



DECLARATION:

DELIVERED, BY APPOINTMENT,

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1828,

IN PRESENCE OF THE

CONVENTION OF SECEDING FREE MASONS,

AND A VAST CONCOURSE OF THEIR FELLOW-CITIZENS, AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, IN THE VILLAGE OF LE ROY, IN THE COUNTY OF GENESEE, AND STATE OF NEW-YORK.

BY SOLOMON SOUTHWICK,

President of the Convention, and once a Mark Master Mason.

“Ye have ploughed wickedness: ye have reaped iniquity: ye have eaten the fruit of lies: because thou didst trust in thy way, in the multitude of thy mighty men. Therefore shall a tumult arise amongst the people, and all thy fortresses shall be spoiled, as Shalman spoiled Beth-el in the day of battle.”—HOSEA x. 13, 14.

ALBANY:

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1828.

In relation to this work, the following resolution was passed by the Masonic Anti-Masonic Convention, before which it was delivered, viz.

“Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of this Convention, be presented to Solomon Southwick, for the masterly and eloquent address, delivered yesterday, by appointment of this Convention, and that to prevent the work from being garbled by the fraternity, or its agents, he be requested to secure a copy right, and publish the same.”

Northern District of New York, to wit:



BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirteenth day of August, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1828, Solomon Southwick, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit: “An Oration: delivered by appointment, on the fourth day of July, A. D. 1828, in presence of the Convention of Seceding Free-masons, and a vast concourse of their fellow-citizens, at the Presbyterian church, in the village of Le Roy, in the county of Genesee, and state of New-York. By Solomon Southwick, President of the Convention, and once a Mark Master Mason.”

“Ye have ploughed wickedness: ye have reaped iniquity: ye have eaten the fruit of lies: because thou didst trust in thy way, in the multitude of thy mighty men. Therefore shall a tumult arise amongst the people, and all thy fortresses shall be spoiled, as Shalman spoiled Beth-arbel in the day of battle.”—HOSEA X. 13, 14.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also, to the act entitled “An act supplementary to an act entitled ‘An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

R. R. LANSING,
*Clerk of the District Court of the United States,
for the Northern District of New-York.*

ORATION.

Brethren and Fellow Citizens !

NEVER did the sun rise on a prouder day than this—for on this day shall commence a new and a glorious era in the annals of our country. As the Patriarchs and their fellow-patriots of the revolution, on this day, fifty-three years past, unawed by tyrants and their minions, bravely and magnanimously unfurled the banner of NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE; so shall we, their descendants, prompted by their noble and disinterested example, animated by their republican principles, cherishing their fame, and appealing for the purity of our motives to their sainted spirits in Heaven, unfurl this day the banner of DOMESTIC FREEDOM, of MUNICIPAL LAW and LIBERTY, without which, our independence of foreign tyrants would dwindle into an insignificant and a worthless name.

We meet this day as the friends of freedom—the disciples of humanity: But has freedom been violated? Has humanity been outraged? Has Tyranny reared her head among us? Have the demons of darkness and of barbarity perpetrated murder on the person of a free citizen of this independent state? And does the blood of that freeman cry in vain to the tribunals of our country for justice! Do we realize in the voice of that innocent blood, the lamentation of Job—

Behold I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard—I cry aloud, but there is no judgment!

If this be the case—if the ghost of the ill-fated, the martyred Morgan, walks unavenged among us—if his murderers, and the secret society, by which they were instigated, bid defiance to the arm of authority—If they triumph in the weakness of the law, or the wickedness of its ministers—then may we mourn over the fallen pillars of our freedom; then may we lament the flight of justice, like that of Astrea, from this polluted earth, to some fairer region: Then, indeed, is it time for us to recall to memory the heroic spirit of our ancestors, their toils, their sufferings, their trials, and their triumphs on many a battle field: And then is it time for us to repair to their tombs, leading our sons by the hand; and like Hannibal, in his righteous zeal against the oppressors of his country, adjure them, by the ties of patriotism, and the sweets of liberty, to swear on those hallowed sepulchres—**ETERNAL HATRED TO ALL SECRET SOCIETIES!**

But I do not come here merely to tell you of the past—I do not come here to harrow up your souls with the recollection of deeds of horror, committed by the myrmidons of a secret society, in violation of your laws and liberties; deeds, at the bare recital of which, humanity shudders, bright-eyed mercy weeps, and even blood-stained ferocity turns pale!

It cannot be denied, however, that the daring and unparalleled attacks of a secret society, on the rights of life, liberty and property—and the necessity of guarding against the repetition of such diabolical outrages,

have called us together this day : Nor will it be deemed impertinent, I trust, if I take advantage of the occasion, to show, that in all ages, so far as we are taught by history or tradition, secret associations, or mysterious combinations, have been regarded by the wise and the virtuous, as so many unnatural, dangerous and destructive excrescences on the surface of society.

Permit me, then, to crave your indulgence, whilst I trace the origin, if not the consequences, of such combinations; and depict the human jealousy, as well as the divine indignation, with which they have been viewed, whenever and wherever they have raised their gorgon heads, from the day that Satan combined with Eve to blast the felicity of Paradise, to that dark hour, when his myrmidons of the Royal Arch Masonic corps murdered, in cold blood, an innocent, unoffending citizen of this state! And to call to mind, at the same time, how certain combinations of men, as well as constitutional provisions of government, apparently connected with dark designs, have been received at different times by the wisest and most virtuous patriots of our country—with what anxiety and alarm they have beheld the rise or progress of any thing like secrecy of design, or mysterious management, in our civil or political concerns; saving only, that while they have viewed with a jealous eye, and even loudly censured, combinations comparatively harmless, they were never roused, until startled by the appalling cries of fire and of murder, by the torch of the incendiary, and the dagger of the assassin, to a sense of the cor-

rupt nature, and dangerous tendency of the masonic institution.

The oldest and the best book in possession of mankind, is full of allusions to the sinful works of mystery and darkness, of fraud and deception, which characterised various secret and selfish combinations, at the different periods, when different portions of that immortal production—that volume of ETERNAL TRUTH—were penned by the Prophets of God, and the heavenly light of inspiration.

The moment we open the sacred volume, we find the pencil of the Holy Spirit portraying and unveiling the deeds of darkness. We behold our first parents called from their secret retreat, to account for their delinquency in the presence of that God, whose mandate one of them had secretly combined with Lucifer to disobey—and from whose all-seeing eye they had vainly attempted to conceal themselves. The wily Serpent went secretly to work with Eve, to despoil her of her innocence; and she, taught by her arch deceiver, betrayed the secret to her husband, leading him, as she had been led, to disobey the command, and incur the displeasure of Jehovah: And thus it was, that the first secret combination, on record, in the language of Milton, *brought death into the world, and all our wo!*

Whenever, therefore, we hear the cunning, or the deluded votaries of Free Masonry, tracing the origin of their *Order* to the page of *Holy Writ*; we can retort, with truth, that from the first to the last secret combination, of which we have any record in that vo-

lume—from the day on which Satan and Eve plotted the ruin of mankind, to that on which Judas betrayed his Divine Master—they are all portrayed as so many sinks of iniquity and corruption, either moral, political or religious.

Was that a moral or a laudable combination, of which a holy penman exclaims :—*O ! my soul, come not thou into their secret ; unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united ; for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall.*—**GEN. 49—6.**

What a vivid picture is this, not only of the secret combination, to which it originally applied, but of that far famed convention of *wolves in sheep's clothing*, that motly congregation of bipeds in human shape, who met at Stafford, in September 1826, to devise the means of kidnapping Morgan and Miller; and of burning (instead of “digging”) “down” the “wall” of a printing-office, which was supposed to contain their mystic rolls, their unhallowed, their hell-born secrets ! *In their anger they slew a man ;* but though their “self-will” was good, they did not burn “down a wall :” For the Evil One, the Arch-Angel of spiritual ruin, and moral desolation, does not always succeed in his dark designs. In this case it happened, that his myrmidons were frustrated by one of those providential occurrences, by which the page of history, both sacred and profane, is frequently illumined ; and which bear witness to an admiring world, of the bountiful goodness, as well as the unerring wisdom of the Almighty. Well may we exclaim, in the contemplation

of this event, that *the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.* 1 Cor. 3, 19. **ETERNAL PROVIDENCE** had decreed, that Morgan should be sacrificed as a martyr to the liberties of his country: to this purpose, though on a far more important occasion, how appropriate, once more, is the language, inscribed by the pencil of the *Holy Ghost*, on the page of inspiration—*Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain.* Acts 2—23. Whilst, then, it was **MORGAN'S** destiny to endure, I might rather say to enjoy, a glorious martyrdom, **MILLER** was to be preserved, and was preserved, to tell the tale of horror, to rouse his fellow-countrymen to a sense of their danger; in the language of a prophet of God, *to blow the cornet in Gibeah, and the trumpet at Ramah; and to cry aloud at Bethaven*—that the people, far and near, might hear his voice, and be prepared to defend their sacred rights, to rescue their blood-bought liberties from the grasp of a secret society—a league of midnight conspirators, kidnappers and murderers, under the imposing title of an ancient and an honourable fraternity!*

* Between this paragraph and that which follows it, I have omitted thirty manuscript pages of the oration—but I shall introduce them in a work which I have written, and shall publish shortly, the **PERSPECTUS** of which the reader will find at the close of this pamphlet; and I shall then explain the reason why they were omitted here. In Masonry there are **THREE DISTINCT KNOCKS** given on certain occasions. In my *Solemn Warning*, already published, this *Oration*, and the work above mentioned, I shall have given the *Order THREE DISTINCT KNOCKS*, which, with the blows they have received, and will yet receive, from other quarters, I sincerely hope may knock them down, to rise no more for ever.

Time would fail me, were I equal to the task, to trace the progress of **SECRET SOCIETIES**, from the plains of Egypt, Judea and Palestine, through the Grecian and Roman republics and empires; and to depict in their true colours, the evils which have invariably flown from those dark and corrupt sources: Nor can I for the same reason, though the theme would well suit the occasion, pursue the entire thread of such combinations in modern Europe: But there is one fact in their history, which is too striking, and too full of instruction, to be overlooked. Whilst Free Masonry has ever been the most dangerous, the most pernicious of them all, it has attracted the least suspicion, and excited the least alarm, on the part of either the governments or the people of any nation.

The **CABAL** and the **STAR CHAMBER** of England, whose proceedings were conducted in secret, and whose oppressive and pernicious influence, was widely and deeply felt, soon roused into action the free spirit of our British ancestors, and could not withstand the current of popular indignation.

The **SPANISH INQUISITION**, it is true, has had a longer reign; but has not been the less an object of jealousy and of hatred on the part of a large portion of those states in which it has exercised its authority. Between this dark and tyrannical conclave, and that of Free Masonry, there has been a perpetual war, upon the vulgar maxim, I presume, *that two of a trade can never agree*. The *High Priest* of the Inquisition, surrounded by his racks and daggers; and the *Great Grand High Priest* of the *Black Bannered Fraternity*,

with *Holiness to the Lord* inscribed on his mitre, and **VENGEANCE** emblazoned on his breast-plate, have long been rivals in the trade of trick and deception; have long contended in the dark for the supremacy of the European states; have long ran the race of iniquity in the fields of pious fraud and midnight conspiracy; and whichever of them may finally triumph on foreign ground, may the Lord, of his infinite mercy, preserve our beloved country from the fangs of either.

The Illuminati of Germany, and its next of kin, the Jacobin societies of France, were the sources of wide-spread iniquity and corruption; and these, together, by finally leaguings with Free Masonry, reached the *ne plus ultra* of turpitude and crime—**TREASON AND MURDER NOT EXCEPTED**—brought one of the mildest and most virtuous of Princes, that the annals of Monarchy had ever known, to the guillotine; and gave to atheism, anarchy and confusion, the reins of empire, and the plenitude of mad misrule, and malignant and despotic power. But for the malign influence of these dark and mysterious combinations, France, instead of becoming an aceldema—instead of seeing her fields blighted by carnage, the streets of her cities running with blood, and the vultures preying upon the flesh of her unburied dead—instead of seeing the return of her ancient Monarchy, in its most rigid forms—might at this day, perhaps, have enjoyed the mild sway of a reformed government—a government limited in its powers by the acknowledged sovereignty of the people, and restrained by constitutional prescrip-

tions from overleaping the bounds of justice, equity and moderation.

Let us now revert to certain periods in our own history, and inquire into the temper and disposition with which certain societies, plans and propositions, not masonic, but supposed to have been pregnant with secrecy and design, have been received among us.

The first society, which created suspicion or alarm, as to its supposed secret and dangerous designs, was that which sprung up at the close of the revolution, composed of officers of the revolutionary army, and called by its founders the Order of Cincinnati. No sooner was this society announced, than the minds of many were agitated with fears and suspicions that it aimed at the creation of a nobility, the establishment of a government founded on the inequality of mankind, and subversive of that liberty for which the revolution was entered into. In vain did the advocates of this military combination, or *order*, appeal to the people for the purity of their motives, and the propriety of their designs : In vain did they disavow the principles imputed to them : in vain did they protest, that their only object was to brighten and strengthen the chain of friendship, to cement the bonds of brotherhood, formed amid the toils and dangers of the revolution : For the jealousy of freemen, once roused, is not to be allayed but by the clearest explanations, or the entire extinction of the cause or causes which have excited it. On this occasion, it was not allayed, although laurel-crowned warriors, and popular orators and favorites, came forward to explain and defend the mo-

tives and the aim of the Cincinnati. On the ground of their merits, the most eloquent appeals were made to the people. They were justly represented as the gallant military leaders of the revolution. Their swords had gleamed in battle from a hundred hills, and as many vallies had resounded with their shouts of victory or death—death or liberty! The dungeons of the *Sugar House*, and of the *Old Jersey Prison ship*, had echoed and re-echoed to their groans, when oppressed by hunger, thirst, disease, and the pestiferous effluvia of a confined atmosphere. The frozen plains of Abraham, and the burning sands of Monmouth, had drank their blood, freely and profusely shed to secure the liberties of their country. Such were their perils, their sufferings, and their services: And what was their character? It was that of high-minded, honourable men. They were not, it is true, the WASHINGTONS—for we have never had—we never can have—but one Washington—yet he, the matchless hero and sage, was among them—he was their leader: Following in his train, as the members of this heroic band, were such men as Greene, Gates, Pinckney and Hamilton, men without fear and without reproach: And yet such men were not to be implicitly trusted by enlightened freemen. Virtuous precaution, as well as green-eyed jealousy, imputed secret designs, of a baneful tendency, to their association. The cry of Aristocracy, Nobility, Military Usurpation, and Monarchy, was raised against them: Nor, I repeat it, was this clamour confined to the illiterate multitude, or to unprincipled and selfish demagogues—but it

came from the lips of the most virtuous and venerable sages—and the pens of more than one such were employed in portraying the anticipated evils of this newborn and courtly *Order*. Among others, the eloquent Ædanus Burke, of South-Carolina, a distinguished actor in the revolution, pronounced it “the modern Pandora,” the “hydra-headed monster,” and likened it to the famous *Trojan Horse*, from whose bowels were to issue the myrmidons of tyranny and despotism, ready armed, to seize upon the citadel of our liberties, and trample in the dust the glorious fruits of the revolution. The blaze of his eloquence scorched and nipped in the bud, this military combination—and from the day of its birth, to the present time, it has been withering in the shade of popular neglect. It is now rarely heard of—although the probability is, that the fears of Mr. Burke and his co-patriots were extravagant, if not groundless.

