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Popish Nunneries, by William Hogan**

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**AURICULAR CONFESSION
and POPISH NUNNERIES**

By William Hogan

A Roman Catholic Priest

Volumes I. and II.

1854.

AURICULAR CONFESSION
AND
POPISH NUNNERIES.

BY
WILLIAM HOGAN,

**FORMERLY ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST, AND AUTHOR OF 'POPERY AS IT
WAS AND AS IT IS.'**

VOLUME I.

HARTFORD:
PUBLISHED BY SILAS ANDRUS AND SON,
1854.

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AURICULAR CONFESSION and POPISH NUNNERIES, Volume I.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The readers of the following work, who have not any acquaintance with the author, may wish to know who he is, in order to enable them to ascertain what degree of credit is due to his statements. We are permitted to publish the following documents, which show that the author is a member of the Georgia bar, and that his standing among his brethren is that of a moral, upright, and honorable gentleman. This is a high character—as high as any man can produce, or any American citizen require—and entitles Mr. Hogan's statements to full credit, in the estimation of every honest man and impartial reader of this work.

[Certificate from Judge Wayne.] State of Georgia. At a Superior Court holden in and for the County of Effingham, in November Term, 1827. Know all men by these presents, that, at the present sitting of this Court. William Hogan made his application for leave to plead and practise in the several Courts of Law and Equity in this State: Whereupon, the said William Hogan having given satisfactory evidence of good moral character, and having been examined in open Court, and being found well acquainted and skilled in the laws, he was admitted by the court to all the privileges of an Attorney Solicitor and Counsellor, in the several Courts of law and Equity in this State.

In Testimony whereof the presiding Judge has hereunto set [L. S.] his hand, with his seal annexed, (there being no Seal of Court,) this first day of November, 1827. Jno. Chas. Ston, Clerk. James M. Wayne.

[Certificate from Judge Law.] I hereby certify that the within named William Hogan, has been at the bar of the Eastern Circuit of Georgia, since November Term, 1827, the date of his admission, and that he has conducted himself, during my acquaintance with him at this bar, as an Attorney and Counsellor at Law, with uprightness and integrity of character.

William Law, Judge Sup. Courts, East District, Georgia, Savannah, 25th June, 1832.
Savannah, 25th June, 1832.

Dear Sir,—Understanding from you that it is your intention to leave the State, with a view to the practice of the law elsewhere; it will, I apprehend, be necessary that the certificate of admission to our bar, furnished you by the Clerk, should be accompanied by a certificate from myself as the presiding Judge of the Court in which you were admitted. This is necessary to give it authenticity in another State. It will afford me pleasure to append that verification to it, if you will be pleased to send me the certificate.

Permit me, as you are about to leave us, to offer you my humble testimony to your correct and upright deportment as an advocate at the bar of the Superior Courts of the Eastern District of Georgia, since your admission to the practice of the law in the same.

Wishing you success and prosperity wherever you may settle, I am, dear sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
William Law.

[Recommendation from the Georgia Bar.]

Savannah, June, 1832. We, the undersigned members of the bar of Savannah, having been informed that Wm. Hogan, Esq., in consequence of ill health, is about removing to a northern climate, take leave to state that he has been admitted to practise as Attorney, Solicitor and Counsellor in all the Courts of Law and Equity in this State.

Mr. Hogan has been a resident of this city for some years, during which time, we further feel a pleasure in stating that his professional standing among us, has been that of a moral and honorable gentleman, and as such, recommend him to the professional attentions of the Honorable the Judges and members of the bar generally, wherever his health may induce him to locate himself.

Thos. U. P. Charlton, Jno. C Nicoll, W. W. Gordon, Rich. W. Habersham, K. R. Cutler, Levi S. D'Lyon.

INTRODUCTION.

"Three score years and ten," and those often full of care and anxiety, seem to constitute the space of human life. So it is said in that venerable volume, which never has been, and never can be equalled, in beauty of truth, wisdom, and instruction. This, it would seem, ought to check all the vain and inordinate aspirations of poor, weak man; yet it has not, and probably never will do so. To a reflecting mind, nothing can appear stranger than this. Notwithstanding this solemn truth, such is the presumption of man, that he has often dared,—and does so at this moment,—to set himself up as the vicerojal or vicegerent of the King of Heaven; and fancies himself sent upon this earth for the purpose of rectifying or correcting any mi? takes or defects which might have escaped the vigilance of the great I Am, in the organization and fitness of things This is truly a serious and melancholy reflection.

The population of this world of ours is supposed to amount to 812,553,712. Of this vast number, 137,000,000 are Roman Catholics, who now, on the 19th of July, 1845., bend the knee and bow down in homage to a weak, helpless, and worthless being, the Pope of Rome; and thus, if history does not deceive us, proving themselves conspirators against the happiness of the human race.

To meliorate the condition of this almost countless multitude of our fellow-creatures, is among the first duties of every good man. No one is exempted from it; not the king nor the peasant; not the sage nor the philosopher; not the priest nor the layman; for there are as many modes of discharging this duty, as there are grades in the social system.

As a member of the human family, and being once an instructor myself, I feel that I have too long neglected this common duty. Many suns, and many shades, too, have passed over me, without doing much in the great work of promoting the happiness of my fellow-beings; and if I can make any atonement for this omission, by devoting the necessarily short period of the remnant of my life for the benefit of others, I shall retire to my eternal home with feelings of happiness which I have not enjoyed for years.

With a clear and full view of my duty, I have recently written a work entitled, "*A Synopsis of Popery as it was, and as it is.*" It has been well received; it awakened Americans to a proper sense of their duty. Until then they saw not, they felt not, they dreamed not of the dangers which threatened their religion and their civil rights from the stealthy movements of the Church of Rome, and her priests and bishops, in this country. Americans have now a steady and watchful eye upon them. This was necessary, and so far, I have done my duty. The Popish presses, which, until then, had lulled Americans into fatal repose by their misrepresentations, have been, in a measure, silenced. No one, before me, dared to encounter their scurrilous abuse. I resolved to silence them; and I have done so. The very mention of my name is a terror to them now; though, until the appearance of my book, there was not a Popish press in the United States, which did not weekly, almost daily, abuse me in the most scurrilous manner; and in my apprehension, a stronger evidence cannot be given of the iniquity of Popish priests and bishops who edit those presses, than this very fact.

Protestant writers in the United States have long been kept in check by the bullying and vaporing of Popish priests, when some resolution and a little tact, might at all times have silenced them. I found no difficulty in muzzling the whole body; and the mode of doing it was suggested to me by a little incident in my own life. Will the reader allow me to relate it?

As soon as I was admitted to the practice of law, I went into partnership with a Mr. Gray, a young gentleman of promising talents and gentlemanly manners. Our office was in one of the upper districts of South Carolina, separated only by a narrow river, from the State of Georgia, where I have resided ever since. There was at the back of our office, a swamp, containing,—if we may judge from the noise they made,—myriads of frogs, ugly and filthy as the slime from which they sprung. As soon as the sun of heaven retired to its home in the west, and darkness covered the face of the earth and the waters, these frogs set up a most hideous chorus,—just as Papists have done for more than twenty years, against myself. The noise became a perfect nuisance to me. I felt at a loss how to silence these filthy frogs. I purchased and borrowed every work I could get upon frogs, to see if any remedy had been discovered to abate this nuisance; but all to no purpose. On they went, night after night; nothing could be heard but croak, croak, croak. Finally, I became impatient, when necessity, which is properly called, "the mother of invention," suggested to me the following remedy, which, I believe, might have been tried before. I procured a well-lighted lantern, concealed it under a thick overcoat, went down to the pond, sat patiently on its bank until the frogs commenced their evening chorus; but just as they were upon their highest notes, I uncovered my lantern, and threw its full blaze of light over the whole surface of the pond. Instantly, as if by magic,

*"Every frog was at rest,
And I heard not a sound."*

It occurred to me, that a similar experiment might, with equal advantage, be made upon Popish priests and confessors. I knew no other living animal or creeping thing, so closely resembling these frogs in repulsiveness, as a Romish priest or bishop who hears confessions. I resolved to throw light upon them, and show them to each, other and to the world, in their native deformity. I published my book on Popery; I threw the light-of my experience as a Popish priest, upon the whole body. The result has been entirely satisfactory. Never, since then, has a Popish priest, Popish bishop, or Popish press, published a single sentence against me. How truly is it said in holy writ, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." I have resisted Popish priests; they have fled from me; and if the reader will do me the honor of perusing the following pages, he will see that I am still pursuing them in full chase; nor do I feel disposed to abandon my pursuit, until they renounce allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and become true, peaceable, moral, and well-behaved citizens of

AURICULAR CONFESSION AND POPISH NUNNERIES.

When a writer acknowledges, in advance, that he cannot relate the whole truth, his position is far from being enviable. It augurs badly for what he writes, and so far plagues him in a disadvantageous light before the public. This is, however, precisely the condition in which I now find myself. Such is the nature of the subject on which I feel it my duty to write, that I shrink with native abhorrence from relating, at least, the whole truth. It is repugnant to my feelings, to my taste, and at variance with the general tone of my conversation, ever since the God of purity enabled me to disentangle myself from the society of Romish priests and bishops,—men whose private lives and conversation with each other and with their *penitents* in the confessional, breathe nothing but the grossest licentiousness and foetid impurities.

I do not wantonly and without provocation make any expose of the iniquities of Popery. My entire life, since I left them, is evidence of this; but they have pursued me with such persevering malignity and demoniac malice, that further silence would be criminal and disrespectful to my Protestant fellow-citizens, from whom, notwithstanding the malice of papists towards me, I have always experienced kind attentions and hospitality. Nor should I, even now, allow the subject of Popery to occupy my mind, or taint the current of my thoughts, if I did not see it striding with fearful rapidity over the fair face of this my adopted country, infusing itself into every political nerve and artery of our government, while its members are asleep and dreaming of its future glories.

It is not pleasant to me to contend with papists, who look upon it as a matter of duty, and as a fundamental article of their faith, to persecute myself and all other heretics. That they should dislike me, is not a matter of surprise; that men whose confessions I have heard, and who have heard mine, should even dread me, is not to be wondered at. Many of these men deserve (I speak of bishops and priests exclusively) not only public censure, but the gibbet, the dungeon and the gallows. I cannot blame men, under these circumstances, for detesting my very name. They are in my power—they tremble in my presence—and were I to blame them for some degree of opposition and dislike to me, I should be quarrelling with that instinct which teaches the profligate and debauchee to shun the society of a virtuous and upright man. While I live among papists they are naturally afraid that I should lift the veil, which conceals from the eyes of Americans the deformities of Popery. They are in momentary fear that I shall show to their *American converts*, which Bishop Fenwick of Boston says he "is daily making from the first families," the *Old Lady* of Rome in her *dishabille*. They have long hidden from them her shrivelled, diseased, distorted, and disgusting proportions, and they are unwilling that this painted harlot should be now seen by Americans. This is good policy, and hence much of their opposition to me. A curse seems to have rested upon Rome since its very foundation. Pagan, as well as modern Rome, seemed always to delight in deeds of darkness.

We are told in history of a singular practice illustrative of this in ancient Rome. I mention it merely to show the apparent natural fondness of Romanists, ancient as well as modern, for deeds of darkness. It is trifling in itself, and may be deemed, perhaps, irrelevant; but it may be interesting to the historian, whose curiosity extends further than that of theologians or moralists.

The ancient Romans were epicures. Some say they were greater gluttons than those of the present day. Poultry, of all kinds, was a favorite dish with them, and how to fatten fowl most expeditiously, became a question of vital importance with the philosophers of the Eternal City. After several experiments, it was found that the best plan was to close up the eyes of geese, turkeys, ducks, and all other kinds of poultry, and, in that condition, cram and stuff them with food. This succeeded admirably. The fowls fattened in less than half the time.

It seems that man was always, as well as now, a progressive animal, and accordingly, as soon as Popery fixed its head-quarters at Rome or at Antioch, no matter which for the present, popish bishops commenced a similar experiment upon man. Anxious for his conversion to the infallible church, they determined to close his eyes and compel him to receive from themselves, as so many turkeys and geese would from their feeders, such food as they pleased to give them. They were not to question its quality, but, like so many blinded geese, swallow-all that was given them. The practice continues to the present day in the Romish church; even American converts to Romanism are not to question the quality of the food, or spiritual instructions, which popish priests please to give them. *Blind obedience* is a necessary article of spiritual diet for a convert to Popery; and whether his priest tells him that he must worship God, the Virgin Mary, St. Peter and St. Paul, or the wafer which he carries in his pocket and calls the body and blood of Christ, he must obey without murmur or inquiry.

This unreasonable, unscriptural, and impious doctrine, is inculcated especially in the confessional. No man, not even a papist, dare preach in public such a dogma as blind obedience in anything, or to any man. I have always been instructed, while a Catholic priest, never to intimate in public that the Romish church ever required unconditional submission to her will, unless I was morally certain that all my hearers were by birth and education Roman Catholics; but my orders were positive, and under pain of losing my sacerdotal faculties, never to lose an opportunity of inculcating this in the confessional. There and there alone do Romish priests teach and fasten upon the minds of their penitents all the iniquities which the church of Rome sanctions.

If I can satisfy Americans that *Auricular Confession* is dangerous to their liberties; if I can show them that it is the source and fountain of many, if not all, those treasons, debaucheries, and other evils, which are now

flooding this country, I shall feel that I have done an acceptable work, and *some service to the State*. I fear, however, that I shall fail in this; not because what I state is not true, and even admitted to be so, but because Americans seem determined,—I would almost say fated,—to political and moral destruction.

For twenty years I have warned them of approaching danger, but their politicians were deaf, and their Protestant theologians remained religiously coiled up in fancied security, overrating their own powers and undervaluing that of Papists. Even though they see and feel, and often blush at the logical triumph, which popish controversialists have gained, and are gaining over them in every intellectual combat in which they engage; yet such is their love of ease or love of money, or something else, that they cannot be roused until the enemy falls upon them with an annihilating force. It is painful to me to see this indifference upon their part. They are better able than I am to contend with Papists. They possess more talents, and have more friends than I have to sustain them. This is the land of their birth. It is not mine, but not the less dear to me. The religion of this country is the religion of their forefathers, and of the Bible; it is peculiarly their duty to defend both.

Nothing could induce me to undertake the present work but the universal approbation which my recent book on Popery has received from the journals of the country. I should leave it to be done by Protestant theologians. The notices which my book on Popery received were flattering. They gave me credit for talents, candor, and frankness. But I am in reality entitled to no credit for that book. The utterance of the truths contained in it was a spontaneous emotion. It was, if I may use such language, but the breaking up of some moral iceberg, which for years lay heavily on my soul. It was a sort of inspiration fanned into a blaze by an irresistible consciousness that I had too long neglected a duty which I owed to my adopted country. But I now feel relieved and willing to enlist in the cause of moral and civil rights.

The following pages, I apprehend, will appear to some of a rather random and fugitive character. It will be said that much of the matter is irrelevant—that I fly too rapidly from one subject to another. To such men I will say, that they know very little of Romish intellectual tactics. A well trained reverend Romish soldier cares little about the polish of his armor, or whether he aims his blows according to the system of this or that commander. He steps into the battle arena in his lightest armor, and with his sharpest weapon. A Protestant theologian meets him, with a face as solemn as if he was accompanying to the grave all that was dear to him, wearing his heaviest coat of mail, and armed with claymores and battle-axes. While the latter is wasting his strength upon "the desert air," and aiming his harmless blows at every spot but the right one, the Papist goads him to death, and seldom fails to obtain the crown of victory from the spectators. Many Protestants who are in the habit of contending with Papists in this manner will disapprove of this book; but I trust that in differing from them in my mode of warfare with Papists, they will on reflection see that, although they may be right, I am not wrong. I shall, therefore, beg leave to pursue my own course. I will give my ideas to the public just as they strike me, fresh from my own mind, with no regard whatever to style, ornament, or criticism; and I am vain enough to wish that all controversialists, and even all Protestant and Popish writers should pursue a similar course. We should then have more truth in controversy; more soul and more sterling morality in religion. All that is pedantic would be exploded, and truth, fresh and warm from the heart, would be substituted in their place.

As I have stated, every crime which the Romish church sanctions, and almost all the immoralities of its members, either originate in Auricular Confession, or have some connection with it. In order to explain this to my readers, it will be necessary for me to go back and state the causes which first induced me to doubt the infallibility of the Romish Church.

I have been often asked the following questions: Why did you leave the Roman Catholic Church? Before I answer this question, I may well exclaim, in the language of the ancient poet, omitting only one word, "*Oh! nefandum, jubes, renovare dolorem*" But however painful the relation may be—however offensive to the ears of the virtuous and chaste—however disgusting to the pious and moral portion of our community—however at variance with the elegancies and formalities of private life—however heavily such a narrative may fall upon Romish priests and bishops, and however disreputable it may be to Nuns and Nunneries, I will answer the above question so often made.

Several causes have contributed to induce me to doubt the infallibility of the Popish church, and to renounce its ministry altogether. Among the first was the following:

When quite young and but just emerging from childhood, I became acquainted with a Protestant family living in the neighborhood of my birthplace. It consisted of a mother (a widow lady) and three interesting children, two sons and one daughter. The mother was a widow, a lady of great beauty and rare accomplishments. The husband, who had but recently died, one of the many victims of what is falsely called honor, left her, as he found her, in the possession of a large fortune, and, as far as worldly goods could make her so, in the enjoyment of perfect happiness. But his premature death threw a gloom over her future life, which neither riches nor wealth, nor all worldly comforts combined together, could effectually dissipate. Her only pleasure seemed to be placed in that of her children. They appeared—and I believe they really were—the centre and circumference of her earthly happiness.

In the course of time the sons grew up, and their guardian purchased for both, in compliance with their wishes, and to gratify their youthful ambition, commissions in the army. The parting of these children, the breaking up of this fond trio of brothers and sister, was to the widowed mother another source of grief, and tended to concentrate, if possible, more closely all the fond affections of the mother upon her daughter. She became the joy of her heart. Her education while a child was an object of great solicitude, and having a fortune at her command, no expense was spared to render it suitable for that station in life, in which her high connections entitled her to move when she should become of age. The whole family were members of the Protestant church, as the Episcopal church is called in that country. As soon as the sons left home to join their respective regiments, which were then on the continent, the mother and daughter were much alone, so much so, that the fond mother soon discovered that her too great affection for her child and the indulgence given to her were rather impeding than otherwise her education. She accordingly determined to remove her governess, who up to this period was her sole instructress, under the watchful eye of the fond and accomplished mother herself, and send her to a *fashionable school for young ladies*. There was then in the

neighborhood, only about twenty miles from this family, a *Nunnery* of the order of Jesuits. To this nunnery was attached a school superintended by nuns of that order. The school was one of the most fashionable in the country. The nuns who presided over it, were said to be the most accomplished teachers in Europe. The expenses of an education in it were extravagantly high, but not beyond the reach of wealth and fashion. The mother, though a Protestant, and strict and conscientious in the discharge of all the duties of her church, and not without a struggle in parting with her child and consigning her to the charge of Jesuits, yielded in this case to the malign influence of *fashion*, as many a fond mother does even in this our own land of equal rights and far-famed, though mock equality—sent her beautiful daughter, her earthly idol, to the school of these nuns. Let the result speak for itself.

Up to the departure of the sons for the army, and this daughter for the nunnery, I had been ever from my infancy acquainted with this family, and had for them the highest respect and warmest attachment. The elder brother was about my own age, and only a few years between the eldest and the youngest child.

Soon after the daughter was sent to school, I entered the College of Maynooth as a theological student, and in due time was ordained a Roman Catholic priest by particular *dispensation*, being two years under the canonical age. An interval of some years passed before I had an opportunity of meeting my young friend again; our interview was under peculiar circumstances. I was ordained a Romish priest, and located where she happened to be on a visit. There was a large party given, at which, among many others, I happened to be present; and there meeting with my friend and interchanging the usual courtesies upon such occasions, she—sportively, as I then imagined—asked me whether I would preach her *reception sermon*, as she intended becoming a nun and taking the *white veil*. Not even dreaming of such an event, I replied in the affirmative. I heard no more of the affair for about two months, when I received a note from her designating the chapel, the day and the hour she expected me to preach. I was then but a short time in the ministry, but sufficiently long to know that up to the hour of my commencing to read Popish theology, especially that of *Dens* and *Antoine de Peccatis*, I knew nothing of the iniquities taught and practised by Romish priests and bishops.

On the receipt of my friend's note, a cold chill crept over me; I anticipated, I feared, I trembled, I felt there must be foul play somewhere. However, I went according to promise, preached her reception sermon at the request of the young lady, and with the special approbation of the *Bishop*, whom I had to consult on such occasions.

The concourse of people that assembled on this occasion was very great. The interest created by the apparent voluntary retirement from the world of one so young, so wealthy and so beautiful, was intense, and accordingly the chapel in which I preached was filled to overflowing with the nobility and fashionables of that section of the country. Many and large were the tears which were shed, when this beautiful young lady cut off her rich and flowing tresses of hair. Reader, have you ever seen the description which Eugene Sue, in his *Wandering Jew*, gives of the lustrous, luxurious and rich head of hair worn by Charlotte De Cardoville, and shorn from her head by Jesuits, under the pretence that she was insane? If you have not, take the *Wandering Jew*, turn over its pages till you find it, and you will see a more accurate description of that shorn from the head of the young lady to whom I allude, than I can possibly give.

Turn back to the picture given by this same Eugene Sue, of the personal beauty, piety, charity, and many virtues of Mademoiselle De Cardoville, and you will have a correct portrait of this young lady of whom I speak. You may therefore easily judge, from her immolation upon the altar of fanaticism, or, more properly speaking, her personal sacrifice to the idol of Popish and Jesuit lust, the nature of that feeling which such an event must have produced in the mind of every Christian believer.

Having no clerical connection with the convent in which she was immured, I had not seen her for three months following. At the expiration of that time, one of the *lay sisters* of the convent delivered to me a note. I knew it contained something startling.

These lay sisters among Jesuits, are spies belonging to that order, but are sometimes bribed by the nuns for certain purposes. As soon as I reached my apartments, I found that my young friend expressed a wish to see me *on something important*. I, of course, lost no time in calling on her, and being a priest, I was immediately admitted; but never have I forgot, nor can I forget, the melancholy picture of lost beauty and fallen humanity, which met my astonished gaze in the person of my once beautiful and virtuous friend. I had been then about eighteen months a Romish priest, and was not without some knowledge of their profligate lives; and therefore I was the better prepared for and could more easily anticipate what was to come. After such preliminary conversation as may be expected upon occasions of this kind, the young lady spoke to me to the following effect, if not literally so. I say *literally*, because so deep, and strong, and lasting was the impression made upon my mind, that I believe I have not forgotten one letter of her words.

"I sent for you, my friend, to see you once more before my death. I have insulted my God, and disgraced my family; I am in the *family way*, and I must die." After a good deal of conversation, which it is needless to repeat, I discovered from her confession the parent of this pregnancy, and that the *mother abbess* of the convent advised her to take medicine which would effect abortion; but that she knew from the lay sister who delivered me the note, and who was a confidential servant in the convent, that the medicine which the mother abbess would give her should contain poison, and that the procuring abortion was a mere pretext. I gave her such advice as I could in the capacity of a Romish priest. I advised her to send for the bishop and consult him. "I cannot do it," said she. "My destroyer is my confessor." I was silent I had no more to say. I was bound by oath to be true to him. In vain did the noble sentiment even of the Pagan occur to me; a sentiment sanctioned almost by inspiration itself. It fled from my mind as smoke before the wind. I was one of the priests of the *infallible church*, and what was honor, what was honesty to me, where the honor of that infallible church was concerned? They were of no account; not worthy the consideration of a Romish priest for a second. The almost heavenly sentiment of the noble Pagan, "*Fiat justitia, mat coelum*," let justice be done even if the heavens were to fall, fled from my mind. I retired, leaving my friend to her fate, but promising, at her request, to return in a fortnight.

According to promise, I did return in a fortnight, but the foul deed was done. She was no more. The cold clay contained in its dread embrace all that now remained of that being, which, but a few months before, lived, and moved in all the beauty and symmetry of proportion; and that soul, once pure and spotless as the

dew-drop of heaven, ere its contact with the impurities of earth, which a fond mother confided to the care of Jesuit nuns, had been driven in its guilt and pollution into the presence of a just but merciful God. All, all, the work of Jesuits and Nuns!

This was the first check my Popish enthusiasm met with; and now for the first time did a doubt of the infallibility of the church of Rome enter my mind. After witnessing these events I could not help asking myself, can a church which sanctions and countenances such flagitious iniquities as I have just witnessed, be a Christian church? Can a body of men, who individually practise such deeds of blood, treachery and crime as those which I have seen, be, collectively, *infallible*? Are these the men whom the Saviour commissioned, in a particular manner, to preach the gospel to every creature? Are these the men, as a body, with whom he promised to be always, even to the consummation of the world? Are these the men who collectively constitute an infallible church? If so, unprofitable indeed has been my life. It is high time to come out from among them; and if I cannot live the life of luxury and ease, of sin and crime which a Romish priest can live, let me, at least, live that of an honorable man, and a useful member of society.

These were some of my reflections; and accordingly, that evening, I called on the Right Reverend Protestant bishop of———, with a view of making a public recantation of my belief in the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church. But as chance would have it, he was out of town that week, and when next I made an effort to see him I found that effort in vain. I had not properly weighed the chains that bound me to Popery. I knew not their length, nor their strength. They were stronger than adamant, than steel. They were chains woven for me, in some measure, by beings that I loved. They were thrown around me and fastened to me by hands that I revered. They were the chains of early education. I could not break them; they were too strong for me. The force which alone could do this was the grace of God. This I had not. Until then I went about without faith in the world. I soon fell back, in a measure, into my former belief, but not without a resolution to examine more fully the nature of Popery itself, and the practices of its priests. It is well said, a drowning man will catch at straws. It occurred to me that, perhaps, all the crimes and iniquities committed by popes, priests and bishops, and sanctioned by the church of Rome, might be confined only to the old countries, where "use makes law," and that by leaving the old and coming to the new world, where the people made their own laws, and the human mind had its full swing, and thought is only bounded by its own interminable extent, I might find a different state of things. I fancied, at any rate, that man might worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without the interference, let or hindrance, save the inherent power and sovereignty of the people. I little supposed that a pure and enlightened people, such as Americans boast themselves, would sanction such institutions as those in which the young friend of whom I have spoken, lost her virtue, her honor and her life. But alas! how sadly have I been disappointed.

Europe is not the only portion of the world that contains legalized Sodoms. Its people are not the only people that support them. Its lawgivers are not the only men, nor its lawmakers the only ones, that make laws for them and give them charters. Its people are not the only people who contribute their time, their lands, their moneys, and who take almost from the necessaries of life, to support monk houses and nunneries, Jesuits and Dominicans. No, no. The new world, the new people, if I may say so, who boast of being the most enlightened people on the face of the earth,—these are the people who, in proportion to their number, contribute most to the support of Popish brothels, modestly called nunneries.

But it will be said that the young lady to whom I have alluded, has given no evidence of her being virtuous. As far as you tell us, she has made no resistance, and it is scarcely possible that one whom you have placed upon so high a prominence of virtue, could have so suddenly fallen into the depths of vice. This is all very plausible, and naturally to be expected from those who know nothing of *auricular confession*,—a Popish institution, one of the most ingenious devices ever invented by the great enemy of man, for the destruction of the human soul.

I am personally acquainted with several respectable Protestant Americans, both male and female, whose ideas of confession in the Romish church have often amused me, though not unaccompanied with feelings of grief and sorrow, at their unacquaintance with this, what may be called mantrap, or rather woman-trap in the Romish church.

American Protestants suppose that Popish confession means little more than that public confession of sin, which is made in all Protestant churches, or that which we individually make to Almighty God in our private chambers. Such may well inquire how this apparent sudden fall could have taken place. These inquiries will cease when I state that the young lady became a convert to Popery, and give my readers some idea of what *auricular confession* is, and how it is made. Every Roman Catholic believes that priests have power to forgive sins, by virtue of which power any crime, however heinous, may be remitted. But in order to effect this, the sinner must confess to a priest each and every sin, whether of thought, word or deed, with all the circumstances leading to it, or following from it; and every priest who hears confessions, is allowed to put such questions as he pleases to his *penitent*, whether male or female, and he or she is bound to answer under pain of *eternal damnation*.

It is very difficult, I admit, to suppose that the daughter of a virtuous mother, and that mother a protestant too, brought up in the elegances of life, from her birth, breathing in no other atmosphere than that of the purest domestic morality, should be precipitated, in the short space of a year or two, from a state of unsullied virtue and innocence, to the veriest depth of crime; and it is a melancholy reflection to suppose a state of society, in which, by any combination of human events, the fond mother of a virtuous child could be made the instrument of that child's ruin. Such an event is scarcely possible in the eyes of Protestant Americans, and I feel a pride in believing, from my acquaintance with many of them, that if American mothers were aware of the existence of a society among them, whose object was to demoralize their children, shut out from them the noonday light of the gospel, and ultimately decoy them into the lecherous embraces of Romish priests and Jesuits; they would, to a woman, rise in their appropriate strength, and deliver our land from those legalized Sodoms called nunneries.

I will here take the liberty of showing them how the young friend to whom I have alluded, was debauched. The nunnery to which she was sent, as I have heretofore stated, had attached to it a *fashionable school*; all nunneries have such. The nuns who instruct in those schools in Europe, are generally advanced in years,

descendants from the first families, and highly accomplished. Most, if not all of them, at an early period of life met with some disappointment or other. One perhaps was the daughter of some decayed noble family, reduced by political revolutions to comparative poverty, and now having nothing but the pride of birth, retired to a convent. She could not work, and she would not beg. Another, perhaps, was disappointed in love; the companion of her own choice was refused to her by some unfeeling, aristocratic parent. No alternative was left but to unite her young person with the remains of some broken-down debauchee of the nobility. She prefers going into a convent with such means as she had in her own right. Another, perhaps, like my young friend,—and this is the case with most of them,—was seduced, by some profligate priest while at school, degraded in her own eyes, unfitted even in her own mind to become the companion of an honorable man; seeing no alternative but death or dishonor, she goes into a convent. These ladies, when properly disciplined by Jesuits and priests, become the best teachers. But before they are allowed to teach, there is no art, no craft, no species of cunning, no refinement in private personal indulgences, or no modes or means of seduction, in which they are not thoroughly initiated; and I may say with safety, and from my own personal knowledge through the confessional, that there is scarcely one of them who has not *been herself debauched by her confessor*. The reader will understand that every nun has a confessor; and here I may as well add, for the truth must be told at once, that every confessor has a concubine, and there are very few of them who have not several. Let any American mother imagine her young daughter among these semi-reverend crones, called nuns, and she will have no difficulty in seeing the possibility of her immediate ruin. When your daughter comes among those women, they pretend to be the happiest set of beings upon earth. They would not exchange their situation for any other this side of heaven. They will pray. So do the devils. They will sing. So will the devils, for aught I know. Their language, their acts, their gestures, their whole conduct while in presence of thee scholars, or their visitors, is irreproachable.

The mother abess, or superior of the convent, who invariably is the deepest in sin of the whole, and who, from her age and long practice, is almost constitutionally a hypocrite, appears in public the most *meek*, the most bland, the most courteous, and the most *humble* Christian.

She is peculiarly attentive to those who have any money in their own right: she tells them they are beautiful, fascinating, that they look like angels, that this world is not a fit residence for them, that they are too good for it, that they ought to become nuns, in order to fit them for a higher and better station in heaven. Nothing more is necessary than to become a Roman Catholic and go to confession. Such is the apparent happiness, cheerfulness, and unalloyed beatitudes of the nuns, that strangers are pleased with them. They invariably make a favorable impression on the minds of their visitors. The inference is that they must be truly pious and really virtuous.

I had recently the honor of a conversation with a lady, who is herself one of the most accomplished and elegant women in the country, and who a few weeks previously had paid a visit to the Roman Catholic nunnery at———, D. C. She spoke of the institution in the highest terms of commendation and was struck with the seeming content and cheerfulness of the lady managers, and could scarcely see why it was not a good place for the education of young ladies; but I will venture the assertion, that had this interesting lady known, as I do, the heartlessness with which crime was committed within its walls, she would fly from it, as from a den of thieves, or a city of plague. A peculiar coldness, a heartlessness not to be found elsewhere, nor under other circumstances, exists in Jesuit convents, to which order that of———belongs. Nothing like it can be traced out in the records of the world's doings. And had I the talent to point it out,—could I fix it in a position, so as to stand out solitary and alone in its naked deformity, before heaven and before men,—instead of meriting the commendation of the accomplished mothers and daughters of our land, they would soon be left without support, and crumble to dust amid the brutalities which their silent walls alone have witnessed, and would proclaim to the world, had not the inanimate materials of which they are composed forbidden it.

When crimes are committed in open day, there is some palliation for them; but when committed in the dark, and in recesses ostensibly dedicated to virtue, they are marked with an atrocity, which God, or man, or woman cannot witness without shudders of horror. Such are those committed in Jesuit nunneries, and by those very Jesuit nuns who appear so happy, and so chaste, not only in the nunnery in———, but in every nunnery throughout the world.

This it will be said, and has often been said, even by Christian mothers and Christian daughters, cannot be. They suppose that a sinner can never be happy, or even appear so. How little these people know of human nature! How perfectly unacquainted they are with the power of discipline, or force of education! Yet it would seem as if they should know better than to conclude hastily, that because nuns are cheerful and happy in appearance, they must be also chaste and virtuous. Many of our American ladies have been in the East; some of them have been in Constantinople. I believe that one or two have visited the harem of the Emperor of Constantinople, and might have seen there numbers of ladies, accomplished in their own way, covered with crime and sin, yet cheerful and apparently happy. But show me the Christian lady, who ever witnessed this, that will not weep at the bare mention of the fact, that will not sigh for the conversion of the Turk and Mahomedan, who will not mourn the fate of her sisters—for sisters they are of the same family—thus degraded and still content:—all the result of circumstances, education and want of pure religion.

But these sympathizers with Turks, Mahomedans and Pagans have not a tear to spare for their sisters of the United States. Not a sigh escapes them for their relief. Not a dollar can they give to remove from our land that accursed thing, Popery—the primary and sole cause of all those evils. On the contrary, if Jesuits want to build a *nunnery*, the husband has no peace from his wife, the father from the daughter, the brother from the sister, the lover from his betrothed, until they make up money to build a nunnery for the *poor nuns*. Well, indeed, may I apply to such individuals the language of the Jesuit Rodin, in the Wandering Jew:—"Fools, dolts, double dolts." But Rodin was wrong. He was entirely premature in the use of these expressions; and I am not at all pleased with his depriving me of the opportunity of being first to apply those sweet-sounding terms to American Protestants,—a people who have done, and are still doing, more to merit them, than any other of the past or present age.

I find, though I have not the merit of intending it, that I am strictly performing my promise to my readers, viz., that I will go entirely upon my own hook, pay no attention to order, style, or to what critics may say, but

give them my ideas at random of things and facts, just as I saw them, and precisely as they struck me at the time. This, I must confess, is rather a Tristramshandish mode of writing, particularly to Americans, who are a most precise, systematic and business people; but it is a free country, and, as the poet said, "*Cur ego invidior si pauca querere possim*" &c.

But to return to the causes which induced me to leave the Romish church.

The young lady of whom I have spoken in a previous page, was sent to school, as I have stated, to a Popish nunnery. She was a Protestant when she entered; so are many young ladies in this country when they enter similar schools. The nuns immediately set about her *conversion*. The process by which such things are done is sometimes slow, but always sure. It is often tedious, but never fails; though the knowledge European Protestants have of such institutions, renders the process of conversion more tedious than in this land of freedom and Popish humbuggery. The work of her conversion proceeded with the usual success, until she finally joined the Romish church. The next step, in such cases, is to choose a *confessor*. This is done for the young convert by the mother abbess of the nuns; and now commences the ruin of the soul and the body of the hitherto guileless, guiltless scholar, and convert from Protestant *heresy*. She goes to confession; and recollect, American reader, that what I here state is "*Mutata fabula de te ipso narratur*." Every word of what I am about to state is applicable to you. This confession is, literally speaking, nothing but a systematic preparation for her ruin. It is said that there is, among the creeping things of this earth, a certain noxious and destructive animal, called Anaconda. It is recorded of this animal, foul, filthy and ugly as he is, that when he is hungry, and seizes upon an object which he desires to destroy and subsequently devour, he takes it with him carefully to his den, or place of retreat. There, at his ease, unseen and alone with his prey, he is said to cover it over with slime, and then and there swallow it. I now declare, most solemnly and sincerely, that after living twenty-five years in full communion with the Roman Catholic church, and officiating as a Romish priest, hearing confessions, and confessing myself, I know not another reptile in all animal nature so filthy, so much to be shunned, and loathed, and dreaded by females, both married and single, as a Roman Catholic priest, or bishop, who practises the degrading and demoralizing office of *auricular confession*.

Let me give American Protestant mothers just a twilight glance at the questions which a Romish priest puts to those females, who go to confession to him, and they will bear in mind that there is no poetry in what I say. It contains no undulations of a roving fancy; there is nothing dreaming, nothing imaginative about it; it is only a part of a drama in which I have acted myself. I may truly say of all that occurs in Popish confession, "*Quorum magna pars fui*."



A YOUNG LADY CONFESSING TO THE PRIEST.—Part II, p

The following is as fair a sketch as I can, with due regard to *decency*, give of the questions which a Romish priest puts to a young female, who goes to confession to him. It is, however, but a very brief synopsis. But first let the reader figure to himself, or herself, a young lady, between the age of from twelve to twenty, on her knees, with her lips nearly close pressed to the cheeks of the priest, who, in all probability, is not over twenty-five or thirty years old—for here it is worthy of remark, that these young priests are extremely zealous in the discharge of their sacerdotal duties, especially in hearing confessions, which all Roman Catholics are bound to make under pain of eternal damnation. When priest and penitent are placed in the above attitude, let us suppose the following conversation taking place between them, and unless my readers are more dull of apprehension than I am willing to believe, they will have some idea of the *beauties of Popery*.

Confessor. What sins have you committed?

Penitent. I don't know any, sir.

Con. Are you sure you did nothing wrong? Examine yourself well

Pen. Yes; I do recollect that I did wrong I made faces at Lucy A.

Con. Nothing else?

Pen. Yes; I told mother that I hated Lucy A. and that she was an ugly thing.

Con. (Scarcely able to suppress a smile in finding the girl perfectly innocent) Have you had any immodest thoughts?

Pen. What is that, sir?

Con. Have you not been thinking about men?

Pen. Why, yes, sir.

Con. Are you fond of any of them?

Pen. Why, yes; I like cousin A. or R. greatly.

Con. Did you ever like to sleep with him?

Pen. Oh, no.

Con. How long did these thoughts about men continue?

Pen. Not very long.

Con. Had you these thoughts by day, or by night?

Pen. By—!!!!

In this strain does this reptile confessor proceed till his now half-gained prey is filled with ideas and thoughts, to which she has been hitherto a stranger. He tells her that she must come to-morrow again. She accordingly comes, and he gives another twist to the screw, which he has now firmly fixed upon the soul and body of his penitent. Day after day, week after week, and month after month does this hapless girl come to confession, until this wretch has worked up her passions to a tension almost snapping, and then becomes his easy prey. I cannot as I before stated, detail the whole process by which a Romish confessor debauches his victims in the confessional, but if curiosity, or any other motive creates in the public mind a desire to know all the particulars about it, I refer them to Antoine's Moral Theology, which I have read in the college of Maynooth, or to Den's treatise, "*De Peccatis*" which I have read in the same college, and in the same class with *some of the Romish priests now in this country*, hearing confessions perhaps at the moment I write, and debauching their penitents, aye even in New England, the land of the pilgrims! In those books I have mentioned, they will find the obscene questions which are put by priests and bishops of the Romish church, to all women, young and old, married or single; and if any married man, or father, or brother, will, after the perusal of these questions, allow his wife, his daughter, or his sister, ever again to go to confession, I will only say that his ideas of morality are more vague and loose than those of the heathen or the Turk. Christian he should not be called, who permits these deeds in our midst. I beg here to lay before my readers an extract from a work, recently published in Paris, entitled, "Auricular Confession and Direction." The work is written by M. Michelet, one of the most distinguished writers in France. It has been noticed in the last number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, and in that admirably conducted press, the Boston Courier.

The following is given as the mysterious opening of the book:!!!!

"The family is in question;

'That home where we would all fain repose, alter so many useless efforts, so many illusions destroyed.

'We return home very wearied—do we find repose there?

'We must not dissimulate—we must frankly confess to ourselves the real state of things. There exists in the bosom of society—in the family circle—a serious dissension, nay, the most serious of all dissensions.

'We may talk with our mothers, our wives or our daughters, on all those matters about which we talk with our acquaintances: on business, on the news of the day, but not at all on matters nearest the heart, on religion, on God, on the soul.

'Take the instant when you would fain find yourself united with your family in one common feeling, in the repose of the evening, round the family table; there, in your home, at your own hearth, venture to utter a word on these matters; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you, your daughter, although silent, disapproves. They are on one side of the table, you on the other, alone.

'It would seem as if in the midst of them, opposite to you, sat an invisible man to contradict what you say.'

"The invisible enemy here spoken of, is the priest. The reviewer proceeds!!!!

'The priest, as confessor, possesses the secret of a woman's soul; he knows every half-formed hope, every dim desire, every thwarted feeling. The priest, as spiritual director, animates that woman with his own ideas, moves her with his own will, fashions her according to his own fancy. And this priest is doomed to celibacy. He is a man, but is bound to pluck from his heart the feelings of a man. If he is without faith, he makes desperate use of his power over those confiding in him. If he is sincerely devout, he has to struggle with his passions, and there is a perilous chance of his being defeated in that struggle. And even should he come off victorious, still the mischief done is incalculable and irreparable. The woman's virtue has been preserved by an accident, by a power extraneous to herself. She was wax in her spiritual director's hands; she has ceased to be a *person*, and is become a *thing*.'

"There is something diabolical in the institution of celibacy accompanying confession. Paul Louis Courier has painted a fearful picture of the priest's position as an unmarried confessor; and as Courier's works are far less read than they deserve to be, we make no scruple of transferring his powerful sentences to our pages.

'What a life, what a condition is that of our priests'? Love is forbidden them, marriage especially; women are given up to them. They may not have one of their own, and yet live familiarly with all, nay, in the confidential, intimate privacy of their hidden actions, of all their thoughts. An innocent girl first hears the priest under her mother's wing; he then calls her to him, speaks alone with her, and is the first to talk of sin to her, before she can have known it. When instructed, she marries; when married, he still confesses and governs her. He has preceded the husband in her affections, and will always maintain himself in them. What she would not venture to confide to her mother, or confess to her husband, he, a priest, must know it, asks it, hears it, and yet shall not be her lover. How could he, indeed? is he not *tonsured*? He hears whispered in his ear, by a young woman, her faults, passions, desires, weaknesses, receives her sighs without feeling agitated, and he is five-and-twenty!

'To confess a woman! imagine what that is. At the end of the church a species of closet or sentry-box is erected against the wall, where the priest awaits in the evening, after vespers, his young penitent whom he loves, and who knows it; love cannot be concealed from the beloved person. You will stop me there: his

character of priest, his education, his vow.... I reply that there is no vow which holds good, that every village *cure* just come from the seminary, healthy, robust, and vigorous, doubtless loves one of his parishioners. It cannot be otherwise; and if you contest this, I will say more still, and that is, that he loves them *all*, those at least of his own age; out he prefers one, who appears to him, if not more beautiful than the others, more modest and wiser, and whom he would marry; he would make her a virtuous, pious wife, if it were not for the Pope. He sees her daily, and meets her at church or elsewhere, and sitting opposite her in the winter evenings, he imbibes, imprudent man! the poison of her eyes!

'Now, I ask you, when he hears that one coming the next day, and approaching the confessional, and when he recognizes her footsteps, and can say, 'It is she;' what is passing in the mind of the poor confessor? Honesty, duty, wise resolutions, are here of little use, without peculiarly heavenly grace. I will suppose him a saint: unable to fly, he apparently groans, sighs, recommends himself to God; but if he is only a man, he shudders, desires, and already unwillingly, without knowing it, perhaps, he hopes. She arrives, kneels down at his knees, before him whose heart leaps and palpitates. You are young, sir, or you have been so; between ourselves, what do you think of such a situation? Alone most of the time, and having these walls, these vaulted roofs, as sole witnesses, they talk; of what? alas! of all that is not innocent They talk, or rather murmur, in low voice, and their lips approach each other, and their breaths mingle. This lasts for an hour or more, and is often renewed.

'Do not think I invent. This scene takes place such as I describe it; is renewed daily by forty thousand young priests, with as many young girls whom they love, because they are men, whom they confess in this manner, entirely *tete-a-tete*, and visit, because they are priests, and whom they do not marry, because the Pope is opposed to it.'

"The priest has the spiritual care of her he loves; her soul is in his hands. He is connected with her by the most sacred ties; his interest in her he disguises to himself under the cloak of spiritual anxiety. He can always quiet the voice of conscience by an equivoque. The mystic language of love is also the mystic language of religion, and what guilt is shrouded under this equivoque, the history of priestcraft may show. *Parler l'amour c'est faire l'amour*, is a profound truth. From the love of God, it is easy to descend to the love of man; especially when this man is a priest, that is to say, a mediator between the woman and God, one who says, 'God hears you through me; through me he will reply.' This man whom she has seen at the altar, and there invested with all the sacred robes and sacred associations of his office; whom she has visited in the confessional, and there laid bare her soul to him; whose visits she has received in her *boudoir*, and there submitted to his direction; this man, whom she worships, is supposed to be an idea, a priest; no one supposing him to be a man, with a man's passions!

"M. Michelet's book contains the proofs of what I have just said; but they are too numerous to quote. I shall only borrow from his work the passages he gives from an unexceptionable authority, Llorente."

'Llorente, a contemporary, relates (t. ii., ch. 28. article 2, ed. 1817) that when he was secretary to the Inquisition, a capuchin was brought before that tribunal, who directed a community of *beguines*, and had seduced nearly all of them, by persuading them that they were not leaving the road to perfection. He told each of them in the confessional that he had received from God a singular favor: "Our Lord," he said, "has deigned to show himself to me in the Sacrament, and has said to me, Almost all the souls that thou dost direct here are pleasing to me, but especially such a one, (*the capuchin named her to whom he spoke.*) She is already so perfect, that she has conquered every passion, except carnal desire, which torments her very much. Therefore, wishing virtue to have its reward, and that she should serve me tranquilly, I charge thee to give her a dispensation, but only to be made use of with thee; she need speak of it to no confessor; that would be useless, as with such a dispensation she cannot sin." Out of seventeen *beguines*, of which the community was composed, the intrepid capuchin gave the dispensation to thirteen, who were discreet for some length of time; one of them, however, fell ill, expected to die, and discovered everything, declaring that she had never been able to believe in the dispensation, but that she had profited by it.

'I remember,' said Llorente, 'having said to him: "But, father, is it not astonishing that this singular virtue should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four, who were ugly or old?" He coolly replied, "The Holy Spirit inspires where it listeth."

'The same author, in the same chapter, while reproaching the Protestants with having exaggerated the corruption of confessors, avows that, "In the sixteenth century, the Inquisition had imposed on women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors, but the denunciations were so numerous, that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncing."

I should not have laid the above extract before the public, were I not well aware that such is the extraordinary infatuation of Americans on the subject of Popery and confession, that they may suspect my statements of exaggeration. This alone could induce me to give more than my own assertion for the truth of my statements, as no writer upon Popery knows more, or can relate more of *Auricular Confession and Direction*, than I can myself, of my own knowledge, and from my own personal experience. I shall not, however, ask American Protestants to take my naked word for anything which I may say on Popery. I shall substantiate all I assert by proofs from history.

The title of Christian land should not be given to this country, nor to any country, which legalizes institutions where deeds of darkness are sanctioned, and the foul debauchers of our youth, of our wives and our sisters, find a shelter.

