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**HISTORICAL SKETCH**  
OF  
**PHILANTHROPIC LODGE**

**F. and A. M.**

**OF MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,**

**Delivered at the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Anniversary  
of the Lodge, March 25, 1885, by**

**STEPHEN P. HATHAWAY, Jun., Sec'y.**

**With an Introduction by**

**M. W. HENRY ENDICOTT**

**Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts.**



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F. and A. M.

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*DELIVERED AT THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH  
ANNIVERSARY OF THE LODGE, MARCH 25, 1885,*

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GRAND MASTER OF MASONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.



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## INTRODUCTION.

BY THE GRAND MASTER OF MASSACHUSETTS.

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It is not strange that the events and customs of past generations have great charm for us, when we remember how much of our own lives has been unconsciously shaped by their influence. If this be true in general, how much more do we feel its truth when we study such a history as this of Philanthropic Lodge, which presents in compact, readable form the records of other men and other times,—men and times in many respects unlike our own, and yet intimately connected with us by the bonds of an undying brotherhood. To know how to estimate your own time and place in the world, there is no greater help than the cultivation of what has been called the historic sense,—the ability to set yourself back in another generation, and estimate past deeds in the light which a knowledge of the peculiar trials, or customs, or social demands of the age affords.

When a Lodge values its history, treasures the memory of good men who have blessed it by their presence, and honors the past, it gives a pledge to the future that it will in no wise lower the record, but pass it on without blemish. Fortunate is the Lodge which can call to its service a man so well fitted to present such a history, as the Brother who prepared this sketch.

HENRY ENDICOTT.



## HISTORY OF PHILANTHROPIC LODGE,

A. F. AND A. M.

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A CENTURY and a quarter, — years seldom if ever reached in the age of man ; a brief span in a nation's history ; yet how much more brief when compared with the age of the Institution of which we are members ! Far off in the dim dawning of history, where truth and fiction so often mingle, tradition places the origin of Free Masonry.

In the land of the poet's dreams and the scholar's study, where the veil of darkness is but slightly raised, the traveller looks with awe and wonder on those mighty pyramids and obelisks which meet his eye. Why and for what purpose built, a question not yet fully answered ; their only history stamped in hieroglyphics on their sides, and these not yet fully interpreted. Standing there in mute silence for centuries, watching the stars in their courses by night, and by day catching the first rays of the rising sun, and reflecting back its farewell benedictions, they have seen dynasties rise and fall ; cities, whose streets were filled with busy crowds, abounding in all the luxuries that wealth can give, with a civilization perhaps equal to our own, pass away, and the sands of the desert cover them, so that even their names are forgotten and lost. Stand-

ing there, old and gray, when the temple of our faith rose in all its beauty and strength on Mount Moriah, the wonder of that and succeeding ages; yet when a few years ago one of those obelisks was taken from its foundations, and borne across the ocean to our shores, hidden at its base were found the implements and symbols that we now use in our rites of Free Masonry. Surely a century and a quarter of our life, as compared to them, is as the infant's brief hour to the hoary patriarch's declining years. Scattered throughout Europe stand those old castles, — some as strong as on the day when the master laid the last stone; some crumbling to decay, covered with moss and ivy, a hiding-place for the owls by day, and filled at night by the spectres of departed heroes. There, too, are the old cathedrals with their spires pointing heavenward, whose aisles and arches are seen by the light that streams through windows dim with the dust of ages. We are thus reminded how man's work endures, when he has passed away and is forgotten; for these pyramids, castles, and cathedrals were the works of our ancient Brothers in Free Masonry. In Rome at one time there were five hundred temples, thirty-seven arches, besides obelisks and aqueducts, built by the Craft.

In the fourteenth century, what is known as the Plague, or Black Death, visited Europe; and in six years twenty-five millions of persons died. It was very fatal in England, especially among the working classes, so much so, that, in a few years after it had ceased its ravages, the wages of the workman rose to double the former price. Parliament at once passed a law regulating the price of labor for all classes, with one exception. The old chronicler says, "The Masons be

banded together into a society called free, and are allowed to regulate their own wages.”