The next question, which agitated the minds of our countrymen, in relation to secret plans or combinations, was started at the birth of our federal constitution. When that instrument was first proposed by the Federal Convention of 1787, it contained, as it still does, a provision, *that each House of Congress should keep, and publish, from time to time, a journal of its proceedings, excepting such parts as might, in their judgment, require secrecy.* [See Art. 1, sec. 5.]

In relation to this article, authorizing Congress to close their doors, to shut out their constituents from witnessing their proceedings, and so far to imitate a Papal or Masonic conclave, the jealousy of our coun-

trymen was evinced in various shapes, and through various and numerous channels. I heard a venerable patriot of the revolution read this article to a circle of men like himself; and the general exclamation of those virtuous and unsophisticated men—(we had not then seen the chicanery and management which have distinguished later times)—was decidedly against the article. *What, said they, closed doors! Secret conclaves! Is this what we have been fighting for? We may as well revive the Star Chamber, or send for the Pope and his holy Inquisitors!* But the opposition to this clause of secrecy was not confined to private or bar-room circles. It appeared in newspaper essays, in the resolutions of popular meetings, in pulpit declamation, and parliamentary debate, especially in the several state conventions, called to deliberate on the adoption of the federal constitution. I speak of those debates in general, from recollection; but if I had them all before me, it would not comport with the limits within which I must confine myself on this occasion, to quote the opinions of many of the sages and patriots of those deliberative assemblies, who opposed the proposition for clothing Congress with the power of changing themselves into a secret cabal, instead of an open and undisguised representation of the people. I shall, therefore, confine myself to objections, made by two distinguished members of the Virginia Convention: And here I must do Virginia the justice to say, that although I believe she has pertinaciously sought to control the policy of the Union; yet to the labours of her learned men, to their genius, their virtue, and their

patriotism, are we indebted for the ablest illustrations of our civil and political institutions, and the most zealous and successful efforts to sustain and hand them down to posterity. What, then, said her *Demosthenes*, her *Patrick Henry*, to this clause of secrecy in our federal charter.

“The proceedings in the northern conclave,” said Mr. Henry, “will be hidden from the yeomanry of this country: for they are not to publish such parts as they think require secrecy: they may think, and will think, the whole requires it. Another beautiful feature of this constitution is, the publication, from time to time, of the receipts and expenditures of the public money.— This expression, from time to time, is very indefinite and indeterminate: it may extend to a century: Grant that any of them are wicked; they may squander the public money so as to ruin you; and yet this expression will give you no redress. I say, they may ruin you; for where, sir, is the responsibility? The yeas and nays will show you nothing, unless they be fools as well as knaves, for having wickedly trampled on the rights of the people, they would act like fools indeed were they to publish and divulge their iniquity, when they have it equally in their power to suppress it, and conceal it.” [*Virginia Debates—Richmond Edition, 1805—p. 53.*]

In a subsequent speech, Mr. Henry said—“give us at least a plausible apology, *why Congress should keep their proceedings in secret.* They have the power of keeping them secret as long as they please; for the provision for a periodical publication is too inexplicit

and ambiguous to avail any thing. 'The expression, from time to time, as I have more than once observed, admits of any extension. *They may carry on the most wicked and pernicious of schemes, under the dark veil of secrecy.* The liberties of a people never were, nor ever will be secure, when the transactions of their rulers may be concealed from them. The most iniquitous plots may be carried on against their liberty and happiness."

This was the language of *Patrick Henry*, than whom a more undaunted, eloquent or virtuous defender of the liberties of his country, and the rights of mankind, has never risen in the councils of the Union. He sleeps in the dust; but let us listen to the voice from his tomb, which warns us to beware of the works of darkness.

Mr. *Mason*, if not so distinguished, at least as honest and as zealous as Mr. Henry, in the cause of civil liberty, in allusion to the same clause, said—"This enables them to keep the negociations about treaties secret. *Under this veil they may conceal any thing and every thing.*"

In contrasting the power thus claimed, with that granted in the old confederation, the same gentleman said—"The words of the confederation are, in this respect, more eligible. The proceedings, by that system, are to be published monthly, except certain exceptions. These are proper guards. It is not so here. On the contrary, *they may conceal what they please.* Instead of giving information, *they will produce*

suspicion. You cannot discover the advocates of their iniquitous acts."* Ibid. p. 287.

But Patrick Henry and his colleague, did not stand alone. Many were the virtuous, able and eloquent statesmen of that day, who advanced similar sentiments against conferring on the constituted authorities of the federal government, any power whatever to be exercised in secret. It may suit the genius of Monarchy, or Despotism, to conceal their dark designs—but a free and enlightened people, and a just administration, disdain all works of darkness, all secrecy and concealment. Every honest man carries a window in his breast. The vicious, the unprincipled man, only, wishes to hide the workings of his heart: And so ought every free and honest government to throw open its doors at all times, and have no secrets, no corrupt designs, or mysteries of iniquity whatsoever.

Simultaneously, or nearly so, with the federal constitution, was the establishment of the society in New-York, known by the name of *the Order of Saint Tammany*!—for it seems, with all the pretensions of our people to *republicanism*, too many among them hanker after *Orders*. The *Order of Saint Tammany*, as an American institution, was not only a novelty, but quite

* How forcibly does this apply to the advocates of the abduction and murder of Morgan, who are concealed, as well as the perpetrators of those crimes, under the dark veil of the *Masonic Royal Arch Chapter*. Now and then, it is true, a weak brother betrays his own cloven foot—but the grand movers in that hellish transaction are still behind an impenetrable veil—impenetrable for the present—but the day is not far distant, when all shall be known. ETERNAL JUSTICE never sleeps—never fails to overtake the tyrant or the monster, who sheds innocent blood.

anomalous. Its founders, having just emerged from the revolution, and still perhaps warm with the whig feelings of that conflict, could not condescend to borrow *Saint Andrew*, *Saint George*, or *Saint Patrick*, from the Roman calendar. A British Saint was no better in their eyes than *George the Third*, or even Lucifer himself. They therefore sagely concluded to metamorphose a *Saint* from a *Savage* and a *heathen Warrior*! The unsophisticated natives of the forest were no doubt highly tickled with this sage compliment to aboriginal piety, and we may presume thanked the *Tammany Sachems* for their liberality as much as they admired them for their wisdom! But be this as it may, there were not wanting shrewd observers, and honest patriots, who suspected the sons of *Saint Tammany* of political designs, which they were willing to conceal from the public eye, and which they intended to cover with the mantle of their *Pagan Warrior*, converted, for the occasion, into an *American Saint*! Others, again, not suspicious, considered the *Tammany Order* merely as the offspring of national vanity, often a laudable, if not always a harmless spirit; and as a well directed compliment to the natives, the sachems and sagamores of the Indian tribes: and with these its calumets, beads, and buck-tails created neither jealousy nor alarm. The sons of *Saint Tammany*, however, have not confined themselves to their beads and their buck-tails. The *Order*, if it was not at first so intended, has long since become a political, and no doubt in some respects a secret, conclave. In more ways, than one, I venture to assert, it has had a

malign influence on our political concerns: It has been made use of to elevate or depress individuals, without regard to principle. Many a dark intrigue has been engendered by its leaders, in secret, before they have called together their deluded votaries, to set them in motion. Its halls have frequently been converted into dens of faction and turbulence; and it is undoubtedly a dangerous engine of unprincipled ambition, a corrupt and corrupting fungus on the body politic.

After the establishment of this mischievous *Order of Saint Tammany*, we do not perceive that the subject of secret or factious societies agitated the public mind, till the arrival of the first minister from the French Republic, the celebrated, and I may justly add, highly gifted GENET. To him we owe the establishment of what were called the Democratic Societies. These sprang up as rapidly, under the auspices of their illustrious progenitor, as the fabled armies of Cadmus; and from New-Hampshire to Georgia the Union resounded with the clamour of their devotion to the principles of liberty and equality, and their sympathy for the republicans of the old world. Like the Cincinnati, they professed to have no object in view- but the public good, and nothing so much at heart as to keep alive the flame of liberty kindled in the revolution. It was soon perceived, however, by men of sagacity, that one prominent object of these societies was, to swerve the country from its neutral position, at that time essential to its salvation, and involve it in the horrors of war, in order to promote the views of France. In this respect they became objects of sus-

picion and jealousy, not only to their political opponents; but, as I well recollect, to many sound and incorruptible members of the Democratic party. Several of these expressed to me their fears, that these societies would become the source of great public and private mischief; that they would not only involve the country in war, but be made use of to proscribe and oppress individuals, and finally subvert public liberty. That they perplexed the administration of WASHINGTON, and alarmed him seriously for the neutrality and peace of the country, is certain: And that matchless statesman, therefore, viewed them with a jealous eye; and seriously deplored their existence as so many political nuisances; so many hot-beds of intrigue and faction; affording to bad men the means of gratifying their lawless ambition, at the expense of their country's ruin.

The next effort of that restless spirit—that hankering after something novel—which so universally besets mankind—and which, when properly directed, is productive of good—was the rise and progress, for a while, of that legitimate child of faction, christened by its god-fathers, *The Washington Benevolent Society*.—Borrowing the name of the illustrious hero of the revolution, and putting on the mask of the heaven-born spirit of benevolence, the founders of this secret association—for such it was—calculated to draw largely on popular credulity, and to put off their sham political virtue at the polls, in exchange for the substantial honours and emoluments of a free government: but finding the speculation not equal to their sanguine ex-

pectations, because **FREE MASONRY** had already got possession of the vantage ground in the walks of dark and secret **INTRIGUE**, **CORRUPTION** and **MONOPOLY**, the society finally yielded up the ghost, and expired without a groan. No tear was shed for its dissolution—no monument erected to its memory—and were it not for the brief notice which my theme demands of me to bestow upon it, I should be the last to disturb its ashes, or invade its repose, amid the relics of faction, and unhallowed ambition.

The next prominent, if not consecutive combination, which reared its hydra-head among us, was that very short lived, but portentous body, called **THE HARTFORD CONVENTION**. This conclave, which was truly a secret one in its designs—(at least in the designs of a portion of it)—rose like a comet, with its blazing train, in the political horizon, threatening disturbance to the peace, and striking terror into the councils of the nation, which before its alarming advent were sufficiently embarrassed and distracted by the pressure of foreign war, and the rancour of domestic factions. The alarm it occasioned was contagious, wide-spread, and serious—but whether owing to the discordant views of its own members—the repercussive energy of the administration—the fidelity of the people—or to these three-fold causes combined, I shall not undertake to say: certain it is, however, the alarm was as short-lived as it was fearful—and that conclave which threatened so much, and executed so little, passed off like some of its predecessors in the works of darkness, if not of treason, with none

but British adherents to shed a tear to its memory, and British *blue lights* to throw a pale glimmering on its way to the shades of oblivion. **FREE MASONRY**, it is asserted, was the nursing-mother of that conspiracy—but be this as it may, it failed so completely as to plunge its progenitors and supporters into political obscurity, while honest and enlightened men of all parties rejoiced, and still rejoice, that its impotency was as conspicuous, as the folly, if not depravity of its designs was undoubted. It is due to truth, however, to say, that the views of a portion of this conclave were neither politically criminal, nor justly censurable; while those of another portion were highly so. It was, I believe, owing to the virtue and patriotism of a **HILLHOUSE**, that this political monster, which had its birth *in corruption*, and was *brought forth in iniquity*, did but live to “strut its brief hour upon the stage,” making its exit amid the hisses and contempt of the honest multitude, who, with all their supposed cullability, can perceive pretty clearly the difference between sincerity and jesuitism, and are never long at a loss, when put fairly on the scent, in detecting *the wolf in sheep’s clothing*, or *the ass in the lion’s skin*. They may be assured they have still need of all their watchfulness. Many a dark intriguer lurks among us in the garb of patriotism; many a pretender has put on the mantle of republicanism. But let the mock patriot fancy himself concealed from the penetrating glance of his country; let the hypocrite, who cries wolf, when he is the most ravenous wolf himself, forbear to tremble at the thought of human exposure—yet there is an

all-seeing eye that searches the hearts of men, and will in due time unfold their hidden recesses, and expose their corruptions to the scorn of humanity, and the scourge of eternal justice.

But there is still, or rather there was, a certain description of dark and deceptive combinations, which ought not to be forgotten on this occasion. I allude to those SECRET CAUCUSES, by which, in times past, so much political mischief has been engendered.—Those dark and intriguing conclaves, in which neither merit, talent, nor public services, were made the test by which to select candidates for office; in whose deliberations the question was not, how much private and public virtue, but how much and what kind of party spirit animated the breast of the candidate—those pernicious hot-beds of intrigue and corruption have partially at least passed away: Let us rejoice in their downfall—and let us pray at the same time, that the *Order of the Indian Chief*, the *heathen Saint Tammany*, with its beads and its buck-tails, may speedily follow them to the tomb of oblivion.

We shall all, I believe, agree, that the SECRET SOCIETIES, MYSTERIOUS COMBINATIONS, and DARK DESIGNS (if such they be or have been) which I have pointed out, EXCLUSIVE OF FREE MASONRY, have been well calculated to excite the suspicion and alarm of freemen, laudably jealous of their rights, and sensible that those rights are to be preserved only by unceasing, and eternal vigilance.