Shall the cowl shelter the adulterous monk in this land of freedom? Are the sons of freemen required to countenance, nay, asked to build impassable walls around a licentious, lecherous, profligate horde of foreign monks and priests, who choose to come among us, and erect little *fortifications*, which they call nunneries, for their protection? Shall they own by law and by charter places where to bury, hidden from the public eye, the victims of their lust, and the murdered offspring of their concupiscence? Beware, Americans! There are bounds, beyond which sinners cannot go. Bear in mind the fact that the same God who can limit the sphere of an individual's crimes, can also limit those of a nation. You have flourished. Take heed lest you begin to decay before you come to full maturity; and I regret to say, that symptoms of this are now apparent. Already can I

see the hectic flush of moral consumption upon the fair face of America. Already can I see a demon bird of ill omen plunging its poisoned beak into the very vitals of your national existence, stopping here, and stopping there only to dip his wings in the life streams of your national existence, with the sole view of giving its spread more momentum, until it encompasses the whole length and breadth, centre and circumference of your country.

Infidelity is now fast careering and sporting over the whole face of our land, and if history has not deceived us, and our own personal experience has not been vain, it never moves, it never travels, it never exists, unaccompanied by political as well as moral death. Look at ancient Rome, how it fell in its pride! Look at France—how often it has tottered and stumbled in its beauty! Look at England at the present moment,—see how she trembles even in her strength. Think you that all these things were brought about by the causes to which the world would attribute them? What signifies the Texas question in the sight of God? What the Oregon difficulties? what the trade with China? what the repeal brawlings? Such things would have happened if our "mother's cat had but kittened, and we ourselves had ne'er been born."

The decay of nations, the fall of thrones, are brought about by infidelity, by national insults to the God of nations, by the sins of the people against the King of glory; and how can this country, deeply steeped as it is, and darkly stained as it is, with the crime of aiding Popery, idolatry, and auricular confession; how can it expect, I repeat the words, that the moral breezes of heaven should breathe upon her, and restore to her again that strong and healthy constitution, which her ancestors have left to her sons? No, no. It cannot be. You must, as the lawyers would say, stand "*rectus in curia*," before your God. Withdraw your countenance and your support from Popery. Touch not the unclean thing. Then, and not until then, can you raise clean hands and pure hearts to the throne of God, and ask for a blessing upon the United States and its territories.

But it may be replied, all you say of Popery in the *old* countries may be true, but it is a different thing altogether in the United States. This is a great error on the part of Americans, and I feel it my duty to correct it if possible. I am not surprised that, Americans should entertain ideas of this kind. I was once partly of that opinion myself, and, as I stated in a former page, I determined to visit this new and free country, in the hope—alas! it was a vain one—of finding true religion, and purity of life, even in the Roman Catholic church. I remember well, having consulted a friend on the propriety of such a course, he strongly dissuaded me from it, assuring me that I would find Popery here essentially the same that it was in Europe, with this difference only, that the crimes and private lives of priests and bishops were more grossly immoral, and, though indirectly, more effectually sanctioned by the laws of the land. This, however, did not satisfy me, and accordingly, having received from my then ecclesiastical superior, what in church parlance is called *an Exeat*, (the document is in my possession, if any one wishes to see it,) or, as American theologians would term it, "a regular dismissal" from the church where I officiated, I arrived in New York, in Nov., 18—. But the reader may well judge of my disappointment, when I found, on my arrival there, not altogether such Romish priests and bishops as I had left behind me,—for many of them were gentlemen by birth, and paid some regard to public decency, even in their profligacies; but a set of coarse, vulgar, half educated, I may say, half civilized, Irish and French brutes, most of whom might be seen daily lolling in grog-shops, and electioneering among the lowest dregs of society. I have met but one exception to this, and that was the Reverend Wm. Taylor, who was then in New York.

Having stated to Taylor my object in coming over, I shall never forget the sad and sorrowful smile which but dimly lit up his naturally kind and cheerful countenance. "My friend," said he, "all your hopes in coming to this country will be disappointed. You must not stay in this city. Go into the country. Go to Albany; you may there see less of those scenes from which you have fled; and as I perceive your introductions from Europe to De Witt Clinton, are numerous and of the best kind, you will find much pleasure in the society of that excellent gentleman, and make up your mind either to leave this country, or to retire from the Romish church altogether. The latter I will do myself, but not without an effort to correct the abuses of Popery." This effort he has made, as I have stated in my *Synopsis of Popery, as it was and as it is*; but he lacked moral as well as physical courage to carry it through.

I lost no time in retiring to Albany. The legislature of the State of New York was then commencing its annual session, and though an entire stranger, so high were my testimonials, both from the Romish bishops, as a priest, and from private individuals, as a man of honor and correct deportment, that I was unanimously elected chaplain to the legislature, without any application on my part for such an appointment. I will not allude to the flattering attentions which were paid to me by the people of Albany, during my residence among them, which was only about six months. The public presses in that city, while I was there, bear witness to the fact. Even the Roman Catholics, some of whom were native Americans, left nothing undone to render me happy. My salary was more than I desired, and more than I wanted of them. As a body, I have no complaint to make against them, so far as money was concerned. Why then, it will be said, did you leave them? This too is a sad tale. But, as some of them are now living, justice even to them demands that I should state the cause which forced me to leave them.

The Roman Catholics of Albany had, during about two years previous to my arrival among them, three Irish priests alternately with them, occasionally preaching, but always hearing confessions. I know the names of these men; one of them is dead, the other two living, and now in full communion in the Roman church, still saying mass and hearing confessions. As soon as I got settled in Albany, I had of course to attend to the duty of *auricular confession*, and in less than two months found that those three priests, during the time they were there, were the fathers of between sixty and one hundred children, besides having debauched many who had left the place previous to their confinement. Many of these children were by married women, who were among the most zealous supporters of those vagabond priests, and whose brothers and relatives were ready to wade, if necessary, knee deep in blood for the holy, *immaculate infallible church of Rome*. There is a circumstance connected with this, that renders the conduct of these priests almost frightfully atrocious. There are in many of the Roman Catholic churches, things, as Michelet properly calls them, like sentry-boxes, called confessionals. These are generally situated in the body of the church, and priests hear confessions in them, though the priest and lady penitent are only separated by a sliding board, which can be moved in any direction the confessor pleases, leaving him and the penitent ear to ear, breath to breath, eye to eye, and lip

to lip, if he pleases. There were none of these in the Romish church of Albany, and those priests had to hear confessions in the *sacristy* of the church. This is a small room back of the altar, in which the Eucharist, containing, according to the Romish belief, the real body and blood of Jesus Christ, is kept, while mass is not celebrating in the chapel. This room is always fastened by a lock and key of the best workmanship, and the key kept by the priest day and night. This sacristy, containing the wafer, which the priests blasphemously adore, was used by them as a place to hear confessions, and here they committed habitually those acts of immorality and crime of which I have spoken.

These details must be unpleasant to the reader; but not more so than they are to me. I see not, however, any other mode in which I can give Americans anything like a correct idea of that state of society which must be expected in this country, should the period ever arrive when Popery and Popish priests shall be in the ascendant. There are portions of Europe, and of South America, where parents well know that the children, who take their name, whom they are obliged to support, are only their legalized, but not their legitimate offspring; but so entirely brutalized are their feelings and notions of morality by the predominance of Popery among them, that these things are considered matters of little moment. I saw an instance of this very recently at a place called Hailappa, in Mexico. I met there a gentleman, a man of wealth, some distinction, and one who had travelled a good deal. Knowing that I intended leaving the place next day, he said he would introduce me to two Dominican friars, who were going to Vera Cruz, and were to travel in the same stage with me. In the course of conversation I observed to him, that the reputation of Dominican friars and Jesuits for morality, was not good in some parts of Europe which I had visited, and I wished very much to know how it stood in Mexico. He frankly replied, in very good Latin,—a language more familiar to me than the Spanish, or perhaps any other,—"they are not considered as a body very moral men in Mexico, but these reverend gentlemen to whom I will introduce you, bear a high character for morality. They do not trouble their neighbors' wives and daughters; they have for years kept their *female friends*, and provided for their children." "Are they married, sir?" said I; though I of course knew the reverse from the fact of their being priests. "Oh no, sir," replied my Mexican acquaintance; "our *holy church* does not allow that, but they are *chaste* men." "What do you mean by chastity?" said I. "Living an *unmarried* life," answered he promptly. In the course of that evening, I met with a respectable American citizen, a native of New Jersey; I asked him whether he knew these priests, naming them. He told me he did; that one of them kept *three sisters*, the eldest not over twenty-five years old, and that *he had children by each of them*, but was still reputed a good priest, and was, as far as he could discover, one of the best of them. The next day I obtained an introduction to these worthies, and travelled with them to Vera Cruz. They were dressed in their appropriate garb of sanctity, the crown of their heads being shaved close, and bearing marks of sanctimoniousness. It is well known that in the city of Mexico, and throughout that sham republic, Romish priests live habitually and publicly with the mother and daughter at the same time.

These are the men, and their code of moral law is that which Americans are fostering and encouraging, by contributing their money to the building of convents and Romish chapels throughout the United States.

Previous to my leaving Albany, many overtures were made to me by Roman Catholics to continue among them; but I peremptorily declined. The reader may well imagine the awkwardness of my position, and state of my feelings on this occasion. I could give the people no reason for my leaving them; my lips were sealed, my hands were bound, my voice was silent. I saw many worthy families on the brink of ruin, and I could not put forth a hand to save them. I saw their children almost in the jaws of the lion, but I dared not warn them of their danger. I saw their foes, in the garb of friends and moral guides, leading them into the recesses of guilt and crime, and I dared not utter a warning cry. I knew all in the *confessional*, and of course I was silent. The only resource left me was to leave these scenes, where the occurrences which I have stated had taken place; and I accordingly decided to make another trial of Popery, by proceeding on to Philadelphia, a city which, at that time, was preeminently distinguished for the virtues and morality of its people.

I expected that in a community so remarkably distinguished for the observance of all law, human and divine, as the city of Penn was, that even Papist priests and Jesuits might, at least, observe the externals of correct deportment; and, full of better hopes and brighter prospects, I hastened among them, and was received with a cordiality and hospitality truly flattering. Fortunately for this people, they had no bishop for some time previous to my arrival. The diocese was under the superintendence of a Vicar-general, a Jesuit, I think from Switzerland, named De Barth. This reverend gentleman had been settled in the interior of the State; and having there a *housekeeper and some nieces*, to whom he was *attached*, he visited the city of Philadelphia but seldom; owing to this circumstance, and to the fact that three or four friars and one Irish curate, who was in the city, had their own way in everything, the Popish congregation was comparatively quiet. American Protestants knew nothing of their private lives, knew nothing of the plans and schemes which they were laying to entrap their children, by suppressing the reading of the Bible, to perpetuate amongst them the seeds of moral death. Here, at least, I expected to find Popery as I fancied it before I was ordained a priest. Notwithstanding what I had witnessed immediately after my ordination in Europe; and though the death-knell, which announced the departure to the grave of a young and virtuous friend, had scarcely ceased to reverberate in my ears; though the knowledge that a human soul was launched into eternity by Jesuit lust and poison, and that within the walls of a nunnery, was yet fresh in my mind; though all that occurred in Albany, under my own eye, and witnessed by the testimony of my own senses, the one twentieth of which I have not even alluded to; I still expected that I might find Popery what my early education represented to me, or, at least, that I might contribute to render it so, in this free country, by casting to the winds the legends and silly traditions of the Romish holy fathers, and substituting in their place the Word of God.

I little thought that there lived a Romish priest or bishop, who, in a land of free thought and noble deeds, such as this was then, would dare prohibit the circulation of the Word of God. I little dreamed that the first opposition I should meet in my efforts to circulate the Bible should be in Philadelphia. Who could even fancy that Papists were so devoid of prudence, or so utterly reckless of consequences, as to proclaim, in the city of Penn, we will have no Bible? Though I knew well that Popery boasts of being always the same, that it never changes, I also knew that the *infallible church* always yielded to *expediency*; and I thought, as a matter of course, ==that Americans were too courageous, and too virtuous a people, to permit Papists to proceed so far, at that early period of American history, as to close up the fountain and the source even of their political

existence as a nation, and consequently that I should meet with no opposition from Papists in any effort which might bear upon the face of it any evidence of my intention to advance the cause of morals. But I was mistaken. Americans were not then free. They are, not free now. They had, it is true, shaken off the yoke of foreign dominion, but even then they were tamely harnessing themselves in stronger chains to a heavier yoke; even then they were passively submitting to the dictation of Rome, and to the insolent bravado of Irish priests and bishops. I repeat it; they were not free then. They made their country free, as we are told by history, but it was not for themselves they made it free. It was done for foreigners; it was done for Papists, for Jesuits, for Dominicans, and their courtesans, Popish nuns. The day is not far distant,—I may not live to see it, nor do I desire to witness it,—when some historian may well apply to Americans that sentence in Virgil, which that beautiful pastoral poet applied to the yoked oxen: "*Sic vos non vobis jujum feratis boves*" Well indeed may this be applied to Americans; they have borne the yoke, they have toiled with it upon their necks in cultivating their fair fields of freedom, but, like the poet's oxen, the crop is not theirs. It belongs to foreign Papists and their *lord*, the Pope, King of Rome. Nor should I be in the least surprised, if, in less than thirty years, that thing called the Host, made of flour and water, and converted, by the mumbling of a few Latin words by a priest, into the God of glory, should be conveyed through that city, under a canopy of satin, supported by Popish priests, and guarded by a file of Popish dragoons, preceded by a trumpeter, announcing its approach, in order that the populace may uncover their heads, and fall upon their knees to adore this god of Popish manufacture. Base idolatry! And history will say of Protestant Americans,—Base people, to tolerate such profanations among you!

But, on reflection, why blame Americans? They knew little or nothing of Popery, except from history, and, in some histories, the picture given had two sides to it. One was fair and seductive; the other was stern and true. The former was exhibited with industry and care. It was sought for and gazed at with pleasure. The latter had comparatively but few worldly attractions, had no admirers but the votaries of truth, and, alas! they were but few. Under these circumstances, how were Americans to be blamed? Knowing them well, I cannot become their accuser, but I can, without any disrespect towards them, pity them, and mourn over the delusion under which they labor, even though that delusion should be in part well earned.

How, for instance, could it be expected that American Protestants should believe what is related of the capuchin friar by Michelet, whom I have quoted in one of the preceding pages? Can an American Protestant suppose it possible that a Romish priest could *persuade all the nuns* in a convent that he had a revelation from God, commissioning him, especially, to tell those nuns individually, that it was their duty to have a criminal connexion with himself, under pain of eternal damnation? Such a thing would only excite the risible faculties of an American Protestant; even the male portion of Roman Catholics will not believe such a thing possible. There was a period when I would not believe it myself, and when the idea of a Popish priest seducing a nun, or administering poison to get possession of a man's wife, or his daughter, or his property, was impossible, though history informed me of such things being done in the Romish church; and, had I not become a Roman Catholic priest, and been myself a confessor, I should, until this day, turn a deaf ear to the relation of such facts. I should look upon Popish priests and bishops, who were charged with them, as persecuted men, and probably extend to them that sympathy and support, which Protestant Americans are now doing throughout this country.

Were any one to come to me before I was a Romish priest and confessor, and tell me that the Protestant young lady to whom I have so often alluded, should go to a school kept by Popish nuns,—that they would convert her from the religion of her birth, make her a Papist, cause her to go to confession,—that the confessor would seduce her, and that the superior mother abbess would cause her death in trying to procure abortion,—I would not have believed him. I should have looked upon him as some fanatic, or some evil-disposed person, actuated by malice against Romish priests and nunneries; but after becoming a priest myself, and a confessor, I not only believed such a thing possible, but witnessed it. And though I could weep, I could not prevent it, such was the nature of my sacerdotal oath of secrecy; such were my obligations to support the Pope and the honor of his *infallible church*.

Poisoning is a practice of ancient date in the Romish church; and I tell you, Americans, it is still in full force, and you will taste of its fruits before you are aware of it. Let me give you a well authenticated instance of this. It is related in the fifth volume of Sanuto, an eminent Popish writer. Pope Alexander the Sixth, *graciously* condescended to inform one of his cardinals, Adrian de Corneto, that he intended to visit him at his vineyard, and that he, the Pope, would bring his supper with him. The cardinal, being himself a priest and a confessor, suspected that the *holy Pope* intended to poison him, with a view of possessing his fortunes and a lovely *sister* of his. The cardinal's fortune was great, and the lady in question was beautiful. He well knew his fate, unless something could be done to avert it, and he knew of but one way of doing that. He sent for the Pope's carver, and prevailed upon him to accept and keep, "for his sake," ten thousand ducats, with large sums beside, which he had not then in cash, but which he would have in a short time. "You know," said the cardinal to the carver, "that the Pope has *compassed* my death by poison at your hand, wherefore, I beseech you, have pity on me, and spare my life." The carver, yielding to compassion, promised to save him, and explained the mode in which the *holy Pope*, the vicegerent of the Lord of Heaven, and, as some Catholics will have it, not only the infallible, but even the impeccable head of the church, intended to put him to death.

The carver was instructed by the Pope, to have two boxes of lozenge confectionary prepared, and to present one to himself and the other to the cardinal. That to the cardinal was to contain poison. His *holiness*, the Pope, according to engagement, came to sup with the cardinal at his vineyard, but matters being arranged between the carver and the latter, the poison which the Pope intended for the cardinal was given to himself; he was taken sick and died. This occurrence, which took place centuries ago, though it may appear incredible to many readers of this book, is as well authenticated by history, and is as demonstrable therefrom, as it will be in some future generation, that such a city as Boston, where this book is written, had ever an existence. But it will be said, that such things might have existed in ancient times; that popes might have poisoned cardinals; that cardinals might have poisoned popes, and that popes might have poisoned each other; that priests might have seduced their *penitents*, and then caused them to be poisoned, to save the honor of the *holy church*; but that no such thing has ever occurred in these United States. Fatal delusion, this; and thrice fatal will its consequences be to you, American Protestants, as well as American Catholics, if you do not give

ear to my statements, and full credit to my word and warning, when I tell you that such an event has taken place in the city of Philadelphia, to my own personal knowledge; and that the reverend wretch, who seduced, and subsequently caused to be poisoned, an innocent and virtuous orphan daughter of a worthy American citizen, was a few months ago, and is now, for aught I know, officiating as a Romish priest and confessor in the city of Dublin, Ireland.

No wonder, I repeat it, that American Protestants should not believe these things. No wonder that Americans who have joined the Popish church, should not believe them. No wonder that some honorable and high-minded young men in the United States, who have been decoyed by the sophistry, apparent sanctity and *liberality* of Romish priests, from the faith of their Protestant forefathers, should disbelieve those things, and feel indignant against all who advance such accusations. But let them pause. Let them not be too precipitate in judging of the motives of others. Some of these young men, like myself, in the days of my youth, may take it into their heads to become Romish priests, and, I understand that, even now, there are several of them in Rome preparing to do so. Let them proceed. They will soon find, as I did, that such facts as I here relate, horrible and revolting as they seem, are matters of daily occurrence in the Church of Rome.

During every vicissitude in the history of the Popish church; during every fluctuation, and every rise and fall of successive popes; during all the metamorphoses and changes that took place in their lives, and successive pretensions to power, their iniquitous practices were never abandoned. Let us raise the veil which hides the past from our eye; we shall find, if we do not permit ourselves to be misled by faithless historians, that the only thing in which they never differed, was the sanctioning of the crimes of plunder and rapacity for the aggrandizement of the power of Rome, and that murder, rape, and even incest, lost their atrocity when committed by priests and bishops of the *infallible church*, who are her sworn and devoted supporters.

The power of the popes has often been shaken, yet they have stood every shock. Their system of policy is such, that they have kept and are keeping the nations of the earth engaged in some civil or ecclesiastical broils among each other, and thus divert their attention from the stealthy march of Papal power amongst them; and while nations are thus engaged, they are enveloping the people in ignorance and darkness, so as to blind them to their own atrocities and crimes.

This country is now a fair field for Popish manoeuvring. Rome has seen this for the last twenty years, and has made her preparations accordingly. While this new country was busy in forming her alliances abroad, regulating her commerce, and making her treaties with foreign powers; while she was dividing her states, settling her domestic territorial disputes, regulating their laws, and defining their boundaries; Rome was awake,—her spies were amongst you. They walked carefully round the citadel of your freedom; they saw that it was not sufficiently manned, that it was accessible from many points, and accordingly, they poured into it platoon after platoon, regiment after regiment, of the Pope's troops, until they had sufficient force to take possession whenever they deemed it necessary and they now tell Americans that the Pope is their legitimate sovereign, and that Americans are but the "cowardly sons of cowardly pirates." They even go further; they perpetrate the grossest outrages upon every law, moral and civil, in utter defiance of American jurisprudence. They keep their *nunneries*, or rather seraglios, in the very midst of them, surround them with ramparts, and not only deny to their civil magistrates the right of entrance, but defy them to do so. This every American citizen knows to be a fact; at least, it is known in the city of Boston, where I now write. No one was admitted within the walls of the Ursuline convent, which an indignant populace reduced to ashes, without special permission from the mother abbess,—allowing the nuns within to assume the appearance of decency and propriety before they showed themselves, however flagrant their conduct might have been. Time was given to them and to the priests to assume their usual sanctimoni-appearance; but then all the cells were never seen at the same time. Many were reserved for hidden and criminal purposes, and when some of those nuns were apparently cheerful and happy, leaving on the visitor's mind an impression that nothing but happiness reigned throughout the whole nunnery, there were probably some of them, unseen and unheard by strangers, writhing in the agonies of childbirth. This is no fancy sketch. Read Llorenti's History of the Inquisition, and you will find that the picture I give is far short of the reality. Such was the profligacy of friars and nuns, as Llorenti informs us, in the fifteenth century, that the Pope, from very shame, had to take notice of it. He had to invest the inquisition with special power to take cognizance of the matter. The inquisitors, in obedience to orders from their sovereign Pope, entered immediately upon the discharge of their duties. They issued, through their immediate superior, a general order, commanding all women, nuns and lay sisters, married women and single women, without regard to age, station in life, or any other circumstance, to appear before them and give information, if any they had, against all priests, Jesuits, monks, friars and confessors.

The Pope was not fully aware of what he did, when he granted the aforesaid power to the inquisition. He supposed that the licentiousness of his priests did not extend beyond women of ill fame; but in this his *holiness* was mistaken, as he subsequently discovered. All were obliged to obey the summons of the inquisition. Disobedience was heresy—it was death. The number who made their appearance, to lodge information against the priests and confessors, in the single city of Seville, in Spain, was so great that the taking of depositions occupied twenty notaries for thirty days. The inquisitors, worn out with fatigue, determined on taking a recess, and having done so, they reassembled and devoted thirty days more to the same purpose; but the depositions continued to increase so fast, that they saw no use in continuing them, and they finally resolved to adjourn and quash the inquiry. The city of Seville was found to be one vast area of pollution. But Americans will still say, this occurred in the fifteenth century; no such thing can take place now. The whole social system is different now from what it was then. I tell you again, Americans, that you are mistaken in your inference. Priests, nuns and confessors are the same now that they were then, all over the world. Many of you have visited Paris, and do you not there see, at the present day, a *lying-in hospital* attached to every nunnery in the city? The same is to be seen in Madrid, and the principal cities of Spain. I have seen them myself in Mexico, and in the city of Dublin, Ireland. And what is the object of those hospitals? It is chiefly to provide for the illicit offspring of priests and nuns, and such other unmarried females as the priests can seduce through the confessional. But it will be said, there are no lying-in hospitals attached to nunneries in this country. True, there are not; but I say, of my own knowledge and from my own experience through the confessional, that it would be well if there were; there would be fewer abortions, there would be fewer infants strangled and murdered. It is not generally known to Americans, that the crime of procuring

abortion,—a crime which our laws pronounce to be felony,—is a common every-day crime in Popish nunneries. It is not known to Americans,—but let it henceforward be known to them,—that strangling and putting to death infants, is common in nunneries throughout this country. It is not known that this is done systematically and methodically, according to Popish instructions. The *modus operandi* is this. The *infallible church* teaches that without baptism even infants cannot go to heaven. The holy church, not caring much now the aforesaid infants may come into this world, but anxious that they should go from it according to the ritual of the church, insists that the infant shall be baptized. This being done, and its soul being thus fitted for heaven, the mother abess gently takes between her holy fingers the nostrils of the infant, and in the name of the infallible church consigns it to the care of the Almighty; and I beg here to state, from my own knowledge through the confessional, that the father is, in nearly all cases, the individual who baptizes it; thus literally verifying what Erasmus has said in sheer irony,—"*Patres vacantur et Sepe sunt.*" I desire to assert nothing, of a character so frightful and disgusting as this, on my own unsupported authority. I could give numberless instances of the truth of my assertions, but let one suffice.



MOTHER ABBESS STRANGLING THE INFANT—Part II, p.

Llorenti, in his History of the Inquisition,—and the reader will bear in mind, that Llorenti is good authority with all Roman Catholics,—relates the following fact. There was among the Carmelite nuns of Lerma, a mother abess, called mother Agueda. (All the nunneries in the United States have a mother abess, like the nuns of Lerma.) Agueda was accounted a saint. People came to her, from all the neighboring country, to be cured of their respective diseases. Her mode of curing all diseases was this. She had in her possession a number of small stones, of which she said she was delivered, in all the pains of childbirth. She was delivered of them periodically, for the space of twenty years, according to her own statement and that of her biographer, and by the application of those stones to any diseased person, he was forthwith cured. Rumor, however, got abroad that the *mother abess* "was no better than she ought to be," and that, in place of bringing forth stones, she and the other nuns of the convent were bringing forth children for the friars of the Carmelite order, who arranged all her miracles for her, and enabled her for twenty-years to impose upon the public, as the lady prioress of a nunnery and fashionable boarding-school. Whenever she was *confined* and delivered of a child, the *holy nuns* strangled it and buried it. All the other nuns did likewise, and probably would have continued to do so to this day, through their successors in office, had not a niece of the mother abess and *saint*, in a moment of anger, arising from maltreatment, let fall some observations which excited the suspicions of the public authorities. The burying-ground of the nuns was examined, the spot where the strangled infants were buried was pointed out by the niece of the mother abess, and the bodies found.

This fact is as well authenticated, as that such a place as Lerma has had existence, or that such a wretch as Mother Agueda has ever been born; and I will hazard the assertion, that if the burying-grounds of the nunneries in the United States were dug open, hundreds of the bodies of strangled infants, the offspring of nuns and Popish priests, may be found in them, though it is said they have discovered some chemical process, by which the bones, as well as the flesh of infants, are reduced, in a little time, almost to perfect annihilation.

Virtuous ladies, into whose hands this book by chance may fall, will exclaim, on reading the above, This cannot be true. I will not believe it. Such a thing is impossible. If even nuns had witnessed such things, however depraved they may be, they would fly from such scenes; or at all events, no *nun*, who has ever been once guilty of such crimes, would commit them a second time.—Here, again, we see how little Americans know of Popery, and of the practices of its priests and nuns.

The fact is, Roman Catholic laymen know almost as little of Popery as Protestants. They are not aware, that, when a female goes to confession, she virtually binds herself to answer every question which her confessor proposes, and that the concealment of any thought or deed, which she committed, was a *mortal sin*, sufficient of itself to consign her soul to hell. She believes that the priest sits in the confessional, not as man, but as God. Attend, fellow-citizens, to what I here state to you, and you will easily conceive the possibility, nay, even the probability, nay, even further, the truth of every word I relate to you in relation to the crimes of nuns and priests, within the walls of nunneries.

The woman who goes to confession to a priest, whether a nun or a lay-sister, whether married or single, believes, that while in the *sacred tribunal* of the confessional, he is divested of his humanity, and acts, not as man, but as God. Nothing, then, is easier, if he has the least fancy for the penitent, than to persuade her that he is *divinely* commissioned to———. She does not doubt this, and yields to his wishes. There have been instances,—and there are now thousands of them in Europe, and even in this country,—where a priest tells every good-looking woman who goes to confession to him, that it is her duty to have children by him! Be not startled, American husbands. I make not these statements to hurt or outrage your feelings. I make it in compassion for you, and to prevent you, if possible from permitting your wives or your daughters to go in future to these dens of vice, called *confessionals*.

I can easily fancy one of you saying to your neighbor, who is also a Roman Catholic, and whose wife, as well as yours, goes to confession,—“Well, Mr. A., I care not what may be said against *our* priest, or against *auricular confession*. My wife goes regularly to confession, and if she heard or saw anything bad on the part of the priests, I should soon know it. I have no doubt of it, says Mr. B. My wife goes also, and so does my daughter, and I suppose nobody will pretend to say that a priest could do anything wrong to *them*. They know better than to be imposed upon. There is no better woman in the world than *my* wife; come over and dine with me. My wife just told me that she asked the priest to dine with us, and you must come.” I can not only fancy this, but I have seen such meetings. I have seen husbands unsuspectingly and hospitably entertaining the very priest who seduced their wives in the confessional, and was the parent of some of the children who sat at the same table with them, each of the wives unconscious of the other's guilt, and the husbands of both, not even suspecting them. The husband of her who goes to confession has no hold upon her affections. If he claims a right to her confidence, he claims what he can never receive; he claims what she has not to give. She has long since given it to her confessor, and he can never recover it. She looks to her confessor for advice in everything. She may appear to be fond of her husband; it is even possible that she may be so in reality. She may be gentle, meek, and obedient to her husband,—her confessor will advise her to be so; but she will not give him her confidence; she cannot,—that is already in the hands of her confessor. He stands an incarnate fiend between man and wife, mother and daughter. All the ties of domestic happiness and reciprocal duties are thus violated with impunity through the instrumentality of *auricular confession*.

Would to God I had never entered that *tribunal* myself! Would to God it was never in my power to relate as facts what I have now put to paper! But no such happiness was intended for me! It was the will of Providence that I was reserved to witness and relate those deeds of darkness and crime committed under the mask of Popish religion, from which my feelings and disposition shrink with horror. Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Price, Priestley, Paine, Diderot, and others, have done evil by their infidel writings. Evils, great and heavy evils, have been the consequence of their introduction into the United States; but ten-fold greater have been the evils which the introduction of Popery and auricular confession amongst us have brought in their train.

The writings of these infidels have in them, it is true, many of the most exceptionable passages, but, as far as we know, their private lives were generally good. Even in their writings, there was much that was good. They advocated the cause of civil liberty; they pleaded, and pleaded strongly and eloquently, the cause of human rights, and the liberties of man. These were redeeming qualities. These were noble doctrines, and nobly pleaded. But what has Popery brought amongst us? What have Popish priests introduced into this country? Idolatry, debauchery in every shape, and of every hue. Yet Americans will cast into the fire the works of those infidels,—they will not allow their children to read them, lest they may corrupt their morals, though the authors are cold in their graves. But they will send them to Popish schools,—they will allow them to drink lessons of depravity from the eyes of licentious nuns, and hear them from the lips of Popish priests. Strange inconsistency, this! Infidels in theory are shunned as plagues, while practical infidels are cherished amongst us. It is well known to Protestants even in the United States, that it is a common practice of Romish priests to seduce females in the *confessional*, and it is, or should be equally well known that these very priests hear the confessions of the very females whom they seduce. It is an article of faith in the Roman Catholic church, that the crimes of a priest do not disqualify him from *forgiving the sins of his penitent*, and hence it is that their opportunities of demoralizing every community, where they are in the ascendant, almost exceed conception. Persuade a woman that if she sins, you can forgive her as thoroughly and effectually as Almighty God could forgive her, and you take away every check from vice. All restraint is removed. The voice of true religion is silenced, and sin prevails.

The iniquity of Romish priests in the confessional can scarcely be imagined. There is nothing else like it; it is a thing by itself; there is a chasm between itself and other crimes, which human depravity cannot pass. Could I state them all, as I have known them, my readers would feel themselves almost insulated; an ocean and a sea of wonders, and waters of grief and sadness for fallen humanity would ebb and flow around them. Just fancy an innocent female on her knees before an artful, unbelieving priest! But why is she there? Why does not instinct warn her off? Why does not conscious innocence tell her to fly from him? How often do we thank God that we are endowed with reason? How often do we sing his praises, and glorify his name, because he has “made us a little lower than the angels,” giving us reason for our guide, and thus raising us above all things that are created? Would it not appear as if things were not so; as if the God of heaven were more bountiful to the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, than to man? Would it not appear that the poet was mistaken, when he said, in the fulness of his heart, and depth of his belief in revelation,!!!!

“And to be innocent is nature's wisdom; The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air, Feared soon as seen, and flatters back to shelter; And the young steed recoils upon his haunches The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard. O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes Is that fine sense, which, to the pure in heart, By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness. Reveals the approach of evil.”

Would it not seem from this that the gift of reason was no bounty in reality to man? as if instinct was something superior to it? Why does not innocence,—native, conscious innocence,—if, in reality, there is such a thing,—teach woman to flee from those incarnate demons, Romish confessors? Why will they entrust themselves, alone and unprotected by father or mother, brother or honorable lover, with these scheming, artful seducers? Why will mothers, married women, go to confession to these men, or why will husbands be such inconceivable dupes as to permit it? Have husbands any idea of the questions which a confessor puts to

their wives? They have not even the remotest. Let me give them a few of these questions, and I assure them, as I have more than once done before, that I state nothing but what I know of my own knowledge. The following are a few of them. 1st. Have you been guilty of adultery or fornication, and how often? 2d. Have you desired to commit either, and how often? 3d. Have you ever intended to commit fornication or adultery? 4th. Have you ever taken pleasure in thinking upon these subjects? 5th. Have you dwelt upon them for any length of time? 6th. Have you ever endeavored to excite your own passions? 7th. Have you ever taken indecent liberties with yourself, or with your husband?

Does any husband really know that when his wife goes to confession,—and probably she leans on his arm while she is going there,—that the above questions are put to her? Assuredly, he does not. Otherwise, we must suppose him a man of base principles in permitting such a thing. But even should he suspect it, and ask his wife whether they were put to her; should he call upon the priest, and bring him and the wife face to face; should he ask them severally whether such interrogatories were put by the priest to the wife, they will jointly and severally deny it under oath, if required, and in doing this, they both feel justified; or, to speak more correctly and plainly, the priest is laughing in his sleeve, and the wife is his dupe. The reason, however, for the course they pursue, is this. The *infallible* church teaches, that when a priest is in the confessional, he sits there as God, and not as man; and when he denies under oath that he put such questions, he means that he did not put the questions as man, but as God; and when the penitent is asked whether such questions were put to her, she will say on *oath* they were not, because it was God, and not man, that asked them. I am well aware that this will appear strange to Americans, but it is not the less true. I have asked such questions, and given such reasons over and over again, while acting as a Romish priest. I have asked them, till my soul sickened with disgust. Every priest in Boston asks those questions daily; there is not a priest in the United States who does not ask them. No, not one,—from Aroostook to Oregon, nor from Maine to Louisiana. Judge, then, of the moral waste and wilderness which Romish priests are effecting by hewing and clearing down everything that blooms or bears the fruit of virtue and holiness.

But can such things exist in a civilized country? It is all the result of education,—of bad, vicious, and corrupt education. Let us suppose that a married man has a neighbor whom he believes to be honorable upright, and correct in all his dealings, so much so, that he never had occasion to doubt his word, and would trust him with thousands, nay, millions if he had it. Suppose his wife had the reputation of a good and virtuous woman. Suppose she was considered so by the pious members of her own and every other church in this city. Suppose this individual, to whom I have alluded, should discover that his wife was in the habit of meeting his neighbor very frequently in some retired nook or corner, and holding long and confidential conversation with him,—think you he would not suspect something wrong? Suppose he were to ask his wife what they were talking about, and she should say that he was giving her spiritual counsel,—think you that this would be satisfactory to him? Would he permit those interviews to continue? Surely not. But why distrust the well-known prudence of his wife, and the honor of a man he has known for years? Is it wise in him to suspect a worthy man? It is not only wise, but it is proper. It would even be criminal not to do so. The man who would not forbid these interviews, would be considered a low-spirited wretch, unworthy the society of all honorable men. He would sink even in his own estimation; and how comes it, then, that this very man, so sensitive, so distrustful of the virtue of an honorable neighbor, will permit the same wife to hold *private* meetings, and *private* conversations in confessionals and in private rooms, with Romish priests,—strangers, some of them, and foreigners,—notorious for the profligacies of the orders of monks and Jesuits to which they belong, and the countries from which they came. This, I will frankly confess, is a paradox, which my limited powers of ratiocination do not enable me to solve. I will not say that some of those married ladies, who go to confession, are not virtuous women, but I will unhesitatingly say, that many of them have been ruined in the confessional, that they run a fearful risk in going there at all, and as it is truly said, "he that loves the danger, shall perish therein."

Let not married men, or married women, who belong to the Roman Catholic church, suppose that I mean to be disrespectful to them in what I have said or what I may say hereafter. The reverse is the fact. To them I have no personal enmity, but I have for them the most sincere compassion. I would rescue them, if I could, from those wolves in sheep's clothing, Romish priests. It is my duty to do so as their fellow-citizen, and it is peculiarly incumbent on me to do so, as I feel that I am the only man in the United States, whose personal knowledge of facts fits him for such a task, and whose peculiar circumstances enable him to do so without bias or prejudice. I am aware they will raise a fresh hue and cry against me; Popish priests and bishops will give tongue, and the whole Romish pack, young and old, married and single, widows and maids, will follow in full chorus. They can do no more than they have done. There is scarcely a law of this land which they have not accused me of violating, ever since I presumed to say that the Bible should be circulated among the poor Roman Catholics, and that the holy mother church was not infallible. The accusations against Luther, Zuingli and Calvin, were not greater or much more numerous, than those which Papists have brought against me, month after month, and year after year, ever since I left them. They have indicted me for assault and battery, for disturbing public worship, by which they meant the crime of worshiping God otherwise than the Pope directed. They have indicted me for rape—keep your countenance, reader—those chaste, moral priests of the Romish church have indicted me for rape. Is not that a high idea, Americans?—scarcely anything equal to it to be found in antiquity, except, perhaps it may be in the conduct of Claudius, the Roman emperor, who, like the priests of the Romish church, had a very *great abhorrence* of everything that was in the least degree unchaste. Claudius, as the reader must know, succeeded the emperor Caligula, and that notorious wag, though elegant poet and satirist, Juvenal, tells us that he was much in the habit of accusing his subjects of the crime of adultery. "Claudius accusat macchos," says Juvenal; whether he spoke ironically or not, those who know the life of Claudius as well as I do the lives of Romish priests, can tell best. But this is not all. They have accused me of robberies, sending and receiving challenges to fight duels, having two wives—I know not but more—at the same time. In all cases, true bills of indictment have been found; Papists appeared before the grand juries in all cases, and swore like true sons of the *infallible church*, and as long as they had no one to contradict them, the holy church triumphed. In this country, however, there happens, as yet, to be no inquisition, and there are several who doubt not only the infallibility of the Romish church, but even the impeccability of some of her beloved children; and hence it happened that all their indictments evaporated

into thin air. These Protestant Americans, "cowards," as Papists call them, "and *sons of cowards and pirates*" have no faith in the infallible church, and doubted the veracity of her pious children, even upon oath. The consequence was that I am left to write the history of my venerable but guilty mother, the infallible church, and am not without hope that I shall lead her back to the paths of virtue, from which, in very wantonness of crime, idolatry, brutality and wickedness she has long since departed.

It would be really amusing to see a correct list of the various accusations which Papists have made against me, with the various names and legal titles which they bore. The infallible church alone could properly classify them. There is euphony in the very sound of them; there is a variety, nothing short of oriental, in them. But to be serious; I never did, nor do I now, fear the persecution of Papists, while in the discharge of a duty which I owe to my Maker and Preserver. I could always say with sincerity and with humble gratitude, and I can say so now:!!!!

*"Let then, earth, sea and sky
Make war against me! On my heart I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where a Christian dies?
Yes! but not his—'t is death itself there dies."*

But to return to the subject from which I have digressed, without even the formality of taking leave of my reader; married ladies, who are members of the Roman Catholic church, will bear with me a little longer, I cannot consent to leave them without farther warning; and should their husbands and myself ever meet—which probably cannot be, till we meet in heaven—they will thank, in place of blaming me, for cautioning them against the seductive wiles and wicked intrigues of Romish confessors. It is probable the wearisome repetitions in my statements may give the reader a distaste to following them out, and accompanying me through them. It will, I fear, enfeeble the interest, which he might otherwise take in the result. Besides, a higher tone of thought, of literary taste, and intellectual feeling, would undoubtedly be much more pleasant to him. The nature of the subject will not admit of it, and I cannot help, in speaking upon a gross and indelicate subject, doing so in a language as unpalatable to my own taste, as to that of the reader. Besides, I am not master of any other words in the English vocabulary, better calculated to convey to those for whom this book is intended, the full meaning and purport of the statements which I make.

There is taught in the Romish church, and it prevails to an extent broad and long as the land we live in, a doctrine which I feel it my duty to explain to Americans, whether they are Protestants or converts to the church of Rome. When I say that it prevails over the extent of this country, I believe I should qualify the assertion, as I know not fully and exclusively of my own knowledge, that American converts to the Romish church are aware that such a doctrine exists; but I know that European Catholic women, especially the Irish, are taught it by their priests, and believe it as firmly as they do that their church is infallible. It is a doctrine frightful even to think upon. I know nothing, in ancient or modern times, in heathen, pagan, or Mahomedan creeds, of equal turpitude. It is calculated to overturn all laws, human and divine. It aims a fatal and deadly blow at the root of the whole social system. It snaps, it shatters, it tears into shreds, every cord that binds community to community, man to man, wife to husband, and child to parent. It is this. Married women, who have no children and never had any, are taught by Romish priests that, in case they have no children, the church has the power of giving them fecundity, and thus enabling them to "comply with the great object of their creation," viz., "to increase and multiply." The holy church, in her wisdom, or rather in her craft and deep knowledge of human nature, knows full well that married ladies, especially those who have property, are often unhappy because they have no children; and the priests, looking upon this as a fine opportunity not only to indulge their own passions but to make money, tell such women, in the confessional, that they have the power, specially delegated to them from Almighty God, of giving them those children for which they are so anxious. I well recollect an instance of this Romish infatuation—this worse than hellish belief. It proved a source of much trouble to myself in after life, and I believe I may partly trace to it the very origin of my difficulties with the Popish priests in this country.

While officiating as a Roman Catholic priest in———, I became acquainted with a Roman Catholic lady and gentleman, of good character and considerable wealth. The husband stood well in society, and so did the wife, and I believe both deserved it. There was but one barrier, to all appearance, in the way of their happiness. They had no children; and having no blood or family alliances in the country, this seemed a source of distress to the wife, though I could not help remarking that they were an extremely fond couple. Not very long after my acquaintance with them, the wife called on me, told me her grievance in not having children, and asked me how much it would cost her to purchase from the church, her interference in the matter and the blessing of having children. I forgot my usual caution. Indignation took the place of policy; I forgot, for a moment, that I was bound to keep the secrets of the Pope and the infallible church, and to defend them both, right or wrong. I replied indignantly, "Madam, you are the dupe of priestcraft. There is no power in the church to countervail the will of God." The lady retired; and I cannot give the reader a better idea of the infatuation of Papist women, or the consummate villany of Romish priests in the confessional, than by relating what followed. She called upon me the day following, stated to me that since she saw me, she called on the reverend Mr.———, a Franciscan friar, who lived only a few doors from me, and having told him what I said to her, he raised his hands in pious astonishment, and told her that he expected nothing better from me; that he suspected me of *heresy* for some time past, and had now a proof of it, and that I should be cast out of the pale of the church, as fit society only for the devils; and accordingly in a few months after, this holy friar and the holy Romish bishop of the diocese, solemnly cursed me from the head to the toe-nails, casting me into *hell* for such damnable heresies. I understand that the lady of whom I have spoken is now blessed with an interesting family of children, and the husband one of the happiest *fathers* in the world. The friar is an exemplary and reverend servant of the *infallible* church, still hearing confessions, while I am a wicked heretic, with no human chance of salvation. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" Thus are the streams of domestic happiness and social life polluted in our very midst by Romish priests; and yet they are encouraged, they are

fed, they are sustained, they are received into society by the very men whose wives and daughters they have ruined, and with whose happiness they have sported and gambled. I say sported, because I know of my own knowledge, that nothing affords the reverend young Yahoos of the Romish church, especially those who come from Europe, more pleasure in their private conversation, than speaking of the *gullible Yankee heretics*, who fancy themselves a match for priests in the infallible church. Could Americans witness the carousals of these infidel and idolatrous priests at their expense, it would have a better effect upon them than all I can say or write; but as time alone can effect this, I must content myself with entreating my fellow-citizens to be upon their guard with Romish bishops and priests, or they will one day rue the consequences. Once more do I find myself far from the path in which I commenced these pages. I intimated to the reader, somewhere in the beginning of this book, that I intended to give my reasons for leaving the Romish church; but it would seem as if I had forgotten it; at any rate, I have as yet but little more than half fulfilled it. I have, however, the satisfaction to believe, that the few I have given, up to the time of my arrival in Philadelphia, are amply sufficient. Fresh proofs have there been given to me, that the Popish church was not infallible, and that I could not, consistently with a correct sense of duty, support her doctrines or countenance the practices of her priests; but, even there, notwithstanding all I had seen and witnessed, such were the prejudices of education, that I still tried to persuade myself that Popery was religion; though I tried to circulate the Scriptures, and believed in the necessity of so doing: during four years that I spent in the college of Maynooth, they formed no portion of the education of the students. It is my firm conviction, that out of the large number of students who received their education there for the ministry, there was not one who read the four gospels through, nor any portion of them, except such as were found in detached passages, in works of controversy between Catholics and Protestants. Until I went to college, I scarcely ever heard of a Bible. I know not of one in any parish in Munster, except it may be a Latin, one, which each priest may or may not have, as he pleased. But I studied closely the holy fathers of the church; so did most of the students. We were taught to rely upon them as our sole guide in morals, and the only correct interpreters of the Bible. A right of private judgment was entirely denied to us, and represented as the source of multifarious errors. The Bible, in fact, we had no veneration for. It was, in truth, but a dead letter in our college; it was a sealed book to us; though there was not an equal number of students who were obliged to study more closely the sayings, the sophistry, the metaphysics and mystic doctrines of those raving dreamers, called holy fathers, many of whom, if now living, would be deemed mad men and dealt with accordingly. I looked back again to those fathers for proofs of the infallibility of the Romish church, and for some evidence to satisfy me that I had no right to the exercise of my private judgment, either in reading or interpreting the Scriptures,—but I looked in vain. The fathers themselves were extremely obscure. I found them often inconsistent and at variance with each other upon many of the *fundamental* articles, as they are termed, of the Popish creed. On a re-perusal of those fathers, I have found them often contradict each other. Nay, more; such frequently were the theological vagaries of these semi-deranged though well meaning men, that a careful reader will often find the same father contradicting himself. Chrysostom, whom the Papists worship as a saint, and Tertullian, another saint of theirs, flatly contradict themselves. Chrysostom says, in speaking of the *real presence* in the eucharist that Christ gives himself bodily to be eaten, and that those who receive him, that is, the consecrated wafer, made of flour and water by a priest, may see him, touch him, and if they wish, fix *their teeth in his flesh*. In another place he says, that "the nature of the bread is not changed at all, though it is worthy to be called the Lord's body." Tertullian in one place maintains the same doctrine in relation to the *real presence*, but in another place, he tells us, "that the meaning of the Scripture phrase, *this is my body*, is, *this is the representation of my body*." If these men were to live now,—if Jerome and Chrysostom and Tertullian were to utter such rhapsodical nonsense, what should we think of them or their followers? Yet the Romish church requires that the present generation shall forfeit all its advantages of education, science, and all the progressive advancement and expansion of intellect, and take the writings of those men as the only correct interpretation of the Word of God. It occurred to me, therefore, on a second perusal of these works, that I should reject them unconditionally. I knew full well, from my intimacy with the Romish church, that it was a maxim with the fathers, and expressly defended by them, as it is now by modern Papists, that "fraud was sometimes justifiable for a holy end, and that falsehoods were valuable auxiliaries to truth!" This doctrine is now avowed, or at least taught in the *confessional*, and in Catholic countries out of the confessional, as well as in every Popish college in the universe.

