is our art :
 Not all the orient gems that shine,
 Nor treasures of rich Ophir's mine,
 Excel the Mason's heart :

True to the fair, he honors more,
 Than glitt'ring gems or brightest ore,
 The plighted pledge of love ;
 To ev'ry tie of honor bound,
 In love and friendship constant found,
 And favor'd from above.

SOLOMON and SHEBA.

DUET.

SHEBA. { One gem beyond the rest I see,
 { And charming Solomon is he.

SOLOMON. { One gem beyond the rest I see,
 { Fairest of fair ones, thou art she.

SHEBA. Oh thou surpassing all men wise !

SOLOMON. And thine excelling women's eyes.

HIRAM.

RECITATIVE.

Wisdom and beauty both combine
 Our art to raise, our hearts to join.

Chorus.

Give to Masonry the prize,
 Where the fairest chuse the wise :
 Beauty still should wisdom love ;
 Beauty and order reign above.

MASONIC TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

OUR Country and the Craft.

The memory of WASHINGTON.

Our most Worshipful Grand Master.

To the Masters and Wardens of all regular Lodges.

All the Fraternity round the globe.

The memory of WARREN, who on the heights of
Charlestown, gave his life for his country.

To him that first the work began.

To the memory of the Tyrian artist.

To the ancient sons of Peace.

To all upright and pure Masons.

Prosperity to the ancient and honorable Craft.

To the secret and silent.

To all Masons who walk the line.

To him that did the Temple rear.

To each true and faithful heart,

That still preserves the secret art.

To all that live within compass and square.

To all social Free-masons.

To all true Masons and upright,

Who saw the east where rose the light.

To the increase of perpetual friendship and peace among
the ancient Craft.

To all genuine Free-masons, wherever oppressed or dis-
persed.

To each faithful brother, both ancient and young,

Who governs his passions and bridles his tongue.

To all those who steer their course by the three great Lights of Masonry.

May every Mason be enabled to act so as to have an approving monitor.

May our lodges be distinguished for love, peace and harmony.

May all Free-masons be enabled to act in a strict conformity to the rules of their order.

May our actions as Masons be properly squared.

A proper application of the 24-inch guage, so as that we may measure out and husband our time to the best of purposes.

To him who uses the mallet in knocking off those superfluous passions that in any manner degrade the Man or the Mason.

May Free-masons ever be the patterns of true virtue.

May the lives of all Free-masons be spent in acts of true piety, and in the enjoyment of tranquillity.

May the Mason's conduct be so uniform that he may not be ashamed to take a retrospective view of it.

The absent brethren of this lodge.

Every worthy brother who was at first duly prepared, and whose heart still retains a due regard to the three great lights of Masonry.

Every brother who stands plumb to his principles, yet is level to his brethren.

Every brother who maintains a constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

May the brethren of our glorious Craft be ever distinguished in the world by their regular lives, more than by their gloves and aprons.

May the square, plumb-line, and level, regulate the conduct of every brother.

May Virtue ever direct our actions with respect to ourselves, justice to those with whom we deal, mercy, love, and charity to all mankind.

May every brother who is willing to work and labour through the day, as his condition requires; be happy at night with his friend, his love, and a cheerful glass.

Every brother who keeps the key of knowledge from all intruders, but will cheerfully open the cabinet to a worthy brother.

May Masonry flourish until Nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.

May every society, instituted for the promotion of virtue, flourish.

May concord, peace and harmony, subsist in all regular lodges, and always distinguish the fraternity of Free-masons.

Prosperity to Masons and Masonry.

May every brother learn to live within the compass, and act upon the square.

May the prospect of riches never have such an effect upon a Mason, as to induce him to that which is repugnant to virtue.

May our conversation be such as that youth may therein find instruction, women modesty, the aged respect, and all men civility.

May peace, harmony and concord subsist among Free-masons, and may every idle dispute and frivolous distinction be buried in oblivion.

The Mason that knows the true value and use of his tools.

All true friends of the Craft.

May every brother who is lawfully and regularly entered into our society, which is both ancient and

honorable, be as duly instructed in the true morals thereof.

May Masonry prove as universal as it is honorable and useful.

The memory of the distinguished three.

May unity, friendship, and brotherly love, ever distinguish the brethren of the ancient Craft.

All regular Lodges.

May the morning have no occasion to censure the night spent by Free-masons.

May every brother have a heart to feel, and a hand to give.

May no Free-mason wish for more liberty than constitutes happiness, nor more freedom than tends to the public good.

May we never condemn that in a brother which we would pardon in ourselves.

May the cares which haunt the heart of the covetous be unknown to a Free-mason.

May no Free-mason desire plenty, but with the benevolent view to relieve the indigent.

May the deformity of vice in other men teach a Mason to abhor his own.

May we be more ready to correct our own faults than to publish the errors of the brethren.

May every Free-mason participate in the happiness of a brother.

May we never rashly believe the report we hear, which is prejudicial to a brother.

May discord, party rage, and insolence, be forever rooted out from amongst Masons.

May all Free-masons go hand in hand in the road of virtue.

- May all Free-masons ever taste and relish the sweets of freedom.
- May the hearts of Free-masons agree, although their ideas should differ.
- May Mason's conduct be so uniform as to convince the natural world that they dwell in light.
- May honor and honesty distinguish the brethren.
The humble beggar.
- Relief to all indigent brethren.
- May all Free-masons live in love, and die in peace.
To Masonry, Friendship and Love.
The heart that conceals,
And the tongue that never improperly reveals.
- May no Free-mason taste the bitter apples of affliction.
To the Nation's wealth and glory.
To the innocent and faithful Craft.
To our next happy meeting.
- May the frowns of resentment never be known among us.
- May the gentle spirit of love animate the heart of every Mason.
- May hypocrisy, faction, and strife, be forever rooted from every Lodge.
- May Sincerity, Charity and Peace, be established in this Lodge.
- May every Free-mason be distinguished by the internal ornament of an upright heart.
- May the brethren in this place be united to one another by the bond of love.
- May every Free-mason have so much genuine philosophy as that he may neither be too much exalted with the smiles of prosperity, nor too much dejected with the frowns of adversity.

May Free-masons ever taste and relish the sweets of domestic contentment.

May the foundation of every regular Lodge be solid, its building sure, and its members numerous and happy.

May every Free-mason have health, peace and plenty.

May every Free-mason find constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

May the Free-mason's conscience be sound, though his fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer a Free-mason's virtue.

Honor and influence to every public spirited brother.

May every worthy brother have a head to earn, and a heart to spend.

May all Free-masons please, and be pleased.

Peace and plenty to every brother.

Health, love and ready rhino, to the whole fraternity.

May every brother who has merit always find encouragement.

Genuine Masonry universal.

ALL MANKIND.

PRAYERS, CHARGES, LAWS, AND CEREMONIES.

A Prayer used at opening a Lodge.

MAY the favour of Heaven be upon this meeting ; as it is happily begun, may it be conducted with order, and closed with harmony ! *Amen.*

A rehearsal of the Ancient Charges properly succeeds the opening, and precedes the closing, of every Lodge. This was the constant practice of our ancient Brethren, and ought never to be neglected in our regular assemblies. A recapitulation of our duty cannot be disagreeable to those who are acquainted with it ; and to those

who know it not, should any such be, it must be highly proper to recommend it.

Ancient Charges.

[To be rehearsed at opening the Lodge.]

On the Management of the Craft in working.

MASONS employ themselves diligently in their sundry vocations, live creditably, and conform with cheerfulness to the government of the country in which they reside.

The most expert Craftsman is chosen or appointed Master of the work, and is duly honored by those over whom he presides.

The Master, knowing himself qualified, undertakes the government of the Lodge, and truly dispenses his rewards, giving to every brother the approbation which he merits.

A Craftsman, who is appointed Warden of the work under the Master, is true to Master and fellows, carefully oversees the work, and his brethren obey him.

The Master, Wardens, and brethren receive their rewards justly, are faithful, and carefully finish the work which they begin, whether it be in the first or second degree; but never put that work to the first which has been accustomed to the second degree.

Neither envy nor censure is discovered among Masons. No brother is supplanted, or put out of his work, if he be capable to finish the same; as no man who is not perfectly skilled in the original design, can, with equal advantage to the Master finish the work begun by another.

All employed in Masonry meekly receive their rewards, and use no disobliging name. Brother or fellow are the terms or appellations they bestow on each other. They behave courteously within and without the Lodge, and never desert the Master till the work be finish'd.

Laws for the Government of the Lodge.

[To be rehearsed at opening the Lodge.]

BRETHREN salute one another in a courteous man-

ner, agreeably to the forms established among Masons ;* you are freely to give such mutual instructions as shall be thought necessary or expedient, not being overseen or overheard, without encroaching upon each other, or derogating from that respect which is due to any gentleman were he not a Mason ; for though as Masons we rank as Brethren on a level, yet Masonry deprives no man of the honor due to his rank or character, but rather adds to his honor, especially if he has deserved well of the Fraternity, who always render honor to whom it is due, and avoid ill manners.

No private committees are to be allowed, or separate conversations encouraged ; the Master or Wardens are not to be interrupted, or any Brother speaking to the Master ; but due decorum is to be observed, and a proper respect paid to the Master and presiding Officers.

These laws are to be strictly enforced, that harmony may be preserved, and the business of the Lodge be carried on with order and regularity.

Amen. So mote it be.

THE privileges of Masonry have been made too common ; they have been bestowed upon the worthless and the wicked, and the reputation of the society has been injured. Good and true men, not immoral or scandalous, but of good report, ought only to be honored with them ; and every Mason should be particularly careful to recommend none as candidates for our mysteries, but such whose characters will answer this description ; and previous to his initiation every candidate ought to subscribe the following Declaration.

I, A. B. do seriously declare upon my honor, that unbiassed by friends, and uninfluenced by mercenary motives, I freely and voluntarily offer myself a Candidate for the mysteries of Masonry ; that I am solely prompted by a favourable opinion conceived of the In-

* In a Lodge, Masons meet as members of one family ; all prejudice on account of religion, country, or private opinion, is therefore removed.

stitution, a desire of knowledge, and a sincere wish of being serviceable to my fellow creatures; and that I will cheerfully conform to all the ancient established usages and customs of the Society. As witness my hand, this day of

(Signed)

A. B.

C. D. }
E. F. } Witnesses.

A Prayer to be used at the Admission of a Brother.

O MOST gracious and eternal God, chief Architect of the created Universe! grant unto us, thy servants, who have already entered ourselves into this most noble, ancient, and honorable Fraternity, that we may be solid and thoughtful, and always have a remembrance of those sacred and holy things which we have taken upon us, and endeavour to instruct and inform each other in secrecy, that nothing may be unlawfully or illegally obtained, and that the person who is now to be made a Mason may be a worthy member; and may he, and all of us, live as men, considering the great end for which thy goodness has created us; and do thou, O God, give us wisdom to contrive in all our doings, strength to support us in all our difficulties, and beauty to adorn those heavenly mansions where thy honor dwells; and grant that we may agree together in brotherly love and charity one towards another; and in all our dealings in the world do justice to all men, love mercy, and walk humbly with thee, our God; and, at last, may an abundant entrance be administered unto us into thy kingdom. *Amen.*

Another Prayer.

MOST holy and glorious Lord God, great Architect of heaven and earth, who art the giver of all good gifts and graces; in thy name we assemble and meet together, most humbly beseeching thee to bless us in all our undertakings, to give us thy holy spirit, to enlighten our minds with wisdom and understanding, that we may know and serve thee aright, and that all our doings may

tend to thy glory, and the salvation of our souls, and we beseech thee, to bless this our present undertaking, and to grant that this our brother may dedicate his life unto thy service, and be a true and faithful brother among us; endue him with thy divine wisdom, that he may, with the secrets of Masonry, be able to unfold the mysteries of Godliness. *Amen.*

A short charge to be given to newly initiated Brethren.