Is it not, then, it is high time to ask, a matter, not merely of surprise, but rather of astonishment and

wonder, that while those combinations, those plans or propositions, which were of such modern, and apparently innocent origin, and which may all have been innocent in themselves, called forth from so many quarters so much suspicion and alarm; there was at the same time taking a deep root, and assuming a giant growth among us, a **SECRET COMBINATION**, a confessedly **MYSTERIOUS SOCIETY**, of the most dangerous character, and the most pernicious tendency!—a society, of which we may well exclaim, in the language of the beloved disciple of our **LORD JESUS**, that she is *the MOTHER of HARLOTS, and ABOMINATIONS of the EARTH!* What a striking and full-length portrait, indeed, do these words convey of the masonic *Order*: For we must bear in mind not only the *abominations*, the sinful and soul-damning rites and ceremonies of the *Craft*—but we must recollect, that *Free Masonry* is the only Institution, which has spread over the whole surface of the moral and intellectual world, both civilized and uncivilized. So vigilant and persevering is the great enemy of our souls, that this hand-maid, if not offspring of hell, has fairly, or rather foully out-stripped *Christianity*, that heaven-descended, heaven-restoring system, in its earthly career. She has planted her scarlet banners, her banners dipped in blood, on different and far distant shores, and has borne them triumphantly over immense regions, where, to this day, the name of our blessed Redeemer is not even known! Yes, while the glad-tidings of the gospel of salvation, have reached but a limited portion of the known world; where, let

me ask, is the region, upon which she has not poured out her abominations!

Is it not, then, I repeat the question—for it is a deeply serious and important one—both a MORAL and a POLITICAL PHENOMENON, that while those comparatively harmless associations and designs, whose history I have briefly sketched, alarmed us so much for the safety of our republican institutions, this deadly, dark and secret combination, this real “MYSTERY OF INIQUITY,” excited neither suspicion nor alarm. Yes, fellow-citizens, while we dared not to trust the men who had shed their blood for us on the field of battle; whose patriotism had never been suspected, whose honour we had never known to be tarnished, and whose moral habits were untainted; while we dared not trust our legally constituted authorities, though acting under the solemnity of an oath, and bound by it to preserve our constitutional rights and privileges inviolate: while indeed with the vigilance of the Roman vestals, we were guarding our INFANT LIBERTY at the vestibule of her temple, a venomous and a wily serpent had crept unperceived into her sanctuary, and grasping her fair form within its gigantic folds, would, but for the divine interposition, have struck its poisonous and deadly fangs deep into her vitals.

This SERPENT—this MONSTER—is the mysterious *Order of Free Masonry*: this is the monster—this is the serpent, that had beguiled the founders, and the nursing-fathers of the revolution—that had nearly despoiled our political EDEN—that if it had not been detected in its ravages, would ere long have caused

us, as its prototype did the inmates of Paradise, to deprecate, in the anguish of our souls, the hour when we suffered it to steal, like a thief in the night, into the citadel, the bulwark, of our freedom.

Let us, then, brethren and fellow-citizens, from this day forward, no longer enquire when or where this hydra-headed monster had its birth: For whether we trace it to the dark dens of idolatry, among the Jews and the Persians, or seek for it in the Pythagorean or Egyptian mysteries: Whether we derive it from the building of Babel, or of Solomon's Temple: Whether it came down to us from the *Eleusinians* of Greece, or the caverns of the British Druids:* Whether we owe

* In pursuing the subject of DRUIDICAL CUSTOMS, we find in them several striking resemblances to Free Masonry. The Druids taught all their science by rote. The Free Masons teach their contemptible quackery in the same way. The youth who gained admission into the druidical schools, took an oath, in which they solemnly swore never to reveal the mysteries which they should there learn. The *Entered Apprentices* in Masonry commence with a similar oath. The Druids assembled in groves, in the most obscure recesses of hills or vallies. If we turn to Morgan's book, we find in the third section of the lecture on the Entered Apprentice's Degree, the following question and answer, viz. Q. Where did our ancient brethren meet before lodges were erected? A. On the highest hills and in the lowest vales: then follows the reason why they met thus: And if we turn to Cross's Masonic Charts, page 4th, we find the picture of a hill with the craft thereon assembled, and underneath that, the picture of a valley, with the craft assembled therein; seven human figures in each case, that being the number necessary to form a lodge. I will barely add, that Cross's book is a masonic work, recommended to the patronage of the fraternity, by DE WITT CLINTON, in his official capacity as General Grand High Priest, &c. The truth of Morgan's book, throughout, is confirmed by these *Masonic Charts*. The fraternity, therefore, must now go to work and suppress Cross's Charts, or thousands of them must stand convicted by the highest masonic testimony, that of DE WITT CLINTON, and twenty or thirty other masonic dignitaries, of having told as many gross falsehoods, when they have asserted that Morgan's book was not true. But Cross's work cannot be suppressed—for I have a copy in my possession, which I was advised to purchase by a *High Priest of the Order*, who thinks and feels as I do, but dare not come out openly at present; and who advised me to buy it, "because" as he said "the Charts proved the truth of Morgan's Illustrations;" which, on examination, I found to be the case; so that without recurring to the testimony of men, like myself, who have seceded from Masonry, and are called perjured tra-

it to the *Man of the Mountain*, the famous, or rather most infamous father of the *Syriac Order of Assassins*; or to the more modern *Scotch Mystics and Murderers of York*: Whether, indeed, we find, that ancient idolatry and superstition were in reality Free Masonry; or that Free Masonry has borrowed its bloody code, and its blasphemous rites and ties from ancient idolatry and superstition: Whether, in short, any one, or neither of these propositions, be true; one thing is certain, that Free Masonry is equally wicked and worthless, equally destitute of true charity, benevolence, patriotism, morality and religion: She is still like the whited sepulchre, or the sodom apple, fair without, but foul within.

That I have justly likened Free Masonry to the serpent of Eden, the author, in a spiritual sense, of the ruin of our race, cannot be denied; for its moral and political ravages, would have been as wide-spread and as fatal, as the spiritual havoc and ruin, occasioned by the malign efforts of its ancient prototype, had not the sacrifice of the martyred MORGAN been destined by Almighty Wisdom and Divine Goodness, to open our eyes to the dark and sinuous windings, the wily and treacherous machinations, the steady, foul and deadly aim, with which it was moving onward to blast forever the fruits of our revolution, and prostrate in the dust the proud pillars of our liberty! Let us not, then, once more I beseech you, fellow-citizens, stop to en-

tors, villains, recreants, &c. by the Noodles, the reader, if he chuse to do it, may satisfy himself of the truth of Morgan's work, on the authority of a masonic author, who still stands high in the ranks of NOODLEISM—the Right Worshipful Jeremy L. Cross, Grand Lecturer.

quire when and where it originated, or from whence it came hither. Be it the monstrous offspring of earth or of hell—of heaven we know it cannot be—let us look only to its character and designs, as developed in the mobocratic and criminal outrages at Batavia, and the still more criminal, the bloody consummation of those outrages, at *Fort Niagara*; and let us determine this day to wipe the stain of its horrible oaths from our souls, and burst its iniquitous bonds asunder.

I could go on and recite the history of its triumphs and its defeats, or degradations—its corruptions and its crimes. I could show it under proscription, and justly so, in Holland in 1735—in France in the reign of Lewis the XV. in 1737—at Rome by Clement's bull of excommunication in 1638, afterwards revived by Benedict the XIV.—and at Berne, by the Council, in 1748—besides numerous other and later acts of denunciation, brought upon it in Europe, by its dark and mischievous political intrigues, and attempts to usurp the governments, which were thus driven to the necessity of proscribing it, in order to save themselves. I could tell of its daggers in the hands of the French Jacobins: of its dangerous ascendancy in the British Parliament, where it had the pernicious influence expressly to exempt itself from the severity of the statute against secret societies and treasonable combinations. I could, with Barruel and Robison, trace its diabolical *Trinity* of German desperadoes, WEISHAUP, KNIGGE and ZWACK, through the dark mazes of midnight conspiracy, in those horrible dens, where they meditated

the overthrow of all government, and all religion, but such as their own demoniac and wild imaginations should dictate. I could show its infernal myrmidon drugging the bowl of Buonaparte; and the dark and bloody heralds of its vengeance pursuing the footsteps of Alexander, of Russia, to that solitary and wild frontier of his empire, where they dispatched him, according to order, and with their usual skill and dexterity, which never failed of complete success, until Morgan's cries of murder were heard at night in the village of Canandaigua!—All this, and much more, I could spread before you in detail: but a crisis has arrived, when this detail is out of date—a crisis, in which we cannot stop to imitate the wife of Lot, when she paused to turn and look back upon the vices and the crimes, and the consequent sudden ruin and desolation of Sodom and Gomorrah! We must now look to the future only—and with one united voice, with hearts and hands combined, determine to crush the monster, and banish for ever its memory from among us.

But although I shall forbear to give the history, in detail, of the past fortunes, vices and crimes of Free Masonry; I shall nevertheless seize the present opportunity to prove that man-slaying or murder has been the resort (as it is undoubtedly the law) of the Order, whenever it has conceived murder necessary to prevent its vile, weak, and wicked mysteries from coming to light. I shall prove this, too, by MASONIC TESTIMONY; by a witness who, I presume, did not so much as dream, when inadvertently committing him-

self upon this subject—and a gross inadvertence on his part it undoubtedly was—that he would be brought up this day, and on this occasion, to seal and confirm, by his own showing, all that has been charged upon the *Order*, in relation to its bloody code. This witness is the Editor of the *Pactucket Chronicle*, a man who has distinguished himself by his editorial labours to disprove the murder of Morgan, and to cast odium upon all who have expressed their belief in it, or aimed at bringing its perpetrators to punishment.*

But even this editorial champion, with all his ingenuity and sagacity, has, in a heedless moment, betrayed the cloven foot of the *Order*. In his paper of the 12th of April last, he furnishes an account of the initiation of a *Female Mason*, (a rare bird it is to be hoped,) which took place at New-Market, in Ireland.—This was no less a personage, than Miss Hayes, daughter of Lord Doneraile, and afterwards Mrs. Aldworth, well known in the polite circles of her country, and who died at New-Market in 1810. It appears that when a young lady, she had the temerity, as well as curiosity, to conceal herself in a Lodge-Room. In this situation, to use the words of the narrator, she

* Though all good citizens wish to see the just laws of their country maintained; yet I believe there are very few, if any, ANTI-MASONS, who wish to see Morgan's murderers executed. If those deluded men would only come out openly, confess the crime, and acknowledge the truth, that the crime flowed from the obligations and principles of the craft, as I know that it did—then I, for one, and I believe the whole *Anti-Masonic* corps, would join in recommending the Legislature to grant them a full pardon. It is to destroy the infernal institution—for an infernal institution it is—which led them to commit such a crime, that I labour—and not to hurt the deluded individuals who belong to it: although many of them have threatened my life, and some of them would do doubt take it if they had an opportunity to do so with impunity.

“actually witnessed the awful and mysterious ceremony of the two first degrees!” In any train of events I thought there could be only one *first* step; but Free Masonry, we perceive, takes the same license with grammatical science, that it does with law and liberty. But let us follow the narrator.

“Her inquisitiveness,” he continues, “being gratified, fear took possession of her frame; she sought in vain to escape unperceived. The ceremony was not yet concluded, and the room being a large one, she resolved to effect her escape by cautiously passing through the solemn mysterious chamber!”

“With a light and trembling step, almost breathless, she glided along unobserved by the Lodge, applied her hand to the lock, and gently opening the door, before her stood a grim and surly Tyler, with his sword unsheathed, and pointed at her breast. Her shriek alarmed the Lodge, who hastened to the door, and ascertaining from the Tyler that she had been in the room during the ceremony, they, in their paroxysm of rage and alarm, **RESOLVED UPON HER INSTANT DEATH:** but from the moving and earnest supplication of her younger brother, *her life was spared, on condition of her receiving the two FIRST* [the first two it should be] *degrees, which had been just conferred, and which she had so imprudently witnessed. To this she immediately assented: and thus was this beautiful and terrified young creature conducted through trials which have been known, in some instances, too great for the more emboldened and resolute to sustain.*”

These are the very words of a masonic writer, and adopted by at least two masonic editors. The narrator then proceeds to give a sketch of Mrs. Aldworth's character; to show what an excellent *Free Mason* she made; with what dignity she presided over her lodge, which she frequently headed in the streets of New-Market and Cork, in masonic order of procession, seated in an open phaeton; and how liberal she was to the craft; so much so, that “*a distressed brother never quitted her splendid mansion UNBELIEVED.*” But dismissing the lady's masonic virtues—let me ask, do we want stronger proof, than is here exhibited by masons themselves, that **DEATH** is the inevitable portion, according to masonic law, of all who betray masonic secrets?

Here we have an unequivocal masonic admission, that a very beautiful and highly accomplished young woman, the ornament and pride of her own sex, and the admiration of ours, with all her innocence, youth and beauty, would have been inhumanly and barbarously murdered, had she not assented to the condition of receiving the first two degrees of *Free Masonry*! The man who gives currency to this confession, has more than once held me up to the public as labouring under intemperance, insanity, or malignity, because I professed my belief in the murder of Morgan, through masonic vengeance, and acknowledged my conviction, that Free Masonry had become a dangerous engine of dark and despotic power. Had we no other evidence but this inadvertent and ill-timed admission of a member of the fraternity, that Miss Hayes would have been murdered, if she had not consented to take the degrees, and the oaths which belong to them—we should be convinced by it alone, that the ill-fated **WILLIAM MORGAN** was murdered because he had attempted, by a frank and honest disclosure, to wipe the stain of those oaths from his soul; and thus to escape the terrors and the pangs of eternal misery; the everlasting stings of the worm that never dies.