From these I turned to my neglected Bible, and in it I discovered no such maxims as were taught by the holy fathers, and are now inculcated by the priests. I have not found that any of the evangelists ever even intimated "that fraud was justifiable, or that it was ever lawful to do evil that good may come." Apart from all this, it appeared to me not at all unlikely that the inspired men who wrote the Scriptures, knew as well how to convey their own ideas to the world, as the holy fathers or the *infallible* church did; nor could I see anything heterodox, in supposing that if there was anything unintelligible or obscure in their language, they would leave us some record or note of the fact. They wrote by command, and under the direct inspiration of God; they wrote to instruct and enlighten the world; and with all due deference to the infallible church, and her holy fathers, I think it is fairly to be presumed, that their writings are less obscure, and more entitled to universal credence, than the rhapsodies of fathers and monks, one half of whom were as crazy as so many Millerites. It occurred to me, naturally, as I think it would to any man who was not clean daft, that I might, without presumption, invoke the aid of the Holy Spirit, take up the Bible, read it prayerfully, and interpret it honestly, according to the best of my judgment, the opinion of the holy fathers and the infallible church to the contrary notwithstanding.

Up to this very moment I was negotiating with the holy church, and the holy church negotiating with me, through Bishop England, of Charleston, and a very reverend divine now in New York, for an arrangement of our *misunderstanding*. But we could not agree. There was now a barrier between us, which I could not pass. It was now with me, not a question of church or salaries, of location or domestic associations. The controversy now between me and the Romish church assumed a grave character: it was now a question with me of light or darkness, of life or death. I might have gone to Rome, fallen upon my knees, kissed the Pope's toe, and obtained the blessing of that poor old man. I might have acknowledged the *holy fathers* were better authority and were safer guides in matters of faith, and in all things that concerned eternal life, than the holy

Scriptures. It was an easy matter for me, so far as human effort was necessary, to cast aside the Bible altogether, and substitute in its place the sayings and opinions of the holy fathers, whose vanity often led them to suppose themselves inspired. Nothing was easier for me than to reject the Bible as a rule of faith, and permit myself to be governed by the babblings of popes and churchmen. This language, perhaps, may be deemed disrespectful, but it is not so. I cannot apprehend how anything I say can be deemed disrespectful, while I confine myself within the limits which the example of South, Jeremy Taylor and others have prescribed. No theologian, no one acquainted with history, sacred or profane, or with the eminent Dr. Robert South, one of the most learned divines of the seventeenth century, would accuse him of any intention to disparage the memory of the early Christians, who deserve to be honored, nor any of the doctrines which they maintained, unless they were universally admitted to be so absurd, that no man of common sense could sustain them. Yet this eminent man, speaking of the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, as taught by Chrysostom and Tertullian, calls it "*the most stupendous piece of nonsense, that ever was owned before a rational world.*"

Dr. Jeremy Taylor, a distinguished Irish theologian, speaking of transubstantiation, as taught by the holy fathers, says, "*By this doctrine, the same thing stays in a place and goes away from it; it removes from itself and yet abides close by itself and in itself and out of itself; it is brought from heaven to earth, and yet is nowhere in the way, nor ever stirs out of heaven. It makes a thing contained bigger than that which contains it, and all Christ's body to go into a part of the body; his whole head into his own mouth, if he did eat the eucharist, as it is probable that he did., and certain that he might have done.*" But the real presence of the body and blood of Jesus Christ was not the only nonsense which these holy fathers taught. They believed largely in the doctrine of miracles.

Ambrose, who was Bishop of Milan about the year 350, has been always, and is now, considered by the Popish church one of her best authorities. Papists tell us, that while he lay an infant in his cradle, a swarm of bees settled upon his lips as a presage of his future eloquence; and I believe it is generally admitted, that if any of the fathers quoted by Papists is good authority in matters of faith, he is among the best. During my doubts whether I should take the fathers of the Romish church, or the holy Bible for my guide, I was led especially to the examination of the doctrines maintained by St. Ambrose and those taught in the Bible, and never before did I see that common, though vulgar saying, "comparisons are odious," more strictly fulfilled. I will take one, for example.

Among the many rhapsodies taught by St. Ambrose, a belief in Popish miracles was the most prominent He taught, as I have stated above, that the wafer which a Romish priest gives to a communicant, was the solid *flesh* of Christ, and so solid, that he who received it might *stick his teeth into the flesh*.

The following is another specimen of the miracles in which he believed. The Empress Justina asked St. Ambrose for one of the Romish churches for the use of the Arian sect. He refused her, and was then about to consecrate that sumptuous basilic, afterwards called St. Ambrose's church. The people, as we are told, were anxious to deposit in the edifice the relics of some martyr,—relics were used by the holy father Ambrose then, as they are now by Popish priests,—to cure all diseases. The people insisted upon having them, and accordingly the holy father promised that they should be procured. Paulinus and Augustine tell us that "he was favored with a vision of two martyrs, who were never before heard of, named Gervusius and Protusius, who, hearing in heaven of the holy father's design to build a Popish church, instantly fled from their place of repose, and told him that they were murdered by infidel heretics in such a place, and on such a day; that if he would send men with spades and shovels to the place designated, they would find their bones, and to have them removed and deposited in the new church." The holy saint, in compliance with this glorious information, which he received in a vision, sent a number of men with spades, shovels, pickaxes, &c., and they soon found the "bodies of two men of wonderful stature." The heads were separate from the bodies, and the ground all round was soaked with blood. I use the language of the holy fathers themselves, translated into English, which, considering that all the flesh had already disappeared, may be considered a complication of miracles, unless it can be supposed, as the relator wickedly observes, "that it may be new created." As the workmen proceeded down towards the martyrs' resting-place, "their skeletons began to bestir themselves in such powerful sort, that an urn was thrown with violence from its pedestal, and rolled to the sacred spot; and some of the *possessed*, who had been brought upon such a promising occasion to be exorcised, began to howl and scream in the most lamentable ways, thus giving attestation to the power of glorious martyrs." "The relics, blood and bones were carefully removed to the new basilica, and on the road many miracles were wrought on diseased persons, who were so happy as to touch them; such was their virtue, that even to touch the pall which covered them was sufficient." Among others, a butcher, who had been a long time blind, was restored to sight. The blood of these martyrs was worked up into paste, and distributed all over Christendom, as an antidote against all diseases.

The writings of the *holy* fathers abound with legends of this kind. We are told by them, that one of the Romish saints in Egypt, named Apia Till, suffered martyrdom, after being cut to pieces ten times each day, for ten successive days, by the tyrant, Maximin, and was every night put together by the angel Gabriel. Another tells us, that he has a bottle in which are corked up carefully some of the "rays of the star of Bethlehem, handed down to posterity by one of the wise men who went in search of the new-born Saviour." Another of those *infallible* lunatics tells us, "that he has sealed up in perfect preservation some of the sounds of the bells used at Solomon's Temple."

Among the innumerable miracles in which the holy fathers of the Romish church believed, or pretended to believe, there are some so ridiculously incredible, that humanity itself, in the lowest depths of degradation, into which it has fallen, blushes at their repetition. It is gravely related by a Roman Catholic divine,—and no Roman Catholic in the United States disbelieves it,—that the sacrament of the *Eucharist*, or, to make it more intelligible to my readers, the wafer which the priest gives to the sick, and elevates to the people while saying mass, was conveyed into a bee-hive. In all probability, it dropped out of the pocket of some priest. The bees were found dead, and in the midst of them the wafer became an infant Christ, looking like other infants, but more beautiful. (See Peter Cluniac, first book, first chapter.) It is related by another Romish writer, that a hive of bees was once heard singing most harmoniously. A devout priest, passing by, happened to look in, and saw among them the holy sacrament of the Eucharist, to which they were singing glory and praise.

There is scarcely an American traveller, of any note, who has not visited Naples. There are now in that city of worse than Pagan idolatry, some of those *converts*, which Bishop Penwick says he has made from the "*most* respectable Protestant families in Boston." The bishop was right in one thing. The families to which he alluded, are highly and deservedly respectable; their children are respectable, and these parents can have no objection that I should appeal to them for the truth of any assertion I make. I appeal to those *American converts* now in Italy, whether it is not believed there, that Saint Januarius, on a certain day, is invoked to be "propitious to the people." During this invocation, in which the whole city, and thousands upon thousands from the neighboring country, unite, certain ceremonies are performed, bells are rung, every one goes to *confession*, masses are said, incense offered, *holy water* is sprinkled profusely, beads are counted relics are kissed, and when all this is over, a priest comes forth from the sacristy of the church, preceded and followed by an immense train of boys, bearing lights, &c., &c. The priest holds in his hand some of the *blood* of St. Januarius, formed into a hard *crust*. He calls upon the saint to be *propitious*, and to grant his prayer. If the saint is willing to be *propitious*, the crust of the saint's blood, which the priest holds in his hand, bubbles into a red liquid. For a true account of this, I refer the general reader to Dr. Moore's Tour. The doctor was the father of Sir John Moore, and was an eye-witness of this mummerly; but I will refer those *respectable Protestant families*, from whom the Jesuit Bishop Fenwick says he has made so many converts, to their own children, now in Naples, and who have been seduced by these arrant and designing knaves,—Popish priests and bishops,—to abandon their homes, their country, and their civil rights, and give them in exchange for such degrading mummeries as they are now witnessing in Italy. Their children will tell them that what I state is correct. Let these parents reflect, that probably they themselves are the cause of the errors into which their children have been decoyed. It was recently observed by an eminent divine of Boston, that the great prosperity of this country may be the cause of the many evils which threaten our people. The sentiment appears strange to many, but the eloquent gentleman was right. The downfall of nations might always be traced to their superabundant wealth and prosperity. The same may be applied to individuals. Reader, did you ever see infidelity in a cottage? Never, where the Bible has found its way. Misery you will find there, but that you will find in palaces. The poor love the name and the religion of Christ. The puritan fathers of the nabobs of this land loved them, and they had reason to do so. To religion and to the Bible they are indebted for all their worldly comfort, their liberty, and their civil rights; and the parents who permit their children to be seduced from their tender care by Jesuits, notorious for centuries for nothing but fraud, deception, seduction and avarice, have a long account to settle with their Eternal Master. Let them take heed, lest their wealth be the cause of the temporal and spiritual poverty of their beloved children.

Be not startled, reader, if I inform you that a miracle, more incredible than that of the blood of Januarius, has been wrought in these United States only a few years ago, if we are to believe a Roman Catholic bishop, who was reputed to be one of the most talented men in the Romish church.

Who is it, that does not recollect the notorious Prince Hohenloe, who, a few years ago, played so many "fantastic tricks before high Heaven," and who, if we are correctly informed by his Popish biographers, wrought more miracles in one month, than the Saviour of mankind did during the whole course of his ministerial life?

It appears that the Popish priests and nuns of the United States have been for several years expecting, or, at least, pretending to expect, some miraculous evidence of divine favor in their behalf. The nuns and *sisters of charity* in the convents of Emmetsburg and Georgetown felt jealous that their *brothers* and *sisters* in Europe should be empowered to work and witness miracles almost daily, and thereby enrich their convents, while they themselves had not a single miracle among them,—at least, of their own manufacture. Up to that time, as far as I know, no miracle was performed or witnessed by Popish nuns and lay sisters in the United States. This was deemed a serious calamity. It was even a loss of revenue, and this the priests and nuns knew full well. Something must be done; revenue must be had from some source; and the unprincipled priests and bishops of this country, understanding well the weaknesses and imperfections of humanity, knowing that human nature is the same in all nations and among all people, and seeing the vast benefits, which, in a pecuniary point of view, their church derived from the belief of their people in miracles, resolved to try an experiment, upon a small scale, upon *brother Jonathan*. Accordingly, about the year 1828, when *St. Hohenloe* was in all his glory, his *divine* power shining in full blaze, the bishops and priests of the Roman Catholic church resolved upon having a miracle of their own, instanter. The following was their *modus operandi*:

A *lay sister* in the nunnery of Emmetsburg or Georgetown, I forget which, was taken ill. She bore her indisposition, which was attended with *excruciating pains*?—"risum tenia tis"—with *angelic resignation*. The best medical aid was always at hand, but she grew worse and worse every day, until her case became hopeless. Her recovery was pronounced impossible. Medical aid could do no more; her whole time was devoted to prayer; but,—*mirabile dictu*,—one night, as she lay in momentary expectation of death, the spirit of Prince Hohenloe paid her a visit, bid her be of good cheer, and directed her to have *mass* said for her in her room on a certain day, and at a certain hour,—naming both,—and that, when the priest raised up the wafer at mass, she should look at it, and would see the infant Saviour in his hands, body and blood, soul and divinity, and in shape and form like other infants. She communicated this visit from the saint to her *confessor*. He, as is usual in these cases, did not believe it at first; but the saint visited him, too, and reprimanded him for his incredulity. Bishop England, of Charleston, was immediately sent for. The circumstance of the saint's visit was related to him; he pretended to disbelieve it also for a while, but was finally convinced of its truth, and consented to say mass on the appointed day and hour in the lay sister's sick room, and, almost incredible to relate, this Bishop England, a man of talent, and a man of sense, though the slave of the Pope of Rome, touches in a letter to the public, through the *Catholic Miscellany*, which he himself then edited, that the whole of this lay sister's falderal was true,—that the saint visited her,—that he said mass according to his instructions, and that she saw in his hands, not a little wafer, made of flour and water, but a full grown infant, in all the natural proportions of humanity.

I regret extremely that I have not the *Catholic Miscellany*, containing an account of this transaction by Bishop England himself, as it is hardly to be expected that Americans can otherwise believe it; but undoubtedly Bishop Hughs, of New York, and Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, must have files of the *Miscellany*, containing an account of this miraculous event.

Is this not enough of itself to deter any man, endowed with the faculty of reason, from holding any communion whatever with Roman Catholic bishops and priests? A degradation of the understanding like this, and among a people like ours, cannot exist, unaccompanied with depravity of heart. The intellect cannot be darkened, when the heart is pure and bright, and such a heart cannot be possessed by a Papist who remains so after a thorough knowledge of Popish iniquities, which all priests and bishops are supposed to have. I declare it as my solemn conviction, and from my perfect knowledge of Popery, that a thoroughly educated Popish priest, I mean thoroughly educated in Popery, can no longer retain the image of the Deity, which the God of nature has stamped upon every created mind, undefiled or undefaced, while he has any connection with the church of Rome. That church is and ever has been the curse of the earth, the scourge of all good governments, and the greatest obstacle to the Divine Will. Under this conviction, I have addressed myself to the public in this book. Under this conviction I have taken the liberty of appealing to Protestant families, and cautioning them against the intrigues of priests. It was this conviction that induced me to disregard that ancient aphorism which says, "If the people will be deceived, let them be deceived." I felt that the people had no chance * to escape deception, unless the truth were known and fairly explained to them. When dust is thrown into the eyes of the people, or even into those of private families, it is the duty of every man, and mine as well as that of others, to remove and clear it away; otherwise, I should be undeserving of the blessings and privileges secured to me by the laws of this country. Could I rest supinely and see a body of men prevail by artifice, who hate the very name of liberty, without resisting them as far as in me lay, I should be acting criminally. It is bad enough to tolerate amongst us miracle-mongers and convicted idolaters; but to allow them to continue in the practice and propagation of such deeds, without warning our people and cautioning them against being drawn into the whirlpool of Popish corruption, which now foams and boils and bubbles over our land, would show in me an ingratitude towards this country, to which I owe everything I am, and which gives me as good a right as others to expect much more.

It is strange that we should have amongst us a society called Puseyites, who believe as firmly as Papists do in the long-exploded doctrine of miracles,—a doctrine upon which age after age has pronounced an unqualified verdict of censure and reprobation. Yet so it is. Allow me to give you an example of the long list of miracles in which they believe.

"Sixty confessors were made prisoners by Humeric, the tyrant king of the African Vandals, in the 4th century. He ordered their tongues to be cut out, even to the roots, inclusively; but notwithstanding this loss of their tongues, roots and all, they lived many years after, and spoke more plainly than ever."

The reverend Mr. Ward, a distinguished friend of Puseyism, now living in England, and looked upon by the Puseyites in the United States as one of the most able advocates of their wild doctrine, assures us with great gravity, and on the authority of the holy fathers of the middle ages, that the above fact is true, and as much entitled to credit as anything related in the holy Scriptures. He even tells us that "to attribute anything like idolatry, or anything approaching it, to such men as related the above and similar facts, was a *fearful approximation to blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.*"

The Mr. Ward to whom I allude is well known to many literary men in this country, as the author of a work recently published, and called *Wards Ideal of a Christian Church*, The name of the work is assuredly an appropriate one. His church must be ideal indeed. It is something invisible, intangible, hitherto unknown and never heard of before. either in scriptural or church history; and where he found the materials, out of which he formed this ideal of a Christian church, must be known only to himself. But Mr. Ward is a philosopher,—so say the Puseyites,—and philosophers now-a-days have some strange dreams. They had such in all times and in all ages of the Christian, as well as the heathen world. "Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their un-skilfulness knows not how to fling away. Sciences may be learned by rote, said my father to Yorick. Yorick thought my father inspired."

Whether Puseyites think Mr. Ward inspired or not, I am at a loss to know; nor am I a judge; but that he is a philosopher, is beyond doubt. Nor do I feel the least hesitancy in saying that he will have, one day or another, his name inscribed in the same niche, and his ashes rest in the same urn, with such distinguished men as Joe Smith, Hiram Smith and O. Brownson, all conspicuously eminent philosophers. The fact of my not understanding one word these eminent philosophers have uttered, is no argument against their ideal churches, or their ideal theories.

"I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my Aunt Dinah's legacy in charitable uses, if the corporal has any one determinate idea, annexed to any one word he has repeated." Thus spoke the learned author of the *Tristrapedia to Trim*; but it by no means followed, that Trim was not a philosopher, no more than it does that Mr. Ward and other Puseyite doctors are not philosophers, though not one of them has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word they have said or written.

Thrice honored, then, be Monks, Mormonites, Millerites and Brownsonites. All will have their day, and so will common sense.

I am apprehensive that some will accuse me of levity in my manner of alluding to Puseyism. Others will say that I should have mentioned no names, or, if I did, I should have treated them with respect and kindness. Far be it from me to treat a grave subject lightly; but when I see the whole Christian world represented as profligate and the Popish world alone represented as sinless and pure, by the authors of Puseyism, I can scarcely treat such a false representation and perversion of truth otherwise than with contempt and irony; and when I bring before the public the names of some of the individuals who have merited this, by exhibiting themselves as the authors and abettors of these gross outrages upon all that is sacred among men and among nations, I only do them justice. Are acts alone, and not their consequences, to be noticed? Are we to take cognizance of effects, and pass by in silence their causes? Are we to wage a seven years' war against Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and against other ideals of moonstricken dreamers, and say not a word of the dreamers themselves, or the consequences that follow from them? Suppose we had here in Boston, or New York, the hydrophobia; suppose a citizen were in pursuit of the mad dog which introduced it; would any of my readers say to the citizen, never mind the dog, let him go but take care of the hydrophobia? Assuredly not the name, the color, the appearance of the dog, and the symptoms of his madness, should be proclaimed to the public, lest he might scatter the hydrophobia still further amongst them. Suppose an incendiary was seen on

the streets of one of our large and populous cities, say, for instance, Boston or New York, and that our police officers were in pursuit of him; let us fancy a crowd of sympathizers interfering and saying to the officers, let that man alone; pursue him no farther; do not even mention that he is an incendiary; it may be the cause of sending him to gaol, or, perhaps, to the state prison for life; say nothing to any one against him,—but take care of fires. See well to it that the city is not burned. What, under these circumstances would be thought of the sympathizers? Who would feel for them if the city was reduced to ashes? Who would feel for them if their homes were rendered desolate, and their wives and children made houseless. I would not check the generous or natural flow of human sympathy, but I do not know that I should do wrong in saying, that such men deserved no commiseration.

Under these circumstances, why should I be accused of treating a grave subject lightly or ironically? Never did the witty Lord Shaftsbury utter a plainer truth than when he said, that ridicule is one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition.

I am aware that there are many objections to the use of ridicule and irony, in speaking on grave subjects; but, as Fielding very properly observes, there can be no objection to making use of its assistance in expelling and banishing all falsehood and imposture when once fairly detected; and as this method is for my present purpose unexceptionable, I think it will also prove efficacious.

Having perused the dreams, or, if the reader prefers it, opinions of the holy fathers, and taken a glance at those of a new sect amongst us called Puseyites,—which is but another name for Popery,—I could see no reason why I should believe them of higher authority than the Scriptures, or why I should not prefer the latter for my rule of faith. The holy fathers of the church of Rome, and her unbaptized children, Puseyites, seem to me of equal authority. I say unbaptized, because I know not that their reputed parents, the Pope and his spouse, the church of Rome, ever thought of such a thing as Puseyite. I am rather inclined to think that the venerable couple are, up to this moment, unconscious of having any paternity whatever in Puseyism. At any rate, their holy fathers, such as Mr. Ward, Newman and others, appear to me as *demented and clean daft* as any that ever existed in the middle ages. The "Knight of Cervantes," as a late number of the London Quarterly expresses it, "never abandoned himself to delirious musings, on the faded glories of chivalry, more madly than these sentimentalists to visions of Popish powers, and the glories of the saints."

The Bible was with them a matter of minor consideration. I knew by experience that it was so; and I know that it is so at the present day, with every priest and bishop of the Romish church. I was aware then, as I am now, that it was perfectly useless to attempt reasoning with them, and I had, of course, no alternative left but to cast from me their writings and doctrines, as the veriest trash that ever was written, and seek from the Bible, the fountain of truth, instructions for my future life. I looked upon the majority of the holy fathers either as notorious blockheads or dishonest knaves. There is no alternative. There is not even a medium.

But to return to the subject, from which I have so widely, though unconsciously deviated.

Soon after my arrival in Philadelphia, I became acquainted with a Protestant family. I had the pleasure of dining occasionally with them, and could not help noticing a seemingly delicate young man who waited at the table. There was something in the countenance and whole appearance of this individual which struck me as singular. I could see no indication of positive wickedness or signal depravity in the external configuration of the young man's head. The expression of the eye indicated meekness, humility, and habitual obedience, rather than anything else; but I could see, nevertheless, in the closely-compressed lips and furtive glance, which I could only occasionally catch,—and even then by a sort of stealth,—something that puzzled me. I know not why, but I could not like him. There was no cause, as far as I could see, why I should dislike the young man. Constitutionally, I was myself rather fearless than otherwise. I cannot recollect that, with equal means of defence, I ever before feared any one, I do not desire to be considered a braggadocio, nor do I make this assertion with any such view. I have not in my composition,—if I know myself,—a single particle of bravery, neither do I covet its possession. I have often seen men of bravery tremble at the roaring of a lion, caged up and strongly chained in a menagerie. I have often seen and heard a brave man whistle as he passed through a church-yard; a brave man will shudder and quail at the very sight of his own shadow. A bully, a cut throat, a highway robber, a Jesuit, or a traitor, may be brave; conspirators against the peace and prosperity of their country may be, and have been, brave men. I desire not to belong to this class; but I desire sincerely to merit the high distinction of being considered a man of courage. To this class all sincere Christians belong. To this class all who were distinguished for virtue and morality, even among the heathens, belonged. Witness the conduct of Cicero. He sought to shelter himself against the violent assaults and personal attacks of the conspirator Catiline; he wished no unnecessary, uncalled-for collision with this blood-thirsty villain, when no good could follow, and his duty did not require it. But when the good of his country demanded it, and the voice of conscience called upon him, Cicero came forth, alone, and met the conspirator, Catiline, in the presence of the whole senate of Rome, and charged him, face to face, with his crimes, his treason, and his conspiracy. Cicero was not a brave man, according to the acceptance of the word bravery among the assassins and stiletto-bearers of his day, nor would he be considered so in the acceptance of the word among the brawling *repealers* O'Connellites, traitors and conspirators of the present day; but he was a man of courage.

There is a wide difference between a brave man, and a man of courage. A brave man may stand at the mouth of the cannon, while under the influence of some animal emotion, and quail even at an imaginary danger; but a courageous man smiles at all such things, and calmly prepares, and is always ready to meet those that are real. A man may be brave, and fear the whistling of the wind; but a courageous man fears nothing, not even the whistling of the cannon's ball.

Luther was not a brave man, in the modern acceptance of that term. He rushed not among his foes; they hunted him like a wild beast, but they turned him not from his path. He met them face to face. He unfurled the standard of Christianity; he took his stand, and met them, and fought them under that glorious banner. He was not brave, but he was a man of courage.

These are the men I should like to imitate, and their courage,—"*Sic magna com parvis componere solebam*"—is that which Popish priests and Jesuits, traitors to their God and this country of my adoption, will find I possess, as far as my limited powers of mind or body will permit.

Cicero looked Catiline in the face, and told him he was a conspirator and a traitor. Luther looked the miracle and indulgence mongers of Germany in the face, and told them they were base idolaters; and I tell the minions of the Pope in the United States, that they are worthless idolaters, traitors and conspirators against the peace of this country, and that their sovereign lord, the Pope of Rome, should be made to feel that his bulls and insolent interference in the affairs of the United States, shall soon meet that chastisement which is due to treason and its abettors.

But to return. I could never find the eye of this man fixed upon me without an involuntary feeling of dread. I met him often in the streets; he always seemed neat and tidy in his person; he was civil and respectful in his deportment; never seemed to forget that society had its grades, and that circumstances had clearly designated his own. With that he seemed well contented; never, as far as I could see, seeming to feel the least desire of intruding upon that of others. This being rather a rare case in the United States, twenty years ago, at any rate, when it was difficult to get servants who knew their places, struck me as another singular feature in his manner and character, and did not at all tend to remove the unpleasant impressions which his appearance made upon my mind. Not long after this, a messenger called at my rooms to say that "Theodore ——" was taken ill, and wished to see me. I was then officiating as a Romish priest, and calling to see him, was shown up stairs to the door of a garret room, into which, after a loud rap and announcing my name, I was admitted to the sick young man. He had returned to his bed before I entered, and was wrapped in a large overcloak. I asked him whether he wanted to see me, and for what purpose. He deliberately turned out of his bed, locked the door again, very respectfully handed me a chair, and asked me to sit down, as he had something very important to tell me. He wrapped himself again in his cloak, lay on the outside of the bed, and spoke to me in a firm, decided tone to the following effect:

"Sir, you have taken me for a young man, but you are mistaken. I am a girl, but not so young as I appeared to you in my boy's dress. I sent for you, because I want to get a *character*, and confess to you before I leave the city." I answered, "You must explain yourself more fully before you do either." I moved my chair further from the bed, and tightened my grasp upon a sword-cane which I carried in my hand. "Feel no alarm," said this now young woman; "I am as well armed as you are,"—taking from under her jacket an elegant poignard,—"I will not hurt you. I am a *lay sister* belonging to the order of Jesuits in Stonyhurst, England, and I wear this dagger to protect myself." There was no longer any mystery in the matter. I knew now where I was, and the character of the being that stood before me. I discovered from her that she arrived in New Orleans, some time previous, with all necessary recommendations to the priests and nuns of that city. She had the necessary "Shibboleth" from the Jesuits of Stonyhurst, to their brothers and sisters, who were then, and are now, numerous in that city. They received her with all due caution, as far as could be seen by the public; but privately in the warmest manner. Jesuits are active and diligent in the discharge of their duties to their superiors, and of course, this *sister*, who was chosen from among many for her zeal and craft, lost no time in entering on her mission. The *Sisters of Charity* in New Orleans took immediate charge of her, recommended her as chambermaid to one of the most respectable Protestant families in the city; and having clothed her in an appropriate dress, she entered upon her employment. She was active, diligent and very competent. The young ladies of the family were delighted with her; she appeared extremely pious, but not ostentatiously so. She seemed desirous to please in all things; talked but seldom of religion, but took good care that her devotional exercises should be noticed, though she seemed to avoid such a thing. Her conduct was in every way unexceptionable. So great a favorite did she become in the family, that in a short time she became acquainted with all the circumstances and secrets, from those of the father down to those of the youngest child.

According to a custom universally in vogue among the Jesuit spies, she kept notes of every occurrence which may tend to elucidate the character of the family, never carrying them about her, but depositing them for safe keeping with the mother abbess, especially deputed to take charge of them. She soon left this family under some pretext or other, obtained from them an unqualified recommendation for honesty and competency, which, with the previous and secret arrangements of the *Sisters of Charity*, obtained for her without delay a place in another Protestant family. Here, too, she was without fault, active, honest and industrious, to all appearance. Little did these families, know that while they and their children were quietly reposing in the arms of sleep, this apparently innocent waitingmaid or chambermaid was, perhaps, in the dead hour of night, reducing to paper their conversation of the day previous, and preparing it, at least as much of it as could answer any Jesuitical purpose, to be recorded among the secret archives of the Jesuit college of Stonyhurst, from which they were to be transcribed to those of the parent college in Rome.

Thus did this lay sister continue to go from place to place, from family to family, until she became better acquainted with the politics, the pecuniary means, religious opinions, and whether favorable or not to the propagation of Popery in this country, than even the very individuals with whom she resided. No one suspected her; all believed her innocent and industrious; the only fault they could find with her, was that she seemed too fond of going from one place to another. For this, however, the *Sisters of Charity* had some salvo or other.

This was not the best of the joke, if joke it may be called. This excellent chambermaid, or another lay Jesuit sister, wished to leave New Orleans and come north to a better climate; and how-do you think, reader, the means were raised to defray the expenses of travelling? There was no difficulty in the matter. Americans can be gulled at all times. The *Sisters of Charity* have always some friend in readiness to supply them with the means of performing *corporal works of mercy*. This friend went round to these American families where this chambermaid lived from time to time; told them that she wanted to come on as far as Baltimore; that it was a pity to have her travel as a steerage passenger; a person of her virtue and correct deportment should not be placed in a situation where she might be liable to insult or rude treatment. A cabin passage should be procured for her: she should be introduced to some respectable family who were going north, and would take charge of her. The necessary funds were immediately collected for her; the generous Protestants with whom she lived, pitying the poor girl, told her she might want the little she had earned to support herself in the north, until she could get a place. A handsome purse was soon made up, a cabin passage was engaged, and the young ladies on whom she waited made her presents of every article of dress necessary for her comfort or convenience. She was the depository of all their love-stories,—she knew the names of their lovers, she heard

their love-sighs, and probably witnessed many of their tears; at all events, if there were secrets among them, they were known to her; and having made herself acquainted with the state of things in New Orleans, she started for Baltimore, laughing in her sleeves at the success of her mission so far, and at the credulity of American *dolts*, as Jesuits very properly term them.

On arriving in Baltimore, she, of course, called upon the nuns of that city, who were prepared for her reception, and had already a situation engaged for a "chambermaid whom they expected from New Orleans, and who was coming highly recommended by some of the first families in that city." She took possession of a place as soon as convenient, spent several months in that city, discharging all her duties faithfully, no one finding any fault with her, except her restlessness in not staying long with any family. Having now become acquainted with the secrets and circumstances of almost every Protestant family of note in Baltimore, and made her report to the mother abbess of the nunnery of her order in that city, she retired to the District of Columbia, and after advising with the mother abbess of the convent, she determined to change her apparent character and appearance.

By advice of *that venerable lady, the holy prioress*, on whom many of the wives of our national representatives, and even grave senators, look as an example of piety and chastity, she cut short her hair, dressed herself in a smart-looking waiter's jacket and trowsers, and, with the best recommendations for intelligence and capacity, she, in her new dress, applied for a situation as waiter at Gadsby's Hotel in Washington city. This smart and tidy-looking young man got instant employment; and now we have the lay sister in quite a different character. His intelligent countenance,—we must not say her in future,—soon attracted the notice of some of our most eloquent statesmen. He appeared so humble, so obedient and so unattentive to anything but his own business, that those senators on whom he waited, not suspecting that he had the ordinary curiosity of servants in general, were entirely thrown off their guard, and in their conversations with one another seemed to forget their usual caution. Such in a short time was their confidence in him, that their most important papers and letters were left loose upon their tables, satisfied with saying, as they were going out, "Theodore, take care of my room and papers."

Now the Jesuit was in her glory. Now the lay sister had an opportunity of knowing many of our national secrets, as well as the private characters of some of our eminent statesmen. Now it was known whether Henry Clay was a gambler; whether Daniel Webster was a libertine; whether John C. Calhoun was an honorable but credulous man. Now it was known what value was put upon Popish influence in this country, and what were the hopes of Papist foreigners in the United States. In fact, this lay sister in male uniform, and but a waiter in Gadsby's Hotel, was thus enabled to give more correct information of the actual state of things in this country, through the General of the Jesuit Order in Rome, than the whole corps diplomatic from foreign countries then resident at our seat of government.

After relating to me in her sick room,—as the family in which she lived fancied it was,—all these circumstances, she deliberately said to me, "I want a written character from you. You must state in it that I have complied with my duty; and as it is necessary that I should wear a cap for a while, having cut off my hair, you must say that you visited me in my sick room, that I confessed to you, received the *viaticum* and had just recovered from a violent fever in which I lost my hair. My business is not done yet," said she. "I must go to New York, where the Sisters of Charity will find a place for me as waiting-maid." It is needless to say with what reluctance any man could comply with such a request as this; and my having done so, is a stronger evidence than I have heretofore given of the indomitable strength of early education.

The conduct of this emissary of Satan, was the embodiment of all that was iniquitous and dishonorable; it was a violation of every tie that holds society together; it was a part of a system of social, political, moral, public and private treachery, which no other being than a devil or a Jesuit could devise. Yet I was a Popish priest. My education, my profession, my oath, compelled me to sanction it; and I did sanction it. The lay sister retired to New York, put on her female dress, and during some months following, acted as a chambermaid in several of the wealthiest Protestant families in that city. A few weeks after she obtained from me this character, the Rev. Mr. ————, (I will give his name in full if necessary,) President of the Jesuit college in Stonyhurst, to which I have alluded, and where this demon, now in petticoats, was a lay sister, called on me in Philadelphia. We were old acquaintances, he being Vice President of the college of Maynooth for about twelve months.

The misunderstanding between myself and the acting superior of the diocese of Pennsylvania, had just commenced, and my friend, the Jesuit, thought it his duty to call upon me. He hoped that I would abandon my schismatic course,—I was not then a heretic,—and cease to circulate the Bible among the people. He never alluded to the lay sister during our whole conversation, though he was the very man who caused her to be sent out to this country, and the one who first procured her the situation of lay sister at Stonyhurst Both were relatives, and both natives of Dublin, in Ireland.

Whether the relation of this circumstance will have the effect of putting Americans on their guard against Jesuits and nuns, I know not; and in truth, such is their apathy on the general subject of Popery, that I am tempted to say, I care not. My impression is, that until some attack is made upon an American's purse, and Popery becomes a question of dollars and cents, Jonathan will never be roused from his apathy. So far as I know Americans, as the antagonists of Popery, they will listen to no argument upon the subject, either in their national councils or in their pulpits, except to the one great argument, the "*Argumentum ad crumonam*." I will only say, "*Qui vult discipatur*."

It is unnecessary, I presume, to remark here, that the conduct of the modern fathers of the Popish church, in sending to this country the lay sister of whom I have been speaking, and encouraging her as a spy amongst our citizens, did not tend much to diminish my doubts about the veracity of the ancient fathers.

Providentially, however, another circumstance occurred, which finally decided me. It is of so atrocious a character, that if there were not several now living, who witnessed the whole transaction, I would scarcely mention it; or if I did, it could be with little or no hope of being believed by Americans, although some money is mixed up with the affair.

There lived in Philadelphia, about the year 1822 or 1823, a gentleman of high character as a sea captain

and otherwise. He commanded an East-Indiaman, belonging to one of the wealthiest houses in that city. One of the firm now lives there, though at an advanced period of life. This captain of whom I speak, was in the habit of visiting Baltimore, whenever he returned from the East Indies. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, and believed to be worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. He shipped largely upon his own account, and was successful.

While in Baltimore, he formed an attachment for a Roman Catholic lady of beauty, but no fortune.

The Reverend Mr. K——, the Stonyhurst Jesuit, whom I mentioned, happened to be there during one of the captain's visits to that city, to see this lady. The Jesuit having discovered who the captain was, what he was, and how much money he was worth, obtained an introduction to him from this Roman Catholic lady. He soon found that, like most men whose lives have been spent upon the sea, he was a frank, open-hearted man. A little further intimacy satisfied him, that he was deeply in love with this Popish lady. His course was now clear. The Jesuit serpent saw plainly that his prey was within striking distance; that he need only coil himself into a proper attitude and spring upon it at his leisure. He represented to the captain, that the lady to whom he was paying his attentions was one of the most amiable and excellent of her sex; highly approved of the captain's taste and judgment; with many other such observations. The captain was more and more pleased with the object of his affections, and urged his suit with increased assiduity. The Jesuit in the mean time was not idle; his eye rested with a serpent-like fascinating gaze upon the movements and money of the captain. He had private interviews with the lady. He contrived to have her become his *penitent*, and go to confession to him. 15

His control over her in future was boundless. She lost her identity as a member of society. She almost ceased to be a human being; a rational one she could not be. She became a thing, a mere thing to be shaped and moulded as her holy father the Jesuit directed. He spoke to her of the captain, of his great attachment to her, and recommended to her to marry him, but on condition that he should become a Roman Catholic. He talked eloquently of the awful consequences of having a member of the *infallible* church unite herself to a heretic, whom she knew to be excommunicated and damned by the Pope and the holy church, as all heretics are, and finally obtained from the young lady a solemn promise that she should never marry her suitor, until he became a member of the church of Rome.

When the captain next called to see her, the lady told him that she had one objection, and only one, to marrying him; unless that was removed, she could never consent to do so; and stated to him what that objection was. The unsuspecting and frank sailor, not being a professor of any religion, and caring very little to what church he might go, replied, that he would as soon be a Roman Catholic as anything else. All things were now arranged, except the formality of uniting with the Popish church. The Jesuit was sent for, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place in a few weeks, during which time the captain, under the direction of the Jesuit, was to prepare himself for confession; a necessary preliminary for joining the Popish church.

It is a custom with Jesuits, and almost with all priests of the Romish church, to require of those who are about uniting with them, to go into what they call a retreat; viz. to enter into some retired or secluded place, where they will have an opportunity of communing with themselves, without interruption from the world or its busy citizens. The Jesuit recommended to his unfortunate dupe, the captain, to retire to———convent, where he might be alone as much as he pleased, and where he would hear nothing but songs of praise to the Most High God, from *blessed monks and nuns*.

The captain, according to orders, entered upon his retreat. Before I proceed further, I will observe that this captain, of whom I am speaking, had a remarkably beautiful set of teeth, of which it was said he was extremely vain. He was not many days upon his retreat, when symptoms of derangement became evident; and one day, while under the influence of some natural or artificial cause—the reader may guess which—the unfortunate gentleman went down to Alexandria, called upon a dentist in that city or neighborhood, and insisted that he should pull out seven teeth from each jaw. In vain did the dentist remonstrate; out they must come, and out they did come.

The Jesuit hastened to Baltimore, called upon the lady who was engaged to be married, told her the captain was insane, beyond recovery, and that she should be thankful to the Virgin Mary, who caused this visitation in time to prevent her from being married to a madman. Judge you, Americans, of the feelings of this lady on that occasion, and say what ought to be the punishment of the incarnate fiend who occasioned them. The poor captain, though considerably recovered, continued to be partially deranged; but it assumed a character of religious gloom and melancholy. The Jesuit returned to———, seeming to do all in his power to lighten the spiritual load which lay upon the captain's soul. He became his confessor, and soon persuaded him that the only way of saving his soul, was to convey to the order of Jesuits what property he possessed, and to become a Popish priest; that he had a visit from the Virgin Mary, who ordered him to tell him—the captain—that he must take holy orders; that there was a grand field opened for him to promote the cause of religion and the saints; that he must go forthwith to Philadelphia, where an infamous heretic called Hogan was spreading most damnable heresies. Will you believe it, Americans? It is drawing almost too heavily upon you to do so. He did come to Philadelphia, and preached against the heretic Hogan and Hoganism, a fact which fifty thousand people now living there can attest. But *quantum mutatus!* When he left it some time before, he was a happy, honorable and fine-looking man. He was wealthy, and he obtained his wealth by honest industry. But how was he now, the distorted shadow of what he was; penniless, toothless, and a senseless fanatic, drugged into madness, and by whom?—by nuns, who act in the treble capacity of cooks, teachers, and prostitutes for Jesuits. This is harsh language indeed. Call it gross, if you please, reader; but if you will figure to yourself for a moment an honorable man, a native of these United States, a fine specimen of manly proportions and manly beauty, and then conceive this individual reduced to the condition to which I and thousands now living have seen this noble-hearted sailor of whom I have spoken, reduced, my language will appear neither harsh nor coarse.

What! must we call Jesuit assassins reverend gentlemen? Must we call robbers honest men? Must we call their accessories—nuns—ladies of virtue? Sympathizers may do so; but I do not write for them alone. I write for men of sense; I write for lovers of their God and their country; I write not for advocates of Puseyism, or

such exploded fooleries as they believe in. Whatever I say, is intended for those alone who have the capacity of distinguishing between common sense and mental vagaries, and who have the honesty to call things by their proper names.

The first sermon which this unfortunate man preached against me in Philadelphia, was attended by crowds. Many had known him before he went to Baltimore. He was then universally popular, and on his return among them he was well received. His friends saw the change—the fatal change—which had taken place in his whole external configuration; but they knew not by what means it was effected. Some attributed it to self-denial, others to fanaticism, but none to the right cause. This was known only in the confessional; and under all these circumstances, it may be easily supposed that his discourses against me, however unconnected they may be, however fugitive and irrelevant as a whole, had a powerful effect upon the public mind.

Public sentiment, which up to this period sustained me in my opposition to Popery, and in my efforts to circulate the Bible, now began to flag. Popish priests and bishops went about industriously representing that this reverend convert to Popery was inspired; reported that he had visits from saints and angels, attesting the fact of his inspiration. There was no difficulty in persuading a man of his shattered constitution and now weak mind, that such was the fact; and he redoubled his efforts in trying to persuade those who attended my church, and who were becoming readers of the Bible, never to do so again. His disordered mind often "saw me in hell, side by side with Luther, and the blessed Virgin spitting in our face." "He often saw me with Ignatius Loyola, who was breaking me on the rack as a punishment for my heresies." The utterance of those wild rhapsodies were not without their effect; almost all the poor Irish Papists believed them; and it required from me more bodily and mental labor than I was able to endure, to counteract the effects of this madman's rhapsodizing.

I am now so well acquainted with the character of American Protestants, and even with American converts to the Romish church, that I know it is difficult to persuade them that the Romish priests of Philadelphia, or other parts of the United States, were so utterly abandoned to degeneracy, as to give credence to these Visions or visits from saints, which I have just spoken of. But let them recollect that practices upon popular credulity are now carried on, and were then carried on, upon as large a scale, as at any period in the existence of the Romish church. Such impositions are encouraged all over the world, even at the present day. The wildest extravagances of intellect have circulated freely for the last thirty years in the world. Read Eugene Sue. He tells us of numerous instances of the kind. Read the last edition of Genin, page 82, and you will find an account of the Medal of the *Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary*, struck only the other day, 1838. Over *two hundred thousand copies* of this medal have been already sold. The story is this, as now vouched for by the most eminent holy fathers of the infallible church:—That the Virgin Mary showed herself to one of the *Sisters of Charity* in France, a branch of which holy sisterhood we have in this city of Boston, the capital of New England, and revealed to her the pattern of a medal to be struck for her; the dress she was to appear in, and the kind of rings she was to wear.

This medal has cured, and is now curing, according to the accounts we receive from the holy fathers, all manner of diseases, such as paralysis, epilepsy, cancer, and, according to the belief of some Puseyite moral philosophers, it causes the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. A capital story is related of the potency of this medal. It is too good to be omitted, especially as many of my Puseyite friends believe it, and no doubt will be glad to hear it repeated.

A Sister of Charity got acquainted with a married couple. The wife was a Papist of the most exemplary character, obedient to holy Mother the church, and her confessor, in all things. The husband had no faith, especially in his wife's confessor. He drank, cursed and swore, "like all possessed." The holy Sister of Charity, seeing him at the point of death, and wishing to rescue his soul from hell, called to see him, and slipped one of these medals between the sheets of this wicked man's bed, and the next morning he gets up as well as ever and goes to confession. Another miracle which was performed by this medal in 1838, deserves notice, and may prove invaluable, if it finds its way into this country. One Marie Laboissiere, aided by her lover, murdered her husband, and forced her son to take part in the murder, to prevent him from being witness against her. The lady and her lover were, however, arrested, tried, and found guilty of the murder. They appealed to a higher tribunal. During the interval between the sitting of the higher and lower courts, one of the Sisters of Charity threw a medal round Marie's neck, and though the court and all saw that she was guilty, and ought to be judicially declared so, they could not do it. The medal would not let them, but obliged them to acquit her. If the reader will take into consideration that such visions as the Rev. Captain fancied he had, were matters of every-day occurrence with pious Papists, and that a belief in them is encouraged and enforced by Popish priests and bishops everywhere, they will cease to be surprised that a man tortured into madness, as my reverend antagonist was, should have visions such as those ascribed to him; nor will they wonder at the effect of his preaching, upon a congregation principally composed of Irish and French Papists.

I was alone, without a clerical friend; not a Protestant preacher, with the exception of one, raised his hand or his voice in my support. They seemed to like the fun, as some of them expressed it, amongst the Papists,—I suppose they considered me one then,—but they came not to my aid. They appeared to me pretty much like the wife when she saw her husband fighting with a bear, and was expected to interfere, but very coolly replied, "I don't care which of them gets licked."

Under these circumstances, I felt discouraged; became utterly disgusted with Popery and its infamous practices, with the holy fathers and their fooleries, and resolved in future to have no more to do with Popery. I collected such volumes as I had of the holy fathers, piled them up into one heap, added to them the lives of the saints, and placing on the top of the pile the Pope's bull of excommunication, which the poor old man thought would frighten me out of my wits, I consigned them, book by book, volume by volume, together with the aforesaid bull, to the warm embraces of a good hickory fire. I knew the day was not far distant, when Americans would see something besides fun in Popish quarrels; and in the mean time, I determined to employ myself in the study of Blackstone, Chitty, &c.; a much more profitable employment, in a pecuniary point of view, than fighting in the cause of American Protestants with European Papists.

It was said of Erasmus, that he laid the egg of the reformation, and that Luther hatched it. I trust it will not be deemed vanity in me to say that I have done as much for American Protestants, as Erasmus did in his day.

At least, I have done all I could; but whether they or any of them will do as Luther has done, time alone can decide.

In this connection, it is not improper for me to state the ultimate fate of this reverend convert to the Romish church. After I retired from Philadelphia, and Hoganism was put down, the Jesuits measurably neglected their convert; a thing very unusual with them, to do them justice. He felt the loneliness of his situation. With a mind enfeebled by drugs, a correct view of his situation could only strike him by glances; but they were terrible and fearful. He saw himself robbed of the one beloved object of all his earthly affections; plundered of a fortune, the fruit of honorable toil and industry. He saw in himself but the mutilated skeleton of what he once was, and the dupe of crafty Jesuits and licentious nuns. He shrunk from the view, and as if God, in his mercy, wished to hide it from him' by means which may appear to us incomprehensible, he fell into fits of real madness, from which he recovered but occasionally. The last I have heard of him was that he was arrested somewhere near Newcastle, Delaware, for attempting to commit a rape on a child nine years old; but the poor maniac was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Several priests were called as witnesses in his behalf; and well they may be witnesses. It was they that caused him to be what he was; it was they that maddened him.

Those who are not familiar with crime, whose hands are unstained by blood, and whose consciences have not been seared and discolored by the blackness of guilt, may hesitate to give credence to these disgusting details. Comparatively short as our national existence is, and though brief the period since we cut loose as a nation from what we deemed the polluted governments of Europe, still there was a time, even in these United States, when such deeds as I have related would not and could not be believed amongst us. There was a time when the ancient Romans did not think that there existed such a crime as patricide; and hence it is, that there was no law against it. There was actually no punishment known to their laws for the commission of such a crime; and why, reader? Did the ancient Romans encourage their children to kill their parents, or to commit patricide? No. Far from it. No people in the world venerated their parents more than the Roman children of the day to which I allude. They had no law against the crime, because they did not believe it possible that such a crime could be committed. Nor is it to be wondered now, that many Americans should consider it almost impossible that such deeds as I have laid to the charge of Jesuits and nuns, should be perpetrated amongst us. But time, that exponent of all things, will soon satisfy our people—as it did the Romans before us—that there is nothing impossible, or even beyond the range of Jesuitical iniquity. The archives of Jesuitical intrigue are now in a measure being thrown open to the world. The diffusion of literature is so general, and human curiosity, at the present period, so great, that nothing can escape its searching inquiries. It is therefore to be hoped that our people will not be much longer in ignorance of the iniquities of Jesuits. Americans can now learn from historical evidence, which admits of no doubt, that Jesuits have been expelled, successively, from thirty-nine different governments; they can also learn, that by intrigue, deception, perjury and poison, they have survived each and every one of those expulsions. They may see,—if they can see anything but money,—that the Jesuits are now making a final struggle for a settlement in this country; and if they are not so stupid as not to see that similar causes must produce similar events, they will infer that Jesuits, who have successively and effectually introduced disunion, discord, and disorganization into thirty-nine governments, cannot fail to do the same in ours. If by poison and assassination they have dethroned the rulers of other countries; if by debauchery and superstition in the confessional, they have seduced their wives and daughters, can it be supposed that our rulers shall escape, our government be secure, or our wives and daughters safe from the daggers or subtle poisons of these notorious fiends?