YOU are now admitted, by the unanimous consent of our Lodge, a fellow of our most ancient and honorable Society; ancient as having subsisted from time immemorial, and honorable as tending in every particular to render a man so that will be but conformable to its glorious precepts. The greatest monarchs in all ages, as well of Asia and Africa as of Europe, have been encouragers of the Royal Art, and many of them have presided as Grand Masters over the Masons in their respective dominions; nor thought it any diminution of their imperial dignities to level themselves with their brethren in Masonry, and to act as they did. The world's great architect is our supreme master, and the unerring rule he has given us is that by which we work. Religious disputes are never suffered in the Lodge, for, as *Masons*, we only pursue the universal religion, or the religion of nature; this is the cement which unites men of the most discordant principles in one sacred band, and brings together those who are the most distant from one another.

There are three general heads of duty which Masons ought always to inculcate, *viz.* to God, our neighbors, and ourselves. To God, in never mentioning his name but with that reverential awe which becomes a creature to bear to his Creator, and to look upon him always as the *summum bonum* which we came into the world to enjoy; and according to that view to regulate all our pursuits. To our neighbors, in acting upon the square, or doing as we would be done by. To ourselves, in avoiding all intemperance and excesses, whereby we may be rendered incapable of following our work, or led into a behaviour unbecoming our laudable profes-

sion; and in always keeping within due bounds, and free from all pollution.

In the state, a Mason is to behave as a peaceable and dutiful subject, conforming cheerfully to the government under which he lives: he is to pay a due deference to his superiors, and from his inferiors he is rather to receive honor with some reluctance than to extort it: he is to be a man of benevolence and charity, not sitting down contented while his fellow-creatures (but much more his brethren) are in want, and it is in his power, without prejudicing himself and family, to relieve them. In the Lodge he is to behave with all due decorum, lest the beauty and harmony thereof should be disturbed and broken. He is to be obedient to the Master and presiding officers, and to apply himself closely to the business of Masonry, that he may sooner become a proficient therein, both for his own credit, and for that of the Lodge. He is not to neglect his own necessary avocations for the sake of Masonry, nor to involve himself in quarrels with those who through ignorance may speak evil of or ridicule it. He is to be a lover of the arts and sciences, and to take all opportunities of improving himself therein. If he recommends a friend to be made a mason, he must vouch him to be such, as he really believes will conform to the aforesaid duties, lest by his misconduct at any time, the Lodge should pass under some ill imputations. Nothing can prove more shocking to all faithful Masons than to see any of their brethren profane or break through the sacred rules of their order, and such as can do it they wish had never been admitted.

*Charge at Initiation into the Second Degree.**

Brother,

BEING advanced to the second degree of Masonry, we congratulate you on your perferment. [The real, and not the nominal, qualifications of a man are what Masonry regards. As you increase in knowledge, you will improve in social intercourse.]

**The sentences enclosed in brackets[] may be occasionally omitted.*

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the duties which, as a Mason, you are bound to discharge; or enlarge on the necessity of a strict adherence to them, as your own experience must have established their value. It may be sufficient to observe, that] Your past behavior and regular deportment have merited the honor which we have now conferred; and in your new character, it is expected that you will conform to the principles of the order, by steadily persevering in the practice of every commendable virtue.

The study of the liberal arts [that valuable branch of education, which tends so effectually to polish and adorn the mind] is earnestly recommended to your consideration; especially the science of geometry, which is established as the basis of our Art. [Geometry, or Masonry, originally synonymous terms, being of a divine and moral nature, is enriched with the most useful knowledge; while it proves the wonderful properties of nature, it demonstrates the more important truths of morality.]

The solemnity of our ceremonies requires a serious deportment; you are therefore to be particularly attentive to your behavior in our regular assemblies; to preserve our ancient usages and customs sacred and inviolable, and, by your example, induce others to hold them in veneration.

Our laws and regulations you are strenuously to support; and be always ready to assist in seeing them duly executed. You are not to palliate, or aggravate, the offences of your brethren; but, in the decision of every trespass against our rules, you are to judge with candor, admonish with friendship, and reprehend with justice.

In our private assemblies, as a Craftsman, you may offer your sentiments and opinions on such subjects as are regularly introduced in the Lecture; and by this privilege you may improve your intellectual powers; qualify yourself to become an useful member of society, and, like a skilful brother, strive to excel in every thing that is good and great.

[* All regular signs and summonses, given and received, you are duly to honor, and punctually to obey ; inasmuch as they consist with our professed principles. You are to supply the wants and relieve the necessities, of your brethren, to the utmost of your power and ability : and on no account are you to wrong them, or see them wronged ; but apprise them of approaching danger, and view their interest as inseparable from your own.]

Such is the nature of your engagements as a craftsman ; and to these duties you are bound by the most sacred ties.

Charge at Initiation into the Third Degree.

Brother,

YOUR zeal for our institution, the progress you have made in our art, and your conformity to our regulations, have pointed you out as a proper object of favor and esteem.

In the character of a Master-mason, you are henceforth to correct the errors and irregularities of uninformed brethren, and guard them against a breach of fidelity. To improve the morals and manners of men in society, must be your constant care ; and with this view, you are to recommend to your inferiors, obedience and submission ; to your equals, courtesy and affability ; to your superiors, kindness and condescension. Universal benevolence you are to inculcate ; and, by the regularity of your behavior, afford the best example for the conduct of others. The ancient landmarks of our order, now entrusted to your care, you are to preserve sacred and inviolable ; and never suffer an infringement of our rites, or countenance a deviation from our established usages and customs.

Duty, honor and gratitude, now bind you to be faithful to every trust ; to support with becoming dignity your new character ; and to enforce, by example and precept, the tenets of our system. Let no motive, there-

**This and the following paragraph are to be omitted, if previously used in the course of the ceremony.*

fore, make you swerve from your duty, violate your vows, or betray your trust; but be true and faithful, and imitate the example of that celebrated artist whom you have once represented. Thus your exemplary conduct must convince the world, that merit is the title to our privileges, and that on you our favors have not been undeservedly bestowed.

A Prayer used at Closing a Lodge.

MAY the blessing of Heaven rest upon us and all regular Masons! may brotherly love prevail, and every moral and social virtue cement us! *Amen.*

The Ceremony and Service at a Mason's Funeral.

NO Mason can be interred with the formalities of the Order, unless by his own special request, communicated to the Master of the Lodge of which he died a member; nor unless he had been advanced to the third degree of Masonry.*

The Master of the Lodge, on receiving intelligence of his death, and being made acquainted with the day and hour appointed for his funeral, is to issue his command for summoning the Lodge; and immediately to make application by the Grand Secretary to the Deputy Grand Master, for a legal power and authority to attend the procession, with his officers, and such brethren as he may approve of, properly clothed.†

The dispensation being obtained, the Master may in-

* *Foreigners and Sojourners are excepted.*

† *An express law of the Grand Lodge enacts, 'That no regular Mason do attend any funeral, or other public procession, clothed with the badges and ensigns of the order, unless a dispensation for that purpose has been obtained from the Grand Master, or his Deputy, under the penalty of forfeiting all the rights and privileges of the Society; and of being deprived of the benefit of the general fund of Charity, should he be reduced to want.'*

vite as many Lodges as he thinks proper, and the members of the said lodges may accompany their officers in form; but the whole ceremony must be under the direction of the Master of the Lodge to which the deceased belonged; and he, and his officers, must be duly honored and cheerfully obeyed on the occasion.

All the brethren who walk in procession should observe as much as possible an uniformity in their dress. Decent mourning, with white stockings, gloves, and aprons,* are most suitable and becoming. No person ought to be distinguished with a jewel, unless he is an officer of one of the lodges invited to attend in form, and the officers of such lodges should be ornamented with white sashes and hatbands; as also the officers of the lodges to whom the dispensation is granted, who should likewise be distinguished with white rods.

In the procession to the place of interment, the different lodges rank according to their seniority; the junior ones preceding. Each Lodge forms one division, and the following order is observed:—

The tiler, with his sword;

The stewards, with white rods;

The brethren out of office, two and two;

The secretary, with a roll;

The treasurer, with his badge of office;

Senior and junior wardens, hand in hand;

The Pastmaster;

The Master;

The Lodge to which the deceased Brother belonged, in the following order, all the members having flowers or herbs in their hands:

The tiler;

The stewards;

The music [drums muffled, and trumpets covered;]

The members of the Lodge;

The secretary and treasurer;

The senior and junior wardens;

The Pastmaster;

The Bible and Book of Constitutions on a cushion,

**This is the usual clothing of Master Masons.*

covered with black cloth, carried by a
Member of the Lodge ;

The Master ;

The choristers, singing an anthem ;

The clergyman ;

THE BODY ;

With the regalia placed thereon, and two swords crossed ;

Pall bearers ;

Chief mourners ;

Assistant mourners ;

Two stewards ;

A tiler.

One or two Lodges march before the procession begins, to the church-yard, to prevent confusion, and make the necessary preparations. The Brethren are on no account to desert their ranks, or change their places, but keep in their different departments. When the procession arrives at the gate of the church-yard, the Lodge to which the deceased Brother belonged, and all the rest of the Brethren, must halt, till the Members of the different Lodges have formed a perfect circle round the grave, when an opening is made to receive them. They then march up to the grave ; and the clergyman, and the officers of the acting Lodge, taking their station at the head of the grave, with the choristers on each side, and the mourners at the foot, the service is rehearsed, an anthem sung, and that particular part of the ceremony is concluded with the usual forms. In returning from the funeral, the same order of procession is to be observed.

END OF PART FIRST.

THE
Glocal Companion,

AND

MASONIC REGISTER.

PART . II.

CONTAINING A LIST OF ALL THE MASONIC
LODGES IN THE SIX NORTHERN STATES, VIZ.

MASSACHUSETTS,
NEW-HAMPSHIRE,
RHODE-ISLAND,

CONNECTICUT,
NEW-YORK, and
VERMONT.

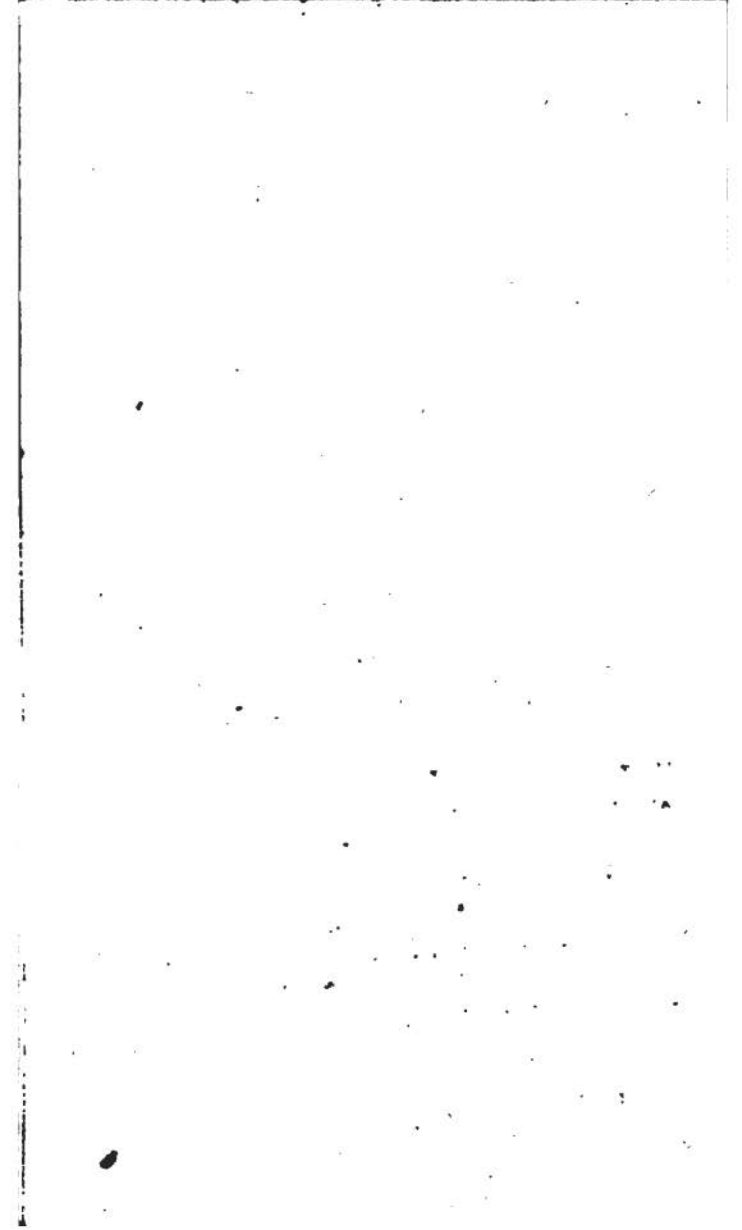
WITH THE NAMES OF THEIR RESPECTIVE OFFICERS,
AND THE NUMBER OF MEMBERS OF WHICH EACH
LODGE CONSIST; ARRANGED ACCORDING
TO THEIR SENIORITY, UNDER THE
GRAND LODGES TO WHICH
THEY SEVERALLY BELONG.