The ill-fated Morgan, did I say? The expression requires to be weighed. If the gratitude of republicans has erected a monument to **WARREN** for his martyrdom at Bunker-Hill:—If to **WASHINGTON** we more than owe one for the revolution of 1776:—If **JEFFERSON** deserves one for the Declaration of Independence:—If **CLINTON** already has a magnificent, a stupendous

one, in the imperishable and mighty work which connects the waters of Eric with the Atlantic wave:—Justly, if not equally, entitled, is WILLIAM MORGAN, to the same posthumous honour, for his last noble and daring deed, which he sealed with his blood, to secure to us, and to our posterity, that precious liberty which otherwise might have been lost for ever. The theme is a lofty, as well as a melancholy one, and far beyond the reach of my feeble imagination: but justice to the sacred cause in which I am engaged, demands of me to vindicate the memory of the man, who dared to do a deed, which none else dared to do—the man who dared to rend the veil of the Temple of Folly and Fraud, of Bribery and Corruption, of Malice and Murder, of Treason and Blasphemy—though morally certain that his life would be the forfeit to his virtue. His life I am not called upon to rehearse, though I shall do it at a future day; but briefly to sketch his character, and vindicate his fame, are appropriate to this occasion. I feel bound, therefore, to say, that I have ascertained, by strict enquiry, and from the most unquestionable authority, that WILLIAM MORGAN was a man of honour and sensibility. He was a gentleman in his manners, and possessed of mental powers, superior to his humble occupation in life. He was well informed, of a generous, humane and benevolent disposition. Though “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with griefs;” yet his misfortunes never led him to descend to any act of meanness. Amid the shafts of adversity, “the proud man’s contumely, and the oppressor’s wrong,” he still preserved the equanimity of

his temper, and the dignity of his character. The information he had acquired, he possessed a happy faculty of imparting to others; nor was he less apt to enliven the social scene by the scintillations of his wit: These graces of the mind, added to a pleasing address, rendered his company agreeable, and caused it to be courted, even by those who had the vantage ground of him in the walks of life. One frailty—and where is the human being without a frailty—he sometimes yielded to; but he was not habitually addicted to any vice, and his noble soul revolted at the bare idea of a dishonourable deed. It was this high sense of honour, that prompted him to yield so cheerfully to the lawless and blood-thirsty villains, who seized him at Batavia, on a false and cruel charge of stealing. “I will go to Canandaigua, said he, and meet my accusers face to face, and prove my innocence: I have nothing to fear from such a charge.” Alas! how little did he know the tigers in human shape, who then had him in custody! How little did he foresee, that he was then going, like a lamb to the slaughter, to part for ever from all that he held dear on earth—wife, children, friends, the cheering sun-beam, and the refreshing shade, the blooming groves and the green fields of his country, and the holy altars of his God!

Capt. MORGAN was indeed a man without guile; brave, frank and unreserved; but always modest in his demeanour, delicate in expression, and respectful to the feelings of those with whom he associated. He was a faithful citizen, and proved his fidelity in the field of battle, when his country was in danger. Of

the virtues, which adorn the domestic circle, and shed lustre even from the humblest roof, I have in my possession unequivocal evidence, that he felt their full force, and responded to them with every emotion of his heart. The last act of his life, that which has given birth to so many important acts, and for which he has been so much censured by knaves and fools, and so much and so justly applauded by all wise and virtuous men, was, I have satisfied myself, an act which flowed from the purest of motives: there was nothing either mean or mercenary in it: In this assertion I am supported by one of the most shrewd observers of human nature, whose veracity is undoubted, and who was for several years so intimate with Capt. Morgan, that he could not fail to know the most secret workings of his soul. To the gentleman, of whom I am speaking, Capt. Morgan said, in relation to his *Illustrations of Masonry*—

“My best exertions have ever been devoted to my country and its free institutions. Man I have loved, and do love, and wish him unenthralled. My life is the property of my country, and my countrymen have a claim upon my utmost faculties for the preservation of all that is dear to intelligent freemen. The bane of our civil institutions is to be found in an order powerful and numerous, and becoming daily more so. It cankers and corrodes to the core, the foundation on which justice is based; and is destined, unless timely checked, to become the leveller, not of proud distinctions, but of social order. That which, in its origin it promoted, bringing form from uncomeliness, is sadly reversed; and *thieves and money changers have entered the sacred temple*. Well may the Virgin be represented weeping over the broken column. This is no ideal picture, or the suggestions of a disordered fancy—look about you—within the precincts of your daily walks and daily avocations, you will see injustice sanctioned, and crime sainted by the myrmidons of an abused institution. With its power and corruptions, individuals not only may be sacrificed, but in time the state. If my life must be the forfeit, I owe to my country an exposure of its dangers.”

Such briefly, was the character, and the last noble daring of WILLIAM MORGAN, who fell by the hand of masonic assassins, the victim of a dark and a foul

conspiracy against the liberty of the press, and the rights of the citizen; and of whose murderers, as a *Secret Society*, I fear not to predict, that the time will arrive, when, in the language of the Prophet Hosea—*the thorns and the thistles shall come upon their altars—and they shall cry to the mountains—cover us; and to the rocks, fall on us!*”

Such, then, being the character, and the last act of WILLIAM MORGAN; let us refer to his fate, and ask the question seriously, was he an ill-fated man? Is that man ill-fated, who dies a martyr to liberty? Is he an ill-fated man, whose fall, by the hands of violence and lawless power, is to promote the happiness and prosperity of existing as well as unborn millions? Is he an ill-fated man, whose blood, though it cry in vain from the ground for vengeance on his murderers, was destined by Divine Providence to redeem his country from inglorious thralldom, from slavery and chains. No! he is not an ill-fated man whose death is that of a martyr to a glorious cause! He is not an ill-fated man, whose last deed was an act of moral heroism, the virtue and the value of which can neither be diminished by the sneers of “*cable-toiced*” and “*hood-winked*” folly, and the censures of vile fraud and cunning—nor enhanced by the voice of praise, and the clarion of fame! He is not an ill-fated man, whose memory will be cherished in after-times, as the benefactor of his country and of mankind; for the same history that tells of the deathless deeds and the heroic virtues of a Warren and a Washington, shall emblazon the name of William Morgan as a martyr to the same sacred cause

in which Warren bled and died, and Washington fought and conquered! Yes, the name of WILLIAM MORGAN shall be wafted on every breeze, till it reach every civilized region, entwined with the wreath of immortality. Is he, then, an ill-fated man, whose last deed shall resound through the universe, crowned with the applause of the wise and the virtuous of every age and of every clime—and to whose MONUMENT—for that martyr shall have a MONUMENT: though cold-blooded, malignant and cowardly calumniators, assail his memory—though other, but less meaner reptiles devour his flesh—though his bones bleach undiscovered, except by the all-seeing eye, in the dark recesses of the deep—yet he shall have a MONUMENT—the gratitude of freemen will not sleep till it be erected: And to that hallowed shrine, whenever the BANNER OF LIBERTY is to be unfurled, shall her brave and generous sons repair, to catch from it the celestial flame, that shall inspire them with eloquence to plead her cause in the councils of their country, and with fortitude calmly to die for it on the battle field! Who, then, would not rather share the fate of WILLIAM MORGAN in the same glorious cause, than to pine out an ignoble existence—to run a vile and a worthless career—amid a race of cowards and of slaves—and to sneak at last to some obscure and lonely grave, unwept, unhonoured and unsung!

But there is another view of the fate of our lamented, our murdered fellow-citizen, which, if it be correct, does indeed render the theme too lofty for the reach

of any human imagination: and well may he who shall attempt it, exclaim

"O! thou my muse inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!"

There are not wanting men, and highly gifted men, whose study of the DIVINE ORACLES has led them to believe that the MILLENNIUM will be ushered in by the fulfilment of that scripture, which declares "*there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known.*" If, then, the martyred MORGAN was destined to lead the way "*through the dark valley of the shadow of death,*" in revealing and making known the *covered and the hidden things*, the exposure of which is to prove the harbinger of that glorious state of peace and felicity to the saints in Christ—that bliss without alloy, and rapture unspeakable, which so many deeply read and profoundly thinking Christians believe will precede the grand consummation of God's eternal purposes on earth! If this indeed be the enigma of the last human and bloody sacrifice to MASONIC VENGEANCE—then who will dare to say, that WILLIAM MORGAN was an ill-fated man! Who, then, but must envy the fate of the reviled, the persecuted, the buffeted, the murdered revealer of MASONIC SECRETS! Who, then, would not rejoice at being made a sacrifice, of which saints and angels might well be proud to become the victims! That this view of the fate of our martyred fellow-countryman, is a correct one, if I am not fully prepared to say, neither am I, by any means, prepared to deny: For when we reflect upon the signal interposition by which the Al-

mighty, whilst he permitted Morgan to be sacrificed, frustrated the original, cunningly contrived, deep-laid plan of the conspirators, by causing them to expose themselves in taking him from the jail at Canandaigua, thereby indelibly fixing the stain of his abduction and murder on the masonic fraternity, and fully confirming the truth of his revelations: When we consider the wide-spread, just and holy excitement, produced by the view of what Heaven has seen fit to bring to light upon this subject: When, at the same time, we look abroad at the still more awful and sublime manifestations of God's providence, in which we now behold the Ottoman Empire threatened with dissolution, and the nations of the earth trembling for the result of the dread conflict: And when we reflect upon the approaching fall of the masonic temples of infidelity and atheism in the new world, in connection with this recent convulsion of the old world; and compare the whole with the voice of the Prophets, and the signs of the times among ourselves, we are lost in admiration of the **DIVINE ECONOMY**, rapt in wonder and astonishment at the display of **ETERNAL WISDOM**: But the subject is a fearful one—and if my presentiments do not lead me astray, the sooner we all prepare for the mighty changes, apparently contemplated in the *Arcaena of the Universe*—the unerring councils of **JEOHAN**—the better may it be for ourselves, our posterity and our country—the sooner may we arrive at that pinnacle of glory, reserved for the faithful in Christ Jesus, the partakers of the everlasting covenant!—I shrink from the pursuit of this theme, because of its

vast magnitude, and awful sublimity—which none but the lyre of DAVID could sing!—which none but the pencil of the *Holy Ghost*, wielded by the matchless ISAIAH, could portray!—For amidst the wonderful displays of Almighty Power and Wisdom—the stupendous and surprising events of the last and the present century, the admonition seems to reach us in a voice of thunder, like that which made Sinai's awful mount to tremble in the presence of Heaven's Majesty—**BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD!**

Do we turn from the contemplation of the dead, and seek for living and melancholy witnesses of the murderous deeds of Free Masonry? Behold they are nigh at hand! Almost within reach of my voice lives a son, who could once in dread reality, and still can in the pangs of memory, point to the mangled and bleeding corpse of a beloved father, murdered by the *Order*, whose maxim it is, to *strike, but conceal the hand*—and under the same roof a widowed mother, who can tell a tale of wo that would harrow up the souls of all but savages! And yet how many of the pretended sons of light, the members of the self-styled honourable fraternity, have sneered in derision at the well attested fact of MURDOCK'S assassination.*—Though conscious the deed was committed by the agents of the *Order*, they have lacerated the feelings of the venerable widow, and her worthy son, by falsely imputing the untimely death of the husband and the

* Capt. Ariel Murdock, of Rensselaerville, in the county of Albany, who fell a victim to masonic vengeance at that place, in October, 1803. Whoever will read the appendix to my *Solemn Warning against Free Masonry*, will find conclusive proof of what is here stated.

father to insanity and self-murder! Thus have they added insult to injury; thus, having cruelly slain their innocent victim, they basely slander his fame! Who can depict the sorrows of that woman, who saw the husband of her youth, the fond partner of her toils and pleasures in the spring-tide of life, cut off in the prime of manhood by masonic assassins. None but the all-seeing God, and her own heart, can know or feel the extent or the poignancy of her sufferings. She may well exclaim with the Psalmist—*The enemy hath persecuted my soul: he hath smitten my companion down to the ground: he hath made me to dwell in darkness: Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed: my heart within me is desolate.* Long has that venerable widow sustained herself in her lowly and lonely state by the labour of her hands. She has grown gray in toil and in sorrow; and is fast verging to the grave, her heart still lacerated by the recollection of her wrongs, and her imagination tortured in the vigils, as well as the dreams of the night, by the spectre of her murdered husband's ghastly form and bleeding wounds! The merciless deed—the bloody crime, that deprived her of the beloved companion and bosom friend of her youth, was committed far from this place: yet here she has been destined, by the just providence of God, to enjoy the satisfaction of witnessing the first decisive blow, which has here been struck for the downfall of that horrible secret combination, at whose midnight altar, and by whose cruel code, written like that of DRACO in blood, the immolation of her innocent and unoffending husband was decreed! Like good old

Since, she may now descend to the grave in peace, since her God and her Saviour—HE who can make the widow's and the orphan's heart to leap for joy—has given her so striking and consoling a proof of HIS ETERNAL JUSTICE, and of that tender mercy, which is over all his works.

Do we need another living witness of the horrible crimes of Free Masonry? Lo! she also is at hand: but unlike the venerable, sorrow-stricken widow of the ill-fated Murdock, instead of bending beneath the weight of years, with the consoling prospect that the grave will soon close upon her sighs and her sorrows, and through the grace of her Redeemer give rest for ever to her wounded spirit; she is still in the bloom of life—but cut off from the husband of her affections, and the father of her children, by the merciless decree, and the remorseless myrmidons, of the same SECRET SOCIETY which shed the blood of Murdock. The watches of the night find her weeping upon her pillow; and the sun that rises to gladden the hearts of others, brings no beam of consolation, or of hope, to hers. By lawless ruffians, animated by the spirit and the principles of *Free Masonry*, and in conformity to its laws, was a bulwark of American freedom prostituted to the incarceration and murder of her husband! And thus, through the diabolical vengeance of a hell-born institution, is she doomed to linger through life in a state of sorrow and loneliness, till the bloom of youth shall have withered from her cheeks, and her locks shall be silvered with age.—Well may the darkness of night drink her tears—and

well may the returning sun bring no ray of comfort or of joy to her heart. "I had a fond husband" she may say, "but he has been torn from me by the hand of upstart tyranny, and lawless violence, and I am left desolate; yet this has not satisfied the wrath of his cruel and cowardly foes. With the dagger of masonic vengeance they have struck down my husband—at my defenceless head they have aimed the shafts of calumny! *In their anger they slew a man*: in their mean malice they stoop to slander a woman! Are they men who have done this; or are they monsters, to whom Nature, in an angry mood, has given the shape of men, to satyrise the human race! But be they men, or be they monsters, to me their tender mercies have been cruelty: In the anguish of my soul, I may deplore the day that I became acquainted with human nature. With OITHONA, I may exclaim—*Ah! why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unscen, and strews its withered leaves on the blast!* With JOB may I cry out—*Let the day perish wherein I was born. Lo! let that night be solitary; let no joyful voice come therein.*

Thus may the bereaved and disconsolate woman, whose husband was the latest, if not the last, victim of MASONIC VENGEANCE, bewail her lonely and melancholy fate. Thus methinks I hear her pouring her lamentations into the bosom of her God; and imploring of HIM, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," that sympathy and compassion, which cruel men have denied to her sufferings and her sorrows! But though widowed in her condition, she is not alone

in her grief: her innocent infants, those hapless orphans, the fond pledges and the sad memorials of a father's joy, and a husband's love, are seen clinging to her side—are seen leaning upon “a bruised and a broken reed” for protection. This forlorn and interesting group, the hand of genius has portrayed in colours so vivid, and so true to nature, that none shall ever look upon the canvass, without a heartfelt tribute to the memory of MORGAN, the martyr of liberty: none shall look upon that melancholy group, without shedding a tear for the misfortunes of a virtuous woman, and her fatherless children: none, but the most heartless of beings, shall ever behold that picture, without sympathising with the innocent sufferers—shuddering at the crime of the guilty authors of their sufferings—and with just and holy indignation, invoking the curses of the present age, and of all posterity, upon a dark, barbarous and blood-stained combination.