Let any American take the "Wandering Jew,"—let him read it attentively, and reflect that the writer, Eugene Sue, is a Roman Catholic now living in France,—and say whether there is any crime too daring for a Romish priest or Jesuit. If he doubts what I relate of a young lady in the beginning of this book, who was debauched by a Romish priest, and poisoned by a nun, the mother abbess of a Jesuit seminary of learning, to get rid of her illicit offspring; let him see the history of Charlotte De Cordoville, in the Wandering Jew. He will see in the history of that young lady, distinguished though she was for fortune, beauty and charity, how she was reduced to misery and unhappiness, by the intrigues of Jesuits. You will see how her own aunt was made the instrument of all her misfortunes; but the aunt was first made a Jesuit, and in that capacity she disregarded honor, truth, the relationship of blood, and all the alliances of natural friendship. She caused her to be imprisoned and maltreated. She and her associate Jesuits caused herself and her lover to be poisoned or drugged into an insane stupor;—all for the glory of the infallible church, and with a view of adding to its ill-gotten treasures. For a full account of this transaction, see Eugene Sue.

But Romish priests will not permit their people to read Eugene Sue; it is a forbidden book; his royal holiness, the Pope, has cursed the book and all who read it. He has cursed all who presume to discuss fairly the merits of Popery; but even this will scarcely be believed by Americans. Strange infatuation! Will Americans read a report made to the French Chambers in Paris, by the Duke de Broglie, on the subject of public instruction and Jesuitism? Will they further read a small work written by Messrs. Michelet and Quinet, professors in the French national college? If they do, it may open their eyes to consequences which may be apprehended from even tolerating Jesuits amongst us. They will see that Jesuits are the avowed enemies of liberal education, and that they are sustained in their opposition to it by the curses of the Pope.

Professors Michelet and Quinet, in 1843, were discussing, in public, the influence of the different religious orders. They had, as we are told, commented upon that of the Templars, and were speaking of the society of Jesuits, its origin and its interference in political affairs; and though the professors themselves were Roman Catholics, though they lectured in a Roman Catholic country and to Roman Catholic people, under the sanction of a law of the land, yet Jesuits attempted to disturb those lectures, by creating an uproar among the audience; just what they are doing in this country. But what renders their conduct on this occasion more strange, is the fact, that the very existence of Jesuits, as a society is illegal in France. There is a law in France against secret associations, and under this law they cannot exist. How pregnant with instructions to Americans is this single historical fact! A few years ago, Charles X. and his family had to fly from France, because, under the influence of Jesuitism he violated his faith, he broke his royal word and oath to the people. The people of France hunted him and the Jesuits out of that country, as they would so many wild beasts. Such then was the indignation of Popish France against that infernal society, the Jesuits, that not one of them

dared to show his face in the streets of Paris, without trembling for his life. Like dastardly cowards, as all dishonorable and bad men are,—I never knew an exception,—these wretches moved about like beasts of chase, "stealing from one cover to another;" the representatives of all that was base and dishonorable; the embodiment of all that was vile, false and treacherous; the incarnation, the sentiment and the sediment of all that was odious in fallen humanity. But see them now, in 1843 and '44, and see the conduct of these very French people towards them. Though the law forbids their existence, they have the hardihood to interrupt the legitimate professors of the college of France, in their inquiries into the spirit and influence of Jesuitism; and they are supported by a portion of the very people, who, but a few years ago, pelted them with rotten eggs and dead cats, through the streets of Paris. And what effected this extraordinary change in popular sentiment? It is accounted for in various ways; but I contend that the only fair solution of the problem is to be found in the fact, that republican, democratic North America has opened her hospitable doors, and without suspicion, or without dreaming that she was entertaining her deadliest foe, has spread her tables to feed, and opened her purse to build asylums for these scapegoats of the human family.

In 1830, Jesuits were crushed in France; they fled to the United States, collected together their broken phalanxes, told brother Jonathan they were a persecuted people, prevailed on him to build colleges for them, and they have risen again, not only in this land of the brave, but even in France, under the present king, Louis Philippe.

But notwithstanding these truths, the inquiry is sometimes made,—the question has often been put even to myself,—"Are there really any Jesuits in the United States?" "Do you believe that females are seduced into nunneries?" "Do you believe they attempt to tamper with our children or our wives?" I allude to the subject of privately tampering with the wives and daughters of Americans thus frequently, because I think it is all-important that they should thoroughly understand the dangers to be apprehended from having any intercourse whatever with Jesuits and nuns. Many a man asks this question, who accompanies it with saying, the nunnery to which my daughter goes to school is not a Jesuit nunnery. The priest to whom my wife confesses is not a Jesuit. The priest to whom my daughter and servants go to confession is not, and never was, a Jesuit; and consequently there is no danger from this source. Many a man asks this question, and states these circumstances in good faith, and feels secure that all is right, as nothing in his opinion is to be feared but from Jesuits. This is a delusion. This man's wife is already-governed by Jesuits through her confessor. It even happens sometimes that the confessor himself is unconscious of the part he is acting. The confessor acts under the immediate advice of his bishop, to whom alone, in most cases, the Jesuits will entrust their plans, unless the confessor is personally known to them; and unless the confessor professes and solemnly swears to observe,—I use the words of the oath,—"obedience, courage, secrecy, patience, craft, audacity, perfect union among ourselves, having for our country, the world; for our family, our order; for our queen, Rome."

Few of the confessors in this country, except the bishops, are entrusted with the plans of the Jesuits; perhaps not ten, except they are of the Jesuit order. It is through those confessors, that many of our American youth, both male and female, are seduced into Popish schools, where they become, with few exceptions, spiritless, false, slaves of abject superstition, and the victims of a superficial education. No time is given, no room left, as a modern writer expresses it, for the energies of the mind to develop themselves. No sustenance is provided to nourish the finer feelings of the heart. The intellect is checked, the flow of imagination is stemmed, and all the warm and generous affections of the soul are poisoned in their very bud.

For an instance of the fatal consequence of such an education as this, I would call the attention of Americans, once more, to the Wandering Jew. See the effects of a Jesuitical education upon the noble and generous mind of Gabriel, the adopted son of the honest Dagobert. What could be more lovely than the disposition of this young man. His sentiments were as upright and as chaste as fallen humanity would permit. But the Jesuit society laid its impure hands upon him at an early period of life; they persuaded his guileless adopted mother to go to confession,—not to a Jesuit,—but to a *Cure* of another order of priests; and the bishop of this *Cure* gave him his instructions how to manage the mother of Gabriel. The bishop knew that this adopted son of the virtuous and craftless wife of Dagobert, was one among other heirs of an immense estate, and he directed the *Cure* to prevail upon this simple woman, while at confession with him, to send Gabriel to a Jesuit school, and have him become a Jesuit priest. Americans, read the sequel, and in that you will find a warning, stronger and louder than I can give you, never to send a child of yours to a Jesuit seminary. Let mothers read the history of Dagobert's wife, and if, after careful and honest perusal of it, they will again commit their daughters to the care of a nurse who goes to confession, I must only conclude that they are either infidels or mad, or both. "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*" Gabriel,—the virtuous and good Gabriel,—was nursed by Dagobert's wife. From his infancy, it seems he had no inclination to become a Jesuit; he appeared to have an innate aversion to the order of Jesuits; he struggled against uniting himself with them, as far as a sense of gratitude and a feeling of affection for his adopted mother, the nurse of his childhood, would permit. But all to no purpose; the mother was the dupe of her confessor. He was instructed to win over the youth by any and every means; and, with the advice and cooperation of Jesuits, the confessor of this really honest, but deluded woman, succeeded, by perseverance and increased fondness for her adopted child, in neutralizing his aversion towards Jesuit priests.

In an evil hour he joined them; their traps were too well laid, and without being seen in the business themselves, they accomplished their iniquitous purposes through the instrumentality of this affectionate and charitable woman. All was done through the confessional. How many similar cases have I witnessed myself, in the course of my life, but particularly while acting as a Romish priest in the confessional! How often have I known some of the best of women, belonging to the Roman Catholic church, unconsciously made the dupes of priests! How often have I seen women, who, had they been properly educated, and under different circumstances, would be an honor to any religious denomination, made the instruments of all that was vile and flagitious, by Popish confessors! How often have I seen Roman Catholic servant-maids in Protestant families, inveigled by their *ghostly fathers*, in the confessional, into treachery, deception and ingratitude, towards their employers and benefactors! How often, as I have stated in my book on Popery, have these Roman Catholic servants stolen the infants from their Protestant mothers, and brought them to myself to be baptized!

There is now, in the state of Massachusetts, a young Protestant clergyman, distinguished for his talents and piety, an honor to his profession as a minister of the gospel, and to the state of Massachusetts as a republican citizen, who was baptized by myself in Philadelphia, when acting as a Roman Catholic priest. The name of the gentleman and the date of his baptism were duly registered by me; but the clerical Goths and Vandals, who succeeded me in St. Mary's church in that city, *expunged* the register which I kept, not deeming it safe to leave in existence, if possible, any records of the iniquities taught or practised in the Romish church.

There are in all bodies and in all denominations of clergymen, certain individuals by whom it becomes fashionable to get married and baptized; and during my residence in Philadelphia, I held rather a conspicuous place among them. The congregation of St. Mary's church was a large one. Notwithstanding my *schismatic* doctrines,—I was not then deemed a heretic,—crowds attended the church, and I believe,—though I cannot tell the exact number,—that I baptized more children than any clergyman in the city. Among these there were hundreds of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists, brought to me for that purpose, by their Roman Catholic nurses, without the knowledge or consent of their Protestant mothers.

This has ever been the treacherous practice of the Romish church, from the days of Hildebrand down to the present moment. Dagoberth's wife is not a solitary instance of the undue influence which Romish priests have over those women who go to confession to them. Show me the house of a Protestant family in the United States where there is a Roman Catholic, male or female, who goes to confession and communion in the Romish church, and I will show you a watch, a spy upon every act and deed and movement of that family. There is not a letter that comes into such a family, that is not watched by Popish servants. They soon know from whom it comes, or whether anything is to be gained by intercepting it. The confessor is immediately consulted, and it is ascertained, from some servant in the house where it was written or where it was received, what was its purport, or what it contained.

This practice of domestic *espionage*, we all know, is common in every country where auricular confession is taught and practised; but it is carried on more generally here, in proportion to the number of Roman Catholics, than in any other country in the world; and the reason is obvious. It is said that Jews never cheat each other; this is not because they will not cheat as well as others. The reason is, they will not trust each other. They are always on the watch, or, as Yankees would express it, on the "look-out" for each other. Neither is it because other countries or other people are less disposed to indulge in this species of espionage than we are, that they have less of it: it is because Catholic countries and Catholics will not trust each other. They are on the *qui vive* in all matters of intrigue, whether in domestic or national affairs, whether in morals or politics. But poor Jonathan, with all his smartness and all his cleverness, is probably the most gullible biped that crawls upon this earth. I have known some poor servant-maids and servant-men, who did not seem to have an idea beyond a Hottentot, who, after one month's proper training in the confessional by a Romish priest, could wheedle them out of all they possessed, except their money; and never have I known a Romish confessor, not even the simplest Reverend Yahoo from the bogs of Ireland or flats of Holland, who could not filch from them whatever money he wanted for any given purpose.

The cunning of Americans, their knowledge of human nature and of things in general, cannot be mentioned in the same category with the craft and knowledge of man which Jesuit priests and confessors possess. This is exemplified even in the case of American missionaries. Send an American missionary to France, to Spain, or to any Catholic country, and without aid from home he will starve. He has no Roman Catholic to come to confession to him, to give him money to build a church for him; he has no servant-maid or servant-man, through whom he can persuade, to give him ten or twelve dollars for saying mass; no dying man or woman will send for him, and pay him well for taking out of his pockets a set of *oil stocks*, for the purpose of greasing them over, commencing on the forehead, the tip of the nose, eyelids, the lips, the breast, the loins and the soles of the feet. He has no one to send for him and pay highly, for putting his hand in his breeches pocket and pulling out a box full of *gods*, viz., wafers made of flower and water, and giving him one of them. No. He has none, of these resources; he starves amongst them until bread is sent to him from home. Talk of Yankee cunning! He is a simpleton compared with a Jesuit. A Jesuit comes amongst us, or he goes to any Protestant country, without a dollar, but he never travels without his jackals, male and female. He brings with him his lay sisters and his lay brothers; they soon scent out prey for him; they hire themselves, as servant men and women, to Protestant Yankees, and the first intimation we have of a Jesuit missionary amongst us, is the alarm of some rich-toned bell, which we hear from the steeple of a church built for him by Protestant Yankees. In place of sending home for money to support him, as the American missionary has to do, a Jesuit is sending home money to pay the passage of others to come out and help him. He is purchasing some of the most valuable real estate that Protestant Yankees own, with Yankee money, and writes home to his royal holiness, the Pope, that Americans are a simple, gullible people. "Persevere," says the Jesuit in America to his Pope; "already have you three millions of faithful troops from your own faithful allies of France and Spain and other Roman Catholic friendly governments, among them. Besides this, holy father, your holiness will bear in mind that many of those American heretics, are deserting their own churches and joining us; and above all, most holy father, you will remember,—and I pray you will graciously condescend to take note of it,—that these Americans are all politicians, all fond of offices and would kiss your—!!!! as well as your toe, if your subjects will only aid them in keeping their offices, which, I am happy to inform your holiness, we are very willing to do, until we have numerical strength enough to turn all the heretical wretches out, and fill up their places with your faithful subjects. This, with the aid of the blessed Virgin Mary, we shall be able to accomplish in a very few years. Press on, most holy father; your subjects are coming in thousands per day. Send dispatches to your royal brothers of Austria, Prussia and Spain; urge upon them to send us help, and the glorious cause of your holy spouse, the infallible church, the Queen of heaven, will triumph.

"Write to the greatest layman living, Daniel O'Connell, whom your holiness intends shall receive from your hands a crown as king of Ireland; urge upon him the necessity of sending over to the United States all the repealers he can spare. Let him persuade the Irish, that the union was the cause of all their grievances,—that they would have nothing to complain of, if the union were repealed. Let not your faithful son, D. O'Connell, ever allude to the fact,—the poor Irish would never dream of it,—that the union is not quite fifty years old, and that, for seven hundred years before its existence, the Irish were much more quarrelsome, clamorous,

litigious than they are now. It won't do to let them know this; repeal would lose all its charms, and the greatest layman living, would become,—between you and myself and the holy Virgin Mary,—what he really is, the greatest scoundrel and the biggest poltroon living. These heretical Americans are trying to cause a division between your son Daniel O'Connell and your subjects. Poor dolts! How little they know about us. We know what we are about Your son need only go regularly to confession, and attend mass in some public place, such as at a mass meeting of repealers, and nothing can separate your subjects from him. I trust the move which we made the other day in New York, through your faithful subject Lord Bishop Hughs, was highly satisfactory to your holiness. Your royal holiness will be graciously pleased to remember, that the first murmurings of repeal thunder, proceeded from the city of New York, through that humble, pious and zealous servant of the infallible church, the Lord Bishop Hughs. He was among the first to call the people together, and, under pretence of desiring repeal in Ireland, he told them to organize, to weigh well their own power and influence in the political balance. He advised them to give their support to no man but a repealer, and very judiciously instructed his confessors in private, that it should be given only to those who were most favorable to your holiness' spouse, the infallible church. He succeeded well. The American heretics swallowed the bait; the President of the United States for the time being, was the first political gudgeon he caught. Next followed two young spawns of his. They shouted repeal throughout the country. Your subjects promised to elect the three of them presidents in succession; but when the hour of election came, as in duty and by oath of allegiance to your holiness bound, we acted as we thought would best serve the interest of our holy church."

This may all seem like romance; but is it so? Do not facts within the knowledge and almost view of my readers, prove that it is the very reverse? Who is there that does not know, that does not recollect, or that can forget the events and circumstances of the last election for President of the United States? Who is there that does not recollect the part, which repealers played in that election? Can any man who has paid the least attention to passing events, forget the conduct of Bishop Hughs of New York or of Bishop Fenwick of Boston, or of any other bishop (Romish bishops) of the United States, during the last political eventful year? Who ordered the Irish Catholics to turn out with a banner bearing upon it the treasonable inscription, "Americans shan't rule us"? Bishop Hughs of New York. Did not a band of traitorous repealers, calling themselves democrats, parade the streets of New York, Buffalo and other cities, under the jurisdiction of the Lord Bishop Hughs, shaking this banner in the very faces of American citizens, hurraing for Daniel O'Connell and repeal? Did not this bishop Hughs order several hundred stands of fire-arms to be placed in the Roman Catholic churches of New York, with a view of firing upon the citizens should they even dare to show any dissatisfaction, at these traitorous proceedings? Has not this Bishop Hughs been in close correspondence with the traitor O'Connell, ever since he sounded the first note of repeal? And is not this demagogue Hughs at this very moment corresponding with the confessors of Daniel O'Connell, and the other leaders of repeal in Ireland? Yes, I assert it,—he is. There is a continuous line of correspondence, as I have stated in my recent book on Popery, between the Propaganda in Rome, the Romish bishops of Ireland, Daniel O'Connell, and the Romish bishops of the United States. The Propaganda of Rome is the muddy and polluted source from which the various streams of treason, which are inundating our country, have proceeded. Their course is a sinuous one; their gyrations are intricate in the extreme. It takes in France, Austria, Russia, Switzerland, the Netherlands; in fact all civilized Europe, besides South America and Mexico; its fountain in Rome, and emptying itself in the United States. Yet we now hear this Lord Bishop Hughs telling his subjects in New York and elsewhere,—telling what, my readers?—will you believe it, should I inform you? Or will you not think me trifling with you, and sporting with a grave subject? He tells his subjects now, after doing all the mischief he could, after exciting family against family, after creating disunion, dissension and discord, after exciting peaceable fellow-citizens to imbrue their hands in each other's blood, that he entirely disapproves of Daniel O'Connell; that he believes him a *monarchist*, and that it is the duty of Papists to stand by the government that protected them. This is unquestionably the boldest piece of impudence, and the most clumsy attempt at imposition upon the credulity of Americans, that has ever been attempted in this country. It has no parallel in the history of Popery in the United States; and if ever there was a time or an occasion which calls upon Americans to vindicate their honor, and fling from them with indignation the imputation of being credulous dupes, now is the day and now is the hour. What is this insolent upstart Hughs,—who but the other day as another expresses it, "was pitchforked from the potato-field into a palace,"—that he dares thus insult the common sense of the free-born citizens of America? He, a foreigner, a foundling for aught we know, nursed and fed by Jesuits into manhood, their slave and their tool, how dare he insult the very country that gives him an asylum? how dare he outrage the feelings of the very people that give him bread to eat, and clothes to his back? I will give you, Americans, some idea of who he is, and who his brethren of the Popish mitre are. They are individuals—and the Lord Bishop Hughs is preeminently conspicuous among them,—who, stript of the false splendor which circumstances and place throw around them; who, if deprived of the drapery and mimic glories of Popery, in which holy mother, the church, has enveloped them, would appear among the meanest and most despicable members of society. Such men may be borne with, while they abstain from insulting the common sense of the people; but when their arrogance, insolence and vanity presume to trample upon the rights of the people, and ridicule the understanding of the community, they deserve something more than commiseration.

When, in the plenitude of their vanity, they cease to be content with the profits of office and the free exercise of their religion, and dare insinuate aught disrespectful to the understanding of their benefactors, they cease to be objects even of toleration. In ages of ignorance, the trappings of Popery may strike with awe. Those ages are gone by; and if Americans are true to themselves, they will never revive in this country, notwithstanding the insolent efforts of this Lord Bishop Hughs. This reverend bully has long bid defiance to the unarmed arguments of Americans. He will not condescend to listen to the American theologian, who brings into the arena of religious controversy, truth without a sword, and fair argument unbacked by bowie-knives and clubs; he will not stoop to such a mode of warfare. No. This clerical rake would, if he could, Gothicize this nation of freemen. He would extinguish, if he could, among Americans, the light of learning and philosophy. Nay, he would, and he has been trying to, raise from the putrid pools of ignorance and superstition, fogs and evaporations, and clouds and mists, sufficiently thick to hide from the eyes of

Americans the pure, the brilliant, and the glorious light even of the Bible itself. It is not enough for him that his subjects should consider him their official superior; it is not enough that some poor foreigners,—and I blush to own it,—even Americans, should look upon him and his brethren as their superiors in the church, but they are required also to consider them their superiors in wisdom and virtue, though they know them to be Jesuits. Papists, whether foreigners or Americans, are, even in the United States, little better than living automatons and self-acting tools, for the corrupt agents of his royal holiness, the Pope.

Can this be? the reader will say. Can it be, that man, created a free agent, living in a free country, and governed by equal laws,—can he be made to obey the word of command given by a Popish bishop, as a wild beast would the lash or the whip of the keeper of a menagerie? It is so, reader; and particularly with every human being, male or female, who goes to confession. I care not how intelligent he may appear to be, or what his acquirements or accomplishments may be; if he is weak enough, fool enough, or hypocrite enough and mean enough to go to confession to a Romish priest, he deserves not the name of a freeman. He who bends the knee to a Romish priest, and asks him to forgive his sins, submitting to such restrictions or discipline as the priests may be pleased to impose upon him, becomes a degenerate being. Take, for instance, a bird, one of the feathered citizens of the open air; take a lion, a proud denizen of the boundless forest; compare him with one of those tamed, broken-down and whipped into obedience, by the keeper of a menagerie, and how strongly, how painfully marked is the contrast. Their very looks bespeak their degradation. How great is the contrast between those who have broken loose from obedience to nature's laws, to the degrading servitude of obedience to man. But the contrast is not greater nor their fall more humiliating, than that of the man or woman, who exchanges that obedience which he or she owes to reason, to pure religion, and the divine law of the gospel, for the degraded servitude required from them by Popish priests and confessors.

Let us suppose a whole people thus tamed, thus broken, thus snaffled, bitted and bridled by skilful Popish riders and Jesuit jockeys, will they not soon lose all ideas of liberty, morals and individual man liness? Will they not soon be ready to exclaim, in the language of inspiration, "Why died I not from the womb?"

But let us return to the Lord Bishop Hughs, of New York, and his sudden conversion from repeal and O'Connellism. As I have stated before, it is the boldest stroke that ever has been made to deceive a whole nation. Nothing equal to it, that I know of, in modern history, except perhaps, it may be that of the Jesuit Rodin, which we find related in the Wandering Jew. The only difference between the Jesuit Hughs and the Jesuit Rodin, is this,—that Rodin's audacity, hypocrisy and treachery, were practised on a small scale, when compared with that of this modern Jesuit, Lord Bishop of New York.

There is, however, a strong similitude between these two illustrious individuals. I need not inform my readers,—as I believe they have all read the Wandering Jew,—that Rodin was a Jesuit, commissioned by the society of Jesuits in Rome, to act as its agent, ES with full powers to secure for the society of Jesus, it is nicknamed by them, an immense estate, belonging, in law and in justice, to a French family of the name of Rennepont. He was empowered to secure this property to the society, but he must use no violence. It must be done solely by the play of action, hypocrisy and deception. The reader will remember, as we are informed in the Wandering Jew, that the Rennepont family had to fly from France, after the king of that country, at the instigation of the Pope, and by a violation of the most solemn compact, had broken the edict of Nantz, which secured to the Protestants the quiet possession of their property. After fighting their way through blood and Popish butcheries, this noble family, with thousands of others, had to fly from their homes, friendless and penniless. Only a few escaped the bloodhounds of Popery. Their wives and daughters were dishonored, and, as we were told upon good authority, their helpless infants were dashed against the corners of houses, and their brains scattered upon the pavements. Nothing was left them. They had to seek refuge in distant lands; they went east and west, north and south. Many of their descendants are now living in some of the Southern States of this confederacy.

The general of the Jesuit order in Rome discovered that some of the descendants of the Rennepont family had survived the disasters of the times, and held in their possession proofs sufficient to establish claims to their patrimonial rights. The Jesuits determined to defeat them, and if the reader's curiosity induces him to learn by what means they endeavored to do so, and what agents they employed to effect it, let him read the account given of the whole transaction in the Wandering Jew, by that inimitable writer, Eugene Sue. They will find in that work proofs of the wickedness of Jesuits. They will find that auricular confession is something even worse than I have described it. I have not talent to give a sufficiently accurate picture of this diabolical Popish invention.

Lord Bishop Hughs has been for several years lecturing through the State of New York, as every man who has read the leading newspapers of the country must know; he has represented O'Connell as one of the greatest and best men of the day, and one of the most persecuted of men by the British government. O'Connell and genuine Popery are almost synonymous terms with this lord bishop. As I have stated above, he tried to enlist,—and has actually succeeded,—all foreign Papists, and a vast number even of Americans, in the cause of O'Connell and Irish repeal. Wherever this lord bishop went, dissension and anarchy followed in his train; but mark him now. Mark the course of this Bishop Hughs for the last few years, and you will be struck with the exact similitude which in every feature exists between itself and that of Rodin. The readers of the Wandering Jew will recollect that Rodin established a press in Paris, for the ostensible purpose of inculcating truth, and advancing the public good. The title of this press was, "Love your neighbor." The editor was one Nini-Moulin, a notorious drunkard, ignorant and profligate in the extreme, and, personally, irresponsible, either in a pecuniary or moral point of view. If sued for any libellous matter contained in this press, nothing could be recovered from him, because he had nothing. If thrown into jail for the immorality of the act, he could not suffer in his reputation, because he had none to lose; he may continue editor still, and all that was necessary, was that Rodin should supply him with something to eat and drink. For the amusement of my readers, I beg to give a brief description of the editor of Rodin's paper. I take it from that given by one who knew him, who was the mistress kept by this editor of Rodin's paper, one Rose-Pompon. She thus describes the editor—"A face as red as a glass of red wine, and a nose all covered with pimples, like a strawberry." Rodin, describing him, gives a different character altogether. He says that "Nini-Moulin is a very worthy man, though, perhaps, a little fond of pleasure" Here is a precious specimen of Jesuitism and Popish morality; a

man living notoriously with a woman of the town, bearing upon his face the marks of drunkenness and profligacy, is pronounced by a Romish priest to be a very worthy man, though perhaps a little fond of pleasure.

Suppose Rodin and Nini-Moulin were amongst us here, in the city of Boston, or in the city of New York,—who is there that would not shrink from a contact with either? The Jesuit Bishop Hughs, of New York, and his brother Fenwick, of Boston, have presses in each of those cities, and the wretches who ostensibly conduct them, are, in point of fact, of no higher or more worthy character than Rodin's editor, Nini-Moulin. No man, who opposed Jesuitism in Paris, or who was even suspected of being inimical to it, escaped the abuse of Rodin's journal. The fairest characters were blasted by it; it defamed and bespattered with its scurrility, some of the most honorable and high-minded citizens, while the artful and cowardly hypocrite himself was hidden from observation. Is it not so with Hughs, of New York, Fenwick, of Boston, and the whole tribe of Popish bishops throughout the United States'? No man is safe, no character is spared from the virulence of the presses which they own. Witness the Truth Teller, of New York, owned by Bishop Hughs,—though, like Rodin, he denies the ownership of it,—what can be more vile than the language of that press? It declares that "Americans shan't rule us—Papists" It has for years been spewing forth its malicious tirades against Protestant Americans, while the real author of this scurrility, Bishop Hughs, is skulking behind the bush.

But I will tear off that masquerade dress which nides the moral deformities of this man; and I trust that all Protestants will sustain and pardon me, in holding him, and not the Nini-Moulin who conduct his press, responsible for its contents. Let no Protestant notice the miserable beings who are the reputed editors of the Truth Teller, Bishop Hughs' organ; let the bishop himself be held responsible.

The Jesuit bishop of Boston, Fenwick, another Rodin, has also a press called the *Pilot*, apparently edited by a silly-looking, Irish jackanape. Let not Bostonians notice the abuse which this paper has heaped upon them for years; or if they do, let them hold Bishop Fenwick responsible for it; he is the real author of its contents, and not the little brainless gander, its reputed editor.

I might quote a thousand instances of the similarity of thought and deeds which governed, and which now govern, the whole body of Romish priests. But enough. It is time that Americans should vindicate their honor.

Having done all the mischief he could, having inflicted upon the peace of our country a wound, which, in all probability, can never be healed, he adroitly turns round,—just as the hypocritical villain Rodin, the Jesuit, did,—and tells Americans that he was wrong in supporting O'Connell; that he can support him no longer, because the said O'Connell is a monarchist. Let us try and reconcile this with the solemn oath of this vaporing Jesuit and canting patriot, Hughs. The following is an extract from the oath which, as a Popish bishop and a Jesuit, he took at his ordination and consecration:

"Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his holiness' rights and customs, against all usurpers of heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever; especially against the now pretended authority and Church of England, and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the sacred mother church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or state named Protestant, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates or officers, I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, and of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and of other of the name Protestants, to be damnable, and they themselves are damned, and to be damned, that will not forsake the same. I do further declare, that I will help, assist, and advise all, or any of his holiness' agents in any place, wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom, I shall come to; and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical *Protestants' doctrine, and to destroy all their pretending powers, regal or otherwise*. I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding; I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the mother church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time, as they intrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my ghostly father, or by any of his sacred convent. All which, I, A. B., do swear by the blessed Trinity, and blessed Sacrament, which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness these my real intentions to keep this my oath."

Now, Mr. Bishop, suppose you and I reason together for a moment. Either this oath is binding upon your lordship or it is not. If the former, assuredly you can have no reasonable objection to supporting O'Connell, either as a monarchist, or as, your ally in defending the rights and prerogatives of his royal holiness the Pope. If the latter, that is, if it is not binding on you,—if you will not defend the Pope's power, his throne and his prerogatives,—say so like an honest man. Until you do this, we must look upon your denunciations against O'Connell, as the veriest farce that ever was enacted by the veriest mountebank scoundrel that ever filched a dollar from the pockets of Americans. Will you dare stand before me, and tell me that the Pope of Rome it not himself a monarch? Will you dare look me in the face, and say that you would not support him? Will you dare look me in the eye, and say that you would not support his government? Recollect that I understand the mysteries of Popery as well as you do; remember that I have studied its doctrines more deeply than ever you had an opportunity of doing; and I experience not the least emotion of vanity, when I assure your Jesuit lordship that I am a much better general scholar than you are. You will therefore be cautious in future; I will watch you in your ecclesiastical and political gyrations, and whenever you assert what is false in morals, or dangerous to the institutions of my adopted country, I will check you, and that with no gentle hand; though I shall do unto you and your brethren, but that which you and your brethren have done unto me. The truth is, Mr. Bishop, you are an overrated man, an inflated humbug, and probably you would have passed for a learned one, had you not, without provocation, interfered with me. You, a Popish bishop, tell Americans, that you cannot support a monarchist! Have you ever read the works of Salmeron, a Jesuit like yourself, but a theologian of learning, which you are not? Either he was a liar, or you are one. Listen to what he says of his monarch, the Pope. "The Pope has supreme power over all the earth; over all kings and governments, and if they resist he must punish them." Salmeron was a native of Toledo, and was so thoroughly orthodox in Popish belief, that he wrote several commentaries on the Scriptures, which were approved of by the infallible church. He died only about two hundred years ago. Can you blush, my Lord Bishop? Either you think

Americans an extremely ignorant people, and unable to discern between flippancy, repeal gab, and solid historical information, or you must blush at your attempt to impose upon them. The veriest child in knowledge of ecclesiastical history, knows that the Pope is king and monarch of Rome, and that you are sworn, by the most fearful oath, to support him and his government in opposition to all others; and yet, forsooth, you cannot support O'Connell because he is a monarchist.

Have you, my Lord Bishop Hughs, ever read the life of Pope Adrian? Was he not a monarch? Was he not, to use his holiness' own words, the monarch "of all the islands upon which the sun hath shone?" Are you ignorant of this fact, Mr. Bishop? I beg leave to instruct you upon the subject, by submitting to your lordship and to the poor, unfortunate Irish Catholics, whom you are leading blindly by the nose in every species of mischief and error, the following bull sent by the aforesaid Pope Adrian, to Henry the II., in the year eleven hundred and fifty-four. You will see from this bull, that Pope Adrian was a monarch, and I believe it is not usual with you or your brother bishops, to admit that there was ever any change in the power or prerogatives of the Popes, from the days of St. Peter down to the present moment.

"Adrian, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ, the illustrious king of England, health and apostolical benediction. Full laudably and profitably hath your magnificence conceived the desire of propagating your glorious renown on earth and completing your reward of eternal happiness in heaven, while, as a Catholic prince, you are intent on enlarging the borders of the church, instructing the rude and ignorant in the truth of the Christian faith, exterminating vice from the vineyard of the Lord; and for the more convenient execution of this purpose, requiring the counsel and favor of the apostolic See.

"There is indeed no doubt, as your highness also doth acknowledge, that Ireland and all the islands upon which Christ, the sun of righteousness, hath shone, do belong to the patrimony of St. Peter and the holy Roman church. Therefore are we the more solicitous to propagate in that land the godly scion of faith.

"You, then, most dear son in Christ, have signified to us your desire to enter that land of Ireland, in order to reduce the people to obedience unto laws and extirpate the seeds of vice. You have also declared that you are willing to pay for each house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter.

"We, therefore, with that grace and acceptance suited to your pious and praiseworthy design, and favorable assenting to your petition, do hold it right and good, that, for the extension of the borders of the church, the restraining of vice, the correction of manners, the planting of virtue and increase of religion, you enter the said island and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the honor of God and the welfare of the land; and that the people of said land receive you honorably and reverence you as their lord.

"If, then, you be resolved to carry this design into effectual execution, study to form the nation to virtuous manners; and labor, by yourself and by others whom you may judge meet for the work, in faith, word and action, that the church may be there exalted, the Christian faith planted, and all things so ordered for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, that you may be entitled to a fulness of reward in heaven, and on earth to a glorious renown throughout all ages."

Does it not appear, Mr. Bishop, from the above bull, that Pope Adrian was a monarch? And do you dare condemn your predecessors in office for supporting him as such, or for being themselves monarchists? I opine you would not.

Pope Adrian was an Englishman, and the only one who ever filled the office of Pope. The successor of Adrian in the popedom was a native of Sienna, and a temporal monarch as well as Adrian. He gave away kingdoms and crowns, as did all preceding and successive popes; and yet your lordship will not pretend to say that they did wrong. You dare not do it. It would cost you your mitre, and the other paraphernalia with which the holy church has befooled and bedizened your sacred person. Let me give you an instance of the manner in which some of the holy popes have disposed of whole kingdoms. I might give many, but I shall content myself with one for your special edification, and that of your deluded followers, the Irish in particular. The following is the bull of Pope Alexander, the successor of Adrian, confirming his transfer of the kingdom and people of Ireland to Henry the 'second, king of England, in the year 1555.

"Alexander, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearly beloved son, the noble king of England, health, grace and apostolical benediction. Forasmuch as things given and granted upon good reason by our predecessors are to be well allowed of, ratified and confirmed, we, well pondering and considering the grant and privilege for and concerning the dominion of the land of Ireland to us appertaining and lately given by our predecessor, Adrian, do in like manner confirm, ratify and allow the same; provided there be reserved and paid to St. Peter, and to the church of Rome, the yearly pension of one penny out of every house both in England and in Ireland; provided, also, that *the barbarous people of Ireland* be by your means reformed from their filthy life and abominable manners, that, as in name so in conduct and conversation, they may become Chris-' tians; provided, further, that that rude and disordered church being by you reformed, the whole nation may, together with the profession of the laith, be in act and deed followers of the same."

The above bulls are recorded in the archives of the Roman Church,¹ in Ireland. They were publicly read at a Roman Catholic Synod held in the Cathedral of Cashal, in Ireland, Anno Domini 1171, and are now to be found in almost every history of Ireland, that has ever been written since. But notwithstanding these historical facts, the poor Irish are told that they are indebted to the church of Rome, even for their nationality. We have in this very city of Boston, a poor moonstricken changeling, and would-be philosopher, who has recently been hired by the Jesuit Bishop Fenwick, to make such an assertion, and the Irish Catholics to a man believe him. Unfortunate people! How long will you remain the dupes of popes, bishops, priests and their agents?

Come out from among them; fly from the darkness of Popery; "come out of that deadly shade, and seat yourselves with us in God's own sunlight."

The Lord Bishop Hughs of New York, finding that it would not answer his purpose to support O'Con-nell any longer, and feeling that he made his spring too violently and too soon; knowing that he fell far short of his leap, he turns round, like the Jesuit Rodin, and tells Americans that he was altogether mistaken in the course he pursued, and that he was truly their friend; that they should rule, and by right ought to rule, and that he and his subjects would be the first to aid them against England, or O'Connell. Well done, Mr. Bishop.

Impudent and barefaced as your assertion is, more treacherous and false than even the Jesuit Rodin as you are, I have not the least doubt but you will succeed.

It is curious to observe the similarity of sentiment and action which govern Jesuits, however far apart they may be. We know from the Wandering Jew, that the Jesuit Rodin, for several years, never ceased to pursue and persecute the orphan descendants of the Rennepont family. He commenced his persecution of them in Siberia; he scented their track with the keenness of a bloodhound, from that to Dresden. In Dresden, as we are told, he had a fresh pack of bloodhounds, who fell upon the innocent twin orphans of an exiled father, and protected only by a faithful French trooper. It is impossible to read the account given by Sue, of the ill-treatment which these children and their protector received from a ferocious brute, named Morok, a lay Jesuit brother during the time they remained at the "White Falcon Inn," without strong emotions of pity and commiseration. From this they were pursued by the Jesuit Rodin, by different agents and by different means, which the reader will find beautifully delineated in the Wandering Jew, until their arrival in Paris.

Here, it will be seen, that new plots were formed, and new schemes devised, to defeat their just claims to their paternal inheritance, by keeping them in total ignorance that any such claims were ever in existence. Unfeeling, indeed, and cold as the marble slab which covers the house of the dead, must be the heart of that man or woman, who could unmoved witness the sufferings of these helpless orphans and the faithful servant, Dagobert, while in the city of Paris; all brought upon them by Jesuit priests and Jesuit nuns,—fiends, vipers, vampires in human shape. All their movements were watched and betrayed, through the confessional. But the eye of the Lord seemed to rest upon them in a most extraordinary manner. It would be wrong to diminish, by anticipation, the pleasure which my readers may find in reading for themselves this part of the Wandering Jew. Let us, therefore, pass on to Rodin, the Jesuit, and prototype of the Lord Bishop Hughs of New York. Rodin, finding that all his plans and schemes, in trying to possess the vast estates of the Rennepont family, were likely to fail, and would inevitably be frustrated, unless some new scheme were devised, retired within his own room, deliberated on what was best to be done, and suddenly springing from his chair, thus soliloquized with himself:

"Never have I had better hopes of success, than at this moment; the stronger reason for neglecting nothing. A new thought struck me yesterday. We will act here in concert. I have it,—an ultra Catholic journal, called 'Love your neighbor as yourself.' It will be deemed the organ of Rome. 'I will originate the question of the liberty of teaching. The common liberals will support us,—the idiots. They admit us to common rights, when our privileges, our immunities, our influence through the confessional, our obedience to Rome,—all put us beyond the pale of common rights, of the very advantage which we enjoy. Double idiots! They fancy us disarmed, because they know themselves to be disarmed towards us. That is as I would have it?"

This is precisely the course which the Jesuit Hughs, of New York, has pursued towards Americans. Rodin immediately acted upon the new idea which occurred to him; he wrote to the general of the Jesuit order in Rome, who immediately advised him to cease apparently from further persecuting the heirs of the Rennepont inheritance; to avow himself their warmest friend, and to denounce all those who attempted to injure them in any way, as plotters against their rights and their happiness. Having a previous understanding with his co-laborers in iniquity, he denounced every one of them, and by this act of apparent friendship and justice, he wormed himself into the undivided confidence of all who heretofore looked upon him with fearful suspicion. Just so is Bishop Hughs trying to worm himself into the confidence of Americans, by assuring them that he disapproves of the treachery of O'Connell, and by recommending to his subjects and his dupes, in New York and elsewhere, to assemble in public, and declare that they are opposed to O'Connell's movements in Ireland, and that they are the friends, of the United States; and accordingly we find that on Monday, the 16th of the present month, June, 1845, a meeting was called by the tools of the aforesaid Bishop Hughs, for the ostensible purpose of expressing their disapprobation of O'Connell, the Pope's tool, in Ireland. The bishop, knowing that the bitterest feelings have been aroused in the bosoms of Americans, at seeing Papists forming associations throughout the length and breadth of this land, and collecting vast sums of money, to be transmitted to Ireland, not for the purpose of feeding the half-starved population of that unfortunate country; not to clothe the almost naked peasantry of that unhappy land; not to relieve from bondage and worse than Siberian slavery, a people naturally brave and generous, but to pamper and to forward the plans of a roaring, brawling demagogue and coward, Daniel O'Connell.

The least observant among us, is aware that the scenes of bloodshed, which have been witnessed in this country, may be traced to those associations, which that Irish Jesuit, Bishop Hughs, has fanned into existence, by his inflammatory appeals to the worst passions in the hearts of his people, and now, alas! too late,—even if he were serious,—he attempts to extinguish the flame which he has kindled. But I tell you, Americans, he is not serious. If you depend upon His professions, you will be deceived. He is sworn, on the most fearful oath, to support the power, the kingdom and the jurisdiction of the Pope of Rome, over all kings, potentates, states and magistrates. Neither are his subjects in this country sincere; and that very Bishop Hughs,—I accuse him of it in the face of the world,—I accuse him of it on the authority of the Roman Catholic church, of which I have been a priest myself,—teaches those very people, that any oath of allegiance which they have sworn to this government, is null, void and of no effect. When I was a Roman Catholic priest, it was my duty to absolve from their oath of allegiance, all those who came to confession to me. While a priest, I instructed the Irish to swear allegiance to the heretical government of the United States; but with a mental reservation, that the first allegiance was due to the Pope of Rome. Every Roman Catholic, who goes to confession to a Romish priest, is a mere political automaton, not to be trusted by a Protestant, or Protestant government, further than either would trust the priest to whom he confesses; and how far a Romish priest merits the confidence of an American Protestant, time will tell.

The tools of Bishop Hughs, of New York, at Tammany Hall, June 16th, 1845, passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That there are thousands in this country, (meaning Papists,) who would bare their breasts to any power, (meaning English,) that may invade this country." It was also resolved, at the same meeting, "that they would defend the American claims to Oregon and to Texas." It was further resolved by these self-same repealers, the sworn subjects of Bishop Hughs and the Pope, "that the American eagle shall not be impeded

by natives of Ireland in this country."

If there was not something diabolically treacherous beneath the surface of those resolutions; if a viper were not hidden and concealed under the fair and verdant foliage of these words, they would be to me, as well as others, a source of pleasure. But let us remove the leaves and brambles, the blossoms and roses, which conceal the subtle and fatal poison, and they are calculated to chill and to freeze those sympathies which, under other circumstances, Americans would feel for those people. Irish Papists bare their breasts in defence of the rights of Protestant Americans,—and that by the advice and with the consent of a Popish Jesuit bishop! Monstrous insolence, to impose thus upon hospitable and generous Americans. The resolution, in truth, amounts to this: Resolved, That as our Bishop Hughs is permitted by the infallible church, to act the hypocrite, we, as professors of the same creed, are entitled to do the same. Resolved, That, as our bishops and priests are permitted to keep no faith with Protestant Americans, we shall pursue the same course, until we gain entire possession of this Protestant land.

The idea of foreign Papists "baring their breasts to English bayonets, in defence of the rights of Protestant Americans," to Oregon or Texas, is laughable; it is farcical. Ireland contains nearly ten millions of souls,—I should have said slaves,—and they will not bare their breasts to the trifling number of sixteen thousand troops, which England deems fully sufficient to keep them in perfect subjection. But I will tell you, Americans, what those Popish heroes will do, and have been doing, ever since the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine, when the ruling Pope sent Monsignor Gio. Batista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, as his nuncio and minister plenipotentiary to Ireland, almost two hundred years ago. They will bare their——to be kicked, whenever John Bull may take a fancy to exercise his clumsy feet in that favorite amusement of his. Such slaves as these talk of "baring their breasts" in defence of American rights; who, numbering ten millions, still permit themselves to be kicked, cuffed, buffeted and spit upon by sixteen thousand British soldiers! Pshaw! Where is the American, who will not indignantly say, in the language of a Roman writer, "*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribitis istis.*" Bishop Hughs and his myrmidons, talk of defending the rights of Texas! Poor priest-ridden, pope-ridden dupes! The Texans would spurn your aid; they do not want you; they would not have your aid. The Texans had not a thousand effective men when they declared their independence of Mexico, which was then able to raise an army of two hundred thousand men. But that army was an army of priest-ridden slaves, like yourselves, and the gallant little band of Protestant Texas, composed chiefly of Americans, defied their power; declared themselves independent, banished from among them the treacherous Spanish priests, who were in Texas; they fought for their freedom and they won it.

Irish repealers, the slaves of O'Connell and the scheming Jesuit Hughs of New York, resolve to defend the rights of Texas! The thing is too ludicrous. I shall not dwell upon it.

Let it not be inferred, from what I have stated above, that I believe the Irish Papists to be naturally cowards. I will not do them this or any other injustice. They are naturally a brave people. Unsubdued and untampered with by their profligate priests and Popish superstition, there is not a braver or more generous people in the world, and the chains which now bind them to British slavery, would be snapped in six months,—ay, I repeat it, Ireland would be free in six months, were it not for the ulterior designs of the Pope and his agents, in urging upon them abject submission to a power which, by a single effort of their native strength, they could crush never to rise again. Well does the Pope know, well do Jesuits and priests understand that if the Irish nation freed itself from English rule, by its native arm, as the United States did, they would also free themselves from the dominion of his royal holiness the Pope, and the trammels of Jesuitism and priestcraft; and hence arise the scruples of O'Connell, about violating the British constitution. Hence the exhortation of Irish priests to their downtrodden Irish slaves, to do everything constitutionally\ which means nothing more or less than this:—let us priests, bishops and pope, act for you; we are afraid to risk our own precious necks; we will negotiate matters for you. You must feel indebted to us for everything you possess; in the mean time come to confession to us regularly, bring us every dollar you earn, and we will take care of your political as well as your spiritual interest. Your bodies and souls shall be taken care of by us.—I can assure the Irish Papists in this country and elsewhere, that Daniel O'Connell and the Jesuit Bishops Hughs, Fenwick, and their brethren in this country, have no more idea of emancipating them, than they have of renouncing the Pope, unless with the view of making them still greater slaves to the Pope and the infallible church; and it is with this view they are now forbidding the use of the Bible, knowing full well that the free perusal of its sacred pages would enlighten them not only on the subject of their everlasting, but also on that of their civil rights. Well indeed may we apply to the Pope, and to the Lord Bishop Hughs, and each of his brethren the words of the poet,

*"Loyal his heart, and church and Pope his past;
He for religion might not warmly feel;
But for the church he had abounding zeal."*

We might well fancy these right reverend gentlemen addressing us in the following words of the same poet. They do so, in fact, every day.

*"Why send you Bibles all the world about;
That men may read amiss and learn to doubt?
Why teach the children of the poor to read;
That a new race of doubters may succeed?
Now can you scarcely lull the stubborn crew;
And what if they should know as much as you?"*

There is not in history one solitary instance to be found, where the court of Rome, or Romish priests as a body, afforded aid to any people struggling for freedom, unless with the ulterior view of subjecting them to their own dominion,—a dominion far more despotic in its principles and tyrannic in its exactions, than any that has before been devised by human ingenuity; because that, and that alone, enslaves the soul as well as

the body.