At some time in all countries Masonry has existed. It has gone with the Tartar in his wanderings; with the Arab in the desert; lives beneath the cold skies of Russia, under the soft airs of France and Italy, and has even found a resting-place in seclusion behind the walls of China. It has extended the hand of friendship to the king or the peasant, to the rich or the poor, be he a man. It is found under every form and system of government and civilization. And why? What is there in it that so adapts itself to all? Simply because its foundation is truth, and belief in principles that can never die, born in the first man, but dimly understood then. It has grown with the centuries, and is not yet ready to blossom into a fair flower. A type of perfect manhood, friendship, morality, brotherly love, and charity are all its cardinal points. The candidate kneeling at its altar in Egypt's temples was taught them from the master's lips, heard them beneath the royal arch of the Temple at Jerusalem, and all down through the ages have they been spoken, and we hear them to-day as new and fresh as ever. The language in which they were and are spoken may be different, the meaning is the same, — *God's eternal truths*; their meaning never changes. Thus it is that Masonry will never die. Popes have issued their bulls, and kings their edicts, in the Old World; and politicians and demagogues have combined in the New to crush it out, — yet all in vain: it is stronger and mightier now than ever, and defies its enemies.

Masonry was introduced into this town March 25, 1760. Dr. Lowell and some others went to Boston, and were made Masons by Brother Jeremy Gridley,

then Grand Master, and authorized to form a Lodge. As no record of their meeting can be found, nothing further is known in regard to them. There are but two Lodges older than this within this jurisdiction, both located in Boston: St. John's, chartered by Henry Price in 1733; St. Andrew's, by the Grand Lodge of Scotland in 1756. For nearly fifty years these two Lodges acted as Grand Lodges, granting charters or dispensations, till, in 1792, they united and formed what is now the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, at the same time retaining their charters as subordinate Lodges. Between 1760 and 1778, Samuel Glover made an application for the charter; but after receiving it, the Brethren not meeting once in twelve months, it was forfeited. In 1778 the charter was again granted by Provincial Grand Master John Rowe to Brother Richard Harris and others. They assembled on the fifteenth day of January, at the house of the widow King, and formed a regular Lodge.

It was in the midst of those times when the clouds hung blackest over our land, when the wise and the true took council together, when the fair fields of Lexington and Bunker Hill had been crimsoned by the blood of their Brethren,—that this Lodge for the third time received its charter. Then many of its Brethren no doubt had joined that regiment of one thousand, from this place, who had guided Washington and his army in their retreat from Long Island, and over the cold waters of the Delaware. For a time the Lodge appears to have gained in numbers, and to have prospered. Persons were initiated from Maine, Connecticut and different parts of our own Colony, and we presume the Lodge to have been very proficient in the work.



Let us imagine the first night the Brethren met under the returned charter. One has been stationed in the entry as Tiler; another remains in the small room to arrange the pipes, tobacco and punches. By the aid of tallow candles, the Brothers have laid their loose plaid cloaks on the chairs, and piled their cocked or beaver hats in the corner. A small sheet-iron stove heated by pine knots makes it very comfortable. But let us enter. This is Masons' Hall,—the floor sanded, the windows darkened by thick curtains; but the light is an improvement on the outer room, for here are wax candles in large and elaborately wrought brass candlesticks, with snuffers ready for use. Then look at the immense fireplace, with its huge logs crackling and spitting, while they send out a genial heat. The fender and brass andirons, shovel and tongs, are indeed a curious sight. But notice around the fireplace the different pictures on marble, of scenes from Scripture. Above it is a mirror brought from Bilboa, a return for some fishing adventure. A few Dutch prints hang upon the walls, whose frames seem to be mellowed by age. The settees are straight-backed and unpainted. The leather-seated chairs are curiously carved. There too, as in all times, are the altar with the Holy Bible, square and compasses, and the three burning tapers. In the East sits Master Richard Harris, dressed in short-clothes, with large silver buckles at the knees, and also on his shoes. His ample vest is covered by a velvet coat, of the fashion of those days; on his head is a cocked hat, from under which his cue comes down; and we should judge, from the appearance of his coat-collar, that his hair was powdered. Slowly he rises from his seat, and taking in his hand that charter which is now the choice treasure of the Lodge,

says, "Brethren, I have gathered you together this evening to form a Lodge. But, first, as no man should engage in any great or important undertaking without first invoking the blessing of Deity, let us unite in prayer." The prayer finished, he proceeds: "By virtue of the authority vested in me, I appoint Brother Fettyplace, Senior, Brother Roads, Junior Warden." No further business, the Lodge closed; and drawing round the fireplace, with their pipes and punches, they talk in serious tones of the events that are happening around them. After the talk is ended, together they go forth into the clear frosty air of that January night, each to his own home. The names of many members of those early days have been made familiar to us by tradition, — Harris, Fettyplace, Lee, Orne, Gerry, Hooper. There were others well known then, but now forgotten.