So much has been written and said upon this subject, that I have found it difficult, if not impossible, to strike out any thing new. To have undertaken to view it in all its different aspects of light and shade: to have traced the history of the rise and progress of Free Masonry alone, with its pretensions—its aims—its immoral and irreligious rites and obligations—and its inevitable and baneful tendency to political as well as moral turpitude and corruption, would have required a volume. . There are two or three points, however, which deserve to be considered seriously by those of us who intend to secede from the masonic

corps. We shall, at least, be asked the two-fold question—

WHY WE WITHDRAW FROM THE INSTITUTION—AND HOW WE ABSOLVE OURSELVES FROM THE OBLIGATIONS WE HAVE TAKEN TO SUPPORT IT?

To the first proposition involved in this question, the obvious answer is—

Because we have found by experience, that Free Masonry is not what it pretends to be.

It is not a LITERARY INSTITUTION: For it has never been known to promote the interests of literature; unless we admit the clumsy works of some of its professed oracles and panegyrists, such incoherent essays, and incongruous compilations, for example, as Webb's Monitor, Town's Speculative Masonry, and others of a similar cast, to be literary works; a concession I am not prepared to make. A CLINTON and a SMITH, and perhaps several others, have indeed written ingenious and eloquent orations for some of its holidays. But when we read these, we perceive too clearly for the honour of the *Order*, that their literary excellence is not derived either from the dignity or utility of the subject: that it is not literature, enriched or ornamented by Free Masonry, but Free Masonry puffed by the good nature, and striding vainly on the stilts of literature: And while we admire the ingenuity, as well as the excessive generosity of the orators, in turning a "*day of small things*" into a day of *fanciful great ones*; we perceive no reason to laud masonry itself as a literary institution, or even a handmaid of literature.

It is not a **SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION** : For there is no branch of science taught in its secret retreats. "I neither have seen, nor heard," says an elegant anonymous author, "in all my acquaintance with the lodges, the explanation, or illustration, of any the least principle of science." The elegant author I have quoted, means real science, and this is what I mean. I shall not deny that such science is taught in the lodges, as well as out of them, by the *learned Noodles* of the *Order*, as the inspired author of the *Proverbs* alludes to, when he says—*A wicked man WINKETH WITH HIS EYE—he SPEAKETH WITH HIS FEET—he TEACHETH WITH HIS FINGERS!*—Ingenious monkeys, and learned pigs, to say nothing of the Grecian dog APOLLO, and his canine rivals TOBY and MINETTO, are in this respect real adepts in masonic science!

It is not a **RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION** : For it not only does not lay claim to any religion, except it be that very convenient, latitudinarian, any thing or nothing system, called *the Religion of Nature*—and which may be interpreted in as many ways as there are flowers in the field, or trees in the forest; birds in the air, or fishes in the sea! Free Masonry, I repeat it, prides herself on the exclusion of all religions, saving this *Natural Theology*, which (though it may not be wholly unfounded) the dreams of visionaries, and the sophistry of genius and skepticism combined, have wrought into a fanciful theory, well calculated to answer their purposes; but practically speaking, ruinous in its effects upon the best temporal interests;

and chilling, if not blighting the immortal hopes of mankind.

It is not a MORAL INSTITUTION: For too many of its oaths, its rites and ceremonies, are blasphemous and indecent, and consequently immoral in the highest degree.

It is not a DELICATE INSTITUTION: For one of its most strenuous advocates, I mean Elder BRADLEY, says—"Our institution, founded on the fitness of things, relative to MEN, cannot admit the DELICACY of female nature to suffer the preparatory and scrutinizing eye of examination, necessary for initiation into any one important degree in masonry." The honest parson has indeed made a queer confession for the credit of the Order. But sigh not, my fair country-women, that you cannot enter the temples of masonic mummery and quackery: rather rejoice that you are excluded. The rule which denies you admittance, is an act of homage to your virtues, and of self-condemnation to its authors. Whenever you shall have lost the mildness and the modesty of woman; whenever you shall have become recreant to all that constitutes the purity, the beauty and the dignity of your sex; then may we look for you, not in the social and domestic circle, in your character of ministering angels to man's infirmity, sorrow or joy; not in the holy sanctuaries of religion, paying due homage at the altars of your God and your Redeemer: but amid the orgies of a masonic lodge or a chapel, in the character of demons, of female furies, exciting conspirators, kidnappers and

murderers, to deeds of treachery, of vengeance and of blood !

It is not a CHARITABLE INSTITUTION, in the true meaning and spirit of charity : For its funds are not only dissipated in building stately but useless temples ; but they are squandered often in the most profligate manner, for the benefit of unprincipled individuals ; and the very small portion, scarcely equal to the "widow's mite," which goes to relieve real distress, is confined exclusively to its own members.

It is not a PATRIOTIC INSTITUTION : For it merges the love of country, in its attachment to the craft. The principle of patriotism dictates the good of the whole—the principle of masonry that of a part only.

It is not a BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION : For if it were, it would follow the example of our Saviour, and propagate its secrets, which it pretends to be so valuable, freely and openly to all, "without money, and without price."

It is not a REPUBLICAN INSTITUTION : For its knights, kings, high priests, and other dignitaries more extravagantly ridiculous, in this age and clime, are at war with the simplicity of manners, and equality of rights, which distinguish a republican government ; and are not to be safely tolerated among a free people.*

It is not a FREE INSTITUTION, in any sense of the terms : For its members are as much enthralled by

* So jealous were the republicans who framed our federal constitution, of the titles and distinctions, which appertain to monarchy and aristocracy, that they inserted in that charter of our national rights, a clause, prohibiting any foreign minister, or citizen, of the United States, from accepting any title, whatever from any foreign Prince or kingdom. But Free Masonry derides this constitutional principle, by adopting the titles which belong to monarchy and hierarchy.

their infamous obligations, as an Algerine galley slave, or a Turkish mute.

It is not a **MECHANICAL INSTITUTION** : For whatever pretensions it may have had originally, to any operative mechanical pursuit, have long since been swallowed up, and lost sight of in its speculative quackery.

It is not an **INDUSTRIOUS INSTITUTION** : For it leads its members to spend their time in the worst of idleness and frivolity.

It is not a **SOBER INSTITUTION** : For a Glasgow Medical Professor, speaking from experience, has declared Masonic Lodges the genuine academies of tipling.

It is not an **HONOURABLE INSTITUTION** : For its cunning chiefs and leaders, as I know from my own personal and dear-bought experience, swindle the young and artless out of their money, under false pretences—and are justly liable to indictment under the statute applicable to such cases of fraud.

It is not a **LAWFUL INSTITUTION** : For its obligations are diametrically at war with the laws both of God and our country.

These are sufficient reasons to justify any rational man in withdrawing from it silently and privately—or loudly and publicly renouncing and denouncing it.

But it may be asked, are we not bound, before we abandon it, to disprove its pretensions ?

For my own part, I abandoned it more than thirty years ago, satisfied that its pretensions to any thing useful or excellent, were wholly unfounded : And to deny its pretensions, as I have done here, is full enough, I think, for our purpose. The burthen of

proof lies upon the Institution, to substantiate its claims, whatever they may be. The loudest and proudest pretension it makes at present, is, to the great names that have shone in its ranks, and condescended to wear its badges and baubles, and official honours : And from the manner in which its editorial tools and its holiday trumpeters, have clung to this pretension, it would seem to be their dernier resort, their last entrenchment. But who has not heard a weak, or an ignorant, a profligate, or abandoned character, boasting of the merit of his ancestry, or collateral connexions, as if that could form an apology for his own weakness or wickedness ?

To this oft-repeated boast of the fraternity, and those who are weak or wicked enough, without knowing any thing of it by experience, to become its trumpeters—that such men as Washington, Clinton and La Fayette have belonged to it ; I might content myself with answering briefly in the language of holy writ—*Great men are not always wise ; neither do aged men understand judgment*—Job 32, 9—-that is, that great men are not beyond the reach of circumvention, nor exempt from the weakness and error which attach to human nature : Nor do aged men always profit by their experience, or possess wisdom with their gray hairs. There is one reason, however, that might have induced a WASHINGTON or a CLINTON to add his name to the mystic tie. He might have deemed it his duty to place himself in a position to guard against its evil designs. The great ALFRED did not think it beneath his dignity to enter the camp of his

enemy in the disguise of a musician; nor did HAROUN AL RASCHID, one of the greatest of the Persian Caliphs, hesitate to travel the rounds of his Empire, disguised in the humblest garb and character, in order to see that his people were not oppressed by the upstart tyranny of those who were clothed with a little brief authority. PETER the Great, of Russia, acted a similar part, if not for a similar purpose; and actually wrought at the laborious employment of a ship carpenter, concealing his real character, for the good of his country.

As to Washington, he had at one time the issue of a mighty revolution, and at another the destiny of this great republic in his hands. Under such circumstances, it need not surprise any sensible man that he should have watched the most narrowly, the sources from whence danger to his great enterprises was the most likely to proceed. WASHINGTON knew that Free Masonry had been introduced among us from England, at a peculiar crisis, about the dawn of the revolution. He knew that a masonic charter came at a critical period of that great event, directly from the *Duke of Athol*, to the British and Tories in the city of New-York. As the LION knows by instinct, and does not fail to profit by it, when and where to guard against his enemies, as well as to watch for his prey; so does the great statesman, guided by reason and experience, leave no avenue unguarded that may lead the secret or the open foe into the citadel of his country's freedom. Whenever Free Masonry shall explain to us, the meaning of that part of Washington's

last appeal to his country, which warns us against "all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities;" we shall be better able than we are at present, to determine, whether he considered Free Masonry as a secret but harmless association of folly, ignorance and quackery, or a dark, designing and dangerous political combination: For one or other of them it is, as many of us now present know full well, and can attest to it from experience. To those of us who have been within the veil of the temple of Free Masonry, it is in vain for its weak or wicked apologists to talk of the great names, who have been counted among its adherents. We that have seen, with our own eyes, not only the cloven-foot, but the naked form of the monster, want nothing but the evidence of our senses, and the very moderate exercise of our intellectual faculties, to satisfy us of its contemptible weakness and frivolity, on the one hand, and its horrible wickedness and deformity on the other. A cloud of witnesses, who should attempt to convince us, that Free Masonry is not both worthless and wicked, would only satisfy us of their own weakness or wickedness.

But this attempt to prop up a rotten system by great names, is not new: it is the stale trick of ages past, and will no doubt be resorted to in all future times, as it is at present, whenever and wherever any defective or dangerous system is to be repaired or destroyed for the good of mankind. It was the cry of

the selfish and designing, of DEMETRIUS and his fellow-craftsmen, when PAUL preached a crucified Saviour at Ephesus; and it has been the cry of all quacks and imposters from that day to this. But without further reference to the annals of antiquity, I will ask a few questions of modern times. If, then, the reformation be a blessing, as so many millions believe it to be, let me ask how it would have proceeded, had the immortal LUTHER, and his adherents, listened to the language of those who appealed to the venerable names of Barnabas and Clement, of Polycarp and Papias, and a long list of such worthies, as founders and pillars of the Catholic church? Would the *Magna Charta* of our mother country have existed, if the names of the distinguished barons and nobles, who adhered to the old feudal tyranny, had been suffered to quench the flame of liberty on the field of Runnymede? Would not the Tories have triumphed in '76, had our patriotic ancestors heeded them, when they exclaimed, are not those illustrious men—for illustrious they were in the walks of science—the Hutchisons, the Galloways, and the Smiths—are not they of the *Tory Order*? Are they not monarchists, and is not monarchy, therefore, a good thing? But it was in vain that those great and venerable names were paraded to prop up Popery and feudal Tyranny in Europe, or Monarchy in the United States—and it will be equally in vain for Free Masonry to appeal to the venerable shades of WASHINGTON and CLINTON, or to the name of the still existing and popular La Fayette. If indeed we recur to the era of our feder-

al constitution, we shall find that the *Old Confederation*, with all its glaring defects, its want of vital energy to answer the purposes of our civil and political union, would not have been exchanged for that better system which we now possess, if the sound of great names, who clung to it as Free Masons now cling to their rotten fabric, had prevailed over the good sense of the people : For that weak and inefficient system could rally to its support in the south, the venerable names of PENDLETON, of Georgia ; DAVIE, of North-Carolina ; WYTHE, RANDOLPH, HENRY and JEFFERSON, of Virginia ; MARTIN and MERCER, of Maryland ; And in the north, the no less venerable names of McKEAN, of Pennsylvania ; CLARK and HOUSTON, of New-Jersey ; CLINTON, YATES and LANSING, of New-York ; ELLSWORTH, of Connecticut ; COLLINS and SOUTHWICK, of Rhode-Island ; STRONG, GERRY and DANA, of Massachusetts ; WEST and PICKERING, of New-Hampshire ; with a host of others, both in the north and the south, who might be named ; but whose names, nevertheless, however sonorous and venerable, did not preserve the fabric which the people saw clearly was too rotten and too weak to protect them against the attacks of foreign and domestic foes.— Once more, if we descend to a still later period in our history, we shall find that *Federalism*, with its standing army, its sedition-law, and its black cockades, was overthrown by the *Republicans* of '98—although it was supported by the illustrious names of WASHINGTON, ADAMS, HAMILTON and JAY. Let me not be suspected of any old party feeling ; for I am only acting