PRINTED AT BOSTON;
BY BROTHER JOHN MOSELEY DUNHAM.

(Copy Right Secured.)

ANNO LUCIS,

5802.



HISTORY OF FREE-MASONRY, &c.

A GRAND LODGE consists of all the masters and wardens of regular master Mason's Lodges within its jurisdiction, with the Grand Master at their head ; the Deputy Grand Master on his left, the Grand Wardens and Deacons, Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer, Grand Chaplain, Grand Sword Bearer, &c. in their proper places ; together with the Past Grand and Deputy Grand Masters. Past Masters are likewise considered members of the Grand Lodge, while members of any lodge within its jurisdiction.

It was customary in England, until the year 1717, for a number of brethren to assemble and discharge any of the Masonic duties, without other authority than certain privileges vested in the fraternity at large. But, on St. John the Baptist's day of that year, the Grand Lodge of England adopted the following regulation.

“ The privilege of assembling as Masons, which has hitherto been unlimited, shall be vested in certain lodges of Masons, convened in certain places ; and every lodge hereafter convened, shall be legally authorized to act by a warrant from the Grand Master for the time being, granted to certain individuals by petition, with the consent and approbation of the Grand Lodge in communication ; and without such warrant, no lodge shall hereafter be deemed regular or constitutional.”

Masonic Lodges in America are of recent date. It was not till the year 1633, that, upon application of a number of brethren resident in Boston, a warrant was granted by the right honorable and Most Worshipful Anthony, Lord Viscount Montague, Grand Master of

Masons in England, appointing the Right Worshipful Henry Price, Grand Master throughout North America. In this warrant full power was given to appoint a Deputy and other officers necessary for forming a Grand Lodge; and, also, to constitute Lodges of free and accepted Masters, as occasion should require.

In consequence of this commission a Grand Lodge was opened in Boston, July 30, 1733, when the Right Worshipful Andrew Belcher was appointed Deputy Grand Master, and the Worshipful Thomas Kennelly, and John Quann, Grand Wardens.

The Grand Lodge being thus organized, under the designation of the St. John's Grand Lodge, proceeded to grant warrants for instituting regular Lodges in various parts of America.

Hostilities having commenced between America and Great Britain, in 1775, Boston became a garrison, and the brethren of St. John's Grand Lodge held no assembly until the establishment of peace.

There was at that time, also, a Grand Lodge on the ancient establishment holden at Boston, designated "The Massachusetts Grand Lodge." This establishment was under the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and was discouraged and opposed by St. John's Lodge, on account of their privileges being, as they thought, infringed by the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

In 1769, Joseph Warren, Esq. was appointed Grand Master; and between this period and 1791, this Grand Lodge gave warrants of constitution for Lodges to be holden in Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, New-York, and Vermont.

At the battle of Bunker's Hill, on the 17th June, Masonry met with a heavy loss, in the death of Grand Master Warren, who there fell a martyr to LIBERTY.

Soon after the British forces had evacuated the town of Boston, the Brethren actuated by a due reverence, for the Memory of their late Grand-Master, were induced to search for his body, which had been rudely and indiscriminately buried in the field of Slaughter. Here, says a late elegant writer, "The fates, as though they would reveal, in the person of our Grand-Master, those mysteries, which have so long lain hid from the world, have suffered him, like the great master-builder in the temple of old, to fall by the hands of Russians, and be again raised in honor and authority : we searched in the field for the murdered son of a widow, and we found him, *by the turf and the twig*, buried on the brow of a hill, though not in a decent grave.—And though we must again commit his body to the tomb, yet our breasts shall be the burying spot of his *masonic virtues*, and there"—

" *An adamantine monument we'll rear,*"

" *With this inscription,*" Masonry "*lies here.*"

In March 1777, the brethren, whom the calamities of war had dispersed being generally collected, assembled to take into consideration the state of Masonry ; being deprived of their chief, they proceeded to form a Grand Lodge, and elected and installed the most Worshipful Joseph Webb, their Grand-Master.

The separation of the United States from Great Britain disengaged the American from their allegiance to Foreign Lodges ; and since this, in the year 1792, "The St. John's Grand Lodge" and "The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts," formed a compleat coalition, and assumed the title of "The Grand Lodge of the Most Antient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Most Worshipful SAMUEL DUNN, G. M.
 Right Worshipful JOSEPH LAUGHTON, D. G. M.
 Right Worshipful JOHN BOYLE, S. G. W.
 Right Worshipful ISAAC HURD, J. G. W.
 Right Worshipful ALLEN CROCKER, G. Tl.
 Worshipful JOHN PROCTER, G. Sec.
 Worshipful AMOS LINCOLN, S. G. Dez.
 Worshipful PAUL REVERE, jun. J. G. Dea.
 Rev. JOHN ELLIOT, G. Chaplain.
 Right Worshipful BENJAMIN RUSSELL, G. Mar.
 Worshipful EDWARD GOODWIN, G. Sw. Bearer.
 JOHN RISBROUGH, } G. Stewards.
 JOHN EDMUNDS, }
 GEORGE GEYER, G. Tiler.

The quarterly communications are held at Concert-Hall in Boston, on the evenings of the second Mondays in March, June, September and December, annually.

PAST GRAND OFFICERS.

M. W. JOHN WARREN, P. G. M.
 M. W. MOSES MICHAEL HAYS, P. G. M.
 M. W. JOHN CUTLER, P. G. M.
 M. W. PAUL REVERE, P. G. M.
 M. W. JOSIAH BARTLETT, P. G. M.
 R. W. WILLIAM SCOLLAY, P. D. G. M.
 R. W. PEREZ MORTON, P. D. G. M.
 R. W. TIMOTHY WHITING, P. S. G. W.
 R. W. ISAIAH THOMAS, P. S. G. W.
 R. W. AARON DEXTER, P. J. G. W.
 R. W. SAMUEL PARKMAN, P. J. G. W.
 W. JOHN JACKSON, P. G. Sec.
 W. DANIEL OLIVER, P. G. Sec.

CLERGICAL BRETHERN.

R. W. and Rev. EDWARD BASS, D. D. *Newburyport*
 Rev. BUNKER GAY, *Hinsdale, N. H.*

- Rev. JOHN ELIOT, D. D. *Boston.*
 Rev. EZRA RIPLEY, *Concord.*
 Rev. RICHARD ROSWELL ELIOT, *Watertown.*
 Rev. WILLIAM BENTLEY, *Salem, P. G. C.*
 Rev. JOHN MURRAY *Boston,*
 Rev. EBENEZER COFFIN, *Brunswick.*
 Rev. ABRAHAM LYNSEN CLARK, P. G. C. to the G.
 L. of Rhode-Island.
 Rev. JOHN PLPON, *Taunton.*

The Lodges under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge:
Arranged according to their Seniority.

St. JOHN'S LODGE. Boston:

Meets at Concert-Hall the last Wednesday evening
 in each month.

- R. W. SHUBAL BELL, Master.
 W. GEORGE BLAKE, S. W.
 W. WILLIAM ALLEN, J. W.
 ROBERT G. SHAW, Treasurer,
 J. MORRILL, Sec.
 J. B. HAMMITT, S. D.

No. of Members 40.

RISING STATES LODGE: Boston.

- R. W. EDMUND BOWMAN, M.
 W. JONATHAN WILLINGTON, S. W.
 W. SAMUEL ADAMS, J. W.
 AMOS LINCOLN, Tr.
 JOSEPH CLARK, Sec.
 ALEXANDER ORRICK, S. D.
 EPHRAIM BEAMAN, J. D.

WILLIAM FENNYMORE, }
 ELI BLISS, } Stewards.
 JOHN GREEN, Tiler.

No. of Members 60.

Subscribers.

Right Worshipful BENJAMIN RUSSELL, Past Master	2
Rising States Lodge,	3
Brs. Ephraim Beaman,	
John Palmer,	
John Sweet,	
Frederick Wm. Major,	
Stephen Marson,	
William Lamb,	
Josiah Willard,	
Pliney Clap,	
Joseph Allen,	
Addington Devenport,	
Edward Hodgson,	
William Fennymore,	
George Whitney,	
Abraham Fitton,	
Michael Duggaus,	
Peter Balade,	
William B. Eaton,	
Eli Bliss,	
Jonathan Willington,	
Joseph Clark,	
Oliver Houghton,	
John Collins,	
Edmund Bowman,	
Enoch Baldwin,	
William Ratchford,	
Stephen Francis,	
Nathan Loring,	
Darius Bellows,	
Amos Lincoln,	
Thomas Simmons,	
Rasmus Thomson,	
Peter Wales,	3
Peter Smith,	
Eleazer Morse,	
Martin Connig,	
David Johnston,	
George Wheelwright,	
William Crosby,	
Rufus Graves,	
William Mitchell,	
John Perkin,	2
William Whittington,	
John F. Jenison,	
Michael Heane,	
Zebina Eastman,	
John Raymond,	
Ichabod Frost,	
John Clark,	
Joseph Hudson,	
Benjamin Seward,	
David Green,	
Seth Webber,	
Henry Brazier,	
Daniel Gowing,	
Francis Baxter,	
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Their meetings first Monday in each Month, July
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 Lot Luce,
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No of Members 30.

Elisha Story,

Subscribe,

one Book.

TUSCAN LODGE. Columbia.

R. W. WILLIAM WASS, M.

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 W. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, J. W.
 WILLIAM PATTEN, Sec.
 THOMAS RUGGLES, Tr.

No. of Members 25.

Subscribers.

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 Wm. Campbell,
 Wm. Patten,
 Thomas Ruggles,
 Lemuel Baker,

Robert Moore,
 Robert Foster,
 Benjamin Alline,
 John Coffin,
 Wm. M'Kay,
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KING DAVID LODGE. Taunton.

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 W. FOSTER SWIFT, J. W.
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No. of Members 31.

Subscribers.

Hilliard Earl,
 Seth Johnson,
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6 | Thomas Weatherby,
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R. W. CALVIN EATON, M.

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 W. JAMES LAWTON, J. W.
 PETER BLACKMER, S. D.
 TIMOTHY BILLINGS, J. D.
 ELIAS HALL, Tr.
 LUKE BROWN, Sec.
 MOSES LAWRENCE, }
 DANIEL THOMAS, } Stewards.
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No. of Members 100.

Subscribers.

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Luke Brown,	Wm. Stosel,
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Samuel Beals,	Chiron Penniman,
Thomas Wheeler, jun.	Daniel Ruggles,
Jonathan Danforth,	Edward Ruggles,
Abel Thayer,	Lemuel Willis,
Southworth Jenkins, jun.	Benjamin Page, jun.

FRATERNAL LODGE. *Barnstable.*

R. W. EZRA CROWELL, M.
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 W. THOMAS D. YOUNG, J. W.
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 DAVIS CROCKER, Tr.

No. of Members 19.

Subscribers.

Ezra Crowell,	2	Jona. Nye,	2
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Davis Crocker,		Benjamin Smith,	
Silvester Baker,		William Lewis.	
Joseph G. Lewis,	2		

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 W. THOMAS SULLIVAN, J. W.
 JOSEPH JONES, Tr.
 JOHN BARBER, Sec.
 WILLIAM QUINCEY, S. D.
 JOSEPH DORR, J. D.
 JOSEPH HUDSON, }
 ELISHA NORCROSS, } Stewards.
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 EBENEZER MOUNTFORD, Tiler.

No. of Members 25.

Subscribers.

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Robert Newman,	Peter Gilman,
William Jones,	William Smith.

