





# Entertainment

F O R

## A Winter's Evening:

B E I N G

A Full and True ACCOUNT

*Of a very strange and wonderful*  
SIGHT *seen in Boston on the*  
*twenty-seventh of December*

### At Noon-Day.

The Truth of which can be attest-  
ed by a great Number of Peo-  
ple, who actually saw the same

With their own Eyes.

*By Me, the Hon<sup>ble</sup> B. B. Esq;*

(JOSEPH GREEN)

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Primo progrediuntur anseres, dein vituli, grex asinaria sequitur. Templum aditum est. Hic omnibus vir sanctus prædicavit, multis populis circumstantibus.

*Vet. Leg. lib. III. cap. 14.*

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## To the READER.

Courteous and loving Reader,

**I** Thought it necessary to acquaint thee with three things, which thou wilt, perhaps, be inquisitive about. First, *Why thou hast not had the following Entertainment sooner.* Secondly, *Why it now appears abroad without sheltering itself under the Name of some powerful Patron.* And Thirdly, *Why I have given MYSELF the Title I have assumed in the Front of it.*

*As to the first Article, thou must know that my great distance from the Press, near one hundred miles, at this difficult season of the year, made it impossible for me to convey it there sooner. As to the second, I had fully determined to select a number of suitable Patrons, but was prevented by finding all of them engaged already; not so much as one being left, under whose wings this poor sheet might retire for protection. Thirdly, The title I have taken to myself sounds, I confess, something oddly. Nor indeed should I have ventured upon it, had I not been warranted by a FAMOUS SOCIETY in an Example which they have lately set me. For though this Society is perhaps the only one in the world that ever gave itself those pompous Epithets, yet it is allowed to be the standard of Antiquity and Honour. Of Antiquity,—as it can boast an Æra many years higher than that of the world. Of Honour,—as it is INVESTED WITH THAT DISTINGUISHING BADGE WHICH IS, AT THIS DAY, THE GLORY OF THE GREATEST POTENTATES ON EARTH. And if so, I see no reason why Thou and I should not submit to it, as the Standard of Propriety too. I am,*  
Loving Reader,

With the greatest Humility thine,

The Hon<sup>ble</sup> B. B. Esq;



ENTERTAINMENT  
FOR  
A WINTER'S EVENING.

O MUSE renown'd for story-telling,  
Fair CLIO, leave thy airy dwelling.  
Now while the streams like marble stand,  
Held fast by winter's icy hand;  
Now while the hills are cloth'd in snow;  
Now while the keen north-west winds blow;  
From the bleak fields and chilling air  
Unto the warmer hearth repair:  
Where friends in chearful circle met  
In social conversation sit.  
Come, *Goddess*, and our ears regale  
With a diverting Christmas tale.  
O come, and in thy verse declare  
Who were the men, and what they were,  
And what their names and what their fame,  
And what the cause for which they came  
To house of God from house of ale,  
And how the parson told his tale:  
How they return'd, in manner odd,  
To house of ale from house of God.

FREE MASONS, as the story goes,  
Have two saints for their patrons chose:  
And both SAINT JOHNS, one the *Baptist*,  
The other the *Evangelist*.  
The Baptist had a *Lodge* which stood  
Whilom by JORDAN'S ancient flood.  
But for what secret cause the other  
Has been adopted for a *brother*,  
They cannot, and I will not say,  
*Nec scire fas est omnia.*

THE Masons by procession  
 Having already honour'd one,  
 (Thou, to perpetuate their glory,  
 CLIO, didst then relate the story.)  
 To show the world they mean fair play  
 And that each saint should have his day,  
 Now order store of belly-timber  
 'Gainst twenty-seventh of *December*.  
 For that's the day of *Saint John's* feast  
 Fix'd by the holy *Roman* priest.  
 They then in mood religious chose  
 Their *brother of the roll and rose*  
 The ceremony to commence:  
 He from the sacred eminence  
 Must first explain and then apply  
 The duties of FREE MASONRY.

AT length, in scarlet apron drest,  
 Forth rush'd the morning of the feast;  
 And now the bells in steeple play,  
 Hark, ding, dong, bell they chime away;  
 Until with solemn toll and steady,  
 The great bell tells—the parson's ready.

MASONS at church! strange auditory!  
 And yet we have as strange in story.  
 For saints, as history attests,  
 Have preach'd to fishes, birds and beasts;  
 Yea stones so hard, tho' strange, 'tis true,  
 Have sometimes been their hearers too<sup>1</sup>  
 So good SAINT FRANCIS, man of grace,  
 Himself preach'd to the *braying race*;

<sup>1</sup> Vide Spec. Exemplor. Cæs. Dial. Lib. IV. cap. 98. Benevent de Vit. S. Franc. cap. 8. Capgr. Nov. legend. Fol. 160. Anton Chron. P. III. tit. 24. c. 2. . . 5.



And further, as the story passes,  
 Address'd them thus—*my brother asses*.<sup>2</sup>  
 Just so old BRITISH WEREBURGA,  
 As ecclesiastic writers say,<sup>3</sup>  
 Harangued the *geese*, both far and wide;  
 Just so the *geese* were edify'd.