Many instances might be quoted of the truth of this, but I shall only refer to one of a recent date. While Poland was struggling for her liberty, as we are told by a modern and beautiful French writer, Lamennais, (*Affaires de Rome*, p. 110. Pagnerre, 1844,) and the success of the Russians remained a doubt, the official *Journal of Rome*, did not contain a word which could offend the victorious in so many combats; but scarcely had they, the Poles, fallen,—scarcely had the atrocious vengeance of the Czar begun the long punishment of a nation devoted to the sword, to exile and to slavery,—when the same journal could find no terms sufficiently injurious, wherewith to stigmatize those, the noble Poles, who had fallen victims to fortune. Cowardly Rome trembled before the Czar. He said to Rome, would you live yet, place yourself beside the scaffold to which I have consigned those rebellious Poles, who had the audacity to attempt to free themselves from my government, and while they pass on their way to the gallows, curse you the victims;—and Rome did curse the Poles.

Atrocious, revolting as the conduct of the Czar has been towards the suffering Poles, yet there is something noble, something majestic in his treatment of Rome. He pays no regard to the insolent ecclesiastic of Rome, who would be lord of the universe. The Czar does not comprehend the meaning of those cabalistic words, spiritual supremacy. Let us contrast the conduct of this sovereign of Russia, with that of the sovereigns or executives of the United States, and the contrast cannot fail to make a forcible impression upon our minds. That of the Autocrat of all the Russians is so far truly independent; while that of one of our executives, in relation to the Pope, is truly spiritless and sycophantic. Witness the following letter of Mr. Van Buren, to the American consul at Rome, dated, Department of State, Washington, July the 20th, 1830.

"Your letters of the 11th of April and 5th of May, the first anticipating the favorable sentiments of his holiness the Pope, towards the government and people of the United States, and the last confirming your anticipations, have been received at this department, and submitted to the president; by whom I am directed to tender his holiness, through the same channel, an assurance of the satisfaction which he derives from this communication of the frank and liberal opinions entertained by the apostolic see towards the government and the people, and of the policy which you likewise state his holiness has adopted, and which is so worthy of the head of a great and Christian church, assiduously to cultivate, in his intercourse with foreign nations, the relations of amity and good will, and sedulously to abstain from all interference in their occasional difficulties with each other, except with the benign view of effecting reconciliations between them.

"You will accordingly seek an early opportunity to make known to the Pope, in terms and manner best suited to the occasion, the light in which the president views the communication referred to, and likewise you will assure him that the president reciprocates, in their full extent and spirit, the friendly and liberal sentiments entertained by his holiness towards the government of the apostolic see, and the people of the states of the church; and it is the president's wish that you should, upon the same occasion, offer his congratulations to the holy father, upon his recent succession to the Tiara, not from any hereditary claim on his part, but from a preponderating influence, which a just estimation of his talents and private virtues naturally had upon the enlightened councils by which that high distinction was conferred; and which affords the pledge that his pontificate will be a wise and beneficent one.

"You will take care, likewise, to assure his holiness, in reference to the paternal solicitude which he expresses in behalf of the Roman Catholics of the United States, that all our citizens professing that religion, stand upon the same elevated ground which citizens of all other religious denominations occupy, in regard to the rights of conscience, that of perfect liberty, contradistinguished from toleration; that they enjoy an entire exemption from coercion in every possible shape, upon the score of religious faith, and that they are free, in common with their fellow-citizens of all other sects, to adhere to, or adopt the creeds and practise the worship best adapted to their reason, or prejudices; and that there exists a perfect unity of faith in the United States amongst religionists of all professions, as to the wisdom and policy of that cardinal feature of all our constitutions and forms of government, those of the United States and separate states of the union, by which this inestimable right is formally recognized, and the enjoyment of it inviolably secured.

"M. Van Buren."

I would especially invite the attention of my readers to the above letter. A proper understanding of this correspondence between the executive of this country and the Pope, through their representatives, will set at rest a question long mooted in every section of the United States, viz., whether the Pope is a temporal or spiritual potentate. If the former, Mr. Van Buren and the President of the United States did but their duty in giving the assurances contained in the above letter. This was due to him as an independent sovereign. As king of Rome, he was as well entitled to it as any of the sovereigns of Europe; and so far from blaming Mr. Van Buren, for the respectful and courteous manner in which he addressed his royal holiness, I should be among the first to award him just praise. The numerical weakness of a foreign potentate's subjects, the paucity of their numbers, or their intellectual degradation, is, now-a-days, no argument against the legitimacy of their independent sovereignty. But if the latter,—if the Pope of Rome, is not an independent and sovereign potentate,—if his sovereignty is only spiritual, as the Jesuit Hughs and all Romish priests and bishops in the United States would persuade us, then I contend, that Mr. Van Buren, the President of the United States, or any other man who with his sanction, writes such a letter as the above is a conspirator against this government, and should be prosecuted as such.

Among the foreign powers known to this government, no such power as a spiritual one is enumerated. The constitution of the United States recognizes no spiritual power, either at home or abroad; and if Mr. Van Buren, as the representative of this government, has corresponded with a foreign spiritual potentate, he did that which he was not authorized to do by our national charter, and which the executive of the United States, had no more right to order him to do, than I had. If the cabinet of his holiness, the king of Rome, have half the intelligence, tact and management for which they get credit, they must have felt highly amused at the simplicity and sycophancy of Mr. Van Buren's letter. If the power of the Pope, in these United States, be only spiritual, what has he to do with this government, or this government with him? The constitution of the United States, and the various constitutions of the respective States, recognize no spiritual power whatever. No court of law nor equity, from one end of this country to the other, understands what a spiritual power is;

nor have they made any provision to maintain or enforce it. What, then, is it? Where is it to be found? Is it visible? Is there any record of it? Is it tangible? In whom is it centred? No trace of it can be found among us, and yet we are told it exists; and three millions of Papists in the United States, are bound to obey this invisible and intangible thing, or whatever it is.

We are told by Bishop Hughs, that the Pope claims only spiritual jurisdiction over this country. I explained, in my recent work on Popery, what Papists mean by spiritual jurisdiction and spiritual power. It would be a loss of time to refer to it again. The legerdemain and humbuggery of the whole affair are too transparent to deceive any eye but that of a credulous American. Without this doctrine of spiritual allegiance to the Pope of Rome, Popish priests could raise no money for his holiness, in the United States, and they dare not openly claim for him any civil allegiance. Without it, repealers could raise no money for that champion of Popery, Daniel O'Connell.

Had the Romanists of the present day the spirit of the ancient Romans, they would spurn this shameful exaction upon their credulity, but especially upon their purse. It is base to submit to it; even a Pagan Romanist would spurn at it. He did so once before, and if his Pagan spirit was not broken by worse than Paganism,—Popery,—he would do so again. "For I," said Brutus "Can raise no money by vile means: By heavens, I had rather coin my heart And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash By any indirection!"

Yes, even a Pagan would spurn and scorn the deception, cupidity and hypocrisy of Popish Jesuits and priests.

Was there ever upon the Papal throne, since the days of Hildebrand, a Pope who did not claim sovereign and temporal jurisdiction over the kingdoms of the earth? Do the annals of mankind record so dispassionate and so solemn an act of treachery, or so glaring an evidence of temporal power and despotism, as that of Hildebrand, known as Gregory, over the Emperor of Germany? The universal monarchy and sovereign power, which he and Rome wrung from a bleeding world, was never more absolute than that which the Popes of Rome wrung from the superstitions of mankind, in almost every age of the world; and now, in the nineteenth century, in 1845, the present Pope has the unparalleled insolence, through his agents in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, to fasten upon our necks a yoke more galling than that which heathenism imposed upon the Romans.

This they cannot do by argument, because, to use argument with effect, man must be in the right; but to make the best possible use of bad arguments, may be, nevertheless, the privilege of genius, craft, and intrigue. Hence the introduction of auricular confession. Hence it is, that Romish bishops and priests persuade their people to go to confession, where they have the complete mastery over their feelings, passions, and judgment. They know if they can debauch and seduce one female in a family, the whole of the household is at their mercy. It is in that accursed tribunal that they persuade the people, first, "that it is abominable to maintain that men can work out their salvation, under any form of creed whatever, provided their morals are pure." Second, "that it is odious and absurd, to grant to the people liberty of conscience." Third, "that it is impossible to hold the liberty of the press in too great detestation." Every Papist is compelled in the confessional, to subscribe to these degrading concessions. He must swear solemnly, that these propositions are orthodox, and that every government should be compelled to acknowledge them as such. No man can die in the faith of the Romish church, until he acknowledges that these propositions are true. No individual can be confirmed as a member of the Romish church, at least in Catholic countries, until he assents to them. No one can be ordained a Roman Catholic priest, until he solemnly swears to maintain them.

They familiarize the human mind to these infamous axioms of theirs, from their very infancy; and thus when they arrive at the age at which they are permitted to go to confession, which is generally from eight to twelve, there is no difficulty in confirming their people in the belief of these horrid principles.

The following passage may be found in the *encyclic letter*, addressed by the actual Pope, to all the bishops of France, in 1832, in order that they might conform, they and their flocks, to these instructions, although they are in direct opposition to the laws of the country, and the rights of its citizens. Is it necessary to say that M. Lamennais protested, with all the powers of his great soul, against such odious maxims as these, stated in all their ultramontane candor?

"We now come," says the holy father, "to another cause by which we lament to see the church afflicted at this moment. To wit: to that indifference or perverse opinion, which has spread itself abroad on all sides, by the artifices of evil men, and in accordance to which, men may attain everlasting SALVATION BY THE PROFESSION OF ANY CREED, PROVIDED THAT THEIR MORALS ARE PURE. It will not be difficult for you, in a matter so clear and evident, to repel an error, so fatal as this for the people."

Is this clear enough? A word to those of our number, who are intrusted to the care of these pastors. So here is an Italian monk, the ultramontane head of our bishops, who annuls, at a single dash of his pen, one of our most sacred rights, a right, the maintenance of which has cost the country torrents of bloodshed in the religious wars, like water.

"From this corrupt course of indifference," proceeds the holy father, "originates that absurd and erroneous opinion, or madness rather, which asserts that the liberty of conscience must be secured and guaranteed to every one, whomsoever. The way is being cleared for this pernicious error by the liberty of opinions, full and unbounded, which spreads itself far and wide, to the ruin of civil and religious society."

It is evident, that the holy father commands our bishops to inspire their flocks with a horror of one of the fundamental laws of our society. Let us conclude with an attack by the same holy father, by no means less violent, or less conclusive, against the dragon of the press.

"With this is connected that fatal liberty, of which we cannot but stand in awe, the liberty of libraries to publish any writing whatsoever; a liberty which some persons still dare to solicit and extend with as much noise as ardor."

"Pope Gregory the XVIth, had scarcely ascended the pontifical throne, when he heard of the revolt of Bologna. His first movement was to summon the Austrians, and excite the *Sanfedistes*. The Cardinal Albani beat the liberals at Cesena; his soldiers pillaged the churches, sacked the town, ravished the women. At Forli,

the bands committed assassinations in cold blood. In 1832, the Sanfedistes showed themselves in broad day, wearing medals, with effigies of the Duke of Modena, and of the holy father, letters patent, in the name of the apostolical congregation, privileges and indulgences: The Sanfedistes took the following oath liberally: '*I swear to elevate the altar and the throne upon the bones of the infamous liberals, and to exterminate them without pity for the cries of their children, the tears of their old men and women.*' The disorders committed by these brigands, passed all bounds; the court of Rome made anarchy regular, organized the Sanfedistes into bands of volunteers, and granted to these bands extraordinary privileges."—The Revolution and Revolutionists of Italy. Review of the Two Worlds, November 15, 1844.

This is a specimen of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, as taught in this country; and thus, Americans, would they erect altars upon your bones, "heedless of the cries of your old men and your old women," should the Pope's spiritual power ever gain the ascendancy over your strong arms,—or should his priests, by intrigue and by a play of passions, (as Rodin expresses it,) and excitement, obtain the control of your hitherto clear intellects. Pause, Americans. Hesitate for a moment, you young men and young ladies, who, under the influence of some momentary excitement, may be tempted to unite yourselves with the Romish church, or to go into their nunneries.

The first advance you make, the very first step you take to effect this, is in itself utterly degrading to you. It is the abandonment of your whole selves, bodies and souls, judgment, intellect, understanding, mind, liberty and all, to the guidance of a body of men whose political intrigues, and public and private immoralities, have blackened the pages of history for the last sixteen hundred years.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Strasburg, in a letter to the Paris Constitutionnel, has denied that such doctrines as those contained in the three propositions which I have quoted above, are taught in Popish colleges. He pledges his honor in support of this assertion. I have quoted from the *Casuists*, a work written by the fathers of the Jesuit Society. The bishop does not deny the doctrines positively, but says that the work from which the quotations are made, was written, not by Jesuits, but by a Rev. Dr. Moulet, a secular priest. If any other proof were necessary, to show the iniquity of Jesuit doctrines, and the truth of every word I have said, and others before me have said, against Jesuit intrigue and tergiversation, this admission of the Bishop of Strasburg, would be sufficient.

What is the difference between a Jesuit father, and a secular priest? It is simply this. Jesuits are limited in the sphere of their duties, by the general of their order; and whenever a Jesuit makes his appearance in the diocese of any Popish bishop, he is subject, while there, to the said bishop.

The Strasburg professor may succeed in imposing upon those who know not the difference between a secular priest and a Jesuit. The matter is not mended, or the difficulty removed, by having the book written by a secular priest; it is so much the worse. An evil deed, for instance treason, when committed by a servant, is bad enough; but it is much worse when committed by his master. An act of perfidy or immorality committed by a priest, under the jurisdiction of a bishop, merits execration, and should receive it; but if committed by the bishop himself, would become still more execrable.

I presume that when the Bishop of Strasburg pledged his honor that the crimes imputed by others, as well as myself, to him and his tools, were not sanctioned in his college, or by the writings of Jesuits, he had Brother Jonathan in view. His letter to the Paris Constitutionnel was intended exclusively for Americans, whom Jesuits know by the name of "*dolts, double dolts.*"

Let us now see how far the word and honor of this Jesuit Strasburg bishop are entitled to credit. It is proper to do so, as his letter has found its way into several of our presses in the western country.

I pronounce the Bishop of Strasburg's assertion an unqualified, deliberate, and unmitigated falsehood. An issue is now made between myself and the bishop. The question is one of veracity, between us; and I am willing to leave the decision to a jury of the public. The bishop is a Jesuit, and bound, by his oath of allegiance to the Pope, to support him and the doctrines of his church, at the expense of all Protestant governments. He is bound by his oath to "hold no faith with heretics." He is bound by his oath "to destroy them." He is no citizen of this country. He has nothing in common with Americans, but the external configurations of humanity. He is not personally known to any American, as far as I am acquainted; and under these circumstances, he comes before the American public with the naked, unsupported assertion, that what history has handed down, and I, a fellow-citizen of their own, have confirmed and declared to be true, is false. Is he to be believed in preference to me, even if history was silent?

I have lived in this country more than twenty-five years, and though a foreigner by birth, I will venture the assertion, that no Roman Catholic priest ever came to America with higher recommendations than I did. Some of them are from Roman Catholic bishops, and are now in my possession; but I will not ask Americans to give them any credit, because a Romish bishop or Jesuit would recommend the devil himself, who takes the necessary oath of allegiance to Rome, and swears to overthrow, by all possible means, the heretical government of the United States, which sanctions,—I use the very words of the Pope,—"*that fatal liberty of the press of which we cannot but stand in awe, the liberty of libraries to publish any writing whatsoever; a liberty which some—Americans—dare to solicit with noise and ardor.*"

I will not insult Americans by asking them to give me credit for veracity on the strength of recommendations from Popish bishops in Europe, men who are the sworn enemies of everything dear to freemen. I brought with me, from other sources, testimonials of the highest respectability, not as a Popish priest, but as a man. Among them were introductions to that eminent patriot, De Witt Clinton of New York, who immediately, on my arrival at his hospitable residence in Albany, and during the session of the Legislature, had me appointed chaplain to the senate. But I will not ask Americans to give me credit for veracity on account of any connections or acquaintances which I formed while I was a Popish priest. The very fact of my being a priest was in itself contamination. It should disqualify a man from being considered anything that was candid, frank or virtuous. But I will ask Americans to credit me, in preference to the Bishop of Strasburg, or any other Jesuit priest, upon the testimony of American citizens, men known to themselves, men of honor, probity and patriotism.

I have been a member of the bar of the States of South Carolina and Georgia, for nearly twenty years, until

ill health obliged me to change my residence temporarily; and I value the following letter which has been sent to me by William Law, Esq., then judge of the superior court of Georgia, more highly than all the documents, testimonials and recommendations, which the Pope of Rome, or the whole college of his cardinals and Jesuits, could furnish.

"Savannah, 25th June, 1832.

"Dear Sir,—Understanding from you that it is your intention to leave the State, with a view to the practice of law elsewhere, it will I apprehend be necessary that the certificate of admission to our bar furnished you by the clerk, should be accompanied with a certificate from myself, as the presiding judge of the court in which you were admitted. This is necessary to give it authenticity in another State. It will afford me pleasure to append that verification to it, if you will be pleased to send me the certificate.

"Permit me, as you are about to leave us, to offer you my humble testimony to your correct, upright deportment as an advocate at the bar of the superior courts of the eastern district of Georgia, since your admission to the practice of law in the same.

"Wishing you success and prosperity wherever you may settle, I am, dear sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"William Law."

Judge Law resides now in Savannah. He has retired from the bench, and practises law in copartnership with senator Berrien, of Georgia. I need not say who Judge Law is. He is well known, as one of the most eloquent and learned advocates of the American bar; nor is he more distinguished for his legal knowledge, than for his Christian virtues and exemplary life. He is at present, and has been for many years, an elder of the Presbyterian church, in that city. I believe that I have the honor and the friendship of this worthy man, up to the moment I write. Every earthly interest I have is in this country. Its prosperity will advance mine. The overthrow of its government would bury in its ruins all I have to support me. Who then is to be believed by Americans,—the Jesuit bishop of Strasburg, whose country is the world, whose queen is the Popish church, and whose kindred are monks and Romish priests? Am I unreasonable, under these circumstances, in asking a jury of Americans for a verdict in favor of my veracity, my word and my honor, in preference to the honor of a foreign Jesuit bishop of Strasburg, or any other Popish priest or bishop in the United States? You, Americans, are the best judges. In addition to these facts and circumstances, I will take the liberty of stating that nearly the whole delegation to Congress from the State of Georgia, where I have so long resided, have borne testimony to my correct conduct, by recommending me to high and lucrative offices under this government. Among these were the names of the Hon. J. M'Pherson Berrien, then a next door neighbor of mine, the Hon. Thomas Butler King, William C. Dawson, and the lamented Richard W. Habersham, of Savannah. This last named gentleman is no more, but he has not left behind him one whose confidence and friendship I valued more. He was, indeed, the noblest work of God, an honest man. His name is now revered in Georgia, and will be there venerated as long as she has records to preserve it. I have in my possession the most friendly and affectionate letters from this Christian patriot up to within a few weeks of his death, which occurred about two years since. I may further add to these distinguished names, that of the Hon. Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, the Hon. Isaac Holmes, of the same State, and the Hon. Judge Wayne, of Savannah, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. I have evidence in my possession, up to a few weeks ago, of the personal friendship of that elegant and accomplished gentleman Judge Wayne. I have studied law more than twenty years ago with the Hon. Mr. Holmes, and never since has his friendship towards me been interrupted. As a literary man and finished classical scholar Mr. Holmes has scarcely a superior in the country. With such testimonials as these of my Americanism, honor and veracity, I dread not the verdict of an American jury in the case now pending between me and the Jesuit bishop of Strasburg.

But before you make up your verdict, I beg to submit to you the following sketch of a debate, which took place the 5th of last March, in the Swiss Diet in Switzerland, on the subject of Jesuits in that country. It is taken from a speech of the Hon. Mr. Neuhaus, a representative from Berne. The debate commenced by the chancellor laying before the assembly petitions from the people of Switzerland, signed by 120,000 persons, praying that the Jesuits might be expelled from that country.

Neuhaus said that the question of the Jesuits, which was raised last year, had made great progress since that time, and its importance might be estimated by the impression which it had produced on the population, the anxiety with which the result of the deliberations of the diet was looked forward to, and the care taken by all the great councils of the cantons to have their opinions duly represented. * * According to the eighth article of the federal compact, the diet took all the measures necessary for the internal and external safety of Switzerland. That right on the part of the diet was incontestable, and had been put in force on former occasions within memory. The question, therefore, was not whether the diet had a right to take steps against the Jesuits, but whether the Jesuits had compromised and were compromising the safety of Switzerland. It was therefore the question of fact only that he would approach. Were the Jesuits dangerous or not? Were they particularly dangerous as respected Switzerland? Yes, the Jesuits were dangerous.

1. Because of their morality. They taught the people to commit, without remorse of conscience, the most culpable actions. Their morality necessarily exercised on those exposed to their influence a deleterious effect; and a writer of the eighteenth century had said, with great truth, that he detested the Jesuits because they were an order *aboutissant*. But in republics morality was wanted above all things.

2. The Jesuits were dangerous because they made use of the ecclesiastical character to carry disorder into families, and to divide the members of them, in order the more easily to govern them. Examples abounded, and, if necessary, he could cite many.

3. They were dangerous because the order required of all its members a blind obedience, an absolute submission. He who was a member of the society, whether he were a Jesuit properly so called, or merely belonged to the order under another denomination, could no longer have either opinions or will. As soon as the leaders gave orders, those who were enrolled in that militia were obliged to obey, without examination; and if the chief ordered the members and their associates to work in secret to subvert republican governments, they were obliged to obey, without examination, whether they thought it right or wrong. But

what was necessary to the people of Switzerland, if they wished to maintain their independence, was the sentiment of liberty and moral force, and that sentiment the Jesuits annihilated.

4. The Jesuits were dangerous because they had neither family nor country. As soon as a Swiss citizen entered the order of the Jesuits, he only belonged to that body. On this account the governments of the cantons would do well to make a law that any one entering the order of the Jesuits should lose his natural rights. When a man was obliged to lay aside his feelings of family, to disown his cantonal as well as federal country, he was no longer a Swiss; he as nothing but a Jesuit and a stranger to every country. 5. The Jesuits were dangerous because they endeavored everywhere to seize upon power. In despotic and monarchical governments, where the head was invested with extended authority, they might be tempted to make use of the Jesuits as auxiliaries. As long as the Jesuits did not dominate, they would consent to serve a master; but when they had attained their end, they took advantage of services which they had rendered to establish their domination over those who had recourse to them. This was what made all the governments of Europe banish them from their states. They were dangerous to monarchies, and still more to republics, where the authorities did not possess the elements necessary to counterbalance their pernicious influence. 6. They were especially dangerous to Switzerland, because one of the principal ends of the order was to extirpate Protestantism. Without doubt, the Swiss Catholics had a right that their Protestant brethren should respect their religious convictions; but the Protestants had also rights which should be respected by the Catholics; and the deputies of the canton of Berne would demand, if those Catholic cantons which tolerated, and even invited into their bosoms an order, the object of which is the extirpation of Protestantism, conducted themselves like good confederates towards the reformed cantons; if they fulfilled the federal duties, and if those states had not the right to say to the states which received the Jesuits, 'We have no congregation which labors for the extirpation of Catholicism, and we ask of you not to tolerate a corporation so hostile to us as the Society of Jesus.' These were the principal reasons which made the canton of Berne consider the Jesuits as dangerous; but there were many others which he could state, and among others, the recent events in the country were a strong proof of the danger of the Jesuits. The only legal way to settle the question was, by taking the opinions of the cantons in the diet, and if twelve of the cantons voted that the Jesuits were dangerous, the others must submit. M. Neuhaus concluded by reading his instructions from his canton, which were to demand a decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits from every part of Switzerland.

"The action of the diet is already known." The reader may see from the above, proofs almost positive of the truth of every crime with which I have charged Popish Jesuits. The Hon. M. Neuhaus, a representative from a people proverbially generous, distinguished as a nation for honesty and simply integrity. Switzerland and chivalry are almost synonymous since the days of William Tell. Switzerland, honesty, virtue and piety are understood to be almost one and the same thing. Even among ourselves, in the United States, a Swiss Protestant emigrant needs no recommendation but a certificate of his nativity. We trust him; we confide in him, because he is honest; we believe him because he is truth himself. All the finer qualities of uncorrupted humanity seem to be his by birthright. One hundred and twenty thousand of these honorable men petitioned their Legislature to pass a law for the expulsion of Jesuits from their country, and their representative, M. Neuhaus, the embodiment of their virtue and integrity, supports the prayer of their petition, charging those Jesuits to their teeth, proving from the history of their past and present lives, that they are collectively and individually immoral and treacherous men, the sworn enemies of freedom and disturbers of the peace. He accuses them of being leagued together, and bound by the most awful oaths, to overthrow the government and exterminate the Protestants of Germany. He accuses them of maintaining spies in Protestant families, of tampering with their children, and introducing disobedience and disorder amongst them.

I regret extremely that I have not his whole speech, but if there is a file of the Swiss papers in the city, it will be found in those of last March.

I am ready now, fellow-citizens, for your verdict. I submit the case between the Jesuit Bishop of Strasburg and myself, to you without further argument.

If I am correct in my charges against Jesuits; if the various crimes, with which Eugene Sue charges them, be well founded,—and I declare, on the honor of an American citizen and a member of the American bar, that they are,—I ask my fellow-citizens of the United States for a verdict in my favor.

But it will be said, for the hundredth time, that the constitution of this country protects our people against dangers from Jesuits, or any other foreign source; and that our representatives will never betray the trust which the people repose in them; or even if they did betray it, the constitution provides for such a contingency. True, it does. But let me observe, that our constitution never supposed nor made any provision for such a contingency as that the people would betray themselves; and still this case is as plain to me as the noon-day. It is not only possible that the people of this country could betray themselves, but they are actually doing it at the present moment.

I will admit that a courageous people, such as our citizens are, can be neither cozened nor bullied out of their liberty; but it must be also admitted, that an intelligent and generous people may cease to be such; they may abet and admit amongst them the sworn enemies of their constitution, under false ideas of toleration and liberty; they may want the wisdom and judgment necessary to discern their danger in time; and in the necessarily downward progress of degeneracy, it is not even impossible,—such things have been before now,—that they may want courage to ward off the evil when it stares them in the face.

Look back, Americans, to the history of by-gone days. The Tarquins were expelled, and Rome resumed her liberty. Caesar was murdered, and his whole race exterminated; but Rome remained in bondage. In the days of Tarquin, the Roman people were not entirely corrupt; in the days of Caesar, they were thoroughly so. You, Americans, may be betrayed, though perhaps you may never betray yourselves voluntarily. But take heed, I entreat you, of Jesuits. Our constitution makes it difficult, if not impossible, to destroy our liberty by any sudden outbreak of popular fury, or even by the treachery of a few. But if you, as a people, or the majority of you, will concur with the few; if you will deliberately suffer them to acquire a majority, your constitution is nothing better than "a piece of parchment, with a bit of red sealing-wax dangling from it." It ceases to be yours; it becomes the constitution of foreigners; it is the property of Jesuits and Popish priests, the moment they get the majority of voters; you, Americans, have nothing to do with it. It secures no rights for you, nor

should it be longer called the American constitution. Recollect that ten or fifteen years will give Papists a majority of voters in the United States, nor should I be surprised if, within half a century, the Pope of Rome was seen in New York or the city of Boston, as he is now in Rome, on Palm Sunday, mounted upon an ass, in blasphemous imitation of the Saviour entering Jerusalem, with thousands and tens of thousands of Papists spreading palms upon the streets, and shouting Hosanna to "our Lord God, the Pope."

This subject, Americans, is worthy of your serious consideration, to say the least of it. You are jealous of your charters and your privileges; perhaps sufficiently so. But you seem indifferent to the peril with which your liberty is threatened by Romish priests, inculcating treason in their confessionals, up to your very beards. What avail your laws against treason, implied treason and constructive treason? What avail your bills of rights, either national or state, when a priest, at your very door, aye, under your very roofs, is insidiously instilling into the ears of his penitents at the confessional, treachery to your government, to your laws, to your religion, and even to each other? What avails your trial by jury, when oaths lose their sanctity, and a Jesuit teaches his penitent that no faith is to be held with Protestants; while there are amongst you nearly three millions of people, who are taught to disregard your laws, whose rulers,—the priests,—connive at its infringement, and refuse themselves to be amenable to your civil or criminal courts? Do not be startled at my telling you that they refuse to be amenable to your courts. This is probably new to many of you; but as I make no statement which I cannot prove, I refer you to the case of the Romish priest, Carbury, in New York. It occurred some years ago, and is duly reported.

This priest, Carbury, peremptorily refused answering, while on the stand as a witness, any questions put to him by the court, in a case of great importance affecting the government of the State of New York. He defied the judge on the bench, the sheriff, and all other officers of the court. He contended that the constitution of the United States guaranteed to him the free exercise of his religion, and, by implication, the right of hearing confession, and giving and receiving in the confessional such counsel and advice as his church required of him to give. And such was the sway which foreign Papists had in New York at that time, that the court did not and dare not commit him to prison for contempt; though, under similar circumstances, the officers of the court would drag an American citizen to jail, as they would a common felon. But the priest Carbury did no more than he was ordered to do by his church.

The Popish council of Lateran declares "it unlawful for a civil magistrate to require any oath from a Roman Catholic priest." A work, called the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, containing all the revised statutes of the Council of Trent, the last held in the Popish church, has issued the following proclamation to all monks, priests, bishops, and Jesuits: "We declare it unlawful for civil magistrates to require any oath of the clergy, and we forbid all priests from taking any such oath." The Council of Lat-eran declares and announces to the Popish priesthood, as well as to the whole world, "that all magistrates, who interpose against priests in any criminal cause, whether it be for murder or high treason, shall be excommunicated; and if he condemn any priest for murder, or any other crime, he shall be excommunicated."

Thus we see that in our very midst, a Romish priest has but to go into his confessional, and there he may become accessory before or after the fact, to treason, arson, murder, or other crimes, and hold our laws and our magistrates in utter contempt and utter defiance. This they have done before, in the neighboring city of New York, and this they will do again, whenever it suits their plans and purposes.

Pour in amongst us a few more millions of a people who believe and sanction this doctrine; flood our country with a population subject to a priesthood maintaining such doctrine as this, and what must be the consequence? Vice, ignorance and laziness; just what it is in every country where Romish priests are permitted to exist and exercise their pernicious principles. There is a defect of moral principle and moral honesty wherever the Popish confessional is to be found. I know the reverse of this is believed by Americans, and not without some apparent reason. Here I do not blame them. They are deceived, and often have I wished, often and often have I resolved to undeceive them in this particular.

Many and many a time have I resolved to be no longer a party to this shameful imposition upon Americans. Many and many a time, have I determined shake off from my soul any participation, directly or indirectly, in fastening upon the minds of American Protestants that the Romish confessional was the means of making Roman Catholic laborers and servants more honest than they otherwise would be. It is not so. Protestants know not the plans or schemes of Popish priests, in anything. Fraud and imposition are reduced to a science in the Romish church. Let me explain how the impression has got among Protestants, that confessing sins to the priests is a very good thing "for the ignorant Irish." "It keeps them honest." I can scarcely refrain from laughing, when I hear this observation. It has been made to me by some of the most amiable, benevolent, and charitable ladies and gentlemen in this city of Boston, and elsewhere; and though I understood the deception played upon them, I felt almost unwilling to remove so charitable but delusive a dream. There is an old proverb, "it is better late than never." Let me do so now. Justice to Protestants, and even to the Roman Catholic laborers and domestics themselves, requires this at my hands.

The *modus operandi* of Romish priests is as follows: When a Popish or Jesuit priest settles in a city or town, he looks about him and ascertains what the character, circumstances, politics and religion of the different families are. If he discovers that any particular Protestant family is wealthy, entirely unacquainted with Popery, and liberally disposed, he takes a note of the fact, and determines, by some means, to form an acquaintance with the head of that family. This is sometimes not easily done. It is not often that men of wealth are desirous of the personal acquaintance of clergymen of any denomination. They know that, pretty generally speaking, there is little to be gained, so far as worldly goods are concerned, from a personal intimacy with them. Of this Romish priests are well aware, and act accordingly. When one of them desires an acquaintance with the head of a family, he unceremoniously calls upon him, hands him some money,—more or less according to circumstances,—and without any explanation tells him it is his, and seems no way desirous of further conversation. The gentleman or lady, who receives the money, of course, detains the priest or Jesuit, and asks what he wishes him or her to do with this money; whether he deposited it for safe-keeping, or whether he wished it paid over to some one. The answer of the Jesuit is, sir, or madam, "the money is yours. I received it in the discharge of my duty as a priest," and he departs.

The result of this piece of Jesuit acting is obvious. The gentleman mentions the circumstance to his family,

the merchant to his neighboring merchants, the mother mentions it to her children, and to every mother on her list of visitors, and all finally come to the conclusion that the money has been received in the *confessional*; that some poor Roman Catholic in their employment had stolen it, and that the priest in the confessional caused restitution to be made; that, after all, this "going to confessional was a good thing,—it kept the Catholic servants honest; and if it were not for it, there would be no safety in giving them employment." The husband tells his wife to throw no obstacles in the way of her domestics going to confession, as he believed it was a check upon their dishonesty, and makes up his mind that it is at least good policy to sustain Popery and Popish priests. He calls upon the Jesuit bishop or priest, touches his hat for him should he meet him upon the streets, tells him he would be happy to see him at his house; and thus, by this tedious, though sure process, does a reverend Jesuit priest gain his end. The family is now at his mercy; and the best recommendation a domestic can bring to this family, or any of their acquaintances, is that of a scheming deceitful Popish priest or bishop, with whom, if properly known, no respectable man would be seen walking the streets. Often have I done this while a Romish priest.

This process, by which Popish priests and Jesuits often insinuate themselves into the confidence of some of our most respectable Protestant families, has in it something ineffably mean, contemptible and wicked. There is something worm-like and vampire-like in the whole process. The bold robber is an honorable man, compared with a skulking Jesuit priest. The robber runs some risk in gaining possession of his booty; he has, at least, the redeeming quality of personal bravery. The eagle, which takes his prey to the very pinnacle of the loftiest rock, though that prey should be the infant of the fondest mother, and there devours it before the eyes of its agonized parent, must claim more or less admiration for its boldness. There is a majesty in its flight which diminishes the atrocity of the act: by one bound the noble bird gains his point. But the Jesuit, like the worm, like the loathsome reptile, gains his by beginning at the root, at the base of domestic happiness and virtue, and creeps and gnaws his way until he reaches its summit, and then laughs as he sees it mouldering under his feet. But this is not all. The Protestant family with whom he forms an acquaintance by these dishonorable means, are not the only sufferers. Injustice is done to the Catholic domestics in Protestant families. A palpable imputation of dishonesty is thrown upon the whole body of them. An implied impression is left upon the minds of Protestants that they are all dishonest,—that they would all rob, pilfer and steal, if they were not forbidden and compelled to make restitution in the confessional. But what signifies it to a Jesuit priest, what Protestants think of poor Roman Catholics? If they only believe that priests and Jesuits are saints, that is all they care for. If priests can only manage to cause Protestants to attribute the honesty of Papists to themselves, and can cause the Catholics to hate and despise Protestants for suspecting them of dishonesty, their point is gained, though at the expense of injustice both to Protestant and Catholic. It is peculiarly unjust towards Catholic domestics, who are really as honest as other people, if their priests will let them be, and who might be as good citizens as others, were it not for priests and Jesuits. Do away with the supremacy of the Pope and auricular confession, and the foreigners who come among us from Ireland and other Catholic countries, would be as peaceable, as industrious and as worthy citizens as any we have, but never can these poor people enjoy the blessings of freedom here or elsewhere, while they have any connection with priests, confessionals, or popes. Americans are not inimical to foreigners who conduct themselves with propriety, and pay a due respect to the laws of their country; but they are inimical,—and it is their duty to be so,—to all who traitorously interfere with their civil rights; and it is not a little jugular, that among the millions of foreigners which have fled to this land of freedom, none but Papists have interfered with their laws, their institutions, or their customs. I have resided in the United States for thirty years or thereabouts, and never have I heard a Protestant say that he has been ill-treated or unkindly dealt with by Americans, on account of his foreign birth; and I can declare, with equal sincerity, that I have never known a Roman Catholic satisfied with our republican form of government, and who did not avow,—when he could do so without being heard by Protestants,—that he wished a Roman Catholic government established in its place. It is a strange circumstance, but nevertheless true, that Americans have no difficulties with any foreigners amongst them except the Roman Catholics. There are various denominations of foreigners in the United States, but all others enjoy the blessings of liberty, quietly and thankfully. Papists alone are dissatisfied; they alone refuse to hear to reason, and seem inclined to govern by force. No Protestant priest in the United States has ever been known to be controlled in the discharge of his duty by a foreign potentate. None of them were ever known to harangue their flocks and march them through American cities, with banners bearing the treasonable motto, written in conspicuous letters, "Americans shan't rule us." Popish bishops and Papists alone, have dared to do this.

I have always been, and I trust I am now, the advocate of peace; but I will confess, that I am at a loss to know whether there is to be found in any code of political, or even moral ethics, a single passage which can justify Americans in permitting this outrage upon their laws and upon their national character. It may be a salutary inconsistency, a laudable apostasy, on the part of Americans, to permit this insult to their country and to the memory of their noble and patriotic ancestors; but if these ancestors, who now sleep in their graves, were living, and saw this Popish flag with this Popish motto, paraded by foreign Papists over their graves, I will only say, the insult should never be repeated; there would be no one left to bear the standard.

I do not believe, that, from the days of Cain to the days of Bishop Hughs, of New York, there has ever been witnessed so insolent, or so inflated a condensation of treason, as was contained in that solitary Popish motto, "Americans shan't rule us;" and if Americans were not a people of singular forbearance, they would have levelled to the ground every Popish church, and put to the sword every Popish priest and bishop in the country.

The poor Irish Papists who marched through our cities, waving in the very face of Americans, the flag which bore this treasonable motto to which I have alluded, are not so much to be blamed; a majority of them are but the children of impulse, whose passions are played upon by designing priests. I repeat it,—and again and again I have repeated it,—the Irish are naturally a well-disposed people. They would be true to this country, and faithful to its laws and constitution, if their priests and church would let them. This is evident in the contrast which is visible between the Papists and Protestants of Ireland. There are not in this country better men or more faithful citizens than the Protestants of Ireland. Where can we find a man who values character more highly than an Irish Protestant? Where is there to be found a man, who contributes more, by his own

example and that of his family, to the preservation of virtue and morality, than a Protestant Irishman, in the United States? I can say from my own knowledge of Protestant Irishmen in particular, that they are temperate, frugal, industrious, and eminently sincere in their professions and attachments. I mean not any invidious comparison when I say there is no finer character than a Protestant Irishman. He is in earnest in everything, in his words and in his actions.

Americans, give him the hand of friendship; give him your confidence; he will not betray you. In the hour of danger, he will stand by yourselves, your laws, and your constitution. He will defend them with his strong arm and brave heart; his religion teaches him to do so. But not so the Irish Papist. Trust him not at least until he renounces his religion, which tells him that you are heretics, and should be extirpated, and that your constitution shall not rule him.

I am little inclined to moralize, but it is to me a sad reflection, to see this contrast between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Irish; all occasioned by that accursed thing called Popery.

Even the Christian League, so grossly abused by Papists, seem to entertain no other feelings than those of hospitality towards them; but in truth nothing is to be feared by Papists from that association. As far as I know them by reputation, they are men of zeal, piety, and fine talents; but they are no match for the trained bands of the Popish army. They want discipline. It is true I know nothing of them but through their speeches, some of which have been published in our leading religious journals. These I have read, and the League itself could not give me credit for taste or judgment, did I not pronounce them pointless, pithless, powerless, almost useless. They evidently overrate themselves or undervalue the force of their opponents. The latter I have reason to know is the fact.

It is true his holiness has condescended to curse them. He sent recently a bull formally excommunicating them as a set of damned heretics. I am glad of this. It may arouse them to a greater concert of action.

But what if this League should succeed in that which seems to be after all their leading object, the circulation of the Bible in Italy? Suppose they even succeeded in suppressing Jesuitism altogether in that country, what then? Would Popery cease to exist? Or has the *Christian League* counted the cost at which this may be done? Have they reflected that while they are mowing down the withered weeds of Popery in the morally barren fields of Italy, that Jesuits are carefully collecting its seeds and roots, and planting them in the new and rich fields of their own country, where, in the homely but expressive language of our farmers, one acre will produce more than ten in Italy? The whole course of this League, as far as I am able to judge, is injudicious, and for the one moral good that will be the consequence, fifty evil ones must follow. Not a single member of this learned association would apply their rule of action, in relation to Italy, to the management of any other transaction in life. What farmer, for instance, would waste his time in cultivating a sandy barren field on his farm, and leave uncultivated a rich, loamy and productive one? Or would he try to cultivate both without sufficient hands to do either well? Assuredly, no judicious man would do so; or if he did, a failure and poverty would be the necessary consequence. If the League desire success, they must strike at the root of the evil of which they complain. Who, for instance, that had a tree in his garden, whose fruit and blossoms were poisonous, would spend his time, every spring and autumn, in plucking off those blossoms and gathering up this fruit, with a view of getting rid of this troublesome and destructive tree? Would you, gentlemen of the Christian League, not smile at the individual whom you saw thus employed? Would you not, in charity, say to him,—sir, you should root out that tree altogether from your garden; but especially should you take care that if any of its seeds has found its way into a richer garden or more valuable soil of yours, to extirpate the latter first, as the poison which that will emit will be much more rank, subtle and to greater quantity.

If Jesuitism were now confined to Italy alone, the members of the *Christian alliance* may, perhaps, be right. If there was but one tree in the farmer's garden, and its seeds had not taken root in any of his more valuable domains, he might take his own time in removing the tree, either by cutting it down, or by gathering up its fruits and blossoms to suit his taste, fancy or eccentricity. But when the seed of this tree has taken root and begins to flourish luxuriantly, in the only spot of land from which he expected support for himself and family, he is a thriftless farmer that would not extirpate this tree root and branch, fruit and blossom, from this valuable spot on which his own support and that of a numerous family depended.

Let this rule be applied to the individual members of the Christian alliance, or rather let each member apply it to himself. He cannot but see that the poisonous seed of Popery has found its way to this country, and taken deep root in some of its most verdant fields. I am aware that these gentlemen will pay but little attention to my remonstrances or warnings. Men entrenched behind the pride of opinion will seldom yield to the summons of reason. For more than twenty years I have warned Protestants, but to no effect, of an approaching foundation of Popish priests and Jesuit principles. Suppose a fire should rage through one of our most populous cities; suppose it should have extended to the very middle of its lengthiest streets; would it be wise to go and try to check its progress by seeking for the spot where it began? The whole force of the fire companies and citizens should be concentrate it the extreme point at which it extended; every effort should be made to prevent its progressing together. Palaces, houses, hovels, goods, all should be pulled down at every risk of individual property to stop the conflagration. Suppose a prairie were on fire; suppose that prairie belonged to the *Christian alliance*; suppose the loss of it involved their own ruin and the ruin of their posterity,—would they, or any one of them, go to look for the spot where the fire originated? Not they. It would be madness to do so. Each and every one of them would turn up their sleeves and never cease to labor until they cut a ditch deep and wide enough to prevent the progress of the flames.

Why do they not pursue the same course in relation to Popery? They see Popery burning, blazing, whizzing, and devastating this whole land, and in place of cutting a ditch, or throwing up such a barrier as will check its further advance, they go by a sort of retro-progressive movement, back to Italy, to begin this work. Pardon me, fellow-citizens. Though I disapprove of the course of your proceedings in trying to prevent the further spread of Popery, I am willing to acknowledge that in talents, zeal, piety, and general learning, you infinitely excel me; but I believe I am not vain in saying that in the knowledge of Popery and Jesuit intrigue, I am not inferior to you. You are evidently in the dark in practical acquaintance with Popery, and I hesitate not to tell you now, that until you unite with me heart and hand in my efforts to extirpate it from this country, you will be laughed at by every Romish priest and Bishop in the United States; well knowing, as they do, that while

you are converting one Italian to Protestantism, they are converting five hundred Americans to Popery; and that while you are distributing one little tract, which one Italian in a thousand,—even if he could, would not read,—they are building one hundred colleges, nunneries, and monk houses, in your very midst, and at your very doors. You will find, by-and-by, that this very country of yours, this very land of freedom, will supply even Italy with Jesuits and priests enough to drive you, your Bibles and tracts, beyond their boundaries. Stand upon your own soil; let Americans never engage in any foreign religious or political war. You have not now the moral power to wage an offensive religious war; that day is gone by. I warned you of it twenty-five years ago, but you heeded me not; you were deaf. You have quite enough to do now to defend your own soil, and much more, I fear, than you will be able to accomplish, with all your zeal and talents.

One of the members of the Christian League, at its late convention in Boston, has stated, if I am not mistaken, that the Pope read one of its tracts, and looked very sad. For the word sad, should be substituted glad. If he read the tract at all, which I doubt, it must have been extremely gratifying to him. It showed him clearly that he had succeeded in humbugging Americans even farther than he expected; and with due deference to each and every member of the League, I must say, that this is the only inference which any man, versed in a knowledge of Popery, or even of human nature, would or could draw from that circumstance.

The Romish church has a vast interest in this country; an interest so deep that no line can sound it; an interest of such magnitude, that the power of numbers can scarcely calculate it, and of such altitude, that it scarcely admits of a measurement; and the Pope's object is to divert the attention of the Christian League, and all other American Protestants, from this country to Italy, which, if given to us with all its relics, Jesuits, monks and nuns, would not enrich us much in a pecuniary point of view, and would be only the means of flooding us with infidelity and immorality.

It is sound policy in the Pope, to attract the attention of American Protestants to Italy. He knows well, that the citadel of our liberties can never be taken, without this or some other similar plot. Let him but succeed in turning the eyes of Americans from the altar of our own liberty, on which the God of freedom sits enthroned, to Italy, and pour in upon us his vassals at the rate of two thousand in forty-eight hours,—we are told was done in New York, last week,—and freedom's God will soon be dishonored, and the image of some Popish vagabond, called saint, will be seated in its place.

The whole country must form itself into one Protestant alliance, and swear upon the altar of freedom, that no man shall be admitted to the rights of an American citizen, until he forswears all allegiance, spiritual and temporal, civil and religious, without mental reservation or equivocation, to the Pope of Rome. Every appeal to the Pope of Rome, from the citizens of this country, or from any man living within its limits, for the purpose of settling any difficulties between them about church rights, civil rights, or any other rights whatever, should be considered treason; and the individual or individuals who shall make such appeals, whether a Popish archbishop, bishop, priests, Jesuits, or laymen, should be prosecuted as felons, and subjected to the most ignominious punishment known to our laws.

This, and this alone, can effectually arrest the progress of Popery in these United States. No Papists can complain of this, and no honest man will object to it. Such a law is not at variance with our constitution; it prevents no man from worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. On the contrary, it only guaranties even to the Papist, in still stronger terms than our constitution now does, the right of worshipping God as he pleases, and relieves him from the degrading obligation of being obliged to worship him according to the dictates of the conscience of a foreign tyrant, the Pope of Rome, and his insolent minions in this country.

I believe there is not even an Irish Catholic in this country who will not support such a law. A little reflection will satisfy them that nearly all the evils they suffer, and have borne patiently for centuries back, have been brought upon them by the Church of Rome. They will soon perceive, if they only take the trouble of examining the question, that there is not, and never was, such a system of general, permanent, and unlimited slavery, as that to which the Romish church has reduced them. It is irreconcilable with happiness, good order, public and private tranquillity; and there cannot possibly exist a more singular anomaly, than to see a whole people willing to Submit to such a system, and preferring it to the rational freedom which they enjoy in this country.

Far be it from me, and foreign indeed is it from ray thoughts, to say, or do, or write anything that may injure the true welfare of the poor Irish Catholics. I would serve them, and, in the full flow of my affection for them, I would beg of them to pause and look seriously into their condition. The year before last, 1843, the Irish people paid to O'Connell twenty-eight thousand pounds. This was called the O'Connell tribute. In the same year, they paid *repeal rent*, amounting to the enormous sum of seventy-eight thousand five hundred pounds sterling; amounting in all, to one hundred and six thousand five hundred pounds British money. The above, I take from the accounts and estimates of the repeal journals. Let us add to the above sum the amount which the Irish in the United States have sent over to Ireland, and some idea may be formed of the grinding tyranny which the Romish church and her agents exercise over their deluded victims here and elsewhere.