PACIFIC LODGE. *Sunderland.*

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 W. SAMUEL CHURCH, J. W.
 SAMUEL GAMWELL, Sec.
 CALEB HUBBARD, Tr.
 JOSEPH WILLARD, S. D.
 RUFUS FIELD, J. D.
 DAVID STOCKBRIDGE, }
 FRIEND SMITH, } Stewards.

No. of Members 35.

Subscribers.

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Francis Harwood,	Rufus Field,
Edward Ruggles,	David Stockbridge,
Friend Smith,	Samuel Gamwell.

AURORA LODGE. Leominster.

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 W. JOHN PATTERSON, J. W.
 ABIJAH BIGELOW, Sec.
 DANIEL BARTLETT, Tr.
 JOHN SIMONDS, S. D.
 PETER SNOW, J. D.
 ELIJAH HOLBROOK, Tiler.
 BENJAMIN COX, }
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No. of Members 27.

Subscribers.

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Benjamin Marshall,	Thomas Kimbal,
Peter Snow,	John Simonds,
Daniel Bartlett,	Wm. Brown,
Abijah Bigelow,	Verin Daniels,
Ralph Payson,	Oliver Fax.

AMITY LODGE. Camden.

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 W. SAMUEL THACHER, J. W.
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 JOSHUA ADAMS, J. D.
 SIMON BARRET, }
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No. of Members 18.

Subscribers.

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Isaac Barner,
 Farnum Hall, jun.
 Thomas Knowlton,
 David Fales, jun.
 Hezekiah Prince,
 Erastus Foot,
 Joshua Palmer,
 James Dean,
 Ephraim Wood,

Bela Jacobs,
 Samuel Jones,
 Simon Barret,
 Wm. Parkman,
 Hezekiah French,
 2 Benjamin Carleton,
 John Gleason,
 Benjamin Palmer.

ST. ANDREW LODGE. Boston.

R. W. ANDREW SIGAUNEY, M.
 W. JOAB HUNT, S. W.
 W. HENRY PURKITT, J. W.
 ELISHA SIGAUNEY, Tr.
 JAMES GREEN, Sec.
 JAMES FARRAR, S. D.
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 EDWARD RUMNEY,
 CALEB LORING,
 JONATHAN FLETCHER,
 JOHN CADE, Tiler. } Stewards.

No. Members, 36.

RURAL LODGE. Randolph.

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 W. JOSHUA NILES, S. W.
 W. ELEAZER BEALE, J. W.
 JACOB NILES, Tr.
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 THOMAS WHITING, jun. S. D.
 SAMUEL WALES, J. D.
 RANSLEE JANES,
 THEOPHILUS THAYER, } Stewards.

ROBERT S. HOLBROOK, Tiler.

No. of Members 17.

SUMNER LODGE. *Dennis.*

R. W. ELISHA DOANE, M.
 W. STEPHEN HOMER, S. W.
 W. ZEBINAH HORTON, J. W.
 HENRY HALL, Sec.
 SETH TOBA, Tr.
 JONATHAN NICKERSON, S. D.
 LEVI NICKERSON, J. D.
 DANIEL HALL, Tiler.

No. of Members 27.

Subscribers.

Sumner Lodge, 6 | Henry Hall,

12

SINCERITY LODGE. *Patridgefield.*

R. W. CYRUS STOWEL, M.
 W. WILLIAM STEARNS, S. W.
 W. WILLIAM PUSSE, J. W.
 ELKANAH JONES, Sec.
 JOSHUA SMITH, Tr.
 ZENAS CRANE, S. D.
 ABEL KETTERIDGE, J. D.
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 ABRAHAM NASHEURN, }
 WILLIAM FLETCHER, Tiler.

R. W. HENRY HOWARD, Past Master.

No. of Members 29.

CORNER STONE LODGE. *Duxbury.*

R. W. AMOS BROWN, M.
 W. JOHN PATTIN, S. W.
 W. BENJAMIN BOSWORTH, J. W.
 THOMAS WINSOR, Sec.
 NATHANIEL WINSOR, jun. Tr.
 JOSEPH SOULE, jun. S. D.
 SOLOMON WASHBURN, J. D.
 BRADFORD FREEMAN, } Stewards.
 ELISHAH HOLMES, }
 STUDLEY SAMPSON, Tiler.

No. of Members 31.

Subscribers.

Amos Brown,	Eden Wadsworth,
John Pattin,	Nathaniel Holmes,
Benjamin Bosworth,	John Holmes,
Thomas Winsor,	Jesse Howard,
Nathaniel Winsor, jun.	Seth Simmons,
Joseph Soule, jun.	Joseph Prior, jun.
Solomon Washburn,	Benjamin Prior, jun.
Bradford Freeman,	Sylvanus Delano,
Elisha Holmes,	Henry Chandler.
Studley Sampson,	

UNITED LODGE. *Topsam.*

R. W. JACOB BROWN, M.
 W. JAMES ROGERS, S. W.
 W. DAVID PATTERSON, J. W.
 DANIEL HOLDEN, Sec.
 ABEL MERREL, S. D.
 WILLIAM DUNHAM, J. D.

No. of Members 14.

UNIQN LODGE. Nantucket.

- R. W. NATHANIEL BARRETT, M.
 W. JAMES COFFIN, S. W.
 W. EDWARD CAREY, jun. J. W.
 JONAS COFFIN, Tr.
 CHRIS. HUSSEY, Sec.
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 SAMUEL BARKER, J. D.
 JOHN PINKHAM, }
 JOHN GARDNER, } Stewards.
 WILLIAM RAYMOND, Tiler.

No. of Members 42.

Subscribers.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| John Brock, | Obediah A. Bridge, |
| Richard Carey, | John Hillman, |
| William Raymond, 2d. | David Joy, jun. |
| Simeon Lang, | William Coffin, |
| Samuel Carey, | John Allen, jun. |
| Benjamin Coffin, 2d. | John Coggeshal. |

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- R. W. EBENEZER CARLTON, M.
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 W. ASAPH KENDAL, J. W.
 DAVID MORSE, Tr.
 RUEL HOLDEN, Sec.

No. of Members 24.

Subscribers.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Ebenezer Carlton, | Samuel Holyoke, |
| Asaph Kendal, | Timothy D. Burnham, |
| Ruel Holden, | Moses Emery, |
| Michael Carlton, | John Smiley, |
| Moses Briskett, | Thomas Cogswell, |

Nehemiah Emerson,
David Morse,
William Greenleaf,
Samuel Bartlett,

Charles Spafford,
Charles White,
Samuel Hildrith.

SACO LODGE. Pepperellborough.

R. W. JEREMIAH HILL, M.
W. JOSEPH LELAND, S. W.
W. THOMAS CUTTS, jun. J. W.
WILLIAM FAIRFIELD, Sec.
ASA STEVENS, Tr.
JOHN ALLEN, S. D.
SAMUEL COLLYER, J. D.
NATHANIEL SCAMMAN, jun. } Stewards.
SAMUEL NUTTING,
EPHRAIM RIDLON, Tiler.

No. of Members 20.

Subscribers

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Asa Stevens,		Benjamin Patterson,
John Smith,		Jeremiah Hill,
Thomas Buckminster		William Freeman,
Samuel Nutting,		Richard C. Shannon,
Joseph Leland,		Nathaniel Scammon, jun.
Alvan Bacon,		Samuel Collyer,
John Allen,		Michael Nason.
Jonathan Tucker,		

MIDDLESEX LODGE. Framingham.

R. W. WILLIAM MAYNARD, M.
W. JOSEPH BANISTER, S. W.
W. JOTHAM BRIGHAM, J. W.
ASHBEL KIDDER, Sec.

JOHN O. WILLSON, Tr.
 JESSE GOODNOW, S. D.
 ISAAC DENCH, J. D.
 TIMOTHY EAMS,
 JOSHUA TROWBRIDGE, } Stewards.
 GILBERT MARSHALL, Tiler.

R. W. JONATHAN MAYNARD,
 R. W. PETER CLAYES, } Past Masters.

No. of Members 39.

RISING STAR LODGE. Stoughton.

R. W. PETER ADAMS, M.
 W. BENJAMIN CAPEN, S. W.
 W. JOSEPH RICHARDS, J. W.
 NATHAN GILL, Tr.
 ABRAHAM CAPEN, Sec.
 WILLIAM CAPEN, S. D.
 AMOS UPHAM, J. D.
 JOHN ATHERTON,
 CONSIDER SOUTHWORTH, } Stewards.
 NATHAN BIRD, Tiler.

No. of Members 21.

NOTE.

Middlesex Lodge, according to its seniority, should have been placed next to Republican Lodge, Greenfield, and Rising Star Lodge next to King David Lodge, Taunton—but their late reception, we hope, will apologize for the places which they now occupy.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Officers are chosen and appointed at the grand quarterly communication holden at *Portsmouth*, on the fourth Wednesday of April, annually.

Most Worshipful THOMAS THOMPSON, G. M.
R. W. CLEMONT STORER, D. G. M.
R. W. MOSES WOODWARD, S. G. W.
R. W. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, J. G. W.
R. W. ELIJAH HALL, G. Tr.
W. LYMAN SPALDING, G. Sec.
W. NATHANIEL DEAN, S. G. D.
W. ALEXANDER EWING, J. G. D.
Rev. JOSEPH WILLARD, G. Chaplain.
W. SAMUEL ADAMS, G. Marshal.
W. WILLIAM BOYD, G. Sw. Bearer.
THOMAS MANNING,
RICHARD BILLINGS,
THEODORE FURBER,
JOHN DAVENPORT,
DANIEL CUTTER,
WARD GILMAN,
WILLIAM VAUGHAN, G. Tiler.

} G. Stewards.

Grand Lodge, *Subscribe,*

6

ST. JOHN LODGE. *Portsmouth.*

Regular lodge nights first Wednesday in the month.

R. W. EDWARD J. LANG, M.
W. JAMES HILL S. W.
W. LYMAN SPALDING, J. W.
JOSIAH DWIGHT, Sec.

No. of Members 80.

Subscribers.

St. John Lodge,	3	Phineas Parkhurst,
Lit. Samuel Welch,		Godfrey Waldo,
Lewis Barnes,		Edward G. Lang,
Richard Shapleigh,		Nathaniel Dean,
George Plaisled,		John P. Payson,
James A. Geddes,		Lyman Spalding,
James Hill,		Capt. Amos Stoddard,
Thomas Chadbourn, jun.,		Ivory Hovey.
Oliver C. Blunt,		

COLUMBIAN LODGE. Nottingham.

Regular lodge nights second Monday in the month.

R. W. WENTWORTH CHESWELL, M.	
W. NATHANIEL WILLIAMS, S. W.	
W. ROBERT HARVEY, J. W.	
ISRAEL BARTLETT, Sec.	
HENRY BUTLER, Tr.	
JONATHAN CHESLEY, S. D.	
DANIEL CILLEY, J. D.	
JOHN MEAD,	} Stewards.
SAMUEL CHESWELL,	
JOSEPH RANDALL, Tiler.	

No. of Members 125.

Subscribers.

William Grey,	Jonathan Chesley,
Israel Bartlett,	David Rawlings,
Timothy Bartlett,	Samuel Cheswell,
Wentworth Cheswell,	Elisha Johnson,
Moses Chandler,	Nathaniel Williams,
Timothy Moses,	Jonathan Edgerly,
Sargent Huse,	Richard Hilton,
Henry Butler,	Daniel Cilley.

RISING SUN LODGE. Keene.

Regular lodge nights first Wednesday in the month.

R. W. ZIBA HALL, M.
 W. DANIEL WATSON, S. W.
 W. JOHN WARNER, J. W.

JERUSALEM LODGE. Westmoreland.

Regular lodge nights second Wednesday in the month.

R. W. BROUGHTON WHITE, M.
 W. ELIJAH WOLLAGE, S. W.
 W. ALEXANDER WATKINS, J. W.
 GEORGE ALDRICH, Tr.
 EPHRAIM BROWN, jun., Sec.

No. of Members 50.

Subscribers.

Samuel Stearns, L. L. D.	Richard R. Jones,
Broughton White,	Thomas K. Green,
Gurdon Huntington,	David French,
Charles Church,	Levi Ware,
William Brothers,	Ephraim Brown, jun.
Barton C. Rouse,	John Wheeler, jun.
Alex. Watkins,	William Esty,
Joel Tinker,	Lem. T. Cheney,
Elijah Wollage,	Dan. Dwight,

FRANKLIN LODGE. Hanover.