the part of an impartial historian—and much less let it be inferred, that I am for breaking down or impairing the force of great and good examples. If I know my own heart, I would not, for the wealth of the world, strip the tomb of any illustrious man of a single well-earned laurel. I should deem it the vilest of sacrilege, to rob the mighty dead of a solitary ray of honest fame! Let the memory of the great and good be held sacred: Let us emulate their generous deeds, and their honourable achievements: Let us be ever ready to strew flowers upon their tombs: Let us never fail, on all proper occasions, to do homage to their wisdom, their virtues, and their talents: But let us not, on any occasion, convert a rational and just admiration, into a ridiculous and superstitious reverence: And remembering with Job, *that great men are not always wise*; while we receive with becoming gratitude the fruits of their wisdom, let us guard, with unceasing vigilance, the bulwark of our freedom, from being injured by their weakness. If, indeed, regard be had to the remaining sound pillars or rafters, no man will ever pull down his old house; but will sleep on in the quiet of a false security, till it tumble upon himself, his wife and children, and bury all in one undistinguished ruin. The foundation and main pillars of my house are so rotten, says a prudent man, that it must come down: but the door-posts and sleepers are sound, says his foolish neighbour, and you are therefore safe! Free Masonry is a rotten system, whose members are bound together by immoral, unlawful and blasphemous ties. It has been guilty of

kidnapping: It has committed murder: It has put the laws of the land at defiance; and it threatens the total destruction of our civil and political liberties.— But still the cry of its weak or wicked votaries is, —let it alone; molest it not—it is a stately and beautiful TREE, because a WASHINGTON and a CLINTON once sat beneath its expanding branches. By the same sophistry, should a sturdy and towering oak, by the way side, be so rived by the lightning, or shaken by the winds of heaven, as to be in danger every moment of falling upon innocent and unwary passengers, and crushing them to atoms; still it might be said, let it alone, remove it not; for Washington once refreshed himself in its shade, and Clinton found it a shelter from inclement skies and angry elements!— Admirable logic! profound masonic philosophy!— But it will not suit the taste or the judgment of enlightened freemen. With them, the question is not, *Who have been, or who are, Free Masons?* But it is that far more rational question—whether *Free Masonry*, instead of being what it pretends to be, is not a foul and corrupt system, at war with our civil and political rights? This is the question—this is the test— which whenever Free Masonry be brought fairly to it, she must fall like Lucifer, to rise no more!

Still the question occurs:—Are not the oaths we have taken to support it, through crime and corruption—through blood and slaughter—binding upon us—and is it not moral perjury, at least, to violate them?

I boldly answer NO—they are not binding: And instead of being moral perjury, it is a religious, a civic

and a moral duty, to violate them; a duty which we are solemnly bound to perform as Christians, as faithful citizens, and as honest men.

Moral Perjury consists in wilfully swearing falsely and extra judicially, to the existence, either past or present, of some fact, or facts, which did not or do not exist: Or, of swearing in the same manner, to perform some reasonable, rightful and lawful promise: But it does not consist in the breach of a bad or wicked promise, or an unlawful engagement. A weak mind, it is true, may be deluded by the vulgar maxim of *honour among thieves*—but vulgar maxims are rarely, if ever, either moral or demonstrative truths.

The first duty of all men is to abstain from the commission of sin: and the second duty, after having either wilfully or inadvertently committed it, is to confess the error or the crime frankly and boldly, and atone for it in the speediest and best possible manner.

If I swear that I saw my neighbour robbing my wood-pile, when in truth I did not see him doing so—this, if a voluntary or extra-judicial affidavit, is a moral perjury, as well as a false and malicious libel: but if I give such false testimony in a court of justice, in conformity to a legal judicial summons, it is both legal and moral perjury.

Promissory oaths, administered or taken extra-judicially, are not legal perjuries. If they confirm any previous obligation, which we owe to God, to our country, or to individuals, then is it moral perjury to violate them: but if on the contrary, they infringe upon obligations, due to God, to our country, or to indi-

viduals, then so far from being moral perjury, their violation becomes a religious, a civil and a moral duty.

If I swear rashly to slay the first person I meet; this is a promissory oath, at variance with the law of God and my country; and instead of abiding by it, I am bound on reflection to violate it, though it was made in the name of God: For as it is dishonouring God, to take such an unhallowed oath in his holy name; the sooner I retract it, the better is it for God's glory, and my own salvation: So when I swear, that if I see such a crime as murder or treason committed by another person, or such other person confesses to me, that he has committed such crime, I will conceal the fact, and shield the criminal; I am equally guilty of dishonouring God, and violating his law, as well as that of my country; and equally bound to retract the oath, and expose the criminal.

It is granted by the first of moralists and civilians, that if I promise a highway-man, who has robbed me of my purse, that I will not expose him as to the robbery, provided he will spare my life, and seal such promise by an oath; I am, nevertheless, absolved from this unlawful promise by my previous civic obligations: And it is my duty to take every step in my power, without delay, to have the criminal secured, and brought to justice: And this upon the two-fold principle, that the promise was not only unlawful, but extorted by duress or force. The robbery was a crime against the state, which the state only could either punish or pardon: And here I may, with pro-

priety, appeal to every Free Mason, who dare tell the truth, to determine the difference between the duress, or force, in this case, and that under which his unlawful and blasphemous masonic obligations have been taken.

But without adverting to the criminal nature of masonic oaths, they are, at best, of no more binding force than other oaths of allegiance; and yet we have seen these violated in all ages with impunity: Nor have the violaters been *Morganized*; but on the contrary have been revered if not idolized as heroes, sages and patriots. How often did WASHINGTON, and perhaps every member of the Congress of '76, swear to support the *British Constitution*, nobility, hierarchy, monarchy and all: And did they hesitate to violate that oath, when paramount and more sacred obligations, as they thought, called upon them to absolve themselves from their allegiance to George the 3d? Again, did not those who swore to support the old confederation, absolve themselves from that oath, and establish our present federal constitution? And did not those who often swore to support the old constitution of this state, as readily dispense with their old oaths, and take new ones to support the present constitution? The fact is, that all promissory oaths, of the class or description, of which we are now speaking, are taken with a view to future improvement, as well as present necessity or expediency. The old Roman maxim, that *the safety of the people is the Supreme Law*, governs on all such occasions.

If, indeed, we are in any case bound to perform weak or wicked promises, or obligations, after their weakness or wickedness shall be made manifest; then we are bound in all cases of a similar nature: And having once plunged into folly or crime, we are not at liberty to repent; but are bound to persevere to the destruction of our lives and liberties, as well as our immortal souls!

But there is no need of theorizing or moralizing on this subject. There is a positive prohibition against masonic oaths, in that law, which is the supreme and immutable law of the universe, since the eternal and unchangeable God hath decreed it. *Thou shalt not, says that law, take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain.* Deut. v. 11.

If we admit that in judicial oaths the name of God be not taken in vain; a doubtful case, by the bye, in the minds of many *Christians*; still we cannot admit that this holy name is not profaned, whenever it is bandied about in voluntary affidavits, or made subservient to frivolous, weak or wicked engagements.—What rational being will dare to say, that it is not profaned in the most shocking manner, in the masonic oaths? If it do not profane the name of God to invoke it to keep one brother steadfast in the concealment of another brother's crimes—**TREASON AND MURDER NOT EXCEPTED!**—then there is no possibility of profaning the name, or offending the majesty of that pure, holy and spotless being—then may we make it a by-word, and throw off at once all reverence, all

allegiance, all obedience to its divine possessor. But certain it is, that we not only do *take the name of the Lord our God in vain*, when we invoke it to witness and confirm the promises and the penalties of our masonic obligations; but we blaspheme it in the most infamous manner—and the sooner, brethren, that we wipe from our souls the foul stain of that blasphemy, by acknowledging our guilt, and imploring the divine forgiveness of it, the sooner shall we enjoy that peace of mind, which the world can neither give nor take away!

If, then, our masonic oaths be tested by these just and rational moral views and principles, we shall find them not merely voidable, but absolutely void from the beginning: And if the first of moral philosophers have decided that oaths or promises, taken or made in contravention of mere human laws, are nugatory; how much more so are they, when taken or made in defiance of that Supreme Law of the Universe, which the Almighty pronounced in the voice of his thunder, and sent forth on the wings of his lightning, from the pinnacle of his holy mountain!

In connection with these principles and prohibitions, let us briefly review our masonic obligations.

Firstly—We blindly swear never to reveal any of the secrets of Free Masonry, before we know what those secrets are.

Secondly—We blindly swear to support the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and of the Grand Lodge of this state, before we know what those constitutions are, and whether they be or

be not subordinate, in their provisions, to the supreme laws of the land.

Thirdly—We blindly swear to conform to all the bye-laws, rules and regulations, of the Lodge in which we are initiated, or any other lodge, of which we may at any time thereafter become members; being in the same state of ignorance, as before, of what those bye-laws, rules and regulations are or may be. They may enjoin the omission of any positive duty, which we owe to God or our country; or the commission of any prohibited crime against either.

Fourthly—We blindly swear, whenever we see the grand hailing signal of distress given, or the words accompanying it, and the person who gives it appearing to be in distress, to fly to his relief at the risk of our lives, should there be a greater probability of saving his life, than of losing our own: And this blind oath, without any qualification as to the cause of his distress, whether it flow from the commission of crime, or the visitation of misfortune.

Fifthly—We blindly swear, that a master mason's secrets, given to us in charge as such, and we knowing him to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in our breasts as in his own, **MURDER AND TREASON ONLY EXCEPTED**—and these left to our discretion, when communicated to us, to conceal or not: thus binding ourselves, by fair implication, to conceal all the crimes, which any brother master mason may acknowledge to us that he has committed, however flagrant they may be, *excepting only murder and treason*, and the concealment or exposure of these *discretionary!*

Sixthly—As Mark Master Masons we blindly swear to support the Constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America: also the Constitution of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of this state, under which this Lodge is held, and conform to all the bye-laws, rules and regulations of this or any other lodge of Mark Master Masons, of which we may at any time thereafter become members: to obey all signs and summonses, given, handed, sent or thrown to us from brother Mark Master Masons, or from the bodies of just and lawfully constituted lodges of such: Provided they be within the length of our cable-tow: And this oath, too, under the same ignorance as before, of what may be the provisions of the constitutions and bye-laws alluded to, or the object of the signs or summonses, given, handed, sent or thrown, as stated in the text. They may be given by a thief or a highwayman, flying from justice; a traitor making his way to the camp of an enemy; a criminal, at the bar, to a brother in the Jury Box, or on the Bench; or by a murderer, whose hands are still reeking with the blood of innocence!

Thus far I have stated the oaths of Free Masonry, from my own knowledge and experience: And thus far, I do not hesitate to say, that it is our duty, our imperative and indispensable duty, to hold them in utter contempt and execration; and to wipe from our souls the stain and disgrace of them, by openly violating and renouncing them in the presence of our Creator and of mankind.. They enjoin upon us the

preservation of secrets, and the performance of services, of a criminal nature, destructive to the welfare of our country, to social order, sound morality, and true religion: And hence they are not merely not binding; but we are called upon by every tie that can bind us to whatever is sacred and honourable among men, to disregard and to violate them: And the more especially when we consider the bloody and blasphemous penalties annexed to their violation, by which we contract away our lives, contrary to the laws of God and our country, and invoke the holy name of our Creator, at the same time, to witness the sincerity with which we consent to such abominable prostitution of our moral and intellectual faculties, such horrible degradation and destruction of our persons!*

But if the obligations I have stated be so criminal and reprehensible in the sight of God and man; how much more so are those of which I shall now state the most exceptionable parts; not of my own knowledge, it is true, but on the authority of members of the Le Roy Convention of February, 19th, 1828,—men who can have no interest in deceiving the public in

* The following are the penalties of the oaths which I took when a heedless, inexperienced youth, viz:

The Entered Apprentice's penalty—is, to have his throat cut across, his tongue taken out by the roots, and his body buried in the ocean.

Fellow Craft's penalty.—To have his left breast torn open, his heart and vitals taken from thence and thrown over his left shoulder, and carried into the valley of Jehosephat, there to become a prey to the wild beasts of the field and the vultures of the air.

Master Mason's penalty.—To have his body severed in two in the midst, and divided to the north and the south, his bowels burnt to ashes in the centre, and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Mark Master's penalty.—To have his right ear smote off, that he may be forever unable to hear the word; and the right hand chopped off as an imposter.

this case, and in whose statements we may repose implicit confidence: they are as follows:

Part of the Obligations of the Royal Arch Degree.

Furthermore do I promise and swear, that I will assist a companion royal Arch Mason, wherever I shall see him engaged in ANY DIFFICULTY so far as to extricate him from the same WHETHER HE BE RIGHT OR WRONG. Furthermore do I promise and swear that a companion Royal Arch Mason's secret, giving to me in charge as such shall remain as secure, and inviolable in my breast as in his own, when communicated to me, MURDER AND TREASON NOT EXCEPTED. To all which I do most solemnly promise and swear, with a fixed and steady purpose of mind in me to keep and perform the same, binding myself under no less PENALTY than to have my skull struck off, and my brains exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, were I ever to prove willfully guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath of a Royal Arch Mason, so help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same."

"Furthermore do I promise and swear, that I will vote for a companion Royal Arch Mason, before any person of equal qualifications."

Part of the Obligation of Knight of the Red Cross.

"To all which I solemnly promise and swear, binding myself under no less penalty, than that of having my house torn down, the timber thereof set up and I hanged thereon, and when the last trump shall blow, that I be forever excluded from the society of all true and courteous knights, should I ever wilfully or knowingly violate any part of this solemn obligation of Knights of the Red Cross.

Part of the Obligation of Knight Templars..

"Furthermore do I promise and swear that I will go the distance of 40 miles, even barefoot, and on frosty ground, to SAVE THE LIFE and relieve the distresses of a worthy Knight, should I know that his distresses required it, and my abilities permit."

"Before administering the next obligation, the candidate is required to drink FOUR LIBATIONS. At the FIFTH libation he is presented with a HUMAN SKULL, and told he must submit to the degradation of drinking his fifth libation from the skull, or he cannot proceed any further: on his assenting to drink from this skull he is required to repeat the following obligation, called the sealed obligation, and in testimony of his sincerity, to partake of the wine from the skull."