Under these circumstances, is it not my duty, is it not the duty of every friend of humanity, to appeal to the good sense of the Irish, to their "sober second thought," and ask them, why submit to such imposition as this? Why not resist these tyrannical exactions of the Church of Rome? For they know well, that it is not *Irish repeal* or American repeal, that the Pope and his priests have in view; but church repeal. What have the Irish received in exchange for the vast sums which they have given, and the blood which they have shed, to effect this Irish, or rather church repeal, and the loss of that confidence and esteem, which they might otherwise have from Americans? Nothing. Emphatically nothing. Suppose they succeeded in overthrowing the constitution; suppose they reduced to sad reality the words of their daring and treasonable motto, "Americans shan't rule us" and the American constitution were trampled under their feet; suppose the "Protestant heretics of the United States" were extirpated and exterminated, *qui bono*, whose advantage would it be? Would it be yours, poor, warm-hearted, but deluded Irish Catholics? Would your new Popish rulers give you a better constitution? Would your new Popish signers to your constitution be men of more piety, liberality, or patriotism, than the signers of the Declaration of the Independence of these United States? Let the civilized world answer the question. I shall not record it. It should be registered only in heaven.

Poor Papists! You are not only slaves, but you are denied the privilege of choosing your own master. Your task-master, the Pope, and his overseers the bishops, will not even allow you to choose your own teachers, or have priests of your choice. They will not even give you a voice in the choice of your pastors. Do you call this freedom of conscience? A bishop, some insolent tool of the pope, tells you to build a church; puts his hand in your pockets, takes out the last dollar some of you have, builds a magnificent chapel, and when you want a priest, whom you believe most competent to instruct yourselves and your children, you cannot have him; and if you insist upon your just right to choose him, you are told by your tyrant overseer, the bishop, to be silent, or he will lock up the church, and curse you, and every one belonging to you. Call you this freedom of conscience? Call you this the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of your own conscience? Yes. Such is your infatuation. I ask you, Irish Papists, whether I am exaggerating or even discoloring the truth, in what I here state?

About the year 1818, the Roman Catholics of Norfolk, Virginia, had for their priest a man supposed by them to be among the best of the order. They wished him continued among them; but their bishop would not allow it; and when they murmured, he threatened to curse them; they sent a remonstrance to the Pope of Rome, but he did not deign to notice it; they had to submit. Here was liberty of conscience with a vengeance! The Roman Catholics of Philadelphia, New Orleans, Charleston, and New York, sent similar remonstrances to his royal holiness, the Pope; but in place of redress, he reprimanded them for their insolence, and threatened to curse them, if they exhibited any further symptoms of contumacy; and they crouched like so many whipped spaniels, perfectly content with the privilege of paying out their money and building magnificent churches for the Pope's agents.

A similar case occurred in this city of Boston, if I am correctly informed, only a short time ago. A large majority of one of the most respectable Roman Catholic congregations in this city, wished to have x for their pastor, a priest whom they believed to be a man of talents; but their Bishop, Fenwick,—a practical Jesuit, with talents below mediocrity, but possessing all the craft, cunning and intrigue of his order,—had the unparalleled assurance to tell them that *they should not have the pastor of their choice; that they had no voice in the matter*; that he was the church within the limits of his diocese; that they who did not hear the church "were worse than heathens and publicans;" and that if they did not shut up their mouths, he would shut up their church at once, and curse them if they became contumacious. Is this freedom of conscience? And yet we hear this very majority,—this insulted, downtrodden majority,—talk of the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Shameful proceedings these, in a free country! Base tyranny over a generous people! Why not say to this would-be despot, Fenwick, we acknowledge you our bishop; we will hear to any objections which you have to make against the pastor of our choice; but if you have none to make, we shall have him; the church is our property; and you and your interdicts, curses and all such "raw-heads and bloody-bones," may go to Rome; we want you not in a free-country. No longer shall we submit in blind obedience to you, or to a foreign Pope.

The great mass, of Irish Catholics, on whom the arts of delusion and chicanery are chiefly practised, do not understand the meaning of the word freedom. They are taught by priest and Jesuits in the confessional, to misapply that term altogether. Freedom or liberty means in its true sense, a faithful and conscientious adherence to law and the constitution of the country in which we live, and of which we are members. It is the obedience of duty, and anticipates compulsion. It is not a blind obedience, such as that taught by Popish priests, and which favors the extension of their power. Priests and bishops would, if they could, limit the comprehensive term, liberty, to the privilege of bowing to his holiness the Pope, and building churches for him. But even Papists are beginning to doubt the legitimacy of this application of the term, and I am much mistaken if there are not, even now, thousands of them in the city of Boston, New York, and elsewhere, who will unite with Americans in petitioning Congress to pass a law, making it treason, in any man in the United States, whether native or foreigner, to hold any correspondence, or to avow any allegiance of any kind or under any name or title, spiritual or temporal, with the Pope of Rome, knowing as they do that he is a temporal potentate. Let the whole people, Christian League, Natives, Odd-fellows, Freemasons, Whigs, Democrats, Conservatives, and all unite in one great, national petition to the Congress of the United States, and in one fervent and loud prayer to the God of mercy, that he may give the said Congress a correct view of their duty, and cause them to hear and grant our prayer. This, with such improvements as wiser heads may suggest, is the course I would advise to be pursued in the present posture of our national and moral condition. The time seems propitious; our executive is said to be a Christian. God send he may prove so, and that the blandishments of office may not blind him to a sense of his duty to God and his country!

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

In 1809, Col. Lehmanowsky was attached to the part of Napoleon's army which was stationed in Madrid. And while in that city, said Col. L., I used to speak freely among the people what I thought of the Priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition. It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon that the Inquisition and Monasteries should be suppressed, but the decree, he said, like some of the laws enacted in this country, was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the Inquisition had not been opened. One night, about 10 or 11 o'clock, as he was walking one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defence, and while struggling with them, he saw at a distance, the lights of the patroles,—French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and who rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and, as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not however before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

He went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his regiment (the 9th of the Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him two additional regiments,—the 117th, and another, which he named, he would undertake the work. The 117th regiment was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like Col. L., a minister of the gospel, and pastor of an evangelical church in Marseilles, France. The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket, and shot one of my men. This was the signal of attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breast work upon the wall, behind which they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls without giving them time to lay a train for blowing us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident, which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The inquisitor general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "*Why do you fight our friends, the French?*"

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room; found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy father assured us that they had been belied; that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "Do as you please, colonel," and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery; the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab; others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier, who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar, when the handwriting appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a stair-case. I stepped to the altar, and took from the candlestick one of the candles four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look said, "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands, they are holy."—"Well," I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility!" I took the candle, and proceeded down the staircase. As we reached the foot of the stairs we entered a large square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition.

From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hoped never to see again.

These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupied the inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open

air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon.

In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years—all naked as when born into the world! and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle aged, and the young man and the maiden of fourteen years old. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but Col. L., aware of the danger, had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded, said Col. L., to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. Col. L. here described four of these horrid instruments. The first was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms, and body, were broken or drawn one after another, until the victim died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim—every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place on the head, suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; the machine then being placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs all in small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semi-circle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark, touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

Col. L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Col. L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The inquisitor general was brought before the infernal engine called "The Virgin." He begs to be excused. "No," said they "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Col. L. said, that he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at the awful scene—and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell.

In the mean time it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection! About a hundred who had been buried for many years were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some who could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a wagon load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All had withdrawn at a distance, and in a few moments there was a most joyful sight to thousands. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. The Inquisition was no more!—*Phil Christ. Obs.*

AURICULAR CONFESSION and POPISH NUNNERIES, Volume II.

By William Hogan

1854.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

A close observer of the past and present religious and political condition of this country, cannot fail to see an evident and manifest change in both, especially during the last ten or twenty years. It may not appear as plain to those who have always resided upon the soil, as it does to others, who have only been naturalized or incorporated amongst them. This is not to be wondered at It is almost natural that it should be so. A parent, who is accustomed to see his child every day, and perhaps every hour in the day, cannot always perceive how

fast he grows in height and size. A stranger, who only sees him at distant intervals, will perceive the change much sooner. The child will grow, and acquire almost the attitudes and proportions of manhood, before the parents can realize the fact that he is no longer a child, but a full grown man. It is undoubtedly upon some similar principle, we can account for the fact that Americans do not see, as soon as others among them, the fatal change which is progressively, but steadily and surely, taking place in the political and religious condition of this country.

If I am correct in my own observations upon events as they whirl past me with almost dazzling rapidity, there is something wrong amongst us,—something is "rotten in Denmark,"—some cogs are out of place, or out of proportion, in the machinery of our moral and political systems. Some foreign elements must have been surreptitiously thrown in and mixed up with them, which have deranged all their operations.

It is, in my apprehension, the duty of every man who values freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and the free exercise of religion, to examine and see what is the cause of this derangement, which retards and disturbs our happiness, as Christians and as citizens. What has swelled and rendered turgent and muddy those sweet and gently-flowing streams of peace and brotherly love, on the banks of which, the early settlers of this country used to sit for days undisturbed, singing praises and hallelujahs to Jehovah, who delivered them, in his great mercy, from lands of bondage, tyranny, and idolatry.

I have looked into the subject; I have examined, with all the care and diligence in my power, the reasons and causes why free-born Americans were not advancing more rapidly both in political science and practical piety; and the result of my most anxious, diligent, and impartial inquiry is, that it is attributable solely to the introduction of Popery among them, and the consequent direct and indirect interference of the Court of Rome with our government. The royal Pope of Rome, (as I have heretofore demonstrated to the satisfaction of every man whose eyes and ears were not closed against truth,) claims jurisdiction, spiritual and temporal, over the kingdoms of this world; and his untiring and obstinate efforts to obtain an universal acknowledgment of this mad and presumptuous claim, has occasioned, and is now producing, (even in this country,) more strife, and contributes more to the decay of religious and even political ethics, than any other circumstance recorded in the history of the human race.

There have been but few, if any, on the long list of Popes and Anti-Popes, who were not themselves dabblers and traffickers in politics; and there is scarcely one among them whose private history does not show him to be an abettor and an accomplice in the vilest crimes and immoralities; so much and so deeply so, that we are astounded at the single inquiry how such characters could ever have obtained influence over any portion of their fellow-beings. This, however, is not a matter of surprise to me, nor does such an inquiry form any considerable portion of the following pages; but what more than astounds me, is, how Romish Popes and priests could, by any species of jugglery or legerdemain, deceive and impose upon the cool, reflecting, and calculating citizens of the United States: but reflection might have taught me better.

So expert and versed in moral and political jugglery are Popes, bishops, and priests, that they must be closely watched, otherwise their artful practices will deceive the most intelligent spectators; unless there may be amongst them, perchance, some individual who has been trained himself to a knowledge of their arts. A Popish juggler cannot deceive me. I understand the whole of his operations, as well as he does himself. He may astonish the natives by his "wonderful feats," but with all his legerdemain he cannot deceive me in any of his movements.

Under these circumstances, I felt it my duty to raise the curtain behind which I knew were concealed those secret springs by which the machinery of Popery is moved in these United States. The most complicated part of the whole machine,—and the part most difficult to be understood,—is that which is called *Auricular Confession*. His Royal Holiness of Rome has obtained a patent, or something like it, for this particular wheel within a wheel of the machine. In almost all Catholic countries, no one dare examine or take a model from it. If he does, he incurs the penalty of being cursed by the Pope. An awful excommunication is immediately issued against him. Every thing the Pope does is awful. If he gives his blessing, it is awful; his curse is awful; his person is awful; he cannot be approached unless with profound reverence. His big toe is awful; no one can kiss it, unless on bended knees, and after the performance of sundry puerilities, as Bishop Eastburn, of Boston, very properly calls all such fooleries.

It does not appear as yet, that his Holiness has taken out any patent for *Auricular Confession* in this country; and as I know not how soon he may gull American heretics to grant him one, I have taken the liberty of exhibiting a model of it, for public inspection. There are parts of this model which may appear revolting to the delicate sensibilities of my readers; but let them reflect that the original is formed and put together by the sacred hands of His Holiness the Pope and his pious priests. I act only in the capacity of an artist, or a sculptor, who is permitted, event by the rules of good taste and delicacy, to give likenesses, in painting and statuary, of the most deformed and unsightly objects. They are only required to be true and faithful to nature and the originals from which the likenesses are taken. I have done no more than this, in the model or picture which I have drawn of *Auricular Confession*; and those who do not choose to examine it, are, of course, at perfect liberty to pass it by unnoticed. The day is not far distant when it will be found in every family in the United States.

I have the honor to remain the public's humble servant,
WILLIAM HOGAN.

AURICULAR CONFESSION AND POPISH NUNNERIES.

It has been observed by an eminent writer, that "book-making is something like pouring water from one

vessel into another, and then pouring it back again." There is much truth in the observation; this is obvious to every general reader. There is scarcely a work issued from the press, which is not substantially a copy of something that has been written before upon the same subject. The old water-casks, which have been as it were fixtures for centuries, are now being dug out of their places, and the waters contained in them are changed into new casks, having a more sightly appearance, and a more polished exterior. This, however, is more apt to be the case in the writings of theologians, than in those of any other body of men. Limited as my own reading has been, I do not recollect ever having perused a volume upon theology, especially from the pen of an American theologian, which I had not seen or read (at least in part) before. How to account for this I know not. Assuredly this land of freedom has among its theologians and controversialists men of the finest minds—minds like their own rivers, overflowing with the deepest, the clearest, most limpid and purest streams of thought—minds in which the ever-rolling ocean of time has had, as yet, scarcely an opportunity of depositing much of its accumulated impurities—minds which, if their great powers were evolved and brought to bear on the moral and civil condition of our fellow citizens, would give us a new era or a new world of thought and morals—strong, permanent, diffusive, progressive—and as different from those of olden times, as our new and beautiful republic is from some of the aged, faded, sickly and consumptive governments of former days.

It is difficult; I own, to form a new system of any kind, especially a new system of thought or morals; but still such a thing is not impossible. There never was, and never will be, a system constructed without having to encounter great and almost insuperable obstacles; first, in its formation, and secondly, in its application and various bearings.

It was difficult, for instance, to form our own system of civil government. Its very conception was for some time looked upon as a wild theory. Such a thing was not dreamed of in any work upon political ethics taught in our seminaries or schools, in the days of its founders, yet the system was established, and has hitherto fully answered all the expectations of its friends; but even if our comparatively new form or system of government did not entirely succeed—if it even failed and tumbled to atoms, that would not be a sufficient argument against making the experiment, for even in its ruins, fragments may be found which may be useful to posterity. Yes, as the poet beautifully expresses it,

*"You may break—you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."*

The failure of any system, as I have observed, is not a sufficient argument against its practicability, or its ultimate usefulness; and hence it appears to me strange that American minds, so fertile in all expedients to advance the temporal interests of man, should be so barren and unproductive of any system of thought or morals exclusively their own, and entirely independent of the corrupt and vitiated systems which have bewildered Europe and its moral philosophers for so many centuries. It is passing strange that the theologians and professors of moral theology in this New World of ours—if they can do no better—do not unite upon some plan to exclude from among them institutions which all admit to be calculated to demoralize the rising generation.

I am happy to find that there is now a system of thought and morals, or something like it, to be found amongst us, which is peculiarly American; it is denominated or called the *Christian League*. Let me be understood, when I use the term system. By system I mean an arrangement of objects or purposes so as to make them agree and unite. The Christian League I believe may be called a system; its members are united in the accomplishment of given objects. But if not strictly speaking a system itself, it has within it materials out of which a noble one of thought and morals can be formed. It is yet in its chrysalis, but the sun of righteousness, which I trust the dark clouds of superstition that now portentously hang over us shall never be permitted to hide from our view, will soon warm it into maturity, and give it wings to fly and carry with it wherever it goeth, glad tidings of salvation. I do not agree with the leading members of the Christian League, in their *modus operandi*. I have taken the liberty of suggesting to them a different course of action from that which they have been pleased to adopt; but I am with them, heart and soul. I shall support their measures, as far as I find them calculated to check the progress of Popery in the United States. If I cannot agree with them in their plan to effect this, I shall only say—and I say it with the utmost respect to each and every member of the Christian League!!!!

*"If a better system thine,
Impart it frankly, or make use of mine."*

I have suggested to the members of the Christian League, to throw away from amongst them all appearance of sectarianism; but I know not that they have done so; the name or the society would indicate that they had; but do facts warrant such an inference? The very reverse is the case. Their prominent speakers all belong to one denomination; there may be a few exceptions, but there are not many; the public presses which advocate the proceedings of the League, are generally supported by those of a particular creed. What is the inference? It is this: either other presses and other denominations of Christians are indifferent about the success of the League, or the members of the League are unwilling to hold any communion with them. The former cannot be the case; the latter must be, of course. This is not right, and if persevered in, must ultimately neutralize all the measures of an association which, if properly conducted, might evolve and mature one of the finest systems of thought and moral government that has ever been discovered. I have suggested to the members of the Christian League, that they should have but one base, or one great moral trunk. I have advised them to partition this trunk; and divide it into branches, to be spread equally among all the followers of the law of God, and all the friends of civil rights. Then let every man do his duty; let no man fancy that because of his elevation in the Church, or higher salary, his nature has been metamorphosed, or refined by any chemical process; let him not suppose himself sublimated by the sunshine of personal popularity, which is fleeting as the wind; let each individual suppose—and history, as well as my own personal experience, enables me to assure him that he may do so without injustice—that the cause of morals and civil rights has one common enemy in the United States, which must be not only defeated, but annihilated—yes, annihilated. While that enemy lives, the cause of morality cannot flourish, and the civil rights of man are in

danger. Need I tell the reader who or what that enemy is? It is Popery. A healthy state of morals, and Popery cannot exist in any country, any kingdom, or any clime; the air which gives vitality to Popery, and sustains its existence, is death to morality—aye, that very morality which, as Americans, we boast of, and consider to be the very incarnation even of our civil rights. It is true, that under the guidance of reason, several forms of government have been established, but all have been imperfect and unsatisfactory to man in the various stages and mutations of the social system. If we look back and examine the history, the nature and character of those improvements which have been made in society ever since its genesis, we shall find that the finger of religion, ever true to its purpose, invariably pointed and invited the attention of man to them; we shall find also that whenever or wherever this has not been the case, the people have not prospered; we find in every thing truly valuable to man, whether in his social or individual capacity, the hand of religion, and the almost omnipotency of moral principle. This is eminently conspicuous at the present day, and perhaps as much so in this as any country in the world, and hence it is that we should be peculiarly grateful and vigilant in removing from among us any and every cause which may directly or indirectly have a tendency to injure the morals of our people; for amid the ruin of our morals shall surely be found the elements of our national downfall.

I have alluded to this subject heretofore, in my books on Popery. I did not expect that all would approve of those books. I was aware that many, even among Protestants, would find fault with several of the expressions used in the small volume which I have recently written, entitled *Auricular Confession* to which these pages are a sequel. That Papists should find fault with all that I have written, does not at all surprise me; but that Protestants should find any—though I am happy to find that very few have found any—is a matter of some surprise to me. It must be owing to the fact that they know not and understand not what auricular confession is, or how it is made. That Americans in general should know nothing upon this subject, and be horrified at the bare relation of its iniquitous details, is a fact which can be easily understood and explained. They have never made auricular confession the subject of their study, and hence the horror they feel at its iniquitous and private abominations. I must frankly confess, however, that it is a matter of surprise that American theologians should be so entirely unacquainted with the writings of popish doctors and popish priests, as not to find all the apparently objectionable expressions in my books in common use among them. There is not to be found a single volume among the writers of the Popish Church, on the subject of auricular confession, in which my statements are not corroborated, and that in language far more objectionable than mine—language so gross and indelicate that I could not in justice to public taste and delicacy introduce it into my books. Those who have read my book on auricular confession, may recollect the questions which I have accused Popish bishops and priests of putting to their young female penitents, and which some liberal Protestants say could not have been the case. I now assert, without any qualification whatever, and without any mental reservation or equivocation, that there is not in the United States a priest nor bishop, who has heard the confessions of married or single women, without asking them such questions as I have given in my book. I ask Bishop Fenwick of this city, or any other Roman Catholic priest or bishop living, to contradict me if he can. I challenge those females, young or old, who have ever been in the habit of confessing their sins to priests, to come forward and say, We have been at confession, and such questions as those contained in Hogan's book have never been put to us.

The charges I have made against Romish priests are of a serious character. If false they can be refuted. I am alone; there are nearly three millions of Roman Catholics in the United States, and if there is among this vast multitude, an individual who can say and give such evidence of the truth of his statement, as will satisfy any Court of Equity, that I have done injustice to popes, priests or bishops, in charging them with tampering with their female penitents in the confessional, in order the more easily to debauch them, I will publicly acknowledge that I am guilty of slander, and have wronged them. I trust that after this, Protestant theologians will take more pains in reading the works of Popish moralists, with which, as far as I have the honor of their acquaintance, they are lamentably unacquainted. I saw a strong instance of this the other evening. I chanced to meet at the house of a mutual friend, with one of the most learned and pious theologians of the Presbyterian Church in this or any other country in the world. He very courteously observed that he did not question my veracity, but that it appeared incredible to him that Popish priests or bishops, would put such questions to married or single women while confessing to them as I have accused them of. I listened in silent wonder to this great and good man; for the moment I knew not what to say.

Here was a venerable American theologian—himself a living, moving theological library—the embodiment of American Protestant theology, doubting, or at least hesitating to credit the fact, that Romish bishops and priests put to their female penitents the gross, licentious, libidinous questions contained in my book on confession. The past, the present and the future, seemed to rise and rush before me in imagination, and I could not help exclaiming in my own mind, woe be to this land of my adoption, woe be to its generous and hospitable people, if even its patriarchs and wise men, such as he who now stands before me, and whose life has been a beautiful comment upon the purity and simplicity of the Christian religion, cannot fully understand, even at this late period, the corruptions which the drag nets of Popery are bringing amongst us and strewing on the paths of our hitherto virtuous mothers and chaste daughters.

It is impossible to find a work on confession written by a Popish priest in full communion with his church, which does not contain almost the very language I have used. I finally satisfied my learned friend that I was correct in all my statements; I explained to him the position of a Romish priest in the confessional, and that of a young lady confessing to him, and never shall I forget the remarks of the venerable gentleman on that occasion. "If," said he, "my wife or daughter were dressed in the finest silk, and then put into a hogshead of mud and rolled down a hill, I should as soon expect to find their dresses without a stain, as find their minds and morals pure and chaste, after going any length of time to confession to a Romish priest." And he was right; the principles of popery, as taught in Romish confessional, and those of purity, are antagonist principles.

We are supposed to have about thirty-six millions of papists—as I have heretofore stated—in the world. Look, American Protestants, at the condition of these your brethren, and tremble lest their present condition be yours at some future period; look over the world, boundless almost as it is, and great, and glorious, and moral as its inhabitants might be; what is it now, when it seems to be undergoing, as it were, a process of self regeneration,—when its hitherto hidden treasures, almost impatient of restraint, seem to leap and bound into

existence, to offer themselves to the uses and purposes of man, at the mere bid and beck of science? What is the condition of man in this glorious world or ours, under the influence of popery? The largest, the widest, and most fertile portion of the globe is under Popish influence; the soil of these countries which Papists inhabit is rich, their fields are fair, and their valleys beautiful; all the products of nature thrive in them; the sun of heaven shines over them in all its luminous magnificence; every thing seems to be sent from heaven, for man's use; every thing seems to aspire to heaven and to be happy. Man alone decays in these Popish countries; man alone is unhappy; the longings and heavenward aspirations of his immortal soul are checked, and he withers and degenerates into a being less happy than the beast of the field, and far more degraded, because acquired and superinduced inferiority, is much more degrading than that which is native and original. The moral degeneracy which we see in those countries where Popery, with its confessions, extreme unctions, and other debasing fooleries, prevail, is not to be attributed to any decay in the natural vigor of the human mind. We have no reason to suppose that the mind was created in a less vigorous state in countries where Popery prevails, than in others where it does not. I have frequently conversed with anatomists of distinguished eminence, who have visited all the countries inhabited by Catholics, as well as those inhabited by Protestants, and I have learned from all that there is no difference in the anatomical construction of their hearts and brains; still, it is evident to all, at least to every man of science and observation, that there is a difference in the mental faculties of those who are born and live under Popish domination, and those who are born and live under a free government of civil rights. Let us, for instance, take a Papist fresh from Italy, Spain, Mexico, or even Ireland; place him in the same condition with a free-born American Protestant, and see the difference between them; the latter is active, quick, intelligent, full of thought, full of life and enterprise; the former in nine cases out of ten, is inactive, of sluggish mind, and rarely aspires to excellence in any thing really useful. See, for instance, a Papist when he lands upon our shores; so tame and so accustomed to Popish tyranny has he been, that he crouches beneath the nod or frown of a priest the moment he sees him. Fear, of course, must become the predominant passion of all people and countries where Popery prevails, and yet, unaccountable as it may appear, this new world of ours is not only admitting but inviting Popery and its adherents into it, and offers them the rights of freemen, with a full knowledge of the fact that they are the subjects of a foreign king,—the Pope of Rome. Popery—that sink of the universe, as an elegant writer, who is himself a Roman Catholic, expresses it,—is invited into the United States, and its votaries cherished by a free, generous, but unsuspecting people. I have often conversed with American Protestants of distinction upon this subject, and regret finding that many of them—especially those of the Unitarian creed—are strong advocates of Popery, and in favor of its introduction among our people. Their arguments are plausible, and no doubt appear to the superficial reader worthy of all consideration. Whatever, say Unitarians, or liberal Christians, have been the vices, profligacies, or ambition, of Popes and Papists in former ages, they should be overlooked, in consideration of the great and grand objects which they had in view, and the vast and mighty interests which were then at stake. Religion—the Christian religion—say the liberals of the present day, was then in its infancy, without any other protection save that which its own god-like purity threw around it; it was committed to the care of early fathers or papas—from which the word Pope takes its origin—of the church; the struggle between them and the priests of Paganism was fierce; it was terrible; and well did the former do their duty—nobly and faithfully did they struggle for the ascendancy of Christianity, and its establishment among the nations of the north. To do this effectually, and to establish a hierarchy exclusively their own, independent of any other, was indispensable. To effect this, was one of the most momentous and grandest projects that ever entered the mind of man at that early period of society. We all know from history, the difficulties which the early Papas or Popes—not of the Romish church, but of the Christian church—had to encounter, in their contest with Paganism. We also know—and no man who believes in the Christian religion doubts it—that great credit is due to them, for what they have done against the Turks. They have left on record many evidences of their ardent zeal, sincere piety, and deep humility. But does it follow, that because the fathers of the Christian church have done so much for Christianity, by being the depositories of its principles, and active defenders of its faith—does it follow, I say, that Romish Popes or Romish Papas, are equally entitled to our respect, support, and confidence?

Do these liberal Christians know that there is as wide a difference between the Papas of the early Christian church, and those of the modern Romish church, as there is between the notorious Himes, of the Millerite church, and the learned Dr. Gannett, of the Unitarian society? Is it sound logic to infer that because the fathers of the Christian church were good men, and should be welcomed wherever they went, that the present fathers of the Romish Church are also good men and must be received into this country, with their interminable retinue of monks, nuns, friars, and other mock reverend and semi-reverend male and female vagabonds, who precede and follow them?

Liberal Christians will pardon me when I say, that nothing but a total unacquaintance with history, with man's nature, with man's rights, and unacquaintance with all that tends to promote human happiness, and to elevate man in the scale of creation, could force them to such a conclusion.

The inference is not to be found in the premises; It is bad logic; it is not warranted by facts, or by history, sacred or profane; indeed, I much fear, that he who knows any thing of the history of Popery in ancient or modern times, and yet encourages its growth in this country, might without uncharitable-ness, or any sectarian prejudice, be classed with infidels and traitors. The man who, with the pages of history open before him, can encourage a system nicknamed religion, and embodying within its fundamental articles of faith, the duty of auricular confession as essential to salvation, has no claim to the name of Christian; nor can he who would cheer on the mad followers of Popery to rend this union to pieces, and substitute in its stead a Popish monarchy, be a true patriot. He is a traitor, in the broadest, fullest, and most unqualified sense of the word.

I have shown, in the first volume of this book, that Popery does those things to which I have just alluded; the accusations which I have brought against Popery, have been of such serious magnitude and traitorous character, that Americans could scarcely credit them, and some have looked upon them as only ebullitions of anger, which reflection would mitigate; and that reason, the legitimate monarch of all the intellectual faculties, would in due time restrain them within proper bounds; but I again reiterate the charges, and assure my readers that all I have said against Popery, as a corrupt system of policy and morals, is not only true, as we see in history, but falls short of what I know of my own knowledge, and which I believe with the certainty

of faith.

I have patiently, laboriously, and diligently, examined the doctrines and practices of the Popish Church, especially since the days of Hildebrand, and the result of my serious inquiries has been, that the church and its bishops have been, up to this day, abusing the credulity of mankind, and trying how they could best play upon the passions and degrade the human intellect.

History hands down to us the names of about three hundred popes and anti-popes, and I would challenge even that morbid liberalism, which seems to be gaining ground, and is now ycleped philosophy, whether Paganism in its darkest days, or its history in its vilest pages, ever exhibited to its followers any system of religion or morals so revolting as that which each of those Popes has in succession endeavored to enforce and impose upon mankind. It will be said by some of those philosophers to whom I allude, that I have gone too far in my writings against the Popish church and Popish priests—that I proved too much, and, according to that well received action—"quod nimis probat nihil probat?"—proved nothing; that I have colored my landscape too highly, &c. The reverse is the case; I have not seen Popery at a distance, as these liberalists have, nor as a traveller might see a landscape. The latter may be deceived, he may see or fancy that he sees a brilliant hue upon the summit of a distant mountain, just as the liberalists see Popery at a distance; but upon a nearer approach and closer examination, he will find that no such thing exists, but that it is produced perhaps by the reflection of the sun, which gives it some unreal appearance. That mountain top, which at a distance may seem to the traveller so sublimely beautiful, often on examination is found to be but a vast crater, frightful to look at, emitting nothing but some disgusting substance which carries with it death, destruction, and sorrow, wherever it goes. Will the liberalists, philosophers,—or whatever else they must be called—please to recollect, in their comments upon my books, that I have not viewed Popery at a distance; I have seen it in its roseate as well as in its darkest colors; the former I found unreal and transient as that with which a beautiful setting sun invests the mountain's cold snow-top; the latter I found to be true in every color, even to the minute touch. Will these philosophers examine Popery as I have done: let them stand upon its summit as I have done, and then look into that unfathomable crater, the court of Rome, from which it vomits and spews forth its corruptions, its confessions, its indulgences, its penances, its masses, its purgatories, its pilgrimages, its transubstantiations, its beads, its Jesuits, its treasons, its poisons, its recipes for compounding the best and most subtle poisons, its modes of procuring abortion and checking female fecundity—let him keep a close watch on the movements of Popish bishops in this country, especially Hughes of New York, and Fenwick of Boston, and others, as I have done for years, and they shall find that, frightful as is the picture which I have given of Popery, it falls short—far short of the reality. I have scarcely touched upon those features of Romanism, which are most abhorrent to the morals, and dangerous to the civil rights of our citizens; but it is not too late; it can be done yet; I owe them much, and if God spares me I will pay them by instalments; I have enlisted without bounty or service money into the ranks of the Christian opponents of Popery—not for any given time, but during the war, or for life. While I live, Popery has in me an opponent, who can neither be bribed nor intimidated; but I regret to see that there are many who call themselves Protestant Christians, exhibiting a wavering and craven spirit, in this general war against Popery which has at length commenced—afraid to come out openly against Popish doctrines, and yet feeling it their duty to do so. I pity such men—from my soul I pity them; church honors and church distinctions seem to be more sought for now, than those of heaven. Hundreds of Protestant clergymen are daily bedizening themselves with D. D.'s and other such fooleries, while the great enemy of religion and civil rights is surrounding them, and ready, when the Pope of Rome gives the word of command, to fall upon them with destructive slaughter.

Already I find myself (*sicut meus est mos*) imperceptibly drifting from the point I set sail for, nor have I the least doubt that I shall find myself out of my reckoning frequently, before I arrive at the end of my voyage. This, however, will only have the effect of rendering it more tedious, but I trust it will add some value to my observations and discoveries during my voyage.

I commenced this second volume with the single view of defining more clearly, the iniquities practised in the Romish church, under cover of auricular confession, and within the walls of Popish nunneries. I would now resume the subject, and show my fellow citizens, that the crimes and profligacies which I have imputed to the Romish church, have not been peculiar to any epoch or age of its existence—that it has been always corrupt—is now while I write corrupt, that its very elements are founded on corruption, and that any contact with it, or between itself and our citizens, cannot fail to be ruinous to the morals and interests of our people. I have a double object in pursuing this course. The first is this: Papists admit that there have been corruptions in the Romish church, but say that they were only local, and never sanctioned by the church authoritatively; secondly, they assert that my books on Popery are all old lies, culled from ancient heretical writers, and that such deeds as I have imputed to their holy and infallible church, and immaculate bishops and priests in this country, have never taken place.

I will here show, in a few words, that the evil deeds and corruptions, with which I have charged the Popish church, were not local, but general; and secondly, I propose to show that they were not peculiar to any age in the church, but have always existed and do exist at the present moment, not only in Europe and elsewhere, but in these United States.

That Papists and myself may understand each other clearly, and that the public may understand both of us, I propose to the Papist to name any age of the Church he pleases, or any Pope he pleases, and I will show him that in that very age, and under that very Pope, nearly all the iniquities of which I have accused his Church, were justly charged, and sanctioned *authoritatively* by her then ruling *executive*, or infallible head, just as she pleased to call it, whether that infallible head was a Pope or a General Council I say Pope, or General Council, because the question is not yet settled between Popish theologians, whether their boasted infallibility be invested in the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, or in a General Council legitimately—according to their understanding of the term—convened.

Come on, Mr. Popish Bishop or Priest; advance, Mr. Bishop Hughes, of Jesuit and intrigue notoriety; hold up your head, thou demure, plotting dunce, Bishop Fenwick, of Boston. Let us select the latter end of the eleventh, and beginning of the twelfth centuries. This is as favorable an epoch in the Infallible Church as you can possibly choose, to show the purity, loveliness, morality, and chastity, of her Popes and bishops.

You recollect, right reverend and immaculate gentlemen, that Lothair Conti, afterwards called Innocent III., was then Pope; now, gentlemen, I ask you, and I pray you may answer me fairly and honestly, whether your infallible church was, even in that age, exempt from the abominations of which I have accused her? Be honest, for once in your life; let me be able to record, in my future writings, one instance of truth being found among Jesuits and Popish priests, when speaking upon church affairs.

Are you prepared to deny the fact that your church was then filled with the grossest abominations, and that every one of those abominations were sanctioned by Pope Innocent III.? If you are prepared to deny this fact, I am prepared to brand upon the forehead of each of you, in letters which can never be erased, the words wilful and deliberate liar. You both, right reverend gentlemen, already know that I do nothing by halves; and if I convict you of falsehood, you may rely upon it, that the iron with which I will brand you with the above letters, shall be heated to the very point of fusion, so that you shall be known as the sworn enemies of truth, religion, and the rights of man. Innocent III. is looked upon in the Roman Church, and by you, of course, as a perfect model of what a Popish bishop or priest ought to be; any deviation from the faith which he professed, or example which he gave, in morals or politics, would be, and is now considered, by every true son of the Infallible Church, as heresy and treason against Popery. Let us now see what the faith of this inimitable model was; we can best judge of it by his works; "the tree is known by its fruits." A very beautiful modern writer gives us the true character of Innocent III. It is fair to judge of all the Popes as this man has been judged; he is a correct model of the whole, and I doubt not but, taking him all and all, he is the best model that has been given of a Romish Pope. His greatest admirers admit its correctness; the picture is true to the life, and if that ancient axiom, "*ex uno disce omnes*" be true, that is, if we can judge of all by one, a precious model of morals and policy is this Pope Innocent III.

I call the attention of my readers to the character of this man, or if Papists will have it so, of this god Pope, as given by an elegant writer of the present age:

"In his actions, principles, and the effects produced by both, we scarcely recognize a human being. He takes a stand wholly above that class of figures which form the ordinary pattern of history. The circumstances of his time, and the faculties of his nature, make us seek rather for his resemblance in one of those wanderers from some higher star, or spirit dropped by accident among us, and in the garb of a man allowed to follow his original propensities, and to do evil which throws human malignity into the shade, by some power which in all cases exceeds the dimensions of human nature. *Without charging the Pope with being altogether a devil*, it must be acknowledged, that in many of his actions he nearly resembles that character."

The pontificate of Innocent III., which we can find, upon examination,, closely resembles that of all other Popes, is worthy the serious attention of statesmen of this country. Here our presidents, cabinets, senators, representatives, and governors, may learn how temporal power and Popish functions may be united together; they will see the nature, and understand better what is meant by that spiritual allegiance which Papists, even in this country, swear to the Pope of Rome, and which for twenty odd years I have been appealing to Americans to crush; or deprive of the rights of citizenship, or punish as traitors every man who avowed such allegiance to a foreign king, which the Pope of Rome is acknowledged to be. Will Americans hear to the definition which Pope Innocent III. gives of a Romish Pope? It is admitted to be a correct definition, by every Roman Catholic, whether bishop, priest, or layman, in the United States. Hear you, then, Americans! listen, you republicans—whigs, democrats, and all—and know ye henceforth, that a Pope is defined to be the *vicegerent of Christ*. If less than God, he is greater than man; the luminary of day; the civil authority being only the pale orb of night How would you, Americans, like to have such a man at your head? Take heed—there are three millions now of his subjects amongst you, and about thirty-three millions besides all over the world. Ask yourselves whether it is not at least possible that they may gain an ascendancy in these United States, and wrest from you and your posterity the inheritance which your forefathers left you? Do not forget—I entreat of you never to forget—the alarming fact that during the last sixteen years, 731,380 foreigners have arrived at the port of New York alone. Three-fourths of these may be presumed to be Papists, and sworn to maintain the supremacy of their king, the Pope.

Let it not be forgotten by American statesmen, that Papists have been at the bottom of every crusade that has ever been formed against the civil rights of men. Was it not a Pope, and that Pope no less a personage than Innocent III., that tried to dethrone King John of England? Was it not a Pope that fomented a crusade against the Hungarians, and endeavored to overthrow the King of Norway? And finally, was it not a Pope, and that Pope the infallible Innocent III.—whom Bishops Hughes, Fenwick, and myself, have agreed upon as a fair sample from about three hundred Popes, who preceded and succeeded him—that waged a war of extermination against the unoffending and blameless Waldenses? Was it not a Pope, and that Pope Innocent III., who in one year, by virtue of his divine authority, gave away three royal crowns? This Innocent III. employed the infernal inquisition against the Albigenses. Will Americans take all these historical truths into consideration. Let them read my books again, and then say whether I have done the Pope, bishops, and priests of the Romish Church any injustice. I declare, in the language of another, that there is not to be found in the whole range of history, any body of men, who have inflicted upon humanity a greater amount of evil, than the Popes of Rome and their allies: and the grand instrument which enabled them to accomplish all this with impunity, and without detection, was the infamous and diabolical practice of auricular confession. "To rivet the chains of slavery," as another expresses it, "on souls as well as the bodied of men, too firmly to be thrown off, private, or as it is called, auricular confession of sins to a priest, was made an imperative duty of all Papists, at certain seasons of the year." "Of all the practices of the Romish Church," says the same writer, "this is the one which has proved most injurious; and if it be regarded in connection with the celibacy of the clergy, will explain why the cause of morals is always worse in Popish than in Protestant countries. The uses of conscience were at an end, when given for safe keeping to a Romish confessor; actions were no longer measured by the standard of right and wrong, but by a casuistry and a pernicious process of reasoning, by which it was intended to make man satisfied with himself. The result of this has been, and is at the present moment, even in these United States, that law is the only restraint upon a Papist; he is taught to believe that by confessing his crimes to a Romish priest, he can obtain pardon. The blackest murderer, if he can escape the hangman or the penitentiary, is no farther concerned about the deed; he believes his priest can forgive him, and all is at rest."

This was a doctrine which Pope Innocent tried with all his might to enforce upon his people. The reader has now a fair specimen of a Romish Pope. "Voila Rome." Look, Americans, and examine this faultless picture of a Pope, and perfect model of a Romish priest! Do you desire that an engraving should be made of it, and scattered through the land? Do you desire to establish in your midst, colleges and schools for the purpose of bringing up your children in the faith and practices of Pope Innocent? I tell you, if you do, the rising generation will be without religion or morals, and this glorious republic will die in the arms of despotism. I am aware that Americans will say—at least it will be said by a portion of them, who are not Christians indeed—that such a man as Innocent III. could not live in this country; that he would be plunged into the next river, if he dared to interfere in the administration of our laws. Facts do not warrant Americans in jumping at this conclusion. Who, at least in Boston, forgets the destruction of the Ursuline Convent? Did not Bishop Fenwick and his nuns publicly boast that they had "twenty thousand stout Papists ready at their beck, to reek their vengeance on the peaceable citizens of Boston?" Might not the Pope's agent—had he not crouched before a superior force—have said to this twenty thousand madmen, as Innocent III. said to his French followers, when they landed in England, "Sword, sword, leap from thy scabbard! sword, whet thyself for vengeance!" and would not those men have obeyed him, had he not had the prudence to see their comparative weakness, and advise them to keep the peace, under pain of being cursed by him? Had there been force enough upon the spot to have put to the torture and to death every Protestant in Boston, it would have been done. And why, or for what? Merely because the people thought proper to pull down a legalized house of prostitution, surreptitiously erected in their midst! Will it be said that I am also incorrect in my charges against the Ursuline nuns of Charlestown, Massachusetts?

Bishop Fenwick represents them as models of purity and chastity, and recently assures his Holiness the Pope, that he is making converts from the first families of Boston to the religion and pure faith of these nuns. I have something to say of two, at least, of those nuns, who were in that convent when an indignant people leveled it to the ground. I knew two of those nuns personally, and I knew them both far advanced in the family way, in their own country, when I left it. They were both seduced, and their *seducer was their confessor*,—a Roman Catholic priest of the order of St. Augustine. That priest is now living, and those ladies whom he seduced, and who fled from their native country to the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, are now living, I believe, in Quebec Do those sympathizing ladies in Boston, some of whom have been educated by these two sisters—not of charity, but of crime—wilful, constant, persevering crimes—wish to hear their names? I am tempted to give them, and I would do so, if I thought it might have the effect of opening the eyes of Protestant mothers, and prove a warning to them not to send their daughters, in future, to be educated in a Popish nunnery, or to confession to a Popish priest But to return: Protestants have no mercy to expect from Papists. A true Catholic is not allowed to hold any communion with a Protestant, nor will his bishop or priest permit him to be buried in the same ground with a Protestant He is not allowed to go to the funeral of a Protestant: and if he does go, he commits a sin which the priest is not allowed to forgive him, without a special license from the Church. In the technical language of the Romish Church, the case of a man who attends a Protestant funeral is a reserved case; that is, a case or a crime which no ordinary priest can forgive, without a particular license to do so. Going into a Protestant church, and hearing a Protestant minister preach, is another reserved case. Saluting or speaking to a Protestant, or heretic, is also among the reserved cases. Speaking, for instance, to Eugene Sue, the author of the *Wandering Jew*, whom—"horribile dictu"—the Roman Catholic Bishop of Lyons, in France, has excommunicated, is another reserved case, which no one except the aforesaid Bishop of Lyons, or some person delegated by him, can pardon or forgive. Speaking to any member of the Christian League—that arch heretic, Rev. Mr. Kirk, for instance—is a reserved case, which no priest in Boston, except Bishop Fenwick, or some one delegated by him, can pardon or forgive; for he is known to all the inhabitants of the world, that he, and his brother colleagues of the Christian League, have been excommunicated by the present Pope. It is a reserved case to speak to me. Speaking to me is a crime of peculiar atrocity, and can be forgiven by no power, save the Pope of the Infallible Church. I have accused the Pope of sin, of folly, and depravity. This is altogether inadmissible, and deserves eternal damnation; the idea that a Pope of Rome can commit sin, or can do wrong, is inconsistent and incompatible with true religion, as Papists understand that term.

The Pope of Rome, according to Papists, cannot sin; he is not only *infallible*, as the most eminent Popish writers assert, but *impeccable*; see Belarmine, a standard writer in the Popish Church. But I will no longer detain the reader on this particular subject of reserved cases, and Popish follies of ancient times. Bishop Fenwick, and the rest of the right reverend brethren: of the Popish Church, will say that my statements are all "old lies;" that the holy Roman Catholic Church never did, nor does it now, prevent her subjects from speaking to heretics, or those who differ from her in their belief. I will venture the assertion, that if any Protestant theologian call upon any Roman Catholic bishop in the United States, he will deny this fact, or give an equivocal answer, though there is not to be found a solitary work on Popery in any library in the United States, or elsewhere, which does not sustain me in the assertions I have made. But we will not go to ancient times for authority. I will state to the reader a case to the point, which occurred about the year 1822, and to the truth of which thousands of our fellow citizens in Philadelphia can bear testimony. When I first opposed Popery in that city, by recommending that the Bible should be circulated among the people, and that the children of the poor Catholic Irish should be sent to school to be educated in its pure and unsullied doctrines, the Roman Catholic Bishop of that city, a poor, little, irritable Irishman, by the name of Conwell, prohibited his people, or his subjects, as he called them, from speaking to me, the heretic Hogan, or his followers, Hoganites; and the most amusing part of it was, that by way of giving his subjects good example, whenever we passed each other, even on opposite sides of the street, his lordship took off his hat and crossed himself, repeating the AVE MARIA! This he never failed to do, wherever we passed, much to the amusement of the Protestant inhabitants of that city, and to the great edification of the Papists. It may appear exceedingly strange or amusing to Bostonians, should I tell them that a similar belief in the criminality of speaking to heretics is taught in Boston, the capital of New England; but this is a fact, and if Papists term it a new "lie," it cannot be helped, for what I am about to state occurred only the other day. I chanced to meet, in a book store in Washington street, a convert to Popery, just fresh from the hand of Bishop Fenwick. I had never seen the gentleman but once before, and he was then, as well as during most of his previous life, one of those men in

whose faith I had not the least confidence. I did not know that he was present when I entered the store, and was in the act of inquiring for a vile thing, called Brownson's Quarterly Review, which he published in the month of July, 1840. During my inquiries for this Review, the author, Brownson, addressed me, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words: "I know you, sir; you once owned a whig press in Savannah; you criticized my Review. I marked you—but I am not allowed by my Church to speak to a heretic." I looked around me in some astonishment I did not expect to hear such language on the land of the Puritans; but sure enough, there stood Brownson, a Roman Catholic, fresh from the anvil of Popery! There he stood, *totus teres adque rotundus*, full-blooded and fully developed; the very Brownson himself, who has been consistent in nothing but infidelity and unbelief, now a good Roman Catholic; the very Brownson who has never been true to either his Maker or to his church, now a good Roman Catholic, whose church and whose conscience would not allow him to speak to a heretic! I never noticed the man much before, but now I fixed my eye upon him, and I shall not easily forget his countenance. On first intuition, I could scarcely imagine it was the Rev. Mr. Brownson who stood before me. My imagination presented to me a different character. I could not suppose that one who was once a clergyman would entertain the sentiments which I had the misfortune of subsequently hearing him utter. I was, however, mistaken. It was the Rev. gentleman. He strongly reminded me of characters between whom and himself there existed a strange similitude; but comparisons might offend the delicate sensibilities of some of my readers.