Regular lodge nights third Monday in the month.

R. W. WILLIAM WOODWARD, M.
 W. JAMES HOWE, S. W.

W. DAVID WRIGHT, J. W.
 CYRUS PERKINS, Sec.
 THOMAS HOUGH, Tr.
 THOMAS BRIGHAM, S. D.
 ERASTUS LEAVITT,
 REUBEN PARTRIDGE, } Stewards.

No. of Members 50.

BENEVOLENT LODGE. Amberst.

Regular lodge nights last Monday in the month.

R. W. CHARLES H. ATHERTON, M.
 W. RALPH FRENCH, S. W.
 W. JOSEPH PERKINS, J. W.
 WILLIAM PATTERSON, Sec.
 JAMES ROBESY, Tr.
 JOSIAH CONVERSE, S. D.
 SOLOMON HOPKINS, J. D.
 JONATHAN SHEPARD,
 TIMOTHY NICHOLS, } Stewards.
 DANIEL STEVENS, Tiler.

No. of Members 46.

Subscribers.

Charles H. Atherton	12	John Gibson,
Daniel Warner,	12	Matthew Fairfield,
Samuel Bell,		William Patterson,
Giles Newton,		James Robesey,
Peter Woodbury,		Joseph Perkins,
David Starret, jun.		Ralph H. French.

NORTH STAR LODGE. Lancaster.

Regular lodge nights third Tuesday in the month.

R. W. SAMUEL PHELPS, M.

W. DANIEL DANA, S. W.
W. STEPHEN WILSON, J. W.

HIRAM LODGE. Claremont.

Regular lodge nights first Wednesday in the month.

R. W. DANIEL BARBER, M.
W. LINUS STEVENS, S. W.
W. BENJAMIN SWETT, J. W.
AMBROSS COSSIT, Sec.
EBENEZER RICE, Tr.
JOHN TEMPLE, Marshal.
Rev. DANIEL BARBER, Chaplain.
JOHN TEMPLE, S. D.
JAMES STROBRIDGE, J. D.
WALDO FIELD,
GAWEN ARMER,
THOMAS WARNER,
EPHRAIM TYLER, Til. & Sw. Bearer.

} Stewards.

No. of Members 63.

Subscribers.

Hiram Lodge,	12	David Powers,
John Temple,		Thomas Warner,
Eben. Rice,		Benjamin Dorr,
Ezra Jones,		Whipple Haven,
John Woodman,	2	Gawen Armer.

UNION LODGE. Haverhill.

Regular lodge nights first Monday in the month.

R. W. MICAH BARRON, M.
W. JOHN MONTGOMERY, S. W.
W. MOODY BEDEL, J. W.
JOSEPH E. DOW, Sec.

AMASA SCOTT, Tr.
 JOHN BAYLEY, Mar.
 ARAD STEBBINS, S. D.
 JOSEPH JOHNSON, J. D.
 URIAH WARD,
 JEDEDIAH BARKER,
 WILLIAM CROSS, Tiler. } Stewards.

No. of Members 38.

Subscribers.

John Mann, jun.	2	John Richardson,
Micah Barrow,		Artimus Barker,
Arad Stebbins,		Amasa Scott,
Stephen Rogers,		Wm. K. Smith,
Wm. Wallace,		Henry Eastman,
John Ewen,		Stephen Lumbard,
Isaac Bailey,		Solomon Mann,
John Bailey,		Jared Mann,
Moses Johnson,		John Dame,
David Barnet,		Jesse Avery,
Nathan M'Kinstre,		Calvin Palmer,
Moses Dow, jun.		Jonathan Mason,
Wm. Ayer,		P. Chandler,
Joseph E. Dow,		S. B. Bissell,
Tho. Russell,		Jed. Barker,
Moody Bedel,		Stephen Willson,
Thomas Goldthwait,		Jonathan Smith,
Jonas Baker,		John Weeks,
Samuel Phelps,		James Chamberlain,
John Corey,		Benoni Cutler,
Jesse Young,		Noah Rockwell.

BLAZING STAR LODGE. Concord.

Regular lodge nights first Monday in the month.

R. W. ANDREW BOWEN, M.

W. SHERBURN WIGGINS, S. W.

W. JACOB B. MOOR, J. W.

J. A. HARPER, Sec.
 JOHN ODLIN, Tr.
 EDMUND LEAVITT, S. D.
 ASA ROBINSON, J. D.
 ABEL HUTCHINSON,
 DUDLY LADD, } Stewards.
 EBENEZER DUSTIN, Mar.
 ROBERT B. WILKINS, Tiler.

No. of Members 31.

Subscribers.

Andrew Bowers, | John Odlin.

FAITHFULL LODGE. Charleston.

Regular lodge nights second Wednesday in the month.

R. W. JOTHAM WHITE, M.
 W. JESSE HEALY, S. W.
 W. OLIVER HASTING, J. W.

WASHINGTON LODGE. Exeter.

Regular lodge nights second Wednesday in the month.

R. W. GEORGE SULLIVAN, M.
 W. JOHN DENNIT, S. W.
 W. SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN, J. W.
 JOHN A. HARPER, Sec.
 JOHN J. PARKER, Tr.
 JOSHUA BARSTOW, S. D.
 LEVI HEALEY, J. D.
 JOHN SAWYER,
 JAMES JONES, } Stewards.
 JEREMIAH EATON, Tiler.
 SAMUEL PARKER, Mar.

No. of Members 28.

Subscribers.

George Sullivan,
 John J. Parker,
 Ezra Hutchins,
 John A. Harper,
 Francis B. Eastham,
 John Sawyer,
 David Rundlett,
 Isaac Lakeman,
 James Jones,
 Moses Clark,
 Ephraim Moulton,
 Moses Hoyt,
 Simon Folsom,
 Samuel Holyoke,
 Ebenezer Clark,
 Hon. T. Bartlett,

Thomas Webster,
 Thomas Turner,
 Nathaniel Williams,
 David Copp, jun.
 Wm. J. Folsom,
 Jonathan Smith,
 T. G. Dearborn,
 Amos Kent,
 Levi Healey,
 Dudley Dodge,
 John Parker,
 Samuel Chamberlain,
 Simon Merrill,
 Jeremiah Eaton,
 Wm. Odlin,
 Enoch Rowe.

KING SOLOMON LODGE. *New London.*

Lodge nights Wednesday after full moon in the month.

R. W. BENJAMIN SWEET, M.
 W. STEPHEN HOYT, S. W.
 W. JOHN WOODMAN, J. W.

GRAND LODGE OF RHODE-ISLAND.

This Lodge was organized the 25th of June, A. L. 5791. Their officers elected on the celebration of St. John's, annually.

Most Worshipful MOSES SEIXAS, G. M.
R. W. EPHRAIM BOWEN, D. G. M.
R. W. JOHN L. BOSS, S. G. W.
R. W. THOMAS S. WEBB, J. G. W.
W. THOMAS HANDY, G. Sec.
W. CALEB BOWERS, D. G. Sec.

ST. JOHN LODGE. *Newport.*

R. W. MOSES SEIXAS, M.
W. ROBERT N. AUCHMUTY, S. W.
W. THOMAS TILLEY, J. W.
WILLIAM TEW, Tr.
STEPHEN CAHOONE, Sec.
JOHN A. COLLINS, S. D.
HENRY MOORE, J. D.
JOHN RICHARDS, Tiler.

No. of Members 60.

Subscribers.

Moses Seixas,
Thomas Tilley,
Wm. Tew,
Stephen Cahoone,
Ebenezer Burrill,
Daniel W. Barker,
John T. Tilley,
James Weaver,
Joseph Parker,
John Johnson,

Edward Landus,
Freeman Maybesy,
Moses Barlow,
Zelotes Wing,
John N. Hubbard,
Samuel Lawton,
Wm. Shearman,
John C. Almy,
Noah Wells,
Philip M. Topham,

Wm. H. Baker,
 John L. Boss,
 Edward Eaton,
 Joseph Huntington,
 Benedict Smith,
 Clarke Cook,
 Henry Moore,
 Joseph Chadwick,

John Price, jun.
 Sheffield Atwood,
 Wm. Price,
 Arthur Brown,
 John Dennis,
 Stephen T. Northam,
 Peleg Kaighn,
 Nathaniel Waldron.

ST. JOHN LODGE. Providence.

R. W. JOHN CARLISLE, M.
 W. SETH WHEATON, S. W.
 W. ZEBEDIAH FARNUM, J. W.
 JEREMIAH F. JENKINS, Tr.
 YOUNG SEAMANS, Sec.
 E. BURR, S. D.
 GEORGE EACLE, J. D.

No. of Members 160.

WASHINGTON LODGE. Warren.

R. W. CHARLES WHEATON, M.
 W. SYLVESTER CHILD, jun. S. W.
 W. WILLIAM CARR, J. W.
 EBENEZER COLE, Tr.
 NATHANIEL PHILLIPS, Sec.
 SETH PECK, S. D.
 JOHN STOCKFORD, J. D.
 WM. A. HUBBARD, Tiler.

No of Members 66.

Subscribers.

Nathaniel Phillips,
 Joseph Adams,

12

Sylvester Allen,
 Jesse Baker, jun.

Miller Barney,
 Benjamin Cole, 2d.
 Caleb Carr, 2d.
 Charles Collins, jun.
 Ebenezer Cole,
 Hail Child,
 John Carr,
 Jonathan Cole,
 Nathan Child,
 Sylvester Child, jun.
 William Carr,

William Collins,
 Caleb Eddy,
 William Hoar,
 Edward Kelly, 2d.
 Shubeal Kinnicutt, jun.
 Edward Luther,
 Carlo Mauran,
 Seth Peck,
 Charles Wheaton,
 Matthew Watson.

WASHINGTON LODGE. Washington County.

R. W. JOHN ALDRICK, M.
 W. HEZENIAH BABCOCK, jun. S. W.
 W. PAUL BABCOCK, J. W.
 CYRUS FRENCH, Tr.
 SANFORD NOYES, Sec.
 ROWLAND BABCOCK, S. D.
 PHILIP TAYLOR, J. D.
 WALTER WHITE, Steward.
 BENJAMIN SLATER, Tiler.

No. of Members 60.

Subscribers.

Washington Lodge,	12	Philip Taylor,
John Aldrick,		Walter White,
James Noyes,		Josiah D. Phelps,
Rowland Babcock,		Daniel Stanton,
Chris. Babcock,		Reuben Brown,
Paul Babcock,		Hezekiah Babcock.
Luke Babcock,		

MOUNT VERNON LODGE. Providence.

R. W. AMOS M. ATWELL, M.

W. SAMUEL THURBER, jun. S. W.
 W. STEPHEN ABBOT, J. W.
 THOMAS SESSIONS, Tr.
 AARON SEAMANS, Sec.
 MICHAEL ANTHONY, S. D.
 WM. BILLINGS, J. D.
 HOWELL WILLIAMS, Tiler.

No. of Members 35.

Mount Vernon Lodge *Subscribed for* 13.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE. Gloucester.

R. W. JOSEPH BROWN, M.
 W. ELIJAH ARMSTRONG, S. W.
 W. DAVID RICHMOND, J. W.
 OLIVER OWEN, Tr.
 EBENEZER FITCH, Sec.
 ASA BALLOU, S. D.
 ANDREW BROWN, J. D.

No. of Members 20.

Subscribers.

Friendship Lodge,
 Thomas Owen,
 Cyrus Cook,
 J. Bowen,
 Daniel Tourtellot,
 Solomon Owen,
 Asa Ballou;

Anan Evans,
Elijah Armstrong,
Seth Hunt, jun.
Mowry Smith,
Joseph Welmorth,
Stephen Eddy.

ST. ALBAN LODGE. Bristol.

R. W. NATHANIEL WALDRON, M.
 W. ABNER MOSHER, S. W.

W. JOSEPH RAWSON, J. W.
JEREMIAH DIMOND, 2d. Tr.
DANIEL BRADFORD, jun. Sec.
SAMUEL SMITH, 2d. S. D.
NATHANIEL SMITH, J. D.
SAMUEL OTTERSON, Tiler.