Sealed Obligation.

"This pure wine I now take in testimony of my belief of the mortality of the body and the immortality of the soul:—and may this LIBATION appear as a witness against me, both here and HEREAFTER; and as the sins of the whole world were laid upon the head of the Saviour, so may all the sins committed by the person whose skull this was, be heaped upon MY head in addition to my own, should I ever knowingly or wilfully violate or transgress any obligation THAT I HAVE HERETOFORE TAKEN, TAKE AT THIS TIME, OR SHALL AT ANY FUTURE PERIOD TAKE in relation to any degree of masonry or order of Knighthood. So help me God."

Part of the Second Obligation.

"You further swear, that should you ever know a companion violate any part of this obligation, you will use your most decided endeavours.

by the blessing of God, to bring such person to the strictest and most condign punishment, **AGREEABLE TO THE RULES AND USAGES OF OUR ANCIENT FRATERNITY**, and this by pointing him out to the world as an unworthy and **VICIOUS VAGABOND**, by **OPPOSING** his **INTEREST**, by **DERANGING HIS BUSINESS**, by transferring his character after him wherever he may go, by exposing him to the contempt of the whole fraternity and the world, but of our illustrious order more especially, during his whole natural life."

Part of the Obligation of the Holy and illustrious Order of the Cross,

"I swear to advance my brothers's best interest, by always supporting his **MILITARY FAME**, and **POLITICAL PREFERMENT**, **IN OPPOSITION TO ANOTHER**. I swear to look on his enemies as my enemies, and his friends as my friends, and stand forth to meet our tender kindness or vengeance accordingly."

"I swear never to see calmly, or without earnest desires and decided measures to prevent, the ill-treatment, slander and defamation of any Brother Knight; nor ever to view danger or the least shadow of injury about to fall on his head, without well and truly informing him thereof, and if in my power to prevent it, never fail by **SWORD OR COUNCIL**, to defend his welfare and good name. I swear to keep secret my brother's secrets both when delivered to me as such, and when the nature of the information is such as to require secrecy for his welfare."

Such are the obligations of some of the higher degrees of Free Masonry—degrees which I had not the honour of acquiring, having found the first four amply sufficient to satiate my appetite for masonic secrets.—
 "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," said *Stearn's Toby*: But I appeal to all who now hear me, to determine, whether any army, congregated either from the out-casts of earth, or the out-pourings of pandemonium, would exceed these oaths in turpitude and blasphemy. It is but a few days since that as pious and respectable a man as any in this state, who resides in Rensselaer county, told me, that when he swore in the Royal Arch degree, to conceal the secrets of a companion, **MURDER AND TREASON NOT EXCEPTED**,^{*} his conscience revolted at the obligation: He paused

* In some chapters, the words—**IN ALL CASES WHATSOEVER**, are substituted for **TREASON AND MURDER NOT EXCEPTED**. I state this, on the authority of a *High Priest*. The difference is not quite so much, as that between **TWEEDLEDUM** and **TWEEDLEDEE**.

at this atrocious and appalling commitment—this criminal relinquishment of civil duty—this insult to the law of heaven, and the divine majesty—and appealed to the chapter to determine whether it could be right for an honest man and a faithful citizen to bind himself by such an oath, to conceal such **ENORMITIES** as **MURDER** and **TREASON**! The answer was, that he must go on and take it: he did go on to contaminate his soul with so foul a stain: but having since been converted, and I believe most sincerely so, to the doctrines of the cross, he now deeply deploras that he ever, in a moment of delusion, exposed himself, by such an act, to the scorn of man, and the wrath of God!

I may now conjure you, brethren, in the names of truth, honour, morality, liberty, justice, patriotism, piety and religion, to come out from this "**MYSTERY OF INIQUITY**," and have no more to do with its dark, bloody, and abominable rites. There is no time to be lost. Every moment that you continue within the pale of its jurisdiction, you stand upon the verge of an awful precipice—that precipice which overlooks the gulph of eternal ruin. "*Choose,*" I beseech "*you, this day, whom ye will serve.*" "*Choose you this day,*" whether you will be found in the temples of **THE LORD JESUS**, and in the sanctuary of your country's rights; or attending at the altars of an order, which is upheld by such criminal and blasphemous obligations; and which, in the pride, if not in the malice of hell, dates its records from the *year of light*; as if *Christianity* was an era of darkness, and *Free Masonry* the *truelight which cometh from above!*

I am no *Orator*—but if I were one, might I not exclaim, after the manner of BRUTUS—If there be any man here, who is still willing to witness the commission of crime, and the prostration of law, and conceal their guilty authors—*let him speak, for him have I offended.* If there be any man here, who can behold the dagger of the assassin strike its victim, and the torch of the incendiary consign to ruin the peaceful dwelling of his neighbour, with its unsuspecting inmates, and still conceal the fiends of hell who are guilty of such enormities, from the public eye—*let him speak, for him have I offended.* If there be any man here who stands ready to embrace the murderer, the traitor, as a brother, and to shield him from the arm of the law—*let him speak, for him have I offended:—* And finally, if there be any man here, who can put a human scull to his lips, quaff a libation from it, and profane the name of his REDEEMER at the same time by invoking it in so vile and revolting a ceremony; let that man, or rather that monster, rise up and show his cannibal front, his brazen face, his marble eye—**FOR HIM DO I GLORY IN HAVING OFFENDED!**

Brethren and Fellow-Citizens—

In addressing you, on this occasion, I had my doubts, whether I should mingle with my remarks on the particular and important subject that has called us together, any allusions to the political parties of the day: And whilst I yield to the propriety of omitting such allusions, it may still not be amiss to wind up with some reflections, not of a party nature, that have

forced themselves upon me in my hours of seclusion and retirement. It cannot be denied, that it has been the practice of too many Orators, on this day, to fill the forum with the incense of adulation, both to the living and the dead, and to lead the people astray; to laud a few great names—great in reality, or made so merely by the clamour of their trumpeters—and to represent the nation as the political Eden of the universe, where no treacherous serpent ever did, or ever can, raise his wily head, to blast the present freedom and felicity, or throw the gloom of despotism and of misery over future prospects. But all this is mere idle declamation, if not the very grossest perversion of reason and truth. That our Divine Creator and Benefactor, in the plenitude of his goodness, has *cast our lines in pleasant places*, has given us a fruitful soil and a salutary climate, is certain—and praised be his name for ever for these great and precious advantages. But as the trials of our virtue and our faith, he has still left us to contend with the unruly passions, the evil propensities of our nature, which grew out of the machinations of the serpent of Eden, and the consequent fall of our race, in the delinquency of our first parents. From that day to this there has been one continual conflict between virtue and vice, sin and obedience. From that day to this, there has been a constant struggle between the tyrant and the slave, the oppressor and the oppressed: And so long as this shall be the case—so long as the curse of Eden shall remain upon our species—so long as the MILLENNIUM shall not have proclaimed our restoration to the

purity of the primeval days of man's existence—so long shall we be liable, as a people, to all the evils of precocious and vaulting ambition; all the baneful effects of intrigue and corruption; all the animosities and heart-burnings of party spirit; and all the demoralizing influence of selfish and secret, private and personal factions and combinations. Those writers, or those orators, therefore, who, losing sight of the frailty and the turpitude of human nature, do little else but glut our eyes and our ears with their glowing pictures and loud praises of our freedom and prosperity; who talk of such fictions as Cincinnatus, intent only on his pottage and his plough, after enjoying the honours of his country; and while they depict George the third as a tyrant in the fervid periods of the Declaration of Independence—forget entirely, that he was not the first tyrant, and will not be the last, by thousands, to scourge a long-suffering and patient people with the rod of oppression.

Such writers, such orators, are the bane and the curse of our country. They lead us into a wrong estimate of the world, and of ourselves—they lull us into a false security—they inspire us with confidence in men who do not deserve our confidence. They lead us to believe, contrary to the experience of all ages, that liberty once achieved, is in no danger of being lost—and that instead of eternal vigilance which all true history proclaims as being essential to her preservation; we have only to chaunt her praises in anniversary strains, and to pour into the ears of the people, on every return of this jubilee, the most ro-

mantic fictions, and the most fulsome flattery: to make demi-gods of Roman and Grecian demagogues, and angels of their followers; and by a natural and flattering association of ideas, liken every popular American—whether a civil or a military chieftain—and every private American citizen—to these imaginary historical Gods and Angels of antiquity; these Cincinnatii, feeding on turnips for the good of their country, and Decii plunging themselves into bottomless pits for the same god-like purpose.

Fellow-Citizens,

These are the illusions of young and ardent minds. the fictions of heated imaginations—the romances of history—beautiful and sublime, but poetical and visionary. It is not by contemplating such pictures. that we are to preserve the precious inheritance won by the blood of our fathers: But it is by vigilance. eternal vigilance alone, that that choicest boon of Heaven is to be preserved. It is not by railing at George the 3d in his grave, and flattering our progenitors and ourselves, that we are to remain free. But it must be by preserving the sovereignty in our own hands; by diffusing and perpetuating the blessings of education; by cherishing in our own minds, and impressing upon the minds of our children, the value of piety and religion, as well as that of morality and patriotism: And by watching, with a jealous eye, in all their steps, and curbing, by all possible restraints, the public functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, to whom we delegate, either directly or indirectly,

the powers prescribed by our constitutions. The profound *Machiavel* has said, *that a free government, in order to maintain itself free, hath need every day of some new provision in favour of liberty*: this is as true, as though it had been the voice of Moses or Christ, or any one of the Prophets or Apostles; and yet how far have we, as a people, been from acting up to it. If we could not every day have improved our condition, have we seized upon every opportunity, in which we could have done it. We have, in fact, reversed the admonition in practice; and instead of making every day some new provision in favour of liberty, we have almost every day added some new link to the chain of slavery. We have forgotten too much of what is real in the history of human affairs, and remembered too much of what is romantic. We have forgotten that if ATHENS had her PLATO, her SOCRATES, and her THRASYBULUS, she had also her THIRTY TYRANTS; and that whilst she banished an ARISTIDES, for his real virtues; she cherished and pampered the vilest of demagogues for their suppositious ones. We have forgotten, that if ROME could boast of her CINCINNATUS, and her CATO; she was disgraced by her CATALINES and enslaved by her CÆSARS: that if DECIVS plunged himself into a gulf, (a fiction or an allegory, by the bye,) for her salvation, NERO made the halls of her Imperial Palace resound with the voice of music whilst her capital was in flames! We have forgotten that if SPAIN had her ancient CORTES, and venerated liberty; she fell rapidly from that high estate, and sunk beneath the terrors of superstition, and quailed

under the tyranny of the Inquisition. And that whilst she sent her COLUMBUS and her LAS CASAS to explore the regions of our southern continent; and pave the way for provincial fidelity to maternal power; she sent such spirits, at the same time, as ALMAGRO and PIZARRO, to blast those fair regions by their avarice, their tyranny and their thirst of blood. We have forgotten that if SWEDEN invoked blessings on the head of GUSTAVUS, for restoring her religious and political liberty; her curses were due to the tyrant, CHARLES the 9th, for subverting those bulwarks of her happiness and prosperity: And if in the language of an elegant poet, referring to a critical period of Swiss history, when

“Fate disclos’d, through peril and alarm
The might that slumbers in a peasant’s arm;”

was not the slumbering might of that arm roused into action by the cruel and bloody tyrant, GRISLER—he who so little regarded the ties of nature, and the claims of humanity, that with cold and deliberate malice, he could order a father to shoot at a mark placed upon the head of his son! We have forgotten that if ITALY gave birth to a BECCARIA, the mild and philanthropic reformer of laws, and the successful advocate of freedom and humanity; she had previously produced a CASAR BORGIA, a monster of tyranny, crime and corruption: And that if GERMANY had her MAXIMILIAN, able and willing to reform abuses; he found her groaning under the oppression of her Vehmical Court, her Court of Assassins, as an elegant writer has justly termed it; a *Secret Tribunal*, which,

like the Masonic Inquisition, condemned the innocent without a hearing, and executed their own bloody decrees. We have forgotten, that if FRANCE had her SULLY, her HENRY the 4th, and her LOUIS the 16th; she had also her RAVILLAC, her treacherous ORLEANS, her bloody and remorseless MARATS and ROBESPIERRES, and her all-grasping and despotic NAPOLEON. We have forgotten, that if our mother country had two such virtuous monarchs as ALFRED the founder, and that EDWARD who is, perhaps, justly styled the restorer of her laws and liberties; she had half a score at least of such bloody tyrants on the throne, and on the bench, as HENRY the 8th, and the supercilious, cold-blooded and cruel JEFFRIES. We seem to have forgotten, indeed, that if in our own glorious revolution, we had a WASHINGTON, we had at the same time at least one BENEDICT ARNOLD, if no more. The gloom of this picture is fact, and not fancy: And is not human nature essentially the same in all ages, climes and conditions? Remember who it was—or rather who it is—for HE is the ETERNAL SAVIOUR—who said, THERE IS NONE GOOD, NOT EVEN ONE. It is time, then, to change our course—to look at the dark, as well as the bright side of men and things—to survey the spots in the SUN as well as to bask in the genial warmth of his unclouded beams. It is time to recur to first principles; to trust implicitly to no man's professions; but make his moral and political conduct the standard of our respect and confidence. It is high time to determine, that we will not vote for any man, who does not come forward and pledge

himself on paper, in the presence of God and his country, to the course he will pursue, if elected.—For myself I shall not hereafter vote for any man, who will not, if a Free Mason, openly renounce and denounce the masonic institution: nor will I vote for any man as a legislator, unless perfectly satisfied, that if elected, he will use his utmost endeavours to procure an amendment to the constitution, to exclude not only FREE MASONS, but the members of all SECRET SOCIETIES, from the JURY Box, and from all official honours and emoluments. It will not be sufficient for me—however it may be for others—for any man to say that he is not a mason; or if a mason, that he has not attended a Lodge for some years past, and such like apologies: but he must come out openly, boldly, and without reserve, and proclaim himself a decided, inflexible and zealous ANTI-MASON, or he shall not have my vote: For what I have done myself, and have thought myself bound, by my duty to God and my country, to do, I have a perfect right to exact from others before I yield them my confidence or my vote. I shall act upon the principle, that he who has not the moral courage to take an open, bold and manly stand, in a righteous cause—a cause in which the salvation of his country demands his services—is wholly unworthy the support of freemen; and for one freeman I shall withhold my support from all such time-servers, trimmers and intriguers: And I hope and trust in God, that every sincere and honest Anti-Mason in the state will resolve to act the same part. We must electually destroy the hydra-

headed monster—**MASONRY**—or all that we have done, or may do, short of that mark, will be in vain. All other public questions vanish into utter insignificance, when compared with this. In this cause, then, **LET THE LINE BE DRAWN**—let it be fairly understood, *that he who is not for us, is against us*: For until this great work be consummated, **OUR COUNTRY IS NOT FREE**—and our beloved and venerated fathers have spilt their blood not to disenthral, but to enslave their posterity! Let the line, then, be drawn, I repeat it; and let us toe the mark—resolved, as men who know our rights, and dare defend them, to stand or fall on the glorious and imperishable basis of truth and liberty.