I looked at him a second time, and I could not restrain the involuntary exclamation—Popery, thou child of sin, treachery, and intrigue, bad as thou art, is it come to this—that thou must take by the hand as thine advocate and supporter this wretched being, who for thirty years has been sporting with the attributes of the great God, alternately extolling and ridiculing them, as best suited the ungovernable bent of his unstable mind, which thou mightest read in the demoniac-looking face of this man? But this is one of the secrets by which Popery spreads itself all over the United States. The Popish Church will admit any men or women, be they saints or devils, into full communion with them, if they swear allegiance to the Pope of Rome. This is one of the grand causes of the success of Jesuitism in this country. How different is it in some of the Protestant Churches! It requires some tact and church generalship in any man who has not been brought up a Protestant, to obtain admission into them upon any terms. Far be it from me to insinuate that Protestants should follow the example of the Papists, in admitting such things as Brownson into communion with their Churches: Nor should I mention the fact of the admission of Brownson at all, into the Romish Church, if I did not look upon this circumstance as a prominent instance of the corrupt evils of its infamous practices, and an irrefragable argument against its alleged good. But Brownson has been purified from all his sins by some Popish chemical process; he has gone to confession, is no longer a sinner, and therefore he is too pure, too immaculate, and too strong in the faith of the Popish Church, to render it otherwise than sinful in him to speak to a heretic! It is said that the Pope has recently given his subjects in the United States a dispensation, by which they are allowed to transact business with heretics, and speak to them in case of necessity. Wonderful condescension this!

Such statements as I here make, must appear incredible to American Protestants. Many will suppose that I am dealing in fables—that such rigmarole and such silly pretences as I have charged the Papists with, have never been countenanced in any age or among any people, much less American freemen; but let us see what are the facts in the case. I would not ask the reader to take my word for it. In 1555, Pope Paul IV, in his famous bull against heretics, supports me in every assertion I make; charging Papists with deeming it unlawful and criminal, to hold any intercourse with Protestants. Will the reader be pleased to attend to what this infallible Pope says, and that, only between three and four hundred years ago? I call upon our civil authorities to ponder and weigh well the import of his words, and never to forget, that there is no Catholic in this country or elsewhere, who will dare to say that the decretals and commands of Paul IV., are of less force or less binding upon them than those of the present Pope. "All heretics, viz. Protestants, be they kings or subjects, are accursed." Mind that, Mr. Polk, President of the United States! attend to it, you Governors and Magistrates! you are each and every one of you accursed, and none of our citizens are allowed to speak to you 21 without a dispensation from the present Pope. That identical Pope, Innocent III.,—of whom I have just been speaking, and who has, without any objection from either party, been selected, by Bishops Hughes, and Fenwick, and myself, out of about three hundred Popes, as a fair sample of a good Pope,—has declared it to be unlawful for any Protestant Executive, | whether King or President, to require any allegiance from a Roman Catholic. Take heed, Mr. President Polk! it is said you are a Presbyterian; ask no allegiance from a Roman Catholic; he is not allowed by the present Pope,—who of course follows in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors, Paul IV. and Innocent III.,—even to speak to you without a dispensation. It is utterly useless to multiply cases of this kind. No article of the Romish faith is better established, than that which teaches them to hold no communion with heretics, and try by every means in their power to overthrow all Protestant governments. Will this statement too be called an old lie? If it is a lie, it is assuredly a very old one, and a very new one too. Will the reader go back with me, to the history of ancient times? It will afford me pleasure if he does. The source of truth is as open and accessible to him as to me, and if he thirsts for it sincerely and honestly, he can slake it to his heart's content at its very fountain.

The general reader knows that at a very early period of Christianity, a considerable number of native Christians was found in the Peninsula of India; I believe they were first discovered by the Portuguese. They have been represented as harmless, guileless, and gentle in the extreme. They professed the pure doctrines of the bible. Even the Portuguese who discovered them, admitted that their lives were blameless, and that they were true Christians in every respect, except that they did not believe in the infallibility of the Pope and the supremacy of the Romish church. Here was an opportunity for the Romish church, of showing her charity, if she or her pioneers had any. These native Indians never did them any harm; they never before heard of a Pope or a Romish church; they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and in the all-sufficiency of his atonement for the sins of man, but never heard of a Pope; such a word was not found in their simple, native vocabulary; this was a crime not to be forgiven by their ignorant Popish discoverers; and how were these simple people treated by them? I refer the reader to that admirable work, written by Lacroze, for a full account of the manner in which they were treated by these jackals who discovered them. Suffice it to say that they were at once reduced to obedience to the Pope of Rome, to acknowledge the Pope's church as infallible, and

compelled to worship the images of a set of vagabonds called saints and virgins, who if living now-a-days amongst us, should be considered fit subjects for our penitentiaries and work houses. The reader will also see an account of the condition and character of this people in Buchanan's Researches.

I refer to the case of those primitive Christians as corroborative of my charges against Popery, and to show that her corrupt and persecuting spirit has always been the same, and that nothing better could be expected from the great changelings Brownson, or any other convert to her dogmas, than a compliance with all her injunctions. Unfortunate Brownson! while you tried to support yourself and family, by alternately lecturing and publishing your sceptical and unintelligible theories, the community in which you lived, and who knew your circumstances, felt a kind and deep sympathy for you. They knew—and every man knows—that theoretical scepticism, and some sentiments of honor, are not always incompatible. A man may be a sceptic and not entirely destitute of honor. A man may be a sceptic and yet an honest man. Your fellow citizens imagined that you might have been among that class of people; but now they know you. They know that for twenty or thirty years, you have not only been a sceptic in theory, but a practical doubter, saying yes to one thing, and again yes to the contrary. You must not, of course, be surprised at seeing yourself sink in morals and principles, until you lose all claims to the sympathies of society. If any individual should think it an object worth his notice or time, to satirize or lampoon you, the best and bitterest way would be, to bind up into one volume, all the twattle you have written upon religion, morals and metaphysics, and send it to you. I could with sincerity reproach myself for having thus deviated from the subject of these pages, to notice this unhappy individual, Brownson, for I believe there is not a well-informed gentleman in the United States, who does not know that there never was a period in the history of Popery, when the Pope and Papists were not the implacable enemies of Protestants. Even Papists themselves offer no defence against this charge, but that Stale and hackneyed falsehood, Popery is not now what it was in old times; this seems plausible to Americans, but let us see what are the facts in the case. Let us inquire whether Popery is, at all different now, from what it was in the days of Paul IV. and Innocent III. Is its persecuting spirit the same? Are its tenets more liberal, its doctrines more mild, and its Popes, from the last century up to the present moment, less ambitious and more tolerant? Papists say they are; Bishop Hughes of New York, and Bishop Fenwick of Boston, say they are; and their Corporal Trim, Brownson of Boston, touches his hat and nods his head. I say they are not. We are now at issue. The question between us is one of veracity. The Bishops and Trim are liars, or I am one, in this matter. How are the public to know which? There is but one mode of ascertaining this. Let us appeal to history, and to facts. One of the best and I believe the most recent authorities to which we both can appeal, is a work recently written by Wm. S. Gilli, D. D., and published in London. I call it one of the best authorities, because many of the truths which he gives us, confirm my assertion, and are matters of profane history, and connected, indirectly, with national treaties, with which we are all more or less acquainted. This connexion throws an additional light on, and gives more force to the statements of Dr. Gilli; besides, it gives a strength and momentum to my charges against Popery, which no Popish casuistry can check. The work which I allude to, is entitled "*The Waldensian Researches*." This excellent work commands great and deserved popularity among all parties, religious and political, in Europe. It is a matter of historical truth, that as early as 1690, and on the 20th of October of that year, a treaty was made between Holland and England,—then the two-great Protestant powers of Europe,—securing to the Vaudois, or Waldenses, the free exercise of their religion and safe enjoyment of their property, This treaty was assented to by all the powers of Europe. The Vaudois were a small community of Christians, living in the valleys at the foot of the Alps, whose origin is involved in some obscurity. They give us, themselves, no record of their antiquity, prior to the ninth century, but are supposed by antiquarians to have been the descendants of a band of Apostolic Christians, who fled from Italy to escape the fury of barbarians, which had overrun that country during the decline of the Roman empire, and who sought for shelter in the secluded valleys of the Alps, in the western part of Piedmont; though, as far as we know, they have in a measure escaped the mad and bloody fury of the northern barbarian, in their lonely valleys, they had not been able to escape that of a still more bloody barbarian, the Pope of Rome. All Europe, who had any knowledge of this people in their lonely valleys, felt great sympathy for them. They were comparatively few in number, their wants few and easily supplied by their own industry; their valleys were to them a second paradise, but they were not long so, when the great serpent of Rome entered it, and brought upon them such an amount of misery, hardships and persecutions, as probably never were heard of before in the annals of history. I will refer to this hereafter. Let us first see what becomes of the treaty to which I have alluded. It was solemnly made and formally sanctioned; they were promised full protection, by his royal holiness the Pope, only about one hundred and forty years ago. How did the Pope act? How did he keep his faith with this poor harmless people? History tells the tale. He summoned the Inquisition, and threatened Victor Amadeus, a good Roman Catholic, with excommunication, if he did not violate his treaty in favor of the Vaudois, and renounce all treaties which he had ever made with the heretics; and he called upon his subjects, that is, upon all Catholics, Bishops and Inquisitors, to proceed against heretics, and look upon all compacts and treaties made with heretics as null and void. Passing over, for the present, the sufferings of the Waldenses in former times, let us see what their condition is now. This will satisfy the reader that the church still persecutes heretics, and refuses to hold any communion with them. It proves also that Popish bishops, who assert that Popery is different now from what it was formerly, and that Hughes and Fenwick, of New York and Boston, together with their Corporal Trim, Brownson, have deliberately misstated facts. Hear to what Mr. Gilli says of the spirit of Popery as it existed the other day.

"The son of a Waldenesean soldier, who served under the conscription of Napoleon, being born in a garrison where there was no Protestant minister, was baptized by a Roman Catholic Priest. He was shortly afterwards brought home to the valleys, was educated as a Protestant, in the communion of his forefathers, attended Protestant worship and received the sacrament in a Waldenesean Church. He was married to a Waldenesean woman, by a Waldenesean pastor, but this marriage is now called a mixed marriage, under the allegation that he is an apostate Roman Catholic, and a process with all its penalties hangs over the family." (Grievances, p. 13.) Now Messrs. Bishops Hughes and Fenwick, do you approve of the manner in which your Popish church has treated this Waldenesean soldier? Do you see any difference manifested here towards heretics, and that which the Popes have always shown towards them? Would you not, if you could, persecute every heretic in the United States? Do you not believe that every marriage between Catholics and Protestants

in the United States and elsewhere, is invalid and not binding in the sight of God? Does not your Pope, your church, and do you not, yourselves, teach that the parties in such marriages are living in a state of adultery? Do you not teach that if a Catholic lady marries a Protestant, without a dispensation from your church, she is an adulteress and ought to be treated accordingly by your church, which, in the plenitude of her mildness, consigns her body to the holy inquisition, to be broken on the rack, and her soul to hell to perish everlastingly. Do I state the truth, reverend gentlemen? Will either of you contradict me? If you do, I will lay before you Antoine's Moral Theology, *De Matrimonio*, which some of your priests and myself studied in the same class, in the college of Maynooth, Ireland. Is this persecuting heretics or not? Did Paul IV., or Innocent III., ever show an instance of greater intolerance than you do, under your present Pope, even in these United States? But what would you do had you the power? The past history of your predecessors can best answer this question. Look at yourselves, you impostors of the present day; view yourselves in the mirror of truth, and if you are not too far gone in falsehood and hypocrisy, you must blush at the deceptions and impositions which you are trying to practise upon the citizens and government in this country. You will perhaps say that in 1794, all the edicts in force against the Vaudois, or Waldenses, were repealed by the king of Sardinia. It is more than probable that the soft-headed and brainless minister now at that court from the United States, may inform you, if you have not the fact from any other source, that the Vaudois have full liberty of conscience in the full exercise of their religion and the education of their children.

Our present minister, Wm. H. Stiles, Georgia, at that court, who is nothing better than a living libel upon diplomacy, was elected to Congress by the votes of Irish Papists. He had just tact enough—no fool is without more or less of it—to ingratiate himself with President Polk, and obtain the appointment of Charge to Sardinia, In him you have a pliant tool, who will tell you the king of Sardinia has issued orders to prevent the taking away children, with a view of obliging them to embrace the Catholic religion, and requiring also, that those children which have been taken away, shall be restored. This proves two important facts which cannot be doubted, as the King of Sardinia cannot even be suspected of any want of allegiance or respect for his royal brother, the Pope of Rome. It proves, in the first place, that the Roman church has authorized its members to go into the Alpine valleys, and steal from their Protestant brethren their beloved children, with a view of proselytizing them to the infamous-doctrines of Popery. It shows, in the second place, that the cries of their bereaved parents for their restoration, have been disregarded by those Popish robbers, otherwise the royal order for their restoration need not have been issued.

In spite of these edicts, children are now taken away, as Gilli informs us, under pretence of their being illegitimate. Two lamentable and heart-rending cases occurred in the year, 1828. Mind, take notice, Messrs. Bishops, of the date. This is not an old lie, as you have been pleased to call many of the statements in my books. If it be a lie at all, it is a new one. The case I refer to is this. A Popish priest demanded from a poor Protestant woman, her infant child, in order that it might be brought up in the faith of the infallible church. She refused, of course, to do so, but clung to it the more closely, pressing it to her bosom with a fondness such as a mother only can feel or describe, and fled to the mountains, preferring to perish with it there, rather than to have it brought up in the idolatries of Popery. And what was the consequence? I blush to relate it, for the honor of humanity. This Popish priest, in obedience to the commands of his holy church, did precisely what any Popish priest in the United States would do under similar circumstances. He ordered a small guard of carabineers to pursue her, and bring her, that she might be dealt with according to Popish laws. For many weeks she lived a miserable life, flying from place to place, until the sufferings of the mother and child excited the pity of the Popish monsters who issued the order for her apprehension. The order was withdrawn, but not revoked, and the woman's fears and anxieties continue, while she remains exposed to the same severity. Will you, Messrs. Bishops, after this, presume to say that the Popish church does not sanction the persecution of heretics? will you dare assert that she does not sanction their total extirpation? You cannot do so, and I risk nothing in saying, that you, Messrs. Fenwick and Hughes, would be the first to strike the blow, should a favorable opportunity offer.

In 1840, as Gilli tells us, a fraternity of eight missionaries, of the order of St. Morris and St Lazare, was instituted at Latorre, one of the largest towns of the Vaudois. The object of this institution is to go about making proselytes. To this, as the London Review very properly remarks, there can be no objection. We admit missionaries into the United States. The Popish jackals are among our own valleys, as well as on the tops of our mountains. No American citizen can go many miles from his home, without finding himself in the vicinity of one of those Popish dens called monk-houses, or nunneries. This we cannot, nor are we disposed to prevent; our Constitution allows it; we recognize the right of Papists to send missionaries among us; but it might be questioned still, whether we ourselves are right, or whether the framers of our Constitution have not committed a great error, In the mode of wording that part of our Constitution, granting any right or privilege to any nation, or people, or government, or religion, which was not founded on strict reciprocity. Did it ever occur to Jefferson, Washington, Madison, or the other eminent men who framed our Constitution, that in giving to a Roman Catholic sovereign, king, or potentate, the right of sending missionaries into the United States, they forgot the securing to the United States a reciprocal right? The Papist is allowed to invade our country; but are we allowed to invade Papal States, and build churches there for divine worship, as the Papists are in the United States? The Catholic priest can come here from Rome and build a church, teach a school, and preach whatever and whenever he pleases; but if an American citizen and Protestant freeman go to the city of Rome, or any strictly Catholic country, he is under a legal disability to build his church, or teach or preach. Is this fair? Is there any thing reciprocal in this? Is it not rather a disgrace, and a lasting lampoon upon American freedom, to tolerate this violation of the first principles of reciprocal rights? Let our people take this matter into their own hands; let them call upon their representatives, and demand from them an immediate redress for this national humiliation, which has been entailed upon us by some unaccountable want of foresight on the part of the framers of our Constitution. But, say the Popish bishops in this country, our church never persecutes, she never disturbs heretics, she loves Protestants as brethren, and is willing to pay the most implicit obedience to their laws and institutions. This is the language of that notorious demagogue and disturber of the peace, Bishop Hughes of New York; this is the language of Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, to which Brownson, his Corporal Trim, invariably says yes. These are the men whom I have accused of falsehood—wilful and deliberate falsehood. Have I satisfied my readers that I have stated the

truth, and, though not the whole truth,—nothing but the truth? Have I satisfied them that the Popish Church and Papists have ever been the sworn enemies of Protestants? They admit themselves, that great cruelties have, in ancient times, been inflicted by Roman Catholics upon Protestants; but in order to deceive Americans, they very blandly assert that those times have gone by, and that such cruelties do not now exist. Is the reader satisfied yet that this is not correct, and that the only object of these men is further deceit and deeper treachery? Let me again call the reader's attention to another passage from Gilli; it will show more clearly, if possible, than it has hitherto been done, that the malignant hatred of Popery towards Protestants burns now as brightly as it did at any period of Christian history. "They are," says Gilli, speaking of the Protestant Waldenses, "absolutely forbidden by Roman Catholics to exert their parental authority over their own children, if these children, (girls above ten, and boys above twelve years,) are tempted to forsake their faith. In 1836, a child was taken from a family at Lucerne, and in 1842, another from a family at St. Germain, upon the pretext of an inclination expressed by those children to turn Roman Catholics, there being no difficulty in tempting a poor, half-starved boy of twelve, or a girl of ten, to receive instruction offered with a crucifix in one hand, and a loaf or a fish in the other. Thus the parent's heart is to be doubly pierced; first, by encouraging a pretended exercise of judgment on the part of his child, before the understanding is matured; and secondly, by a legalized abduction of the child so tampered with. On the 2d of May, 1839, the child of Jaques Dalmais de David, and Margarite his wife, having been torn from them on the pretence of being illegitimate, was sent to the foundling hospital at Pignerol, although the parents were both natives of Vaudois, born in the commune and parish of Villar Bobi, and lawfully married in that parish, by the pastor thereof. Upon the first abduction, the father took away the infant from the nurse to whose charge it had been committed previously to its being carried to the hospital; and for his refusal to attend the summons of the commandant of the province, he and his wife were thrown into prison, and there remained several days. The child, however, was restored to its parents, after an investigation which lasted many months; the legitimacy of its birth having been fully proved.

In the month of August, 1842, the Prefect of Pignerol ordered a Bible lecture and prayer meeting which was held in a school room at Latour, on Sunday afternoon, to be discontinued.

On the 18th of January, of the following year, a similar order had been issued by the Intendent of the province. The order appeared in the following words: "The Royal Secretary of State for the Interior, having been informed that every Sunday some Waldenses, Protestants, held congregations in a school house, and that many persons of every age and sex met together to sing psalms aloud, the said Royal Secretary of State has communicated to me that the places being appointed wherein the Waldenses shall worship, no innovation, or increase of the number of the same, can be admitted, and they must be enjoined to discontinue those meetings, or in case of contumacy, the government will adopt measures to prevent them.' Accordingly the Sunday services were discontinued. This is a cruel state of things; and it may well be asked, whether Protestant communities were, or ought to be, considered the friends of civil rights? Ought they not to interfere in correcting such a state of things? And is it not the duty of this country in particular, to be the very first to do so? Shall it be said by any future historian, that republican America shall be outdone in philanthropy and sympathy for the oppressed, by the despots of Europe? Shall it be said that England, in almost every reign, has done more for the advancement of free principles and religious toleration, than republican America? Even Cromwell, despot as he is represented to have been, interfered in behalf of the persecuted Protestants of Vaudois. George I. of England also interfered in their behalf. Cromwell told the Pope, through his ambassador at Rome, that if he did not silence his canons in the valleys of Piedmont, against the Protestant inhabitants thereof, he would silence them himself by his own brass cannons at the gates of the Vatican. And shall it be said that the freemen of America shall witness the oppressions of their Protestant brethren without a word or a threat in their behalf? The following petition or memorial, in behalf of the Protestants, the Vaudois, was sent, in 1842, by a committee appointed in London, for their relief. The Archbishop of Canterbury has immortalized his name by being at the head of this committee. It reads in the following words:

To the Earl of Aberdeen, Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Winchester House, St. James Square,

April 9th, 1842. My Lord,

We the undersigned, members of the London Committee, instituted in 1825, for the relief of the Vaudois of Piedmont, earnestly entreat your Lordship to submit to Her Majesty the Queen our humble entreaty that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to intercede in behalf of that ancient community, with their sovereign, the King of Sardinia. The sufferings of Vaudois have often excited the sympathy of this nation, and our sovereigns have, from time to time, been pleased to exercise their beneficent offices in the privileges and rights of the Vaudois Church, which have been threatened; and this they have done out of compassion for the afflicted.

Among other grievances, it has been represented to us that the Vaudois have now to complain that children are taken from their parents by the priests and local authorities, when one of the parents is said to be a Roman Catholic, under pretence of their being illegitimate; that their religious services are interrupted; that their intercourse and traffic with their fellow countrymen, beyond certain limits, are placed under grievous restrictions; that some of them are deprived of the means of their subsistence, being forbidden to purchase, to farm, or to cultivate lands, except within boundaries too narrow for their population; and that others, to their great disadvantage and detriment, have been ordered to sell property which they have legally acquired beyond the territories to which they are confined.

If these alleged severities were inflicted on the Vaudois for acts of turbulence or dangerous fanaticism, we should not presume to entreat Her Majesty's gracious interposition. But it does not appear that any thing can be laid to their charge, *except the profession of religion differing from that of the Roman Catholic Church*, and similar, in many particulars of faith and discipline, to the reformed churches in Europe, &c.

This petition has been signed by the following gentlemen: W. Cantuar, W. R. Hamilton, C. T. London, Wm. Cotton, C. R. Winton, T. D. Acland, Geo. H. Rose, W. S. Gilly, R. H. Inglis.

England, as a Christian nation and a Christian people, has done well on this occasion. She has given the

world evidence that whatever may have been the crimes or errors of her former rulers, she still retains within the breasts of her people some sense of that great commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." What have we, American citizens, done for our Protestant brethren in the Alpine valleys? We see and know them to be oppressed and ground to the dust—for what? Because they are Protestants. Is there any things else laid to their charge! Nothing. Was there *ever* any thing else laid to their charge, in justification of the cruelties which, century after century, the Pope of Rome and the blood-hounds of his church have inflicted upon them! I have diligently examined the history of this people. I was induced to do so at an early age, believing it almost impossible that humanity was capable of enduring such sufferings as history informs us were inflicted upon them by the Romish Church; and I am compelled to say, in truth and honesty, that I cannot discover any reason or any cause for their persecution by Roman Catholics, except that they did not believe in the supremacy of the Pope, and the abominations of the Romish Church. And why, under these circumstances, are not Protestant Americans doing something for these their brethren? It is in the power of this country to do much in any just cause. Such an advocate as this government might prove itself to be against the spirit of Popery, even in the Piedmont valleys, would carry gladness to the hearts of many an oppressed brother among them. We have money, which we are throwing away in charity to those who have but few claims upon us; we have genius, which we are scattering all over the country in ranting and ravings and metaphysical discussions, unproductive of any thing useful to man. Why not employ this in espousing the cause of liberty and of our oppressed brethren the Vaudois,—a poor people, who have no standing armies, no treasury,—nothing but their Protestant religion and a good cause to support them. Why is not the genius of our people—why have not their fine minds and fine talents been employed in holding up before the broad light of heaven the villainies, iniquities, abominations and corruptions of the Romish Church? Why are not such imposors and deceivers of the public as the Roman Catholic Bishops of New York and Boston, together with their man Trim Brownson—singled out from among our people? Why does not public opinion write in italics on the countenance of each of these men, the words deceiver and traitor, that our children may avoid them when they see them in the streets? Why do we not teach even our little ones to pray that the Lord may rescue our brethren the Vaudois from the cruelties of Popery? Why does not every Christian teach his child to exclaim, in the beautiful language of the immortal poet of England, who was himself a true friend of the Vaudois,

*"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;—
Even them who kept thy truth so pure, of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones, Forget not."*

Why do Americans allow their children to go to the schools, kept professedly for the propagation of such doctrines as those taught and practised by the Romish church? I myself tremble lest there may be something wrong in the construction of the social system in our republican government. Assuredly, nothing else could induce us to violate the first law of nature, which is self-preservation. Our natural affections, and sympathy with each other, are the sweetest ingredients—and perhaps the only sweet ones which Providence has thrown into the cup of life, undoubtedly for the holy purpose of rendering it at all palate-able. Take them away and life would be bitter indeed.

A state of society, such as the Popish church, through her agents in this country, desires to introduce amongst us, tends to no better purpose, than to divest man of humanity itself. It would harden his heart and swell him with the morbid humors of vanity, ambition, bigotry, and persecution. It would increase in our natural misery, and leave us no anodyne, but that | filthy and abominable one, auricular confession and I Popish pardons. Does not this deserve the execration of the virtuous and pious of all denominations? And are you prepared, fellow citizens, for such a state of things? I am aware that there are some amongst us, ready to tear from their bosoms, for base and selfish purposes, every thing good, which the God of glory through the merits of his Son, has planted there. There is nothing so absurd that pride and selfishness will not adopt and maintain it. It is said that Alexander did really believe himself to be a god. The vilest and most profligate of the Cæsars demanded Divine honors. Some of the Popes of the Romish church, even when rotting and dropping to pieces, from the effects of disease, brought upon them by licentiousness and dissipation, would have the world believe that they were infallible, and even impeccable; so says Balarmino, an authority not to be disregarded by Papists.

Bishop Hughes tells us that in this country, we cannot prosper as a people, unless we adopt the religion of the Pope, and encourage the Pope's subjects to overthrow this government, and not to be ruled by its laws or its people. *Americans shant rule us*, is a Popish motto now borne aloft by Papists through the streets of New York, and other cities in the Union. Such language as the above resembles rather the ravings of some poor lunatic, than that of a sober, honest republican, and appears to be more like that of a maniac, sitting in some desolate cell, with a crown of straw, swaying a sceptre of the same material, and fancying himself an Emperor, than any thing else; but to me there is nothing inconsistent and strange in such language or such conduct; I know the pride of a Popish Bishop. I have been too long among them, not to understand well their vanity and arrogant pretensions; and though their conduct may not be such as to fit them for a lunatic asylum, still it never fails to unfit them for all the uses and purposes of civil life, and renders them dangerous citizens. There is nothing extraordinary in this; it seems to be the natural consequence even of the physical organization of man. Inordinate ambition and false pride, are said by anatomists to have a powerful effect in turning the brains of man; but it is truly strange that, shocking as madness is in itself, and terrible as are its consequences, it sometimes affects people in such a manner as to turn our pity into laughter. We have an instance of this,—and a very prominent one,—in the case of the unfortunate changeling, Brownson, who, but the other day, was admitted by Bishop Fenwick into full communion with the Popish church. But nothing else could be expected by those who understand Popery, and see the broad difference between its system of morality, and that of pure Christianity. Modern Popery is made up from the philosophy of the ancient Pagans, and some German writers. It has man attractions in the eyes of superficial Christians; has many aspects, and some of them of an attractive character. Unsophisticated people, such as many American theologians are, see, in the morality of Popery, apparently, much philanthropy and practical Christianity, and these so judiciously blended together by Popish cunning and Jesuitical craft, that its true character—nay even the deeds themselves—are entirely forgotten, in their admiration of the brilliant though false light, in which they

appear.

For instance, to take that miserable man, Brownson, by the hand, and raise him from a state of utter destitution, to which his own follies and imprudence reduced him, had in it much apparent philanthropy and practical Christianity; the Popish Fenwick found him in great want, every religious society shunned him, as if the brand of Cain were upon him. There was not even to be found a political party that would have any thing to do with him; he betrayed and left them all in rapid succession, and they in turn left him alone and unaided. All the powers of his mind (it is said that he once possessed some) were broken and crushed; there was no peace, no resting place for him. Both theologians and politicians raised their hands and pointed at him the finger of scorn—the former, as a rebel against the King of Glory—the latter, as a traitor to the puny king of their respective parties.

Such was the condition in which the Jesuit Bishop, Fenwick, found him here in Boston; and what, to all appearance, could be more philanthropic, what more practically Christian—what more benevolent deed could the Pope's agent do, *for effect*—than take this man by the hand and supply him with the necessaries of life. And what, under these circumstances, could be expected from the changeling, Brownson, than that he would devote all his mind to the justification of any falsehood or any errors, which his benefactors might desire to propagate. I find no fault with Bishop Fenwick for relieving the temporal wants of Brownson; on the contrary, I freely admit, that the act is, in itself, and abstractedly considered, an act of benevolence and charity. We are bound to recognize in every human creature and every human face, the features of a brother and a neighbor. I would not, willingly, even question the motives of the Bishop; they are known only to his God. It would not be fair nor judicious in a physician, to take a body apparently sound and in health, and dissect it, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any hidden disease in it. He should take it for granted—as a general rule—that when all appearances were good and healthy, there existed no physical defect; and I think and believe it the duty of Christians to take it for granted, that, generally speaking, the motives of a brother are good, when his actions bear upon their face no indication of being otherwise. But when any man or any church, holds up to the view of a whole people or nation, one who has been for years and years an advocate of moral evil, as an object not only of pity and pardon, but of admiration—as Bishop Fenwick does the infidel, Brownson—every true Christian must tremble, and every true lover of civil rights must shudder, lest each sound that he hears should prove to be the death-knell of our religion and the civil rights of man. Unfortunate Brownson! why prostitute thyself to the base purposes of Popery? Thou mightest have been in want; Protestants might have neglected thee; but what of that? What of the sufferings of this transitory and fleeting world? Let me tell you, and let the sound of my words ring forever in your ears, that,

*"Life can but little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die."*

The above beautiful sentiment of the poet, has, I fear, but seldom occurred to you; assuredly it has made no lasting impression on your mind. It is probable that the following stanza, part of a famous monkish ditty, has in it beauties and substantial sentiments, far more congenial to your tastes and thoughts:

*"Hang up sorrow, banish care;
The Pope is bound to find me."*

But a truce with poor Brownson, for a moment; his days will soon be over. Like the great Mr. Shandy, he has been so long "dancing his white bear forward, that he must soon commence dancing him back again." He has already professed all the religious creeds in this country, and it is fairly to be presumed that he will profess all of them back again; and thus afford himself fresh and full room, for displaying, in connection with them, any additional political or religious vagaries which may spring up in his moonstricken imagination. He may address himself to his patron, parson Fenwick, as Mr. Shandy did Parson Yorrick. "Yorrick, said Mr. Shandy, you see that by this means—that is by going backwards and forwards—every thesis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions—and each proposition has its consequences and conclusions; every one of which leads the mind back again, into fresh tracks of inquiries and doubtings. The force of this engine—observed Mr. Shandy, in great triumph—is incredible, in opening heads. Brother Shandy, said my Uncle Toby, it is enough to burst them into splinters."

Had Brownson, in the Jesuit parson, Fenwick, a guide, simple, sinless, and guileless, as Parson Yorrick or my uncle Toby, there might be some hopes that he could yet be brought to see and feel the full force of truth. But Brownson will stick to the Jesuit as long as he gives him bread, and the Jesuit appreciates his value too highly not to supply him plentifully. The Jesuit knows well, that the little smattering of theology, which Brownson possesses, can be made useful to him. It is of the German School. The Germans are wild in their theories upon morals and theology, and yet they carry with them the appearance of much honest and persevering research, and never fail—unless in very unskilful hands—to make a strong and terrible impression wherever they are preached or inculcated. Brownson, though, in truth and reality, no scholar, knows enough of this theology, and of Popish Quietism, such as was taught by raving monks and nuns in the sixteenth century, to see that by working them up together, and declaiming this undigested and 22 acrid mass, before an audience unprepared to analyze it, that he can produce just such an effect upon the public mind as Popish priests desire. It helps to create infidelity, and, of course, adds to the number of Papists in our country.

There is a great similitude between the modern German, and the Popish moral philosophy. A popular writer very truly and very beautifully says, "in each we find the same senseless, useless, and aimless encouragement of the mixed produce of the natural mind—the same indiscriminate worship of the good and bad it may please to throw up—every lawless thought, every idle dream, every dangerous imagination suffered to run their unhealthy course, to end in folly and in impurity—piety professed without religion, and virtue without principle—the dictates of their respective creeds, their theory; and the dictates of their hearts, their practice; and wild work between them."

Brownson has some vague notion of this compound philosophy; he has, beside, taken great pains to make himself acquainted with those *sesquipedalia*, or long-legged words—if I may use such a term—which most mixed audiences mistake for learning. The Jesuit, Hughes, soon measured Brownson; he looked into his past

life and soon found him treacherous to every party and to every principle. This is the man for me, says the Jesuit—the Holy Church must have him, though we should be obliged to feed and clothe him for life. The infidel soon closed with the Jesuit,—a bargain was instantly made; but my observations upon human nature have been very unprofitable to me, if the Jesuit does not soon find that he has made a bad trade, as a Yankee would express it; that Brownson is not the man he took him for, nor the scholar he took him for; that he is but an unprincipled infidel, and a kind of monomaniac rhapsodist on subjects which he does not understand himself; in a word, he will find out in time that he can make nothing of him. Can the Jesuit, Hughes, "make any thing else than what it is?" can he "make the lily a rose, or the rose a lily?" can he "make the oak a vine, or the vine an oak?" When he can do those things, and not a second before, can he make a hardened infidel an humble Christian, or a treacherous politician a safe citizen.

I find myself, once more, not only drifting from my destined port, but, it would seem, that I had turned from it altogether. I intended to devote these pages, almost exclusively, to giving an expose of the abominations of auricular confessions and Popish nunneries, but having by some accident or another, come athwart the great changeling, Brownson, who now acts as trumpeter to Bishop Fenwick of Boston, and is recognized by him and the Popish Church of the United States, as an authorized expounder of their sentiments and doctrines, I felt it my duty to notice him briefly. This man, Brownson, is now sent as a Popish missionary or lecturer throughout the United States; and speaks upon all subjects connected with Popery, *ex autoritate*.

I find in the January number of Brownson's Review, of the present year, the following effusion, which, for effrontery and shameless falsehood, equals any thing I have ever seen. "We dare affirm," says Brownson, in his Review, January, 1845, page 12, "that no period in the history of our race, of equal length, can be pointed out, so remarkable for its intellectual and literary activity, as the thousand years, dating from the beginning of the sixth century, and extending to the commencement of the sixteenth. Now," continues Brownson, "in order to judge fairly, what the church has done for the human race; whether in reference to religion, morals, literature, or science, we must ascertain what it actually effected. She (that is the church) at the beginning of the sixth century, sets to work to establish schools, the great monasterial schools, cathedral or episcopal schools. In the beginning of the sixth century, arose the cathedral schools, in Spain. All the great, renowned universities, were founded prior to the Reformation. Nearly all the monasteries were graced and enriched by valuable libraries. In each monastery was a *scriptorium*, and a number of monks employed in copying and binding manuscripts." There is much plausibility in the language of Brownson, now the jackal of Popery in the United States. I am willing to admit that a vast number of colleges and renowned universities, were established before the Reformation, in Rome, Italy and even England. I would also admit that there were scriptoriums and that monks were employed in copying manuscripts and binding books; but has the illustrious changeling, Brownson, told us for what purposes these great universities were established, prior to the Reformation? Far be it from me to deny their existence, that would indeed show that I was but a poor historian, and that I knew but very little of the corruptions of the Romish Church. Sixtus IV., one of the infallible Popes of Rome, established whole colleges at once, and much as I have said against Popery and its corruptions, I have not, as yet, exhibited so flagrant an instance of Popish turpitude, baseness and avarice, as Pope Sixtus IV. leaves on record, by the single act of building these universities. He established offices and titles in each college, which were put up for sale by him, and were sold for sums, varying from one hundred, to one thousand and twenty thousand ducats. It was this illustrious and infallible Pope, Sixtus IV.,—and I pray you will bear it in mind, thou great changeling,—that established a college of a hundred janizaries, and nominated these janizaries for the trifling sum of one hundred thousand ducats. And how, think you, reader, did he pay them their salaries? Was it out of the bonus of a hundred thousand ducats, which he received for chartering or sanctioning the college? Far from it. He paid them some trifling compensation, derived from the proceeds of the sales of bulls. These janizaries were subsequently suppressed. Innocent III.,—and you will recollect, Mr. Brownson, that he was Pope of Rome between the sixth and sixteenth centuries,—founded a university for a bonus of sixty thousand scudi; (a scudi, I believe, is a fraction less than a dollar.) The reader may form some idea of the magnitude and splendor of this university, when I inform him, that this college had twenty-six secretaries, and a proportionable number of other officers; every one of whom paid in proportion to his means, for the office he held.

Pope Alexander VI., who, as you know, was born between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, and whom the changeling's friend Daniel O'Connell, would call a *broth of a boy*, established a university, and to showed his zeal for the great cause of learning and advancement of morals, he nominated eighty writers of Popish briefs, each of whom had to pay eight hundred and fifty scudi for his appointment. This very Pope, Alexander VI., was one of the greatest debauchees of his age, and died by poison administered by the hand of his own son. Pope Julius II., who also lived between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, added to these offices one hundred writers or copyists of archives, each of whom had also to pay seven hundred and fifty scudi. I have taken Brownson at his word. He affirms that no period in the history of our race, of equal length, can be pointed out, so remarkable for intellectual activity, as that which occurred between the sixth and sixteenth centuries. I have and do hereby affirm, that there has been no period, in the history of Christianity, so remarkable for intellectual depravity and Popish ignorance, as that very self-same period. I have appealed to history and proved my assertion by facts, not taken from prejudiced writers, but facts recorded and gloried in by Popes themselves and Popish writers.

It is said by Papists and authoritatively asserted by their mouth-piece in the United States, that the colleges and universities built by Papists, in the interval between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, were pulled down by the Protestants, Goths and Vandals, who have lived since that period. Admitting that they have been, what then, Mr. Brownson? What man or what people, in their sober senses, would tolerate the colleges established by Pope Sixtus in 1482, where offices were put up at auction, and that under the sacred name of religion; where nothing was taught but the grossest idolatry, and nothing practised but simony and immorality, almost as bad as that of the heathens. Would any man at the present day, with the fear of God before his eyes, or who duly appreciated the blessings of civil liberty, tolerate amongst ourselves, a university such as one of those over which Popes Paul and Sixtus presided, even in the palmiest days of Christianity? According to Brownson, himself, assuredly not. We should pull it down were it amongst us; we should scatter to the winds these Popish briefs, decretals and bulk, which thousands of monks were employed in copying and binding.

We should vest in some factory, those thousands and hundreds of thousands of scudi, which were given to Popes for chartering universities of learning—don't laugh, reader—yes, reader, they were called universities of learning—and we would send the lazy, crazy monks, who were by thousands employed in them, to work on our fields or in our factories.

It was between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, that Alexander III., presiding in his official capacity over a synod held at Tours, in 1167, pronounced the Protestant religion of the Vaudois "*a damnable heresy of long standing.*" Do you call this any evidence of the *great mental activity* which the Popish Church displayed, and for which she and her members were so remarkable, prior to the sixteenth century? There was another synod at Lavoux, in the same year, where the Pope gives another instance of the remarkable intellectual and literary activity of the thousand years between the sixth and sixteenth centuries. The Popish Senate at Lavoux sent a memorial to the reigning Pope, to exterminate the Vaudois, "*an heretical pest, generated in olden times, of enormous growth and great antiquity.*" I believe it was in 1536—recollect, Mr. Brownson, it is within your period of that thousand years, when, according to yourself, Popery flourished in the full blaze of her glory and love of literature—that the poor Protestants, the Vaudois, sent a number of petitions to Francis I., praying that he would tolerate them, and allow them to worship God as they pleased. Francis I. consulted the Pope's legate, who was then at his court, and immediately returned for answer to these poor Protestants, "I am not burning heretics in France, to foster them among the Alps." Remarkable instance of the literary activity of the Popish Church! We have another strong instance of that intellectual and literary activity of which Brownson speaks, in Philip II. of Spain, who, to show his zeal for the holy Catholic faith, determined—with a view, I presume, of leaving some evidence of his Popish literary activity of mind—to despatch an army, under the command of one D'Oppede, with instructions to put to the sword every Protestant man, woman and child whom he might find in the Vaudois valley; and faithfully did he discharge his duty. He has left us, as the changeling Brownson would term it a remarkable instance of Popish intellectual activity* Not a man, woman, or child, was spared by this Popish army. Anquetil, a Roman Catholic himself and in full communion with the Popish Church, gives us a vivid picture of the remarkable intellectual activity of this D'Oppede, and his Popish army. The reader will pardon me for quoting the passage in the writings of Anquetil, containing this picture; it certainly shows a remarkable intellectual and literary activity of Popish minds, during Brownson's thousand years of their unsullied fame as scholars. "After the King of France granted permission to his Roman Catholic General D'Oppede, and his soldiers, to take arms against the Vaudois," says Anquetil, "twenty-two towns and villages were burned or pillaged, with an inhumanity of which the history of the most barbarous nations scarcely affords an example. The wretched inhabitants, surprised in the night, and hunted from rock to rock by the light of the flames which were consuming their habitations, frequently escaped one snare only to fall into another. The pitiful cries of the aged, the women and the children, instead of softening the hearts of the soldiers,—maddened with rage, like their leaders,—only served to guide them in the pursuit of the fugitives, and to indicate the points against which to direct their fury. Voluntary surrender did not exempt the men from slaughter, nor the women from brutal outrages at which nature revolts."

It was forbidden under pain of death to afford them harbor or succor. In one town alone, more than seven hundred men were butchered in cold blood; and the women who had remained in their houses, were shut up in a barn containing a great quantity of straw, which was set on fire, and those who endeavored to escape from the windows, were driven back by swords and pikes. According to orders, these specimens of Popish intellectual literary activity demolished all the houses, cut down the wood, uprooted the fruit-trees, and left nothing behind them but an uninhabited waste. The war-cry of the Papists, as this Roman Catholic writer, whose authority no Papist will question, asserts, was, "Kill! kill!" Dr. Gilli relates an instance of great heroism in one of those poor Protestants, who was among the persecuted. One Aymond De La Voye went through the villages, exhorting his brethren to stand firm in the faith of their forefathers. He was soon discovered by the members of the Inquisition. The first question put to him was, "Who are your associates?" "My associates," he answered, "are those who know and do the will of my Heavenly Father, whether they be nobles, merchants, peasants, or in any other condition." Let it not be forgotten, that this occurred before the sixteenth century, and before the Goths and Vandals of the Reformation, as Brownson calls them, had any existence. One of the Councillors of the Holy Inquisition asked this intrepid man and pious Christian Protestant, "Who is the head of the Church?" He answered, "Jesus Christ" "Is not the Pope the head of the church?" inquired the inquisitor. "No," was the answer. "Is not the Pope the successor of St. Peter?" "Yes," answered La Voye, "if he is like St. Peter, but not else." But such was the remarkable intellectual activity of the infallible Church, that no other questions were deemed necessary, and he was immediately consigned to a tormenting death. But the persecutions of these Protestant Christians did not stop here. So remarkable was the intellectual and literary activity of Papists, between the sixth and sixteenth centuries,—that golden age of Popery,—in dispensing its blessing all over the world, that while enormities like those I have related were being perpetrated on the western side of the Alps, a fresh storm was brewing over their brethren of Piedmont.

Will the reader think me tedious, if I give him a more explicit account, taken from Moreland's history of those people, than I myself can give? I take it from Gilli's appendix.

"There is a certain valley in the county of Piedmont, within five or six miles of Mount Vesulo, which, from the town of Lucerna, is called the valley of Lucerna; and in it there is a little valley, which, from Angrogna, a small river running through it, is called the valley Angrogna. Next adjoining to this are two other valleys; that is to say, the valley of Perosa, so called from the town of that name, and the valley of S. Martino. In these there lie divers little towns and villages, whose inhabitants, assisted by the ministers of God's word, do make open profession of the gospel.

"Moreover, I suppose that there are near eight thousand faithful souls inhabiting in this place. But among the men, who are bred up to endure labor, seeing they have from their childhood been inured to husbandry, you will find very few who know how to engage in combat. From hence it comes to pass that very few of them are ready upon any urgent occasion to defend themselves against public injuries. Yea, and the valleys themselves lie so remote from each other, that they cannot help one another till it be too late. And although these towns and villages have their counts or lords, yet the Duke of Savoy is lord over them all.

"This duke, before he came from Nice into Piedmont, diligently took order with those counts and lords of

places, that they should admonish the inhabitants to submit to him and the Pope; that is, that, casting off their ministers, they should admit Popish preachers and the abominable mass. Whereupon our people sent petitions unto the prince, beseeching him that he would take it in good part if they were resolved rather to die than to lose the true religion of Jesus Christ.... but they shall be ready to amend their errors, if any there were, in case it should be manifested to them out of the word of God, to which alone they are to submit in this business; and as to what concerneth them in matters of behavior and tributes, and other things due both to him and their other lords, that he would send and make diligent inquiry whether they have at any time committed any offence, that so due punishment may be inflicted on them, because he should assuredly know they are willing to approve themselves with due reverence most obedient to him in all things.

"These petitions came to the hand of the prince, but availed nothing with him, who was become a sworn enemy with Antichrist against Christ. Thereupon he sent forth edicts, declaring that those who should be present at the sermons of the ministers of the valley?, if but once, should be fined at one hundred crowns, and if a second time, then they should be condemned to the galleys forever. Orders also were given to a certain judge to ride circuit up and down to put the penalties in execution, and to bind Christians and imprison them. The lords also and magistrates of places had the same power given them, and at length the godly were by this most impotent prince utterly given up to be plundered by all sorts of villains, and afflicted with most grievous calamities.

"He sent also a certain collateral judge of his own, first to Carignan, there to act inhuman butchery upon the faithful ones of Christ; whereupon he caused one Marcellinus, and Joan his wife, he being a Frenchman, but she a woman of Carignan, to be burnt alive with fire, four days after they had been apprehended. But in this woman God was pleased to manifest an admirable example of constancy; for, as she was led to execution, she exhorted her husband, saying, 'Well done, my brother, be of good courage; this day doubtless we shall enter together into the joys of heaven.' Some few days after this, there was apprehended also one John Carthignan, an honest, plain man, and truly religious, who, after three days of imprisonment, endured the torments of fire with very great constancy. Who is able to reckon up the several incursions, slaughters, plunders and innumerable miseries, wherewith this most savage generation of men did daily afflict all pious men, because, being exhorted by their ministers to patience, they took no course to defend themselves against injuries! Not long after also they apprehended one John, a Frenchman, and a minister, at a town called St. Germano, and, carrying him to a certain abbey near Pinerolo, there burnt him alive, who left a noble example of Christian constancy. The like was done also to the minister of the town of Maine, who was put to death at Susa by a slow fire, while he in the mean time stood as it were immovable, and not being touched with any sense of so incredible a cruelty, having his eyes fixed upon heaven, breathed out his happy soul.

"Therefore, when things were come to this pass, and these miseries were increased every day more and more, and seeing that the patience and extreme misery of our people could not in any measure allay the fury and rage of these most merciless brutes, they at length resolved by force, as well as they could, to free themselves and their wives and children from that barbarous usage. And although some of our ministers declared it was not well done, yet no admonitions could keep the people from resolving to defend themselves by arms. Hereupon it came to pass that, several encounters falling out, there fell within a few days about sixty of the plunderers. When news hereof was brought to the tyrant, he commanded his men to forbear, and sent two of his noblemen that so they might bring matters to an accommodation with our people; but when it was perceived that all their drift was that our ministers might be cast out and the Pope received, the people would by no means yield to it Wherefore, when the prince came into Piedmont, and resided at Versello, about the kalends of November, 1660, with intent to destroy all in the valleys by fire and sword, he sent an army of about four thousand foot and two hundred horse, under the command of the duke [count] de la Trinite."

The writer then relates the submissions made by certain deputies whom the Vaudois sent to the duke.

"These false brethren, in design to serve their own private ends, persuaded the people, though almost all the ministers cried out against it, that too easily giving credit to the most false promises of their enemies, laying down their arms, and sending deputies to the prince to promise obedience, they might, for sixteen thousand crowns, redeem both themselves and their religion. As soon as all these things were yielded to and promised by the too credulous people, through a vain hope of obtaining peace and religion, and when our deputies arrived at Versello, they were thence carried by the Lord de la Trinite to a certain cloister, there to abide for two months' space, (to the end there might be time for collecting the moneys,) and at length, casting themselves down at the feet of the prince and of the Pope's legate, (who were both there, attended by a great number of the nobility, and men of inferior rank,) they were constrained to supplicate the prince first, then the Pope's legate, that they would take pity on the people from whom they were sent, and to promise them, by an oath, that they would be ready to do all things that should be commanded by them.