No. of Members 23.

St. Alban Lodge *Subscribed for* 243.

GRAND LODGE OF CONNECTICUT.

The Annual communications of the Grand Lodge are holden at the Lodge room, in the city of Hartford, on the 19th of November, at which time the officers are elected.

Most Worshipful STEPHEN T. HOSMER, G. M.
R. W. DAVID DAGGETT, D. G. M.
R. W. SAMUEL BELLAMY, S. G. W.
R. W. SAMUEL WHITTLESEY, J. G. W.
R. W. HENRY CHAMPION, G. Tr.
W. JOHN MIX, G. Sec.
W. DAVID BALDWIN, S. G. D.
W. TAYLOR SHERMAN, J. G. D.
W. MOSES CLEVELAND, G. S. B.

R. W. WILLIAM JUDD, P. G. M.

HIRAM LODGE. *New-Haven.*

R. W. AMOS DOOLITTLE, M.
W. NAPHTALI DAGGETT, S. W.
W. SAMUEL SACKETT, J. W.

No. of Members 80.

Subscribers.

Amos Doolittle;
Naphthali Daggett,
Wm. Daggett,
Robert Brown, jun.
Eli Cone,
Samuel Sackett;
Peter Johnson, jun.

Wm. Hull,
Amos Hill,
Edmund Smith,
Hezekiah Hotchkiss,
Isaac M. Wales,
William Munson.

ST. JOHN LODGE. Middletown.

R. W. WM. B. HALL, M.
 W. ALEXANDER COLLINS, S. W.
 W. SETH OVERTON, J. W.
 DAVID CLARK, Tr.
 WM. JOYCE, Sec.
 DAVID BATES, S. D.
 ELIAKIM UFFORD, J. D.
 JOSIAH WHITE, Mar.
 SAMUEL TUELLS, Steward.
 JACOB DICKINSON, }
 EBENEZER GRIFFIN, } Tilers.

No. of Members 132.

St. John Lodge *Subscribed for one Book.*

ST. JOHN LODGE. Bridgeport.

R. W. JOSIAH LACEY, M.
 W. JOSEPH BACKUS, S. W.
 W. WM. H. PEABODY, J. W.
 ROBERT LINUS, Tr.
 LAZARUS BEACH, Sec.

No. of Members 60.

Subscribers.

Josiah Lacey,
 Robert Linus,
 Stephen Hull,
 Joshua Chapman,
 Philo Lyon,
 Joseph Backus,
 Eli Smith,

Francis Botsford,
 Ezra Gregory,
 David Hubbell,
 Wm. Pect,
 Jonathan Buker,
 Aaron Hawley,
 Lazarus Beach.

ST. JOHN LODGE. Hartford.

R. W. EPHRAIM ROOT, M.
 W. JOSEPH UTLEY, S. W.
 W. JESSE ROOT, jun. J. W.
 TIMOTHY BURR, Tr.
 WM. BARTON, Sec.

No. of Members 123.

Subscribers.

St. John Lodge,	24	John Cleaverd,	
Nathaniel Patten,	100	Joshua R. Jewett,	
James S. Belding,		John Parmelee,	
Nathl. Howard, jun.		Henry Butler,	
John C. Bull,		Nahum Cutler,	22
David Grant,		John Eglestir.	
Luther Reeve,			

UNION LODGE. Greenwich.

R. W. JABEZ FITCH, M.
 W. ALEXANDER MILLS, S. W.
 W. NOYCE MARTHER, J. W.
 WM. KNAP, Tr.
 JAMES STEVENS, Sec.
 DAVID WATERBURY, S. D.
 JOHN BELL, Steward.
 DANIEL BOUGHTON, Tiler.

No. of Members 50.

ST. JOHN LODGE. Norwalk.

R. W. JONATHAN KNIGHT, M.
 W. JOSIAH THACHER, S. W.
 W. TAYLOR SHERMAN, J. W.

STEPHEN LOCKWOOD, Tr.
JACOB OSBURN, Sec.

No. of Members 71.

Subscribers:

St. John Lodge,
Nathan Jarvis,
Samuel White, jun.

Henry Little,
David St. John,
Samuel F. Richards.

KING SOLOMON LODGE. Woodbury.

R. W. NATHANIEL PERRY, M.
W. WM. HAWLEY, S. W.
W. BENJAMIN SEWARD, J. W.
LUTHER BISHOP, Tr.
KING WM. LAMSON, Sec.
JESSE MINOR, S. D.
NOAH MARTIN, J. D.
GEORGE CLARK, Steward.
JONATHAN STOUGHTON, Tiler.

No. of Members 73.

COMPASS LODGE. Wallingsford.

R. W. JOHN NOTT, M.
W. AMOS DUTTON, S. W.
W. JUSTUS BISHOP, J. W.
CHAUNCY COOK, Tr.
AUGUSTUS COOK, Sec.

No. of Members 76.

Compass Lodge Subscribed for 3.

WOOSTER LODGE. *Colchester.*

R. W. DANIEL WORTHINGTON, M.
 W. JOHN S. PETERS, S. W.
 W. SAMUEL A. PETERS, J. W.

No. of Members 85.

ST. PAUL LODGE. *Litchfield.*

R. W. ISAAC BALDWIN, M.
 W. AARON SMITH, S. W.
 W. JOHN WELCH, J. W.
 JAMES STONE, Tr.
 DAVID PARMELE, 2d. Sec.
 ELIAS HINDSDALE, S. D.
 ABNER PARKER, J. D.
 JOHN PALMER, Steward.

No. of Members 141.

Subscribers.

St. Paul Lodge,	12	Aaron Smith,
Ephraim Kirby,		David Parmele,
James Pierpont,		Daniel Hamens,
Daniel Marsh,		David Keney,

KING HIRAM LODGE. *Derby.*

R. W. FRANCIS FRENCH, M.
 W. ABIJAH WILCOCKSON, S. W.
 W. DANIEL HOLBROOK, J. W.
 ALPHEUS STONE, Sec.
 SHELDON CANFIELD, Tr.

No. of Members 110.

Subscribers.

Jonas Howe, jun.	Joseph Blackman,
Jared Bartholomew,	Joseph Hull,
Wm. Beard,	James Humphreys,
Joseph Davis,	Daniel Sackett,
Sheldon Canfield,	John Carrington,
Theo. Miles,	Philo Johnson,
Cyrus Hotchkiss,	Abram Smith,
Noah Kelcey,	Stephen Stone,
Enos Smith,	E. Hawkins,
Sheldon Sherwood,	Isaac Watrous.
Joseph Priroll,	

MONTGOMERY LODGE. Salisbury.

E. W. ELIJAH STANTON, M.
W. JEREMIAH DAUCHEY, S. W.
W. PHILO NICHOLS, J. W.
JAMES BENTON, Tr.
JOHN RUSSELL, Sec.
JONATHAN HOYT, S. D.
MICHAEL DEWING, J. D.

R. W. ADONIJAH STRONG,
R. W. SAMUEL LEE,
R. W. ISAAC PARDEE,
R. W. JOHN WEBB,
R. W. ELISHA STARLING,
R. W. ABIRAM PECT,

} Past Masters.

No. of Members 30.

Subscribers.

Elijah Stanton,	2	John Griswold,
Elisha Sterling,		Abiram Pect,
Philo Nichols,		James Benton.

FREDERICK LODGE. Farmington.

R. W. JOHN MIX, M.
 W. JOHN COOKÉ, S. W.
 W. ELIAS LEWIS, J. W.
 ISAAC BUCK, Tr.
 WM. S. JUDD, Sec.
 JOSIAH HOLT, S. D.
 JONA. B. BALCH, J. D.
 STEPHEN BROUNSON, Steward.

No. of Members 40.

Subscribers.

Wm. Judd,	Theodore Bidwell,
Luke Wadsworth,	Solomon Cowles,
Stephen Brounson,	Rufus Mason,
John Cooke,	John Seldon,
Wm. S. Judd,	Josiah Holt,
Isaac Buck,	Zenas Cowles.
Elias Lewis,	

MORIAH LODGE. Pomfret.

R. W. MOSES CLEAVELAND, M.
 W. LEMUEL GROSVENER, S. W.
 W. LUTHER PAYNE, J. W.
 EVAN MALBONE, Tr.
 THOMAS HUBBARD, Sec.
 SIMON DAVIS, S. D.
 EPHRAIM MAY, J. D.
 ZIMRI MURDICK, }
 JOSEPH SYMMES, } Stewards.
 ELISHA GLEASON, }
 SYLVANUS PERRY, }
 JABEZ SAFFORD, } Tilers.

No. of Members 98.

Subscribers.

John Brewster,
Elijah Simons,
Josiah Witten,
Nathl. F. Martin,
Elias Parke,
John Tweedy,
John Trescott,

Jonathan Martin,
Thos. Farnham,
Rufus Fuller,
John Stevens,
Nathan Jennings,
Chester Sharp.

TEMPLE LODGE. Cheshire.

R. W. LEVI DOUGLAS, M.
W. JESSE FORD, S. W.
W. STEPHEN JARVIS, J. W.
AMASA HALL, Tr.
LEMUEL BULLARD, Sec.
WHITING STANDLEY, S. D.
ASAHEL BROOKS, J. D.

No. of Members 42.

Temple Lodge *Subscribed for 12.*

FEDERAL LODGE. Watertown.

R. W. SAMUEL MARTIN, M.
W. ELEAZER JUDD, S. W.
W. GERRET SMITH, J. W.
GIDEON RICHARDS, Tr.
JOHN OCTON, Sec.

No. of Members 44.

Subscribers.

Federal Lodge,
Gideon Richards,

12 | Samuel Elton

HIRAM LODGE. Newtown.

R. W. DAVID BALDWIN, M.
 W. ELIHU RUGGLES, S. W.
 W. SAMUEL C. BLACKMAN, J. W.

No. of Members 53.

Subscribers.

Samuel C. Blackman,		Amos B. Fairman,
Samuel Beers,		Hugh Murphy,
Michael Parks,		Jonathan Prindle.
Wheeler Fairchild,		

WASHINGTON LODGE. Huntington.

R. W. SAMUEL M. MONSON, M.
 W. ABEL FRENCH, S. W.
 W. ELIAS HAWLEY, J. W.
 TIMOTHY W. JUDSON, Tr.
 SAMUEL HAWLEY, Sec.
 EZRA LEWIS, S. D.
 ISAAC CURTIS, J. D.
 JOHN HAWLEY, Steward.
 ROBERT L. BOOTH, Tiler.

No. of Members 62.

Subscribers.

Sam. M. Monson,	12	Gabriel Baldwin.
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HARMONY LODGE. Berlin.

R. W. JOHN WARNER, M.
 W. SETH DEMING, S. W.
 W. SYLVESTER WELLS, J. W.
 LEONARD SAGE, Tr.

HOSEA ATWOOD, Sec.
 AMAZI STANLY, S. D.
 OLIVER WELDON, J. D.

No. of Members 80.

Subscribers.

Harmony Lodge, John Warner, Hosea Atwood, Patrick Clark,	12	Roswell Woodruff, Wm. Rockwell, David Bush.
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HART LODGE. Woodbridge.

R. W. ELIHU SANFORD, jun. M.
 W. WM. RUSSELL, S. W.
 W. STEPHEN S. HAWLEY, J. W.
 HEZEKIAH THOMAS, Tr.
 DARIUS BECHER, Sec.
 NATHANIEL TUTTEL, S. D.
 ROGER PECK, J. D.
 SILAS HOTCHKISS, Steward.

No. of Members 40.

Subscribers.

Elihu Sanford, Wm. Russell, Stephen S. Hawley, Thomas Goodsell, Thad. Thompson, Elisha Wood, Abner Bradly, Silas Hotchkiss,		Burr Bucher, Darius Becher, Hezekiah Thomas, Amos Bradly, Robert Russell, Wm. Johnson, Elrocnaï Clarke, Allyn Bradly.
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ST. JAMES LODGE. Preston.

R. W. EBENEZER MORGAN, M.

W. JOSHUA DOWNER, S. W.
W. RICHARD STROUD, J. W.

No. of Members 59.

Subscribers.