Our ancient Brethren always enjoyed a good time. They regularly celebrated the festivals of St. John in June and December; and the charter of this Lodge reads, "and the Brethren shall dine together on the 24th of June, or as nigh that day as possible."

As we glance over the record, we find death comes among them. Some Brother has passed away, and they vote to attend the funeral. They march to the house adjacent to the deceased Brother's, and after singing a penitential hymn, go with the body to the grave, return to the Lodge-room, sing another hymn, take a collection for the widow, and close. We can almost hear the solemn strains of martial music, or the wail of the penitential hymn, sounding down through the years, and the Master's voice saying, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" the acacia and the silent tear are dropped, and the Brethren pass on.

The office of Master was filled by Brother Harris, from 1778 to 1781; Samuel R. Trentt, 1781 to 1782; Elisha Story, 1782 to 1786; then for ten years no record appears. They meet on the evening of April 20, 1786, choose officers, make rules and close. They meet again in 1797 to attend the funeral of a Brother. The work appears to have fallen off from 1783, so much so that they sometimes meet, but not in numbers sufficient to open a Lodge. Feb. 14, 1797, Elisha Story is again chosen Master, and holds office by re-election, or because of no election, till 1803.

June 12, 1797, the Lodge came under the jurisdiction of the United Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and received the name Philanthropic, which it now bears. In February, 1780, the Lodge voted that the hall they then occupied was not convenient. Brother Peter Jarvis therefore let them his assembly rooms as a Lodge-room, receiving as rent sixteen cords of wood per year. They occupied these rooms from February to October, and then moved to the house of Brother Burdeck. After a little time there was some trouble, in regard to rent, with Brother Burdeck, and a committee of five was appointed to confer with him. It was voted, that, if either of the Brothers did not attend to that duty, they should be fined three dollars as a fund for the Lodge; and, further, if that committee did not report on the next Lodge night, each one of the committee should pay six shillings. They were prompt in their report at that time. In these early records we read that one night the stewards were ordered to furnish rum, pipes and tobacco for the next meeting, which was done, and the bill promptly paid. After their funds had increased somewhat, they bought their liquor by

the barrel, their sugar by the loaf, and on Lodge night the Tiler furnished the water; and it is said that it was not very hard work he had to perform in that line. In those days they made Masonry a secret, and threw as much mystery as possible around it. None but the members were supposed to know of the meetings; and the uninitiated could only surmise that one was to be held, by seeing the Tiler, about four o'clock in the afternoon, bearing a pail of water to the Lodge-room, and, the next morning about sunrise, seeing some of the Brethren returning to their homes.

St. John's Day, 1783, was celebrated in what I suppose they would term ample form. The secretary has entered upon the records even the price to be paid per head, three shillings for the dinner, six pence for a bottle of wine, more than the first cost, two pence for a bowl of punch, one penny for a bowl of grog. Not very temperate, you will say. Brethren, do not bring that age to our bar for judgment. If the wine is banished from our boards, does the charity and brotherly love that existed then remain as strong as in those times? If due restraint was not placed upon their appetites, it was upon their passion; for words spoken in temper in a Lodge-room were sufficient cause for expulsion. The Lodge met in those days once in two weeks, or oftener if work required it. They adopted rules, which were suspended by a majority vote of the members present. For an example: On one night a person applied for initiation; he was balloted for and negatived. Twice the same thing occurred. The application was laid on the table till the next meeting, again balloted on, again a black ball. The Lodge then appointed a committee to see what

should be done. They report: "Suspend the ninth rule, and admit him." He was accordingly admitted, and later on the same evening the ninth rule was resumed. Let me state from the records another little incident: Two Brothers have a disagreement. After some talk it is agreed by both that the matter be referred to two other Brothers; but one of the disputants makes this reservation, "I will leave it to be decided by the Brothers agreed on; but may damnation seize my soul if I abide by the award, unless it be in my favor."

On the first day of January, 1800, the Lodge met, and resolved "that the Brethren wear *black crape* with *blue ribbon* on the left arm for thirty days, as a badge of mourning for the decease of our illustrious Brother George Washington, and the next day listened to an eulogy pronounced by Joseph Story, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished jurists of the age. The records close in 1803, with Elisha Story as Master, and open January, 1809, with Ralph French. Then for the first time we find an account of installation of officers. Brother French held the office for one year, was re-elected, but declined, and Brother Eben G. Evans was elected. Brother John Candler was then elected, and served till the surrender of the charter in 1812.