THE crowds attending gaze around,  
 And awful silence reigns profound.  
 Till from the seat which he'd sat fast on  
 Uprose, and thus began the parson.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, at whose command  
 Obedient I in *Rostra* stand;  
 It proper is and fit to show  
 Unto the crowds that gape below,  
 Who wonder much, and well they may,  
 What on th' occasion I can say,  
 Why in the church are met together,  
 Especially in such cold weather,  
 Such folk as never did appear  
 So overfond of coming there.  
 Know then, my friends, without more pother,  
 That these are MASONS, I'm a BROTHER.  
 Masons said I?—yes MASONS FREE;  
 Their *deeds* and *title* both agree.  
 While other sects fall out and fight  
 About a trifling mode or rite,  
 We firm by *Love* cemented stand;  
 'Tis *Love* unites us heart and hand.  
*Love* to a party not confin'd,  
 A *Love* embracing all mankind,

<sup>2</sup> Fratres Asini, orem vos ut fileatis, nec inturbetis Verbum Dei quod sitiendi huic populo propono. Wadding, Annal. A. 1213. N. 8. We see he too had a *thirsty audience*.

<sup>3</sup> Frat. Cress, Hist. Eccles. Lib. xvii, c. 17.

Both Catholick and Protestant,  
 The *Scots* and eke *New-England* Saint:  
 ANTONIO'S<sup>4</sup> followers, and those  
 Who've CRISPIN<sup>5</sup> for their patron chose,  
 And them who to their idol goose  
 Oft sacrifice the blood of louse.<sup>6</sup>  
 Those who with razor bright and keen,  
 And careful hand, each morn are seen  
 Devoting to SAINT NICOLAS<sup>7</sup>  
 The manly honours of the face.  
 Him too who works, ah! cruel deed!  
 The fatal, tough MOSCOVIAN weed!  
 And twists the suffocating string  
 In which devoted wretches swing,  
 (And O may gracious Heaven defend  
 The *brethren* from dishonest end,)  
 Whose cauldrons smoke with juice of Pine,  
 An offering to SAINT CATHARINE.<sup>8</sup>

O PINE salubrious! from thy veins  
 Distills the cure of human pains.  
 Hail SACRED TREE!<sup>9</sup> to thee I owe  
 This freedom from a world of woe.  
 My heart tho' grateful, weak my strain,  
 To show thy worth I strive in vain.  
 Could THRACIAN ORPHEUS but impart  
 His tuneful lyre and matchless art;

4 Antonio is the Patron of Sailors.

5 Crispin the Patron of Shoe-makers.

6 It is conjectured that the *Taylors* are here meant.

7 St. Nicholas the Patron of Barbers.

8 St. Catharine the Patron of Rope-makers.

8 The Pine was sacred to the Goddess *Cybele*, who was very skilful in Physick, and preserved men's lives. She no doubt drew her Remedies from this salutiferous Tree, and perhaps was not unacquainted with the Virtues of TAR-WATER. Hence this Tree was held sacred to her by the Ancients.

And would propitious fates decree  
 Old NESTOR's length of days to me,  
 That lyre, that art, that length of days  
 I'd spend in singing forth thy praise.  
 Still thou shall never want my blessing;  
 --- But to return from thus digressing.

RHODE-ISLAND's differing, motley tribes,  
 Far more than ALEC. ROSS describes,  
 And light that's *new*, and light that's *old*  
 We in our friendly arms enfold,  
 Free, generous and unconfin'd  
 To outward shape or inward mind.  
 The high and low and great and small,  
*J-----s* *P-----ns* short and *A-----n* tall,  
*J---n---n* as bulky as a house,  
 And *W-----d* smaller than a louse,  
 The grave and merry, dull and witty,  
 The fair and brown, deform'd and pretty,  
 We all agree, both wet and dry,  
 From drunken *L-----* to sober *I*.  
 And *Hugh* ----- But hark, methinks I hear  
 One shrewdly whisp'ring in my ear;  
 "Pray, parson, don't affirm but prove;  
 Do they all meet and part in love?  
 Quarrels oft times don't they delight in,  
 And now and then a little fighting!  
 Did there not (for the SECRET's out)  
 In the last LODGE arise a rout?  
*M-----* with a fist of brass  
 Laid *T-----'s* nose level with his face,  
 And scarcely had he let his hand go  
 When he receiv'd from *T-----* a d----d blow.  
 Now parson, when a nose is broken,  
 Pray, is it friendly *sign* or *token*?"

'Tis true----but trifling is th' objection,  
 All general rules have an exception.  
 Oft from themselves the best men vary,  
*Humanum enim est errare.*  
 But what I've said I'll say again,  
 And what I say I will maintain:  
 'Tis *Love*, pure *Love* cements the whole,  
*Love*----- of the BOTTLE and the BOWL.