Ebenezer Morgan,
Elisha Satterlee,
Thos. B. Gray,
Joshua Barstow,

Richard Stroud,
Stanton Shoals,
Joseph Chapman, jun.
Seth Branch.

URIEL LODGE. Tolland.

R. W. SAMUEL WHITTLESEY, M.
W. ELIJAH CHAPMAN, jun. S. W.
W. TUBAL CASE, J. W.
JEDUTHAN COBB, Tr.
TIMOTHY BENTON, Sec.

No. of Members 73.

Uriel Lodge *Subscribed for* 12.

COLUMBIA LODGE. Weathersfield.

R. W. JOHN FRANCIS, M.
W. ASAPH COLEMAN, S. W.
W. WILLIAM BRADFORD, J. W.

No. of Members 115.

Subscribers.

Columbia Lodge,
Asaph Coleman,

15 | Jehiel Hale,
Jeremiah Guild.

COLUMBIA LODGE. East Haddam.

R. W. SAMUEL P. LORD, jun. M.
 W. CHIVERS BRAINARD, S. W.
 W. ISAAC CHAPMAN, jun. J. W.
 SAMUEL CROWELL, Tr.
 GEORGE LORD, Sec.

No. of Members 50.

Columbia Lodge *Subscribed for* 12.

RISING SUN LODGE. Washington.

R. W. WILLIAM COGSWELL, M.
 W. TIMOTHY MITCHELL, S. W.
 W. SOLOMON TITUS, J. W.
 HAMANUS MARSHALL, Tr.
 AMOS SMITH, Sec.

No. of Members 52.

Rising Sun Lodge *Subscribed for* 6.

MORNING STAR LODGE. East Windsor.

R. W. CHARLES JENCKS, M.
 W. JOSIAH BISSELL, S. W.
 W. LEBBEUS P. TINKER, J. W.
 NATHANIEL HOWARD, Tr.
 LEVI HAYDEN, jun. Sec.

No. of Members 106.

Subscribers.

Morning Star Lodge,	12	Allyn M. Mather,
John Ingroham,		Ebenezer B. Bissell, jun.
Titus L. Bissell,		

VILLAGE LODGE. West Simsbury.

- R. W. GEORGE HUMPHREYS, M.
 W. AZARIAH WILCOX, S. W.
 W. JOHN BESTER, J. W.
 ASHER HUMPHREYS, Steward and Tr.
 BENJAMIN ELY, Sec.

No. of Members 64.

Village Lodge *Subscribed for 12.*

DAY SPRING LODGE. Hamden.

- R. W. SAMUEL BELLAMY, M.
 W. JOSIAH ROOT, S. W.
 W. HEZEKIAH BROCKET, J. W.
 JESSE TUTTLE, Tr.
 JOSEPH BUCKINGHAM, Sec.

No. of Members 20.

Subscribers.

Saml. Bellamy,
 E. Bradly,
 Job L. Munson,
 Hezekiah Brocket,

Elam Bradly,
 Samuel Durand,
 Josiah Root,
 Simeon Goodyear.

MERIDIAN SUN LODGE. Warren.

- R. W. JOSEPH PETERS, M.
 W. NATHANIEL SPOONER, S. W.
 W. DARIUS CARTER, J. W.
 ISAAC BATES, Tr.
 JOSIAH FINNEY, Sec.

No. of Members 40.

Subscribers.

Meridian Lodge, 4 | Platt Starr,
Tallmadge Fairchild, | Daniel Hill.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE: Southington.

R. W. HEMAN ATWATER, M.
W. AMBROSE HITCHCOCK, S. W.
W. SETH CLARK, J. W.
STEPHEN JOHNSON, Tr.
CHARLES LEWIS, Sec.
LEMUEL KILBURN, S. D.
JOHN POTTER, J. D.
ASHAL TYLER, Tiler.

No. of Members 44.

Subscribers.

Samuel Pardée,	Charles Lewis,
Ambrose Hitchcock,	John Potter,
Seth Clark,	Asahel Lane,
Asher Dickinson,	George Mitchell,
Samuel Andrews,	Wm. A. Mitchell,
Heman Atwater,	Isaac Atwater.

SOMERSET LODGE. Norwich.

R. W. BENJAMIN SNOW, M.
W. ZEBULON P. BURNHAM, S. W.
W. DAVID TRACEY, J. W.
JOHN HAMILTON, Tr.
LEVI HUNTINGTON, Sec.
DAVID L. DODGE, S. D.
BENJAMIN AMES, J. D.
SAMUEL TYLER, }
JOSEPH POWERS, } Stewards.
JAMES CULLIA, Tiler.

No. of Members 105.

Somerset Lodge *Subscribed for 12.*

AURORA LODGE. Harwington.

R. W. JOEL BRADLY, M.
 W. ELIJAH GAYLARD, S. W.
 W. STEPHEN GRAVES, J. W.
 TIMOTHY CLARK, Tr.
 ROGER COOK, Sec.

No. of Members 34.

Subscribers.

Gould Butler,	Stephen Graves,
Alexander P. Griswold,	Roswell Hindsdale,
David Marks,	Roger Cook,
Cyprian Webster, jun.	Uriah Hopkins,
Joel Bradley,	James Bran.

ST. MARK LODGE. Granby.

R. W. ISAAC OWEN, jun. M.
 W. SOLOMON GAINES, S. W.
 W. JOB CASE, J. W.
 JOSEPH CORNISH, Tr.
 JOEL CLARK, jun. Sec.

No. of Members 80.

Subscribers.

St. Mark Lodge, 12 | Daniel Bushnell,

WESTERN STAR LODGE. Norfolk.

R. W. JEREMIAH W. PHELPS, M.

W. SETH WETMORE, S. W.
 W. BENJAMIN WELCH, J. W.
 JOSEPH BATTELL, Tr.
 HEZEKIAH TURNER, Sec.

No. of Members 66.

Western Star Lodge *Subscribed for 12.*

ST. ALBAN LODGE. Guilford.

R. W. JEDEDIAH LATHROP, M.
 W. JOEL GRIFFING, S. W.
 W. GEORGE CLEVELAND, J. W.
 JEREMY HOADLEY, Tr.
 THOMAS POWER, Sec.
 WM. SPENCER, S. D.
 WM. STONE, J. D.
 CHARLES FAULKNER, jun. Steward.
 NATHAN READFIELD, S. and Tiler.

No. of Members 23.

Jedediah Lathrop *Subscribed for 12.*

ARK LODGE. Weston.

R. W. ANDREW L. HILL, M.
 W. GABRIEL BALDWIN, S. W.
 W. SETH S. SMITH, J. W.
 AARON MOREHOUSE, Tr.
 LEVI WHEELER, Sec.
 HENRY BARDSLEY, S. D.
 SQUIRE WINTON, J. D.
 LEMUEL SANFORD,
 NEHEMIAH DE FOREST, } Stewards.
 JAMES ROWELL, Tiler.

No. of Members 39.

Subscribers.

Lynch Chapter,	Nathan Wheeler,
Rev. David Butler,	Gabriel Baldwin,
Jesse Beach,	Henry Beardslee,
Flatt Bennit,	Hezekiah Sumner,
Calvin Wheeler, jun.	Abel Hall,
Wm. Bennit,	Daniel Glover.

UNION LODGE. Danbury.

R. W. JOHN COUDREY, M.
 W. WM. COOK, S. W.
 W. DAVID FOOT, J. W.
 EZRA HUBBEL, Tr.
 WM. PATCH, Sec.
 JOHN RUSSELL, S. D.
 ELAM BENEDICT, J. D.

No. of Members 60.

Subscribers.

John Coudrey,	Rufus Clark,
David Foot,	Zar Nichols,
Richard Lewis,	Jacob Whiting,
Silas Barnum,	John Russell,
David Benedict,	Wm. Patch,
Ebenezer Nichols,	Wm. Mann,
Epaphras W. Bull,	Wm. Dobbs, jun.
Wm. Cook,	

EASTERN STAR LODGE. Lebanon.

R. W. DANIEL TILDEN, M.
 W. ELIJAH MASON, S. W.
 W. ZALMON CHAMPIEOR, J. W.

ELIJAH BADCOCK, Tr.

ZENAS HOWS, S. D.

JOHN HOWARD,

TIMOTHY KINGSLEY,

} Stewards.

No. of Members 95.

Subscribers.

Elijah Mason,
 Zalman Champieor,
 Elijah Badcock,
 Zenas Hows,
 John Howard,
 Timothy Kingsley,
 Stephen Buckingham,
 Mason Tilden,
 Samuel Hutchinson,
 Daniel Badcock,
 Benja. B. Fitch,
 John Burgess,
 Seth Collins,

Samuel Bailey,
 Paul Carpenter,
 Wait Stoddard,
 Elisha Abbe,
 Josiah Sinkor,
 Sylvester Manley,
 Henry Webb,
 Ayel Palmer,
 Roger Carey,
 Solomon Loring,
 John Clark, jun.
 Samuel Lee, jun.

PYTHAGORAS LODGE. Lyme.

R. W. NATHANIEL MATSON, M.

W. OLIVER BRAY, S. W.

W. DAVID M. JEWETT, J. W.

ISRAEL MATSON, Tr.

THOMAS SILL, Sec.

MOSES WARREN, jun. S. D.

WATROUS BECKWITH, J. D.

LEMUEL LEE,

ISRAEL REEVE,

DAVID LAY, Tiler.

} Stewards.

No. of Members 29.

Pythagoras Lodge *Subscribed for 6.*

GRAND LODGE OF NEW-YORK.

The Grand Lodge of New-York, was first constituted by a warrant from the Duke of Athol, dated London, 5th September, A. L. 5781.

After the revolutionary contest, on the 5th September, A. L. 5787, the Masters and Wardens of the several lodges within the state, having been duly notified, assembled in the city of New-York, and the late provincial grand lodge, having been closed, formed and opened an Independent Grand Lodge, and elected and installed their grand officers.

The Grand Lodge hold their meetings the first Wednesday in March, June, September and December annually.

The Grand Officers chosen A. L. 5802, are as follow :

M. W. JACOB MORTON, G. M.
R. W. EDWARD LIVINGSTON, D. G. M.
R. W. C. D. COLDEN, S. G. W.
R. W. PHILIP S. VAN RENSSLEAR, J. G. W.
R. W. W. R. COCKS, G. Tr.
R. W. DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, G. Sec.
Rev. JOHN IRELAND, G. Chaplain.

PETER A. JAY, SAMUEL B. MALCOM, PIERRE C. VAN WYCK, DAVID S. JONES,	} G. Deacons.
PETER G. STEUPESANT, JOHN F. ELLIS, THOMAS W. MOORE, R. B. FORBES,	
GEORGE ADAMSON, G. Pursuivant, BENJAMIN JONES, G. Tiler.	

ST. JOHN LODGE. New-York.

R. W. JAMES WOODS, M.	
W. JAMES BRYAR, S. W.	
W. SAMUEL C. LOUDON, J. W.	
JOHN SAYRE, Tr.	
JOHN ADAMS, jun. Sec.	
PETER DOB, S. D.	
THOMAS BLETCHER, J. D.	
PETER RIKER,	} Mas. Ceremonies.
ELAM WILLIAMS,	
WILLIAM WELLS,	} Stewards.
BENJAMIN BAILEY,	
JOHN SAYRE,	} Stand. Commit.
EZRA WEEKS,	
WILLIAM WELLS,	
WILLIAM GARDNER, Tiler.	

No. of Members 81.

Subscribers.

James Woods,	Robert Adams, Samuel Betts, Edmund Oates, Roswell Graves.
Peter Riker,	
Peter Dob,	
John Sayre,	

UNION LODGE. Albany.

R. W. PETER W. YATES, M.
W. JAMES BARCLAY, S. W.
W. J. V. N. YATES, J. W.
CORNELIUS HORTTELL, Sec.
T. V. W. GRAHAM, Tiler.

No. of Members 100.

Subscribers.

John Jauncey,	P. S. Van Rensselear, Elisha Kane,
Séb. Visscher,	

Stewart Lewis,
 Obediah Penniman,
 J. Hopper,
 P. Denepsey,
 George Pearson,
 Peter Buckman,
 Jeremiah Wetmore,
 G. Banger, jun.
 James Gibbons,
 Chris. C. Fales,

C. Hewson,
 Rufus Brown,
 Geo. M'Elcheran,
 Atten Brown,
 Gid. Fairman,
 Patrick Duff,
 Richard Allanson,
 Samuel Edmunds,
 John Phelps.