But to return from this digression, if such it be:—It is time to remember, that if some of the sages of '76 would have freely poured out their blood, as they did their treasure, for the freedom of their country; there were others who sighed for the "leek-pots" of the old Monarchy, as the secret debates in the Federal Convention, of 1787, and the correspondence of Mr. Jefferson, lately brought to light, abundantly prove: And here, as an act of justice to a highly meritorious man, I feel bound to say, that if to the over-zealous sense of duty, or the official instructions, of Mr. **GENET**, we owed the establishment of certain secret societies, already alluded to; it is to the same gentleman's patriotism, as an adopted American citizen, that we are indebted—and no small obligation it is—for the bringing to light of those secret debates, which illustrate, in so new and important a point of view, the history of our **FEDERAL CONSTITUTION**.

Excuse me, fellow-citizens, if I still pursue the dark spots in our political horizon: there will be enough without me, on this day, to talk of the bright ones. Besides, I have brought myself to believe, that whilst an individual should look only on the bright side of things, and thus keep up his spirits in the hour of adversity, and fortify himself to encounter toil and poverty, calumny and contumely, oppression and persecution:—a nation, on the contrary, should keep its eye as steadily on the dark side, lest, on the one hand, her numerous agents and trustees betray her interests, and lead her into sudden and unexpected difficulties; or on the other hand, her domestic or foreign foes assail her when she is the least prepared to meet their attacks. Let me ask you, then, without travelling to the gates of Athens or of Rome, or the royal palaces of Europe; and without recurring to the treachery that stained the annals of our revolution: have we not seen enough among ourselves, within a short period, to satisfy us, that with all our advantages of soil and climate, and all the lights of the age, we cannot sleep for a moment at our posts, if we wish to preserve even the shadow, much less the substance of liberty. Have we not seen a free citizen, guilty of no crime but that of telling the truth for the good of his country, seized and dragged off with lawless violence, in open day-light, by the murderous agents of a **SECRET SOCIETY**? Have we not seen that same citizen (to say nothing of the wrongs and injuries offered to another, and to the public peace and liberty in his person) incarcerated, without cause, by the same

awless ruffians, in the jail of Canandaigua? Have we not seen him, with unparalleled treachery, and under the mask of friendship, lured out of that jail; and by the same description of ruffians, if not actually the same persons, again seized with lawless violence, and borne off, gagged, pinioned and hood-winked, to Fort Niagara? And have we not seen that fortress, that intended bulwark of American freedom, basely and infamously prostituted to the reception, as a prisoner, of this deeply injured and captive citizen? And are we not morally certain, that this man, without the shadow of a crime, and who had bravely fought the battles of his country, when assaulted by foreign foes, was there barbarously murdered to glut the vengeance, and in conformity to the bloody code of a SECRET SOCIETY; but in gross violation of the laws of God and our country? But this is not all—the story is not half told. Have we not seen, in addition to these enormities, the same blood-stained and secret association, and its murderous agents, putting at open defiance the laws of the land—and thus far, with a trivial exception, when compared to the enormity of the offence, eluding successfully their provisions and penalties? What a monstrous state of things!—and how bitter the reflection to the man who loves liberty—that all the intelligent portion of this great and powerful community are morally certain, not only that one of their fellow-citizens has been murdered by the agents, and in conformity to the obligations of a secret society; but are morally certain, at the same time, who were the actual perpetrators of the crime:

And yet two years have elapsed, during which all the power of the state has not been adequate to bring them to the bar of justice!—Amidst all this violence and outrage, this prostration of law and liberty—Have we not seen the House of Assembly of this state, the mere servants of the people, with unparalleled insolence rejecting the reasonable request of their western constituents, for aid in bringing to light the murder and the masonic murderers of William Morgan, by appointing a board of honest and independent commissioners to investigate the case? And have we not seen the same men, the same masons, who spurned at this rational request, and grossly insulted its authors, since yielding their support (nay, being the first to propose it) to the appointment of a solitary inquisitor, ostensibly for the same purpose, but with what real aim time must determine!—Whilst all this has been going on—all this prostitution of legislative dignity, and perversion of legislative power: while such of your Executive and Judicial Authorities, as feel themselves unshackled by masonic oaths, and masonic cable-tows, have strove in vain to vindicate the majesty of the laws; paralyzed in their exertions by the unparalleled negligence, if not actual co-operation of other Executive and Judicial Authorities with the masonic conspirators: whilst all this has been going on, have not NINETY-NINE out of a HUNDRED of our Editors, either wilfully, or through fear of masonic proscription, entirely suppressed the facts in this case!—And through this daring delinquency, or involuntary dereliction of duty, on the part of those

Editors, have not the people, in almost every section of the country, been kept totally in the dark in relation to those villanous and bloody outrages against law, liberty and social existence? And finally, let me ask, and let the question, as it ought to do, sink deep into your hearts—Have we seen a single man, among the distinguished leaders of either of the old political parties—I mean those individuals who have been distinguished, not to be sure for their brilliant talents, or eminent and disinterested public services—but by the privilege they have long enjoyed of basking in the sun-beams of the Treasury, of living luxuriously upon the bounty of the people, in the high offices of the state:—Have we, I ask you, seen any one of those well-fed political cormorants, (always so ready to light on the Treasury roost,) who has not on this important occasion, deserted most shamefully the rights of the people; who has not sanctioned by his disgraceful apathy the shedding of innocent blood by midnight conspirators, and the total subversion of the liberties of his country by a dark, barbarous, and unhallowed SECRET COMBINATION! But the theme is too disgusting to dwell upon: the soul of honour, of virtue, and of patriotism, sickens at the contemplation of this mass of “modern degeneracy!” I must, therefore, conclude; and leave you, in your retirement, if you can stomach the task, to fill up the picture!—a picture, whose relief is so revolting to humanity, so destitute of moral beauty or sublimity, and so replete with moral ugliness and deformity, that future ages will look upon it with astonishment, as well

as disgust and horror: Yes, when selfish views shall no longer blunt the sensibility, nor blind the judgment of mankind, on the great question of this day, posterity—disinterested and impartial posterity—will exclaim of this age, as an age of meanness, an age of cotton and wool, of codfish and molasses!—an age in which pretended patriots could split hairs upon a tariff bill, or pull ears upon Jackson's extra pay and rations, or Adams' long continued drafts upon the treasury; while they could look with indifference upon the wrongs of oppressed humanity, and behold the last spark of liberty quenched, by midnight conspirators, in the blood of an innocent and unoffending freeman! FAREWELL! And that God, of his infinite goodness, may shower down upon you all, collectively and individually, the choicest of HIS heavenly blessings, is the ardent prayer of him who now addresses you: And whose latest breath will invoke that eternal and immutable Governor and Judge of the Universe, to continue these United States the seats of sound science, of pure and unadulterated liberty and religion; until the Heavens shall pass away as a scroll, and the consummation of HIS own eternal purposes in the creation, shall be witnessed and sealed!

APPENDIX.

PROPOSALS

BY WEBSTER & WOOD, OF ALBANY, FOR PUBLISHING
BY SUBSCRIPTION, A WORK, ENTITLED

THE
DIVINE ORACLES
versus
FREE MASONRY.

BEING

An easy application of scriptural portraits to the Masonic Fraternity;
Together with the author's Valedictory to his Quondam Brethren
of the Craft.

BY SOLOMON SOUTHWICK,
Once a Mark Master Mason.

"Henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shall be enquired at Delphos, or elsewhere,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living oracie
Into the world to teach his final will.—MILTON.

The above work will be neatly printed and stitched in handsome covering, at \$30 per hundred—\$4 per dozen, or 50 cents single. The exact number of pages cannot now be stated—but the quantity of matter shall amply answer to the price. It is wished to put it to the press as early as the first of December. Those, therefore, who may be induced to patronise it, will please communicate their orders, as soon as convenient, to the publishers. From this Prospectus, any person so disposed, can draw a caption, and procure subscribers.

APPENDIX:

**PROPOSALS
FOR PUBLISHING A BOOK, ENTITLED,
LIGHT ON MASONRY,**

A COLLECTION OF DOCUMENTS UPON THE SUBJECT OF
SPECULATIVE FREE-MASONRY:

Embracing all the degrees on Masonry, from an Entered Apprentice to the Thrice Illustrious order of the Cross, as published by Capt. William Morgan, the Martyr; and the convention of Seceding Masons, held at Le Roy, July 4th and 5th, 1828.

COMPILED BY

ELDER DAVID BERNARD,

Of Warsaw, Gen. Co. N. Y. Once an Intimate Secretary in the Lodge of Perfection.

“For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known.”

“And what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house tops.”
JESUS CHRIST.

The above work, in addition to all the Degrees of Masonry, from an Entered Apprentice, to the Thrice Illustrious Order of the Holy Cross; will contain the Signs, Gests, and Pass Words of a number of the Ineffable Degrees, as conferred in the “*Lodge of Perfection*,” and the following very interesting and important Documents:

1st, *RESULT* of a Convention of the Saratoga Baptist Association, containing *Fifteen Reasons* for their disfellowshipping Free-masonry.

2nd, *REPORT* of the Western Committees, appointed by the people in the counties of Genesee, Livingston, Ontario, Monroe and Niagara, with an Appendix, being a *Narrative of Facts*, in relation to the abduction and murder of Capt. William Morgan, &c. &c. &c.

3d, *TRIALS* of *Masonic Conspirators*, who confessed themselves *Guilty* of Kidnapping Capt. William Morgan.

4th, *PROCEEDINGS* of the Convention of Seceding Masons, held at Le Roy, Feb. 19 and 20, 1828.

5th, *PROCEEDINGS* of the Anti-Masonic Convention of the Twelve Western Counties of New York, held at Le Roy, March 6th and 7th, 1828, including their very able Address to the people of the State of New-York.

6th, *IMPORTANT EXTRACTS* from the proceedings of the Legislature of New York, relative to the Masonic Outrages, committed Sept. 1826, including the Speech of the Hon. Mr. Crary before the Senate.

7th, *PROCEEDINGS* of the Convention of Seceding Masons held at Le Roy, July 4th and 5th, 1828, including important Extracts from the *Masterly Address* of Solomon Southwick, Esq. delivered to that body, and the *Oration* of Herbert A. Read Esq. a Seceding Knight Templar, pronounced at Le Roy, July 4th 1828, to an Assembly of about 10,000 persons.

8th, *PROCEEDINGS* of the Anti-Masonic New-York State Convention, held at Utica, August 4th and 5th, 1828.

APPENDIX.

9th, AN ADDRESS to all Honest Masons, in 8 numbers, by a Seceding Knight Templar.

10th, A CANDID APPEAL to professors of religion on the subject of Speculative Free Masonry by B. B. Hotchkin, ruling elder in the 1st Presbyterian church, in Le Roy.

11th, RENUNCIATIONS of Free Masonry, by Seceding Masons.

12th, THE GREAT QUESTION ANSWERED, "If Freemasonry be so great an evil, why have great and good men united with and continued to countenance the Institution so long"? By a Seceding Mason.

13th, MASONS JUSTIFIED in breaking their Masonic Oaths, and publishing the secrets of the order to the World? By a Seceding Mason.

14th, FACTS not included in the above Documents, proving the truth of Morgan's *Abduction and Murder*, and the awful corruption of the Masonic Institution. NOTES and *Critical Remarks* on the whole work, by the Compiler and Publisher, &c &c. &c.

A moments reflection will convince the candid that the above work is greatly needed. Many parts of this state (N. Y.) and a great part of the United States, is yet in darkness as it relates to the recent *Masonic Outrages*, and the secret mysteries, and abominations of Freemasonry: And it is not only important that the *Light* on this subject should be spread throughout the Union, but it is necessary for the good of posterity, that the facts now in possession should be secured in such a manner as not to be easily mutilated and destroyed.

RESOLUTION of an Anti-Masonic Convention of Genesee county, held at Bethany, July 23, 1828, in favour of the above work. "Whereas the title and prospectus of a book entitled "LIGHT ON MASONRY, &c. has been read to this Convention: Therefore, *Resolved*, That for the advancement of Light and Truth, in the great and holy cause of Anti-Masonry, and for the good of future generations, we deem it of the highest importance that such a work be published, and from our knowledge of the talents, character, intelligence, and zeal of Elder DAVID BERNARD, we believe him to be eminently qualified for such an undertaking; we therefore *solicit* him to persevere in the work without delay, as such a work is worthy of the patronage of the friends of liberty and religion throughout the whole civilized world."

ROBERT EARLL, Jr. *President*.

CEPHAS A. SMITH, *Secretary*.

RESOLUTION of the Anti-Masonic New-York State Convention, held at Utica, August 4th, 1828, in favour of the above work. "Whereas the title and prospectus of a Book entitled LIGHT ON MASONRY &c. by Elder David Bernard, has been read to the convention, and entertaining the fullest confidence in the integrity, zeal and ability of the compiler, and being deeply impressed with the importance of the proposed publication to the cause of truth and justice; Therefore, *Resolved*, that we recommend the Compiler to proceed without delay in the publication of his Book, and we recommend it to the attention and patronage of all the friends of truth and the cause of civil liberty throughout the world."

JAMES HAWKS, *President*.

THOS. C. GREEN, } *Secretaries*.
SETH A. ABBEY, }

CONDITIONS.—The above work will contain 600 pages duodecimo, printed with fair type, on good paper, and full bound. Price to Subscribers, \$1 50.

Subscriptions, post paid, will be received by the publishers of this Oration, for Elder Batnard's work.

1811/12