BUT 'tis high time to let you go  
 Where you had rather be, I know:  
 And by proceeding I delay  
 The weightier business of the day;  
 For eating *solid sense* affords,  
 Whilst nonsense lurks in many words.  
 Doubting does oft arise from thinking,  
 But truth is only found in drinking."  
 This having said, the reverend vicar  
 Dismiss'd them to their food and liquor.

FROM church to STONE'S they go to eat,  
 In order walking through the street,  
 But no *Right Worshipful* was there,  
 PALLAS forbad him to appear,  
 For, well foreseeing that the jobb  
 Would from all parts collect the mob,  
 He wisely catch'd a cold and stay'd  
 At home, at least, if not in bed.  
 So when the GREEKS 'gainst TROJANS went.  
 ACHILLES tarry'd in his tent;  
 Asham'd he hides himself, nor draws  
 His conquering sword in harlot's cause.

SEE *B*-----*k* before the apron'd throng,  
 Marches with sword and book along;



The stately ram with courage bold,  
 So stalks before the fleecy fold,  
 And so the gander, on the brink  
 Of river, leads his geese to drink,  
 And so the geese descend, from gab'ling  
 On the dry land, in stream to dab'ling.

THREE with their white sticks next are seen,  
 One on each side and one between;  
 Plump *L----w----s* marches on the right,  
 Round as a hoop, as bottle tight,  
 With face full orb'd and rosy too;  
 So ruddy CYNTHIA oft we view,  
 When she, from tipling eastern streams,  
 First throws about her evening beams.  
 'Tis he the *brethren* all admire,  
 Him for their steward they require.  
 'Tis he they view with wondering eyes  
 'Tis he their utmost art defies;  
 For though with nicest skill they work all,  
 None of 'em e'er could square his circle.

NEXT *B-----r* with *M-----l* passes;  
 Though *brothers*, how unlike their faces !  
 So limners better represent,  
 By artful contrast, what they paint.

Who's he comes next? --- 'Tis *P---e* by name,  
*P---e* by his nose well known to fame;  
 This, when the generous juice recruits,  
 Around a brighter radiance shoots.  
 So on some promontory's height,  
 For NEPTUNE'S son's the signal light  
 Shines fair, and fed by unctuous stream,  
 Sends off to sea a livelier beam.



BUT see the crowds, with what amaze  
 They on the 'pothecary gaze!  
 'Tis he, when belly suffers twitch,  
 Caus'd by the too retentive breech,  
 Adjusts with finger nice and thumb  
 The ivory tube to patient's bum,  
*A-----n* high rising o'er the rest  
 With his tall head and ample chest;  
 So towering stands the tree of JOVE,  
 And proud o'erlooks the neighbouring grove.

WHERE's honest *L---ke*, that cook from *London*,  
 For without *L---ke* the LODGE is undone.  
 Twas he who oft dispell'd their Sadness,  
 And fill'd the *brethren's* hearts with gladness.  
 For them his ample bowls o'erflowed,  
 His table groan'd beneath its load;  
 For them he stretch'd his utmost art;  
 Their honours grateful they impart,  
*L---ke* in return is made a *brother*,  
 As *good* and *true* as any other,  
 And still, though broke with age and wine,  
 Preserves the *token* and the *sign*.

BUT still I see a numerous train:  
 Shall they alas! unsung remain?  
 Sage *H-----l* of public soul,  
 And laughing *F-----k*, friend to the bowl,  
 Meek *R-----* half smother'd in the croud  
 And *R-----* who sings at church so loud,  
 Tall *de la R-----* of GALLIC city,  
 Short *B-----* who trips along so pretty,  
*B-----d* so truss, with gut well fed,  
 Who to the hungry deals his bread,  
 And twenty more crowd on my fancy,  
 All *brothers -----* and that's all you can say.

WHENE'ER, for aiding nature frail,  
 Poor bawd must follow the cart's-tail,  
 As through fair LONDON'S streets she goes  
 The mob, like fame, by moving grows,  
 They should'ring close, press, stink and shove,  
 Scarcely can the *procession* move.  
 Just such a street-collected throng  
 Guarded the *brotherhood* along;  
 Just such the noise, just such the roar  
 Heard from behind and from before.  
 'Till *lodg'd* at STONE'S, nor more pursu'd,  
 The mob with three huzzas conclude.

AND now, withdrawn from publick view,  
 What did the *brethren* say and do?  
 Had I the force of STENTOR'S lungs,  
 A voice of brass, a hundred tongues;  
 My tongues and voice and lungs would fail,  
 E'er I had finish'd half my tale;  
 E'er I had told their names and nation,  
 Their virtues, arts and occupation,  
 Or in fit strains had half made known  
 What words were spoke, what deeds were done.  
 CLIO, 'tis thou alone canst show 'em,  
 For thou'rt a Goddess and must know 'em.

BUT now suppress thy further rhyme,  
 And tell the rest another time.  
 Once more, perhaps, the *apron'd train*  
 Hereafter may invite thy strain,  
 Then CLIO, with descendant wing,  
 Shall downward fly again and sing.

F I N I S



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