ST. SIMON and ST. JUDE LODGE. Fish-Kill,

R. W. JAMES COOPER, M.
 W. ABRAHAM WEEKS, S. W.
 W. JOHN DRAKE, jun. J. W.
 WM. WILTES, Tr.
 HUGH M'CONNELL, Sec.
 WM. BARNES, S. D.
 HENRY BUSH, J. D.
 RICHARD WEEKS, Steward.

No. of Members 36.

Subscribers.

Abraham H. Schenk,
 Thomas Pin,
 John Drake, jun.
 John M'Kinley,
 Abram Bogardus,
 James Cooper,
 Joseph Green,

Obediah Thorne,
 Robert Mills,
 Isaac Vail,
 Thomas Palmer,
 Frainier Berry,
 Nicholas Brewer,
 Abraham Whetmore,

LA FAYETTE LODGE. Amenia.

R. W. OLIVER KELLOGG, M.
 W. ALLEN WARDWELL, S. W.
 W. ISAAC HUNT, J. W.

JOSHUA LOVEL, Tr.
DANIEL MASON, Sec.

No. of Members 31.

Amaziah Winchester *Subscribed for 12.*

AMICABLE LODGE. *Whitestown.*

R. W. ELNATHAN ANDREWS, M.
W. AMOS G. HALL, S. W.
W. RICHARD SANGER, J. W.

No. of Members 66.

Subscribers.

Elnathan Andrews,
Levi Sartwell,
Ashbel Beach,
Oliver Heavey,
Joseph Jennings,
Thomas Sayles,
Oliver Colbus,
Bela Thompson,
Needom Maynard,
John Eames, jun.
Benjamin Morriss,
Jedediah Sanger,
David Ostrom,

Joseph Kirkland,
Jesse Shepard,
W. Dickinson,
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Richard Sanger,
Zelotes Harvey,
Benajah Merrill,
James Flute,
Aaron Rider,
Asahel Higbey,
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W. WM. TERRY, J. W.
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Nathaniel Scofield,	Charles Griggs,
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John Beebe,
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Wm. Tiller,
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Joseph Yeaw,	Ethan Howard.
Daniel Woodworth,	James Greene,
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John Sargent,	Caleb N. Bostwick,

Socrates Hotchkiss,	Wm. Potter,
Amos Brown,	Grove Moore,
Nathan Weller,	A. Henry,
Elisha Avorill,	Amos Harmon,
Ephraim Fitch,	Samuel Culver,
Andrew Selden, <i>Master of Bennington Lodge, &c.</i>	

NEWTON LODGE. Arlington.

R. W. JONATHAN BAKER, M.
 W. WM. PATRICK, S. W.
 W. TYRUS HURD, J. W.
 JOSHUA JUDSON, Tr.
 DANIEL STONE, Sec.
 STEPHEN JACKSON, S. D.
 MARTIN DEMING, J. D.
 JAMES LOCKWOOD, } *Stewards.*
 GIDEON HAWLEY, }
 JOHN WILSON, Tiler.

No. of Members 20.

Subscribers.

Jonathan Baker,	Simeon Cole,
Wm. Patrick,	John Wilson, jun.
Simeon Littlefield,	Cornelius Hyatt,
Tyrus Hurd,	James Lockwood,
Adin Hinds,	Belus Hurd.
Stephen Jackson,	

OF GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTERS.

GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PURSUANT to the constitution, the Grand Chapter of this state was organized on the 12th of June, 5798. Its meetings are annual, and holden alternately at Boston and Newburyport, in the month of September.

M. E. BENJAMIN HURD, jun. G. H. P.

M. E. JOSHUA GREENLEAF, D. G. H. P.

M. E. WILLIAM M'KEAN, G. K.

E. CHARLES JACKSON, G. Scribe.

E. SETH SWEETSER, G. Secretary.

E. HENRY PURKITT, G. Marshal.

Compan.'s HEZEKIAH HUDSON,

AMOS TAPPAN,

DAVID STANWOOD,

ANGIER MARCH,

ROBERT NEWMAN, Gr. Inside Centinel.

WILLIAM TARBOX, Gr. Outside Tiler.

} G. Stewards.

The chapters under its jurisdiction are, St. Andrews Chapter, No. 1, Boston, meets at the Green Dragon, the Wednesday preceding the full of the moon. King Cyrus' Chapter, No. 2, Newburyport.

ST. ANDREW CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH
MASONS. *Boston.*

M. E. JAMES HARRISON, H. P.

E. HENRY FOWLE, K.

E. JOHN LAMSON, S.
 C. ELISHA SIGOURNEY, T.
 C. SAMUEL BILLINGS, P. S.
 C. ANDREW SIGOURNEY, R. A. C.
 C. HEZEKIAH HUDSON, C. Host.
 Companions, HENRY PURKITT,
 JOSEPH TUCKER, } G. M. V.
 BENJAMIN SMITH,
 JOHN RAYMOND, K. T.

KING CYRUS CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH
 MASONS. *Newburyport.*

M. E. JONATHAN GAGE, H. P.
 E. GILMAN WHITE, K.
 E. NATHANIEL KNAP, jun. S.
 C. SAMUEL A. OTIS, T.
 C. EDWARD DORR, P. S.
 C. CHARLES JACKSON, C. H.
 Companions, DAVID COFFIN, } G. M. V.
 AMOS TAPPAN,
 ANGIER MARCH,
 M. E. DUDLEY A. TYNG, P. G. K. & K. T.
 M. E. WILLIAM WOART, P. G. Secretary.

GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF RHODE-
 ISLAND.

THE Grand Chapter of this state, was organized agreeably to the constitution, on the Tuesday following the second Monday in March, 5798.

The officers for the year 1802, are,

M. E. MOSES SEIXAS, G. H. P.
 M. E. THOMAS S. WEBB, D. G. H. P.
 M. E. JOHN CARLILE, G. K.
 M. E. WILLIAM WILKINSON, G. S.
 E. NATHANIEL SMITH, G. Secretary.

The grand chapter meets quarterly at Masons Hall, in Providence, on the third Tuesdays in March, June, September and December.

There is but one subordinate chapter in this jurisdiction which is, PROVIDENCE CHAPTER, No. 1.

Its regular meetings are holden at Masons Hall, in Providence, on the Thursday succeeding every full of the moon.

GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF CONNECTICUT.

AGREEABLY to the Grand Royal Arch Constitution, the grand chapter of this state was organized at Hartford, on the 17th day of May, A. L. 5798, when the several grand officers were duly elected and installed into their respective offices.

List of Subordinate Chapters.

- Hiram Chapter, *Newtown.*
- Solomon Chapter, *Derby.*
- Washington Chapter, *Middletown.*
- Franklin Chapter, *New-Haven.*
- Vanden Brock Chapter, *Colchester.*
- Franklin Chapter, *Norwich.*

SOLOMON CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS. *Derby.*

- M. E. FRANCIS FRENCH, H. P.
- M. E. JOSIAH DUDLEY, K.
- E. JOHN BEERS, Scribe.
- E. SHELDON GRACIE, Secretary.

Subscribers.

Alpheus Stone,
Ebenezer Gracie,
Jasper D. Jones,
Josiah Princla,
Francis French,
Abijah Wilcockson,
Thos. Rich,
Daniel Tomlinson,
Wm. M'Niel,

Sheldon Gracie,
John Beers,
Nathaniel Holbrook,
Abijah Hull, jun.
David Bunvell,
Wm. Morris,
Jesse Scott,
Henry Whiting.

FRANKLIN CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS. *New-Haven.*

M. E. PETER JOHNSON, H. P.
M. E. WILLIAM MUNSON, K.
E. HEZEKIAH HOTCHKISS, S.

No. of Members 60.

VANDEN BROCK CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS. *Colchester.*

M. E. DANIEL WORTHINGTON, H. P.
M. E. EVAN ROGERS, K.
E. JOEL WORTHINGTON, S.

No. of Members 40.

Subscribers.

Thomas Bradford,

| Ishmael Spicer.

FRANKLIN CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS. *Norwich.*

M. E. CONSIDER STERRY, H. P.

M. E. JOSEPH HUNTINGTON, K.
 M. E. JOSEPH TERRY, Scribe.
 E. SIMON LATHROP, Tr.
 E. GURDON LATHROP, Sec.
 E. JABEZ R. PACKARD, Capt. of the Hart.
 E. BENJAMIN ELLIS, Z.
 E. GURDON HUNTINGTON, Capt. of 1st V.
 E. WILLIAM LORD, do. 2d do.
 E. RICHARD H. CAREW, do. 3d do. and S. S.
 C. DIAH MANNING, Tiler and J. Steward.

No. of Members 50.

Subscribers.

Consider Sterry,	Joseph Huntington,	
Diah Manning,		Wm. Lord,
L. Fillmore,		Benjamin Ellis.

GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF NEW-YORK.

AGREEABLY to the constitution of the Grand Chapter of the Northern States, the high priests, kings, and scribes of the Royal Arch Chapters, in the state of New-York, assembled at the city of Albany, on the second Tuesday in March, A. L. 5798, and organized the Grand Chapter of the said state, which meets annually on the third Tuesday in January, at the city of Albany.

The Grand Officers, elected A. L. 5802, are as follows, viz.

M. E. EZRA AMES, G. H. P.
 M. E. ZEBULON R. SHEPHERD, D. G. H. P.
 E. SAMUEL EDMONDS, G. K.
 E. JOHN BUTLER, G. S.
 W. JOHN SCOVILLE, G. Secretary.

List of Subordinate Chapters.

N. B. Numbers one and two, left vacant for the two old chapters in the city of New-York.

Hibernian Chapter	No. 3,	New-York.
Montgomery do.	No. 4,	Stillwater.
Temple do.	No. 5,	Albany.
Hudson do.	No. 6,	Hudson.
Horeb do.	No. 7,	Whitestown.
Jerusalem do.	No. 8,	New York.
De la Fayette do.	No. 9,	Grenville.
Federal do.	No. 10,	Cambridge.
Cyrus do.	No. 11,	Schenectady.
Green Moun. do.	No. 12,	Rutland, Vermont.
New-Lebanon do.	No. 13,	New-Lebanon.
St. Andrews do.	No. 14,	Stamford, Del. co.

The following is a List of those Subscribers which were unfortunately received too late, to insert under the Lodges to which they Subscribed.

R. W. S. Bell,	Boston. 2	James S. White,	Boston.
W. Wm. Alline,	do.	Wm. Vance,	St. Andrews,
S. W. Hunt, P. M.	do.	[N. Brunswick.	
H. S. Robinson, P. M.	do. 50	John A. J. Cazzera,	Ha-
Thomas Burley,	do.	[vanna.	
Wm. Merrill,	do.	Asahel Pomeroy,	North-
Eliphalet Hale,	do.	[ampton.	
Francis J. Oliver,	do.	Warren Ware,	Wrentham.
Ira A. Wilkins,	do.	J. Brown,	Bowdoinham.
Lewis Bionch,	do.	James Rogers,	Bowdoin.
J. Deverell,	do.	David Patterson,	Topsam.
John May, jun.	do.	R. W. Daniel Holden,	do.
Davis Whitman,	do.	Abel Merrill,	do.
Francis Mallet,	do.	M. M. Marsh,	Brunswick.
John B. Hammett,	do.	Lemuel Swift,	do.
Benjamin True,	do.	John Swarlink,	do.
Timothy Fletcher,	do.	William Rogers,	do.
Jonathan S. Copp,	do.	Cornel. Thompson,	do.

Solomon Lodge, <i>Pough-</i>	John Armstrong,	do.
<i>[keepsie, N. Y.]</i>	John Willsie, jun.	do.
Wm. B. Bogarden, do.	Benj. Williams,	do.
Saml. Pinkney, jun. do.	Jones Rogers,	do.
A. Vankearan, do.	Samuel Lovett,	do.
Jacob Smith, do.	Joseph Brown,	do.
Matthew Vankearan, do.		



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