At one of the festivals a committee is appointed to invite "the gentlemen musicians from Salem to be present with their instruments, and lead the procession," which they did. They met at the ringing of the first bell; and at the ringing of the second they marched to Parson Story's meeting-house, where they sang the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth and One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Psalms, and listened to an oration. They afterwards marched in the same

order and decorum to the Lodge-room, and partook of refreshment; and at seven o'clock each went to his own home, — so says the Secretary.

On one occasion a collection was taken to pay the orator, and twelve hundred dollars was gathered. It appears a large amount till you understand that one hard silver dollar was worth one hundred of paper.

Dec. 17, 1780, they had a cold collation. After dinner the stewards made up the accounts, which amounted to eighty-five dollars for each member present, which was immediately paid. Jan. 5, 1783, it was so cold that the Lodge could not work, and was compelled to close. June, 1784, the Lodge voted to remove to the widow Payne's house, for which they paid four pounds per year rent. This house was afterwards purchased and occupied by David Blaney, and it is in possession of the family at the present time.

June 23, 1812, the Lodge voted to return the charter. War was now raging, and its fiercest conflicts were upon the ocean. All the able-bodied members were serving their country on the decks of battle-ships or privateers; and at the close of the war, had the roll of the old Lodge been called, the greater number of responses would have come from Dartmoor or the prison hulks of England. From 1812 to 1821, Masonry remained silent in town. From April, 1821, the same old charter for the fourth time was returned, and Brother John Bartlett was elected Master. He was a very zealous Mason, and at one time served as Deputy of this District. June 24, 1822, the new hall was dedicated. Brother Thaddeus M. Harris, of Dorchester, delivered an oration, and a dinner was prepared at the fort. All of us remember that day

by tradition. The first recollection of Masonry for me was the saying, "that it always rained when the Masons walked." I believe it is generally conceded by all the oldest inhabitants, that it never rained harder before, and never will again. The fact is a matter of record, and the fact also that it was much needed, as vegetation was suffering, and it was regarded as a great blessing from the Grand Master of the universe.

Brother John Bartlett remained as Master till 1825; then Brother R. W. French one year; then Brother Creasey for two years; then Brother Trefy one year; then Brother Traill. Under these Masters the Lodge increased in numbers, and prospered, till the dark days of Masonry came on. In that wild tempest of fanaticism, like many of the Lodges in the vicinity, it surrendered its charter.

During the whole history of the Lodge, no lady up to that time had been invited to participate in its festivals; and all of us who knew Brother Creasey can imagine the holy horror that would come over his sweet, angelic face if he could look in here and see the loveliness and beauty which have so honored us by their presence to-night.

In March, 1841, for the fifth time, the charter was again called back; and Brother John Bartlett was again elected Master. He held office till December of the same year, when Brother Trefy was elected; who held office till 1846, when Brother David Blaney was publicly installed as Master. He held the office till 1858, twelve consecutive years, the longest term ever held by a Master; and when his successor was elected Brother Blaney was the only Past Master living. He was one of the best and truest of Masons,

and the work of the Lodge at that time was so good that they often went by invitation to neighboring places to exemplify it. He died in 1879. In 1858 Brother H. H. F. Whittemore was elected, and held the office till 1862.

In 1860 the Lodge celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, and we note two remarkable co-incidences. The birthday of the Lodge was darkened by the gathering clouds of the Revolution, its one hundredth anniversary by the still blacker and nearer clouds of the rebellion. A doctor was Master on its first birthday, a doctor was Master on the one hundredth anniversary. At that time there were sixty-two members, and every one not absent from town was present. Yet more than one-half who gathered at that festival have passed to the Grand Lodge above, among them the Worshipful Master, Treasurer, Secretary, Chaplain and Marshal.

In December, 1862, Brother M. J. Doak was elected Master, and held the office till 1867, when Brother Jonathan Cole was elected; Brother Benjamin Pitman in 1868, who served till 1872, when Brother W. H. Wormsted was elected, who served till 1875, when Brother Doak was again elected and remained till the surrender of the charter in 1876.

May 4, 1880, the old charter, with its signatures of names famed in Masonry, among them Paul Revere, whose deeds wrought into verse have made that name immortal, was returned for the sixth time to the Lodge. The square and compasses taken from the powder-ship captured by Mugford were again placed upon the altar. The sword first drawn in defence of the Union was placed in the Tiler's hands, and the Grand Lodge was present and installed the officers,



Brother Michael J. Doak as Master for the third time. At the regular meeting in September, 1881, the Lodge was opened, and, by order of the W. M., immediately closed in token of respect to the memory of our deceased Brother, James A. Garfield. Brother B. Pitman was elected Master in 1881. Brother W. W. Dodge was elected in 1882. Nov. 21, 1882, the capitation tax was paid. Brother Horace Goodwin, the present Master, was elected in 1883. Since the resumption of the charter, the Lodge has prospered, its numbers have increased, and its work still continues.

Many of the Brethren who were present at our centennial festivals have been raised to the celestial Lodge, those whom we honored, respected, and loved. Some few of us are left; but twenty-five years have dimmed our eyes, and furrowed our cheeks, and, when another twenty-five years shall have passed, most of us will have been raised to —

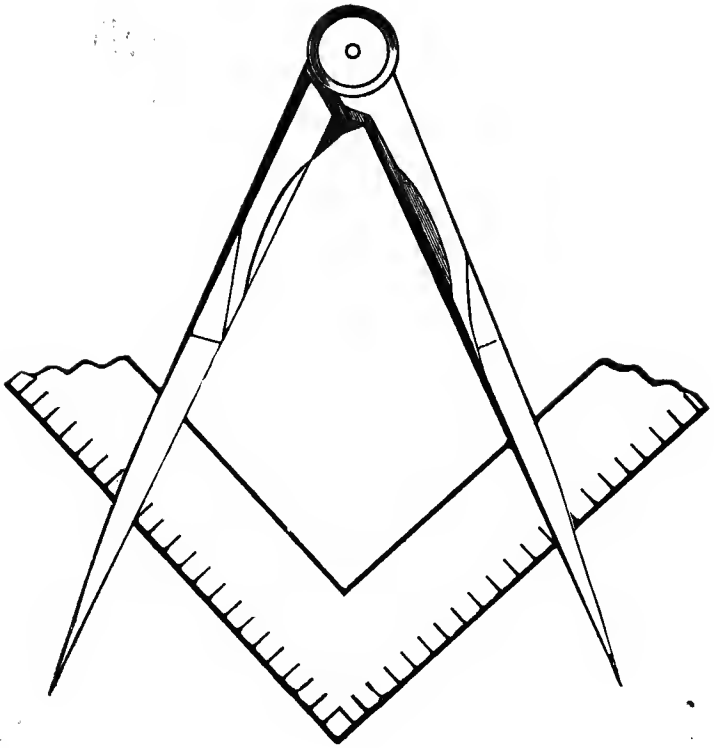
A lodge not seen by mortal eyes,  
 Beyond death's rolling river,  
 Whose columns white in beauty rise,  
 In strength to stand forever;  
 Its dome of heaven's own azure blue,  
 Resplendent with the noon-day's light,  
 Shaded and softened by celestial hues,  
 Which never fade to night.  
 Sweet music trembles on the air,  
 And softly floats around;  
 While gentle breezes sweetly bear,  
 To listening ears, the sound.  
 More ancient than the Temple's dome  
 That graced Moriah's hill;  
 Here gather all earth's weary ones,  
 All pain subdued, all passions still.

From north and south, from east and west,  
 The countless myriads gather in,  
 Where the weary are at rest  
 And the wicked cease from troubling.  
 They have gathered in from the Arctic snows,  
 Where the icebergs glitter and gleam ;  
 They have gathered in from the orange groves,  
 By the bright and sunny stream ;  
 They have gathered in from the palace halls ;  
 They have gathered in from lowly homes ;  
 The crown has dropped from royal brows,  
 On a level now 'neath that Temple's dome ;  
 They have come from their ocean beds,  
 White with its pearly foam,  
 From earthly Lodges passed away,  
 To this bright celestial one.  
 They have left the Red Cross bleaching  
 'Neath the scorching desert rays ;  
 They have gathered into the temple old  
 The knights of the ancient days ;  
 They have come from battle-fields,  
 With a glory round their name,  
 While a nation proudly treasures  
 The history of their fame ;  
 Some have come with locks of gray,  
 Some in manhood's prime ;  
 Some in the morning's brightest ray,  
 Some in the evening's sweet decline ;  
 They have gathered in from every land  
 Which human feet have trod ;  
 They stand beneath that temple's dome,  
 Whose architect is God.  
 And to that Lodge we'll gather in,  
 When time with us is o'er.  
 One by one we'll pass the river,  
 And gather on that shore.  
 We'll meet in that Grand Lodge above,  
 And meet to part no more ;

And Brothers then shall greet  
The Brothers passed before.  
When first the morning stars together sang,  
That Lodge in beauty rose ;  
Those stars shall dim and fade away,  
That Lodge shall never close.







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Historical sketch of Philanthropic Lodge



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