"The prince therefore growing confident upon this most solemn promise, immediately sent persons to command our people to receive and embrace that horrid idol of the mass; whereupon, considering the inconstancy of their deputies, and the deceit or rather extreme perfidiousness of the tyrants being discovered, they plainly refused to yield that those things should be ratified which their deputies had unadvisedly transacted, through their own levity, not with the consent of people.... Then the tyrant, as soon as he came to understand this, was much more inflamed than ever before with anger, or rather outrageous fury, against our people; and, collecting a rabble of an army, he gave command to the Lord de la Trinite to waste and destroy all by fire and sword, without any regard of sex or age. Hereupon houses were every where set on fire, nor is there any kind of mischief which was not acted by those most wretched villains; by which means they forced our people, with their wives and children, to have recourse to the more craggy places of the mountains; a thing very lamentable to be seen. For, at the very first assault, they were in a manner astonished, because, being spoiled both of their arms and goods, living in extreme want of all things, they did not see by what means they might be able to undergo so great and troublesome a war.

"But at length, taking heart and trusting in the mercy and help of God, of the goodness of their cause, and being confident, because of the impiety and treachery of their adversaries, they resolved once again to defend themselves. To this end they appointed their guards and garrisons, fortified several places, blocked up

passages, and were wholly resolute upon this point, to die rather than they would in any measure obey a perfidious and wicked prince in so abominable a matter. But what need many words? Things were come to such a pass, that in several fights above nine hundred of the enemy were slain, whereas, on our side, hardly fifteen were wanting."

Such was the spirit of Popery during Brownson's thousand years of remarkable intellectual and literary activity! Do you, Americans, wish that the next thousand years of your existence as a nation should be distinguished by a similar intellectual preeminence in mental activity and Christian literature? But, continues Brownson, in his Review of January, 1845, all these things were altered. What things does Brownson mean? The universities? or the remarkable activity of Popish minds between the sixth and sixteenth centuries? Who denies the former? No one who is acquainted with history, or who knows that the world, a large portion of which was then under Popish dominion, needed to be purified from the idolatrous and disastrous doctrines of Popery. The insolence of Brownson is assuredly unequalled. Either that, or his ignorance of history, is unpardonable. "At the period of the English Revolution," says this consummate hypocrite, Brownson, "*the mass of the English people were buried in the grossest ignorance. Even long after, when the Wesleys first started, they talked of the ignorance even of the people of London, as they would of the South Sea Islanders.*" This, as we say up here in New Hampshire, beats all. Was it not about this very period that the world gave birth to the illustrious Milton? Was it not at this period that Dryden was born? Was it not at this period that the brightest lights of literature that ever illumined the world were shining in all their glory? I might here give as many names of illustrious men and illustrious minds as ever adorned humanity; men whose lives were an honor, not only to science, but to religion, to Christianity, and true piety. Did not Erasmus live before the English Reformation? Was he grossly ignorant? Did not Luther live before the Reformation? Neither of those were Papists, but they knew Papist doctrines so well as to break loose from them and appeal to the Christian world to rise as one man and pull down and raze to the ground Popish universities and colleges, as calculated only to cover the world with darkness, by substituting the legends of monks for true science, and the decretals of Popes for the Word of God.

"From the eleventh century," says Brownson, "down to the sixteenth, literature and science received no check." Review of 1845, Jan. No. p. 17. Hear, reader, to this modern Esau, According to him, literature received no check from the years 1100 to 1600. This assertion is made without any qualification or exception. Does this Brownson believe that his readers are all a parcel of ignoramuses? It cannot be so; he must be aware that he states an untruth, and no man who has ever read history can think otherwise. It would be difficult, I apprehend, to meet a school boy in the United States—I may venture the assertion, that it would be impossible to find a child in America, over the age of ten or twelve years,—who does not know that the illustrious Galileo was born during that very period, and who could not tell, that his glorious discovery of the motion of the earth, not only met with opposition from the Church of Rome, but, that the ruling Pope countenanced his incarceration in the dungeons of the inquisition. Did not the Romish Church claim and enjoy the exclusive honor of striking the first blow at a man and a mind such as the world never saw before? Did not Pope Urban VIII., in 1623, declare and pronounce the motion of the earth to be perverse in the highest degree? It was about this time, as a living writer observes, that the whole Catholic Church looked upon all the earth as a condemned world. This absurdity was rejected by Galileo. He established an equality between heaven and earth. He showed that the latter is subject to the same laws and floats in the same splendor as the former; he put serenity and life in the place of mystical theory. For this he was opposed by Popish priests, the sworn enemies of science and literature. See, as the same writer observes, this venerable man, Galileo,—this good man, seventy years old, on his knees, barefooted and stripped to his shirt, before the officers of the holy inquisition; and for what? He tells you himself, in a letter to one of his friends. "They—the inquisitors—look upon my book as more abominable and pernicious to the Church than the writings of Luther." Look at him! you Brownson, thou contemptible cat's-paw of Popery, and say—if your heart has not been seared against the truth with something hotter than the hottest iron—whether literature and science did not receive a check, in the persecutions which your infallible church inflicted upon this great man? "The four hundred years which preceded the Reformation," says Brown-son, "were ages of prodigious activity. In them we meet with the great name of Abelard, under whom Heloisa studied philosophy." Mr. Brownson forgot, I presume, to inform us that he also taught Heloisa moral philosophy. In this latter science she was eminently skilful, and left the world some evidence, at least, of her not being an inapt scholar in the doctrines of genuine Popery. The great changeling, Brownson, could not give more illustrative examples of the beauties of Popery and of the advantages to be derived from a course of education at their schools, than that of Abelard and Heloisa; but he need not have gone so far from home for examples of this kind. There are hundreds of them to be found in the United States. We have schools, such as that which Abelard kept, and to which, Brownson tells us, "great flocks fled for education." One of these schools, my readers may recollect, recently flourished on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Mass. Abelard, as every reader must recollect, lived in the twelfth century—at the very period, when, according to the great changeling—the Popish Church displayed her remarkable activity of mind in science and literature. Abelard was a learned doctor in the Church of Rome. He was, of course, a confessor; he boarded in the house of a Popish canon in Paris, whose name was Fulbert. This canon had a niece called Heloisa, whom he was anxious to send to a fashionable school and bring up in the doctrines of the infallible Church of Rome. Accordingly he sent Heloisa to attend the lectures of the pious and God-like Abelard, just as many of our American mothers, with the advice and consent of their lords and masters, send their children in this country to be educated, to Popish seminaries, kept by pious priests and saint-like nuns. Heloisa had not gone long to confession, when Abelard, her confessor, seduced her and prevailed upon the poor unthinking girl to become his mistress. In order to conceal this atrocious conduct and finding his dupe likely to become a mother, he sent her to a sister of his who lived at a considerable distance, where she was delivered of a son. It is said, that to appease Fulbert, the uncle of this victim of seduction and priestcraft, Abelard consented to marry his victim privately; but no sooner was he married and the anger of the uncle partially appeased, than he sent her to a monastery or nunnery and compelled her to take a religious habit; thus adding treachery to crime and requiting a pure and simple-minded girl's love, by additional ingratitude and villany. But the poor girl had many friends besides the uncle, who, seeing the cruel manner in which Abelard treated her, determined upon revenge, and they had it They surrounded his

chamber at night, and took from his bed this man whom Brownson would hold up to Americans as a model teacher of morality, and had him emasculated. All this was done in the twelfth century. This was one of the great men whom the church produced in Brownson's golden age of Popery.

But what else could be expected of this Brownson? What else could be expected from any man who would hold and profess such sentiments as the following, which we find in his Review of 1840. "For our part," says the great changeling, Brownson, "we yield to none, in our reverence for science and religion; but we confess that we look not for the regeneration of the race from priests and pedagogues." Very respectful language, especially from one who has been a priest and pedagogue himself! "They,—the priests," continues Brownson—"have had a fair trial. They,—the priests—cannot construct the temple of God. They—the priests—cannot conceive its plan. They—the priests—know not how to build it They—the priests—daub with untempered mortar, and the walls they erect tumble down if so much as a fox attempt to go up thereon. We have no faith in priests and pedagogues," says Brownson; "they merely cry peace, when there is no peace and there can be none." Again the same traitor to God and religion, thus spews forth his Popish hatred to pure Christianity. "One might as well undertake to dip the ocean dry with a clam shell, as to undertake to cure the evils of the social state by converting men to Christianity." "For our part," continues Brownson, in another page of his Review, "we are disposed to seek the cause of the inequality of the conditions of which we speak, in religion, and to charge it to the priesthood. Rarely do we find, in any age or country, a man feeling himself commissioned to labor for a social reform, who does not feel that he must begin it by making war upon the priesthood. Indeed it is felt at once, that no reform can be effected without resisting the priests and emancipating the people from their power. Historical research, we apprehend, will be found to justify this instinct, and to authorize eternal hostility to the priesthood. Again, when once the class—that is, the class of priests—has become somewhat numerous, it labors to secure to itself distinction, and increases them. Hence the establishment of priesthoods or sacerdotal corporations, such as the Egyptian, the Braminical, the Ethiopian, the Jewish, the Scandinavian, the Druidical, the Mexican and Peruvian." Fie! fie! Mr. Brownson, the Mexicans belong to the Infallible Church, and like yourself, are strict members thereof. "These sacerdotal corporations," continues Brownson, "are variously organized, but everywhere organized for the purpose of monopolizing power and profit. The real idea at the bottom of these institutions, is only to enslave the mass of the people to the priests, who, by pretending, honestly or not, to possess the secret of rendering the gods propitious, are able to reduce the people to the most wretched subjection, and keep them there, at least for a time." At page 384, of Brownson's Review, of July, 1840, we find the following sweeping anathema against the Christian priesthood—not in the United States alone, but all over the world—and I would defy the most learned historian or impatient infidel upon earth, to produce any thing more blasphemous or more calculated to disturb the peace of man or the good order of society. "But, having traced the inequality we complain of, to its origin, we proceed to ask again, what is the remedy? The remedy is first to be sought in the destruction of the priest. The bad must be removed before the good can be introduced—conviction and repentance precede regeneration; Christianity is the sublimest protest against the priesthood ever uttered, either by God or man. In the person of Jesus, both God and man protest against the priesthood. What was the mission of Jesus but a solemn summons to judgment, and of the human race to freedom. He—Jesus—instituted himself no priesthood, no form of religions worship. He recognized no priest but a holy life, and commanded the construction of no temple but that of a pure heart." Take care, Brownson! don't let the Pope hear you. "He—Jesus—preached no form of religion." Take heed again! Did he not preach the religion of the Romish Church, think you? Have a care! you will commit yourself, unless I occasionally caution you. "He—Jesus—enjoined no creed." What, sir! not even that of the Pope of Rome? "He—Jesus—set apart no day for religious worship." Not a single one of those numerous holy days which the Infallible Church sanctions? "The priest is universally a tyrant, universally the enslaver of his brethren, and therefore it is that Christianity condemns them. Christianity could not prevent the establishment of a hierarchy, but it prepared for its ultimate destruction by insisting on the celibacy of the clergy." Really, friend Brownson, I am beginning to tremble for your safety in the Popish Church. "Again," says Brownson, in his Review of the same year, page 336, "we insist upon it"—remember, reader, that Brownson is the mouth-piece to Popery in the United States,—"that the complete and final destruction of the priestly order in every practical sense of the word priest, is the first step to be taken towards elevating 'the laboring' classes" Pray, Mr. Brownson, what shall we do with the ten thousand Romish priests which are to be found at the present time in the city of Mexico alone? Has the infallible Church concluded to ship them to our western States? "Priests," says Brownson, "are necessary enemies to freedom; all reason demonstrates this, and all history proves it." Look out, sir! you 're committing yourself again. Where are all those colleges you speak of as having been established between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, and in which you say was displayed a remarkable activity in science and literature? Nothing better than asylums or schools, for the education of men in such sciences as were calculated to overthrow the freedom of man. I told you so a while ago, and proved it too. All reason demonstrates this and all history proves it.

Again, Brownson says, in the same page of his Review, "There must be no class of men set apart and authorized, either by law or fashion, to speak to us in the name of God, or to be the interpreters of the word of God." Is it so, indeed, Mr. Brownson? I thought the Pope was authorized to do so, and that he and his church were especially empowered, to the exclusion of all, without distinction, to interpret the word of God. The word of God, you say again, "never drops from the priest's lips." What! do you mean to say that the word of God never drops from the Pope's lips? Rest assured, my worthy friend, that if you repeat that again to Bishop Fenwick, he will put you on short allowance. "The priests were always a let and hindrance to the spread of truth." Assuredly you cannot mean the Romish priests. You tell us, in your Review of this year, that the four hundred years which preceded the Reformation were ages of prodigious activity, and that during that time Abelard, St Bernard, Albert the Great, and Thomas Aquinas, were remarkable men. All these were priests; yet you say that priests have always been the enemies of freedom, and a let and hindrance to the spread of truth. You thought, the other day, that these were good men and learned men, especially Abelard. What do you think of them, now that you have become a Roman Catholic? You believe all of them to be saints, and you know many of them have been canonized. We have not your opinion of them since July, 1840. Let us hear what you thought of them then. We quote from page 387 of your Quarterly of that year. You ask the

following question yourself, and you also answer it. Here are your words, viz: "What are the priests of Christendom, as they now are? Miserable panders to the prejudices of the age; loud in condemning sins nobody is guilty of, but miserable cowards when it is necessary to speak out for God. They are dumb dogs; as a body, they never preach a truth till there is no one whom it will indict; the imbecility of an organized priesthood, and its power to demoralize the people, is beginning to be seen; we have had enough of Christianity" Have you, indeed, Mr. Brownson? Well, we have not; therein you and I differ. "Christianity," says Brownson, in the next line, "is powerless for good, but by no means powerless for evil; it now unmans us, and hinders the growth of God's kingdom." It is high time, brother Fenwick, that I should wish you joy. You have an acquisition to your church, in the great changeling Brownson, and you show a depth of wisdom rarely to-be found now-a-days, except among Jesuits, in sending your convert Brownson all over this country, to preach the pure and unsullied doctrines of your Infallible Church; your apostle Brownson is assuredly a fit man for your purposes. History does not inform us that there is a solitary instance since the establishment of your church, of any government having escaped its machinations; and worse than purblind indeed must that man be, who cannot see at a glance that the primary object which Popish bishops have in commissioning this heartless, unprincipled infidel Brownson to go abroad lecturing among the happy people of this country, is to disturb the present order of society, and finally to overthrow this government, and erect upon its ruins the Papal throne.

This Brownson is unquestionably an object of great pity, or well-merited contempt I could turn from the bare mention of his name with nausea and disgust. It is but a few months since that he represented the whole system of Christianity as a gross imposition upon mankind, and our holy religion one of the blackest impositions that ever was practised upon our race. But now he has become a Roman Catholic. Now that he is in the pay of the Pope and his Jesuits, like another Esau he turns round, betraying everything that he ever professed, and pretends to discover that in the Church of Rome are to be found all the elements of pure Christianity; that her priests are an exception to the great body of those priests against whom he pronounced his anathema a while ago.

How many months is it, Mr. Brownson, since you became a Papist, and found out that you had been all your life a victim of delusion and Protestant priestcraft? Ten, twelve, or eighteen, is it? Well, suppose it is. Is that enough to give you a thorough knowledge of Popery, and to satisfy you that the Popish Church is composed of purer materials than any of those numerous churches in which you have believed successively and alternately for the last thirty years, and from each of which you have been successively expelled and excommunicated? For, as you tell us yourself, in your Quarterly Review, so infamous and infidel were your principles, that even the Universalists could not tolerate you amongst them, and excommunicated you from their communion without one dissenting voice. So notoriously profligate and abandoned did they consider you, in mind, sentiment, thought, and language, that although their doctrine teaches them that Christ died for all, and that all are to be saved through him, they excepted you, and you alone, as far as I am aware. Wide as the range of that belief is, all-comprehensive as their charity is, and all-sufficient for the salvation of man as they believe the death of Christ to be, yet they could not believe that you were entitled to any benefit from it, and accordingly they formally excommunicated you. I can tell you, Mr. Brownson, that you have taken a false step, in your last move; you have plunged thoughtlessly into the labyrinth of Popery, without knowing any thing of its intricacies, certainly not enough to say much for or against. As yet you have scarcely been admitted behind the curtain of this vast theatre in which you have engaged to play a character. And believe me when I assure you that if you have undertaken any other part than that of a buffoon, you will be hissed off the boards before long. You may, perhaps, soon be let into the green room of the vast Popish theatre where you have made a short engagement, and there some of the machinery of Popery may be opened to your view. But mind what I tell you; when you see the hidden and concealed springs, the wheel within wheel, and the dirty workmen who set them in motion, you will behold sights and experience a stench which will strike you with an offensiveness as loathing and disgusting as if you had put your head into a common sewer. Nothing will you see there but covetousness, the weakest vanity, and the most unrestrained indulgence of the vilest passions—one general system of artifice and intrigue for power and opportunities for debauching females. Never before could I realize the belief that man was so entirely and totally corrupt as he is, until I was admitted as a Popish priest into the theatre and great machine-shop of Popery.

I have already given to the public some of those scenes which were witnessed by me in the Romish Church. They were new to some, and—as I expected—incredible to many Americans: but Americans—at least the well-informed amongst them—ought to know that I have related nothing new, or at least very little. My revelations have had, in point of fact and substantially, full publicity many years before my birth. The very facts I have stated had long been registered in the archives of literature, and might have been found on the shelves of the libraries of our own country. Some of them have been published by me with the sole view of scattering them amid our people in such form and at such a price as may be acceptable and accessible to all. Many of my statements might have seemed dark and cloudy, but truth and justice compel me to say that they were nothing in comparison with those which are to come. They bear no more likeness to what I shall give hereafter, than the fleeting clouds which we see floating here and there, denoting the approach of a storm, bear to the storm itself. But alas! I fear that it is perfectly useless for me to attempt to awaken the American mind to a due sense of the dangers to be apprehended from the introduction of Popery among us. The general answer which I receive to all my warnings is, "We care not for what Papists can do; we are a free people." It would be useless to reply to such childish argument as this, nor shall I attempt it; but I feel really humiliated at seeing such a people as the free citizens of the United States permitting themselves to be deluded, and the minds of their children poisoned by such doctrines as are preached by the infidel Brownson, now employed by the Pope of Rome, as the apostle of Popery in this country. It is also a source of deep regret to me to see Roman Catholics, especially the poor Irish, who owe this country more than any other people in the world, become its deadliest foes, and ready at the beck of their tyrant priests and bishops to trample under foot its glorious constitution, which guarantees to them what they never had before, freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and equal rights. "*Americans shant rule us*," say this poor, misguided people, the Irish. This drives me, *nolens volens*, to a farther exposure of some of the deceptions practised upon them and upon mankind in general, by faithless Romish priests, trusting, in the mercy of Providence, that if I can show them that they

are deceived in one way by their priests, it may put them on their guard in future against further deception.

I will now return to, or rather resume the consideration of, the doctrine of *auricular confession*, which formed in part the subject of the first volume of this work.

Before I enter on the disgusting subject of auricular confession, let me give the reader an idea of how it is made. And lest it may be questioned whether the form I herein give is correct, I shall give it first in Latin, and then in English, and appeal to any Roman Catholic priest or bishop in the world, whether so far I misstate or misrepresent facts. The following is the form:

"Confiteor Deo omnipotenti beatas Marias semper Virgini, beato Michaeli Archangelo, beato Johanni Baptistæ, Sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus Sanctis et (tibi Pater) quia peccavi nimis cogitatione verbo et opere (pectus) mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper Virginem, beatum Michaelum Archangelum, beatum Johannem Baptistam, sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes sanctos et (Pater) orane pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum."

Translation of the Above:

"I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary ever virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the saints, and to you, father, that I have sinned exceedingly, both in thought, in word, and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I beseech the blessed Mary ever virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, and you father, to pray to our Lord God for me."

Such is the form of confession made by every Roman Catholic who goes into a confessional box, or who in any other place confesses to a priest.

It is not my intention here, to show that no such form of confession as the above was ever used in the Christian Church for more than half a century after its establishment. The whole prayer of this confession is an innovation unknown to the early Christians. It is an impure deposit in the sacred fountains of Christianity, thrown into them and mixed up with them, by the unclean hands of the Romish Popes and priests. Who or which of the primitive Christians, was ever known to pray to saints? Name him, Papists, and I will give you credit for the discovery. You contradict yourselves and some of your most fundamental doctrines in praying to saints. Even the Council of Trent, which you consider infallible, goes no farther than to say,—*"It is good and profitable to invoke the prayers of the saints."* And how do you, Popish priests, justify yourselves in imposing on your deluded people, the idolatrous practice of praying to saints? Answer the question yourselves. As I stated before, it is not my intention here, to enter into the merits or demerits of your form of confession. I shall confine myself, almost exclusively, to pointing out some of the fatal consequences to society, of introducing such a practice as that of auricular confession, amongst any people. The reader will pardon me, if I quote largely from Michellet, an admirable writer of the present day, and which cannot fail to be very satisfactory to the reader, from the fact, that he is a Roman Catholic and, of course, entitled to credit, as it is not to be presumed that any man will bear witness against himself or against the doctrines which he avowedly professes. The language of Michellet is beautiful, as the Protestant Quarterly Review expresses it He gives a graphic portraiture of a French wife. The reader will keep in mind that Michellet is a Frenchman, that he looks upon France as the world and that therefore his portraiture of a French wife, is a portraiture of any woman in the same position. The fact that Michellet's work is approved of by the Quarterly Review, of the American Protestant Association, is the highest encomium that can be passed upon it. The Review is edited by the Rev. Rufus Griswold, one of the most elegant, chaste and beautiful writers of the day, and whose commendation Michellet's work could not have, were it not eminently entitled to it We have few such writers among our American controversialists as the Rev. Mr. Griswold, and I know not that I am hazarding truth, when I say, that we have not a more patriotic citizen, a more accomplished scholar, nor a more humble and devoted Christian. I shall here quote from Mr. Griswold's translation of Michellet, page 287 of the Quarterly Review of the American Protestant Association.

"When I think of all that is contained in the words *confession, direction*,—those little words, that great power, the most complete in the world,—when I essay to analyze all that is in it,—I am alarmed. It appears to me that I am descending by an infinite spiral line, a deep and dark mine. I have had pity heretofore for the priest; now, I dread him. We must not be alarmed, we must look it in the face. Let us frame with simplicity the language of the confessor." The reader must suppose here, a priest sitting in the confessional with a young lady kneeling by his side, 2 whose lips almost press his. I know by experience, having often myself heard confessions, that this is the exact position of the parties. The lady is supposed, by Michelet—and he supposes so correctly—to be addressed by the priest in the following words. 'God hears thee; hears thee through me; by me God will reply to thee; but thou tremblest, thou darest not tell to this terrible God thy weak and childish acts.' (The reader will not forget here, that the young lady penitent and the priest are both young.) 'Well, then, tell them to thy father, a father has a right to know the secrets of his child,—an indulgent father who wishes to know them in order to absolve them. He is a sinner, like thyself; has he the right then to be severe? Come then, child, come and speak. That which thou hast never dared to whisper in thy mother's ear, tell me; who will ever know it?' Then, among sighs from the swelling, throbbing breast, the fatal word mounts the lips; it escapes and is concealed. He who has heard it has acquired a great advantage, which he will preserve. God grant that he does not abuse it He who has heard it—be careful—is not wood, the black oak of the old confessional; he is a man of flesh and blood. And this man now knows of this woman what the husband has never known in the long outpouring of the heart by night and day. That which a mother does not know—who believes that she knows her entirely, having held her so often naked on her knees—this man knows; he will know. Do not fear that he forgets; if the avowal is in good hands so much the better, for it is forever. She also knows well that she has a master over her inmost thoughts. She will never pass before that man without lowering her eyes. The day on which this mystery was made common, he was very near her; she felt his presence. Seated above her, he weighed her down by an invisible ascendancy. A magnetic force conquered her, for she did not wish to speak, and yet she spoke in spite of herself. She was fascinated, like the bird before the serpent.

Up to this point there was, perhaps, no art on the side of the priest. The force of things did all; that of the

religious institution and that of nature. As a priest he received her at his knees, at the listening box. Then, master of her secret, of her thought,—of the thought of a woman,—he was discovered himself to be a man; and without wishing it—without perhaps knowing it—he has placed on her, feeble and disarmed, the heavy hand of a man. And the family now! the husband! who will dare to say that his situation is the same as before? Every one who reflects, knows very well, that thought is, in a person, that which most controls him. The master of the thoughts is he to whom the person belongs. The priest holds the soul as soon as he has the dangerous gauge of the first secrets, and he will hold it faster and firmer. An entire division is made between the husband and wife, for now there are two; the one has the soul, the other the body. Note, that in this division, one of the two has everything; the other, if he keeps anything, keeps it by grace. Thought, from its very nature, is dominant, absorbing. The master of the thought, in the natural progress of his sway, will go on constantly subjecting the part which remains to the other.

It will be already much, if the husband, widowed of the soul, reserves the involuntary, inert, and dead possession.

Humiliating thing, only to obtain your own but by permission and indulgence! to be seen, followed into the most intimate intimacy, by an invisible witness, who regulates you, and assigns to you your part—to meet in the street a man who knows better than yourself your most secret acts and weakness,—who humbly salutes you, turns aside and laughs.

Who can read the above extract from Michelet on auricular confession, without fancying that it is nothing more than one of those effusions with which rich fancies like his frequently abound? Men unacquainted with anything but the ordinary business of life, cannot fancy, much less realize, truth in the above. Is there even a Roman Catholic to be found, who can realize or believe the fact, that while he supposes himself the only possessor of his wife,—that she is his own—heart and soul—whole and undivided, yet is not so? It is well perhaps for those who have the misfortune to be Roman Catholics themselves, or equally unfortunate in having Roman Catholic wives, that they have no idea of the influence which a Roman Catholic Confessor has over woman. Could any man live in happiness or enjoy the pure blessings of matrimony, if he knew that all the intimacies and secrets, which existed between him and his wife, were far better known to the priest to whom the wife confesses, than to himself? It is well then perhaps, after all, that while such reptiles as Popish confessors are allowed a place in society, that the secrets of the confessional should be confined to themselves alone.

But there is no untruth in the beautiful extract which I have taken from Michelet The picture which he gives is neither over-drawn or over-colored. The wife who goes to confession, is, in reality, more the wife of the priest than the wife of her married husband. Her soul is the priest's, her thoughts are the priest's, and the priest controls all her actions. How beautifully has Michelet expressed the priest's control over her "He has placed on her, feeble and disarmed, the heavy hand of a man."

Many instances of the influence which the priest exercises over married women in the confessional have come to my own knowledge, while I was a Popish confessor. The reader will bear with me while I relate one or two, from hundreds, which I have witnessed in the course of my life.

In the year 1822, and in the city of Philadelphia, an elegant carriage, with servants in livery, drove up to my door, in Fourth street, between Walnut and Spruce, where I then lived; and a lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, unceremoniously stepped up to my door and opened it without rapping, announcing herself a stranger who wished to see me on particular business. I knew, almost by intuition, what this particular business was. I asked no questions and of course received no answers. The lady, however, said she wanted to confess and get absolution. My duty was plain, I was a Popish priest But you have not the worst of it yet, reader; so far, there was nothing evil in the matter save the infatuation of the lady in believing that a man could forgive her sins, and my worse than infatuation and weakness in believing that I had such power. The substance of this confession was the following, which fully verifies the truth of Michelet's statement This lady had been in the habit of going to confession to a Popish bishop, who lived in a neighboring state, and frequently had criminal intercourse with him, going to his room whenever he directed her, under pretence of going to confession, though at the time she was a married woman. It will be asked why she came to me. The reason was this: her paramour being a bishop, was unwilling to have his crimes known to any priest in his own diocese, and directed her to come to another; and believing, as all Catholics do, that one priest can forgive sins as well as another, she selected me, as I was then comparatively a stranger in the country. But the worst of the tale is not told yet. That part of it which corroborates the statement of Michelet remains still to be heard.

Soon after the departure of this lady from my house, an English gentleman, with whom I had the pleasure of an acquaintance some years previously in London, and with whom I occasionally dined at a well-known and fashionable boarding-house, not far from my own house, called on me and insisted that I should dine with him that day, holding out as a particular inducement the pleasure of introducing me to a lady and gentleman of the highest respectability, whom I should meet at dinner. I accordingly went to dine; and the reader may imagine my surprise at finding the very identical lady who had been at confession with me a few hours before, and her husband—the respectable lady and gentleman to whom my friend promised an introduction. Respectable they truly were, as far as this world is capable of appreciating respectability; and happy they were also, to all appearance; but was not Michelet right in saying of a woman who goes to confession to a priest, "*She will never pass before that man without lowering her eyes?*" Could that lady pass before me without lowering her eyes? or could I, if hardened in the iniquitous practice of hearing confession much longer than I was then, pass that lady without lowering mine? Did I not, as Michelet expresses it, "hold the soul" of that lady? Did I not, were I iniquitously disposed, as her bishop was, hold her body also? But when I looked at the husband of this lady—the elegant, accomplished, and gentlemanly husband—when I reflected on his humiliating position—when I reflected that this elegant man was widowed, not only of the soul, but partly of the body, of his beautiful, and as I can easily fancy, once innocent and virtuous wife, by a Popish bishop in the confessional, I could almost have cursed the hour that gave me birth in a land of Popery. My very soul froze within me, and I almost regretted that God in his mercy had not made me something else than a being who could have broken the cords of that pure and unmingled love between that elegant man who sat before

me, and his once elegant and virtuous wife. Humiliating indeed, as Michelet said, must be the condition of that man whose wife goes to the confessional. When he walks the streets, he is met by the confessor of his wife, who, as Michelet properly says again, "salutes him humbly, turns aside, and laughs." O, how true this is! and would to God I could brand it upon the heart of every man whose wife goes to confession. Is it true that God lives? is it true that the earth moves? is it true that man has a soul? is it true that mind is not matter? is it true that the sun rises and sets? O! it is still more true, if possible, that there are such things as Popish priests—saints in appearance, but demons in practice,—who laugh at the ruin and division they have made between man and wife. I do not know that I was ever so lost to every feeling of honor, when a Romish priest, as, when I passed through the streets, to laugh at the husband whose wife was persuaded and fascinated away from him in the confessional; but I have often walked the streets with Romish priests, in Europe especially, where Popery predominates, and there is no sort of amusement upon those occasions which they enjoy more than calling each other's attention to some of their neighbors, as they pass along, and whispering into each other's ears, "Look at that gentleman; how fond he seems, of his wife. It was yesterday she was at the confessional with me; poor fool!" This chit-chat terminates in a hearty laugh, all at the expense of the husband. The reader, I trust, will not think me tedious, if I give him another instance of the evils of Popish confession. It will be borne in mind that the fact which I am about to state is not taken from history, though history abounds with similar cases. It is one within my own knowledge.

A short time previous to my coming to this country, and soon after my being installed as confessor in the Romish Church, I became intimately acquainted with a Popish family of great respectability. This family consisted of a widowed father and two daughters and never in my life have I met two more interesting young ladies than the daughters were. These ladies lived not far from the church where I officiated, and were frequently in the habit of going to mass to my church, and calling upon me when service was over, to take breakfast with them at their father's house. This custom of having young ladies call upon Roman Catholic clergymen to accompany them home to breakfast after mass is over, is very prevalent in Europe, among the most fashionable members of the Popish Church; it is particularly so in the city of——, where I then officiated, and where the melancholy circumstance which I am about to relate took place. The father of the two young ladies to whom I have alluded, was a gentleman of about the age of fifty-five, distinguished for his charity and benevolence. He was wealthy; and whenever any object which might advance the good of his fellow beings was suggested or proposed, he was among the first to advocate and support it. His influence and his money were never wanting, when either could promote the happiness of his fellow beings. It may easily be imagined that the daughters of such a gentleman were well educated and accomplished. It may also be supposed that their home, being a home of plenty and abundance, was one of peace, happiness, charity, and domestic love. It was truly so, when I had the honor of first knowing the family. But the serpent found its way into this little garden of happiness.

In less than two months after my first visit to this family, at their peaceful and hospitable breakfast table, I observed the chair which had been usually occupied by the elder of the two sisters, occupied by the younger, and that of the latter vacant I inquired the cause, and was informed by the father that he had just accompanied her to the coach which left that morning for Dublin, and that she went on a visit to the sister of the Rev. B. K. I, of course, made no further observations, but I suspected that something was wrong; I also knew full well, that whatever the cause was, I should learn the particulars of it in my capacity as confessor. As time advanced, I made the usual inquiries for this young lady, who was then only about eighteen years old. The answers were such as any one acquainted with the world might expect, and entirely satisfactory to all who knew nothing of the iniquitous practices encouraged and fostered in the Romish confessional.

I will here pass over an interval of about three months. A detail of the private occurrences in any particular family can have no general interest. At or about the expiration of that period, the younger sister complained of indisposition, and it was found necessary to send her also on a visit to Dublin.

Now the whole truth broke upon me at once. I knew there was foul play somewhere, and soon enough did the fact in all its particulars come to my ear. It seems that both the daughters of whom I have spoken, went to a school attached to the Ursuline Nunnery in the city of———. The confessor, whose duty it was to hear the confessions of the pupils of this institution, was one Rev. Mr. B. K., a friar of the Franciscan order, who, as soon as his plans were properly laid, and circumstances rendered matters ripe for execution, seduced the elder lady; and finding that the fact could no longer be concealed, arranged matters with a friend in Dublin, so that the victim of his iniquity might be concealed and privately supplied with all the usual attendants which her situation required.

She was confined at the house of his friend, and her illicit offspring given to the managers of the Foundling Hospital in Dublin.

But the most horrible part of the story remains yet to be told. No sooner was this elder lady provided for, than this incarnate demon, B. K., commenced the seduction of the younger lady. He succeeded, and ruined her, too. But there was no difficulty in providing for them; both became nuns. And here, you people of Massachusetts in particular, be it known to you, fathers and mothers, who have sent your daughters to be educated in the Ursuline Convent, Charlestown, Massachusetts—I mean that which you felt it your duty to pull down, a few years ago, and which was situated upon Mount Benedict—that both these nuns held high stations in the convent which you pulled down, and that at the very period of its destruction. Pools, "dolts, double dolts," as the Jesuit Rodin calls all who contribute to the support of Popish nunneries, are you not ashamed of yourselves? Are females who have been the prostitutes of priests in foreign countries, and who in nine cases out of ten continue to be so here, the only teachers competent to instruct your daughters? Are there no American ladies—no Protestant ladies—capable of teaching your children? Must American parents go to Europe, and take from the 546 purlieus of Popish convents, instructors for their children? A poor compliment to American Protestant ladies, and a sad commentary it is upon the total ignorance of American theologians respecting Popish morals in Europe.

Here we have a case in point This is not an old lie, as Popish priests and their supporters call all accusations against them; it is a new one, if a lie at all; it is one which I know myself, and can prove. I knew these nuns personally, before they came to this country. I was acquainted with them before they became

nuns. I saw them in the convent at Mount Benedict. They were great favorites of Bishop Fenwick.

They were spoken of by some of the first families in the city of Boston, as models of piety; and to my own knowledge, two or three young ladies—and these the daughters of New England Protestants—were counselled by their mothers to take particular notice of the manners of those two nuns in particular, and imitate them, as nearly as possible. Nor can any one be surprised or scandalized, if I acknowledge my weakness in stating that I could not resist an involuntary impulse to laugh at them "in my sleeve." Does Bishop Fenwick desire the names of these two nuns? It is true, they might be Magdalens, but "*credat Judeas Apella, sed non ego.*"

When these things are permitted in the very centre of New England—when they are permitted to exist in the enlightened city of Boston—the capitol of a State whose people, as a body, I may venture to say, are not equalled in the world, for intelligence and general information—what can save the people of the United States from corruption, and from gradually declining into its very depth? When the impure waters of Popery are permitted to flow into our lakes and fresh streams, must not all be contaminated, in time? Must not the atmosphere of our freedom be impregnated with immorality, disease, and final death? What, under these circumstances, can save us? God alone may do it He alone can do it, and he will do it; but we must ask him for his interposition; we must humbly pray that he would save us, for he has promised us nothing without asking for it And so sure as we ask him in a proper spirit, we shall receive. He has himself made us this promise—the word of the Great I AM is pledged—He will redeem it.

It is with great reluctance that I dwell any longer on these impure subjects, but a sense of duty compels me to do so. It is useless to do otherwise; "the impurities of Popery must be known;" they have been comparatively hidden in this country—they have been long buried in the *cells, pits, and caves*, of the Romish Church—they must be dug up, even if the whole superstructure of the nation should be undermined thereby; for what is a nation without morals? Who, if he had a house partly built, and only then discovered that the foundation was not a secure one,—who, I say, under these circumstances, would not arrest the progress of the workmen thereon, and order them to undo what they had already done? No prudent man would hesitate in such a case, even at the expense of levelling to the ground what he had already accomplished. And why should a nation act differently from an individual, in many circumstances, at least?

An eminent philosopher of olden times exclaimed, and not without much indignation, "*Quid leges sine moribus?*" and might we not say with equal propriety, *Quid republica sine moribus?* If our Republic, or any part of it, is based upon a hollow or unsafe foundation, or if there be any part of that foundation defective, or likely to give way, to the imminent danger of the superstructure, should not that defect be entirely removed? Undoubtedly; prudence and economy would require it; and when worldly prudence and all temporal concerns require such a course, should not the great moral interests of the country require it at the hands of the people as a duty, to lay their foundation on nothing but what is sound, and to allow no substance to be introduced into any portion of the superstructure, which may be in any way defective, or in any way endanger its permanency?

Popery now seems to form an ingredient, if not a part of our national structure of morals, and until that rotten and defective part is removed, the superstructure can never be raised with safety to its proper and legitimate height. This is the only consideration which induces me to dwell longer, or even so long as I have done, upon the obscene subject of auricular confession. All I have said on the subject might have been comprised within a more narrow space than I have allotted to it, and thus many disgusting sights might have been hidden from the eye of the reader. There are some, I am aware, who wish to hear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but even among those, I find many who, though they admit the truth of my statements, still contend that the cases I have stated are isolated, and endeavor to show that I draw general conclusions from particular premises. Even Popish priests admit—because they cannot do otherwise—that many of my statements cannot be questioned, but contend that though these may be true, it does not follow that Popish priests or nuns can, as a body, be accused of immorality. "*A particalari ad generate non valit conclusion*" say these profound logicians. But suppose I admit that thus far they are right, and that there are exceptions to the sweeping accusations which I have made against them as a body; does this prove any thing for them? Is the general rule or general principle to be denied because there are exceptions to either? Surely not; were there a thousand exceptions to a general rule; were there a million of exceptions, to one single and general principle, it would not falsify the rule itself, or invalidate the principle. Papists are doing much to justify their doctrines. That unfortunate Brownson, to whom I have alluded heretofore, is recognized by them as their apostle and the expounder of their faith in the United States; but the crowd of words which he uses in his discourses and lectures, in justification of Popery and on the morality of its priests and nuns, is too thick and too dense for a single idea, much less a single fact, to be dragged from it, and it so happens that he does more harm than good. Nor can it be otherwise; a net woven too thick is useless to the fishermen; a tree with too many leaves and blossoms seldom has any fruit, and is unproductive to the husbandman; so it is with the lectures and teachings of Papists and their apostle. They are made up of words meaning nothing, proving nothing, and in reality aiming at nothing but deception, which ultimately must fail, for we are told upon high authority, and every man's experience adds force to the saying, "truth must prevail."

It is therefore my duty to state facts generally true, no matter how numerous the exceptions may be. I therefore hesitate not to reiterate the general charge, that Popish priests and nuns are corrupt and immoral almost beyond conception.

I must ask the reader's indulgence once more. He will, I trust, not feel fatigued or impatient, while I relate to him another instance of immorality perpetrated by a Popish priest, and sanctioned, at least, by three of the most respectable Popish bishops in the United States, and by the whole body of an order of nuns in the United States, called *sisters of charity*. The case which I am about to relate is one which I give not upon hearsay, nor even upon the positive testimony of others; it is one within my own knowledge; I know the parties to this whole transaction; I have known them for years back; they are now living, and if Bishop Hughes or Fenwick has the least curiosity upon the subject, I will furnish him with the names of the principal actors in this tragedy.

Would that I could write so that what I write should become visible to the eye, and musical to the ear! O!

that I could only leave behind me a correct picture of what I have known of Popery! Could I scatter it before me, dash it around me, and fling it behind me—would Protestants aid me, so as to place it where no one could miss seeing it—Americans would shrink from it as they would from a frozen corpse.

But as I cannot do all that I should wish to do, and as Americans seem so wrapped up in their present wants as to care but little for their posterity, I must only do what I can under existing circumstances, and leave the event in the hands of Providence.

Soon after my arrival in Philadelphia, and just about the time that Papists disapproved of my endeavors to circulate the Bible among the poor, a Roman Catholic priest of the name of O. S. called on me, and showed me letters of recommendation which he had from Bishop T. of——, Ireland, and countersigned by the Roman. Catholic Bishop of New York, to Bishop England, of South Carolina, He stated to me that he was in want of money and clothing, and asked me to lend him fifty dollars and pay his passage to Charleston, South Carolina, assuring me that he would immediately remit me any amount that I might expend on his account, by the first opportunity. I took him with me to my tailor's and gave him an order for such clothes as he might want, amounting, cloak and all, to one hundred and ten dollars. From that I took him down to one of the packets which then ran betwixt Philadelphia and Charleston, and commanded, I think, by Captain Crofts; paid fifty dollars for his passage, and bespoke the kind attentions of the worthy Captain, who, I understood afterwards, left nothing undone to render the voyage as comfortable as possible. He arrived in Charleston in due time, and was well received by Bishop England, who, to do him justice, possessed many of the kindest feelings of the human heart, and exhibited through life one of the strangest mixtures of religion and infidelity, of charity and bigotry, of republicanism and toryism, of Christianity and idolatry, and of humility and intolerance, that perhaps ever existed in the Popish Church in this country. But, "*nihil de mortuis nisi bonum*" he and I have had some severe sparring at each other; we were friends in private, but enemies in public; he knew I was right, but was afraid to acknowledge it; he wished me well, but dared not avow it; he loved his mitre, but I despised it, and though I would cherish the head that wore it, I would kick in the dust the Popish gewgaw itself. But, "*adrem*" Bishop England, soon after the arrival of the priest O. S., advised him to enter on a *retreat*, in order to prepare himself for the mission on which he was about to send him. He did so; and after a due course of instruction upon the arduous and delicate duties of a confessor, he appointed him parish priest of——, in one of the Stales over which he, as he modestly termed it, had spiritual jurisdiction.

There lived in the parish to which this now Rev. confessor was appointed, a gentleman of respectability and wealth. Bishop England supplied this new missionary with strong letters of introduction to this gentleman, advising him to place his children under his charge, and assuring him that they should be brought up in the fear of God and love of religion. The family was large,—there were several daughters, some partly grown up, and others quite young. Those alone who know the joyous and happy life of a planter's family, in good circumstances, can form any adequate idea of the bliss and happiness that reigned among these children.

—— MISSING PAGES —— 553-554 ——

His conscience would not permit him to call upon me. I had just renounced the Pope of Rome as the beast spoken of in the scriptures. I was a heretic, and no good Popish Christian was permitted even to pay me my just debts. He passed on, and what, think you, Americans, were the fruits of his mission? He prevailed upon the eldest daughter of the respectable gentleman to whom he was introduced, to go to confession to him, and the next I heard of him was, that he had been seen passing at full speed, in a light sulky, through the village where I kept my office; and what, think you, was the cause of this speed? what drove him in such haste from his parochial residence? Do you not know reader? can you not anticipate? Has not the insight which I have given you into the immorality of Popish priests, already suggested to you that this individual was a fugitive from some crime, and that its avenger was in pursuit of him? It was so, reader.



This Reverend Popish wretch seduced the eldest daughter of his benefactor, and the father, becoming aware of the fact, armed himself with a case of pistols and determined to shoot the seducer. But there was in the house a good Catholic servant, who advised the seducer to fly. He did so, in the manner I have stated,

with the insulted father in full pursuit of him; but the fugitive was in time to take steam and thus eluded his pursuer. He soon arrived in Charleston, the Right Reverend Bishop understood his case, advised him to go to *confession*, *absolved him from his sin*, and having washed him white and immaculate as a snow-drop, sent him on to New York to preach *morality* to the Gothamites, who enjoy the superlative beatitude of being under the *spiritual jurisdiction* of Bishop Hughes.

But this is only the beginning of the tale, and distasteful as it must be to you, Right Reverend guardians of the morality of the Popish Church, you must sit still awhile. I am well aware of your impatience: you dislike control of any kind; so do all people of rude manners, narrow intellects, and sour tempers, such as all Popish bishops, with whom I have been acquainted, possess. One single happy recollection of the past, a single grateful feeling, has never elevated nor sweetened the life of a Popish bishop, as far as I have ever known; and it is perhaps requiring too much of you, my beloved brethren,—brethren you know we are, in spite of what heretics can do,—to ask you to sit down patiently and hear me out. You will have to do it though, and I trust it may be for your benefit hereafter.

As soon as your erring brother disgraced and debauched the daughter of an American citizen, and obtained remission for so doing from his ghostly father, in the confessional, his victim, after a little time, having given birth to a fine boy, goes to confession herself and sends her child of sin to the Sisters of Charity residing in ———, to be taken care of as '*nullius filius!*' As soon as this child was able to walk, a Roman Catholic lady, who knew the whole transaction, adopted the child as her own; and states now, as she has done all along, to her acquaintances, that it was a poor unknown orphan whom she found in the streets, without father or mother to claim it. But the very gist of the story is to come yet. The real mother of the child soon after removed to the city of ———, told the whole transaction in *confession*, to the Roman Catholic Bishop of ———, who, knowing that she had a handsome property, introduced her to a highly respectable Protestant gentleman, who soon after married her. Nor is this all the kind Bishop has done. He soon after introduced to this gentleman the sister of charity who had provided for the illicit offspring of this priest, concealing its parentage and representing it as having no father nor mother living. The gentleman was pleased with the boy,' and the holy Bishop finally prevailed upon him and his wife to adopt the child as their own. Here is a pretty specimen of Jesuitism! The boy is the child of a priest, the wife is the mother of the child, and the husband is the dupe of the Bishop, adopting as his own child that of a priest by his *own* wife. Here is a pretty specimen of a Jesuit web. Would that I had the talent of a Eugene Sue to unravel it and stretch it from one end of this country to the other. Look at the affair yourselves, Americans; examine it in all its atrocious bearings, from beginning to end, and say if you have ever heard or read of a more brutal outrage upon morality and domestic happiness. A Popish bishop sends one of his priests on a mission, with the ostensible view of converting American citizens from the evil of their ways, and the errors of their Protestant doctrines. Americans receive him hospitably; he selects from among them one of their most fascinating daughters; seduces her in the *confessional*, the *Infallible Church* makes provision for the illicit offspring of the seduction; the crime and the consequence are both concealed by the bishop. He induces a respectable man to marry this prostitute, and contrives, by the secret machinery of Popery, to dupe him still farther, by prevailing on him to adopt the offspring of his prostituted wife as his own son; and the whole of this is effected, at least so far as the adoption of the child is concerned, through the instrumentality of a *sister of charity* now living and residing in the city of ———. The mother knew at the time, that the child whom her deceived husband adopted as a destitute orphan was her own. The husband is now living, a worthy and respectable man, and the scoundrel priest, who brought sorrow into the house of his father-in-law and sent him prematurely to his grave, has been frequently a guest at his table.

Do Bishops Hughes and Fenwick desire the names of the parties to this tragic and villanous outrage upon American credulity? They are known to me personally. The seduction took place about eighteen years ago, and the Reverend Popish seducer has been, not long since, and perhaps is now, located somewhere in the vicinity of Worcester, Mass.

Dolts, double dolts, as the Jesuit Rodin, of Eugene Sue notoriety, observed of all who are the dupes of Papists,—how long will you permit yourselves to be the dupes of Popish priests and Jesuits? You are now building a college—aye, a *Jesuit college*—in the very centre of New England,—Worcester, Mass. You do not wish, I presume, that the race of Jesuits should be extinct amongst you; and if you cannot obtain them otherwise than by importation, you are naturally fearful that such may be the case; hence it is, perhaps, that you are liberally contributing your money to build colleges for the education of priests, and schools for *sisters of Charity*. Your great anxiety for encouraging domestic manufactures might have influenced you in this respect, and you may rest assured—or even take my word for it—that as long as you have Popish colleges and Popish nunneries side by side, your semi-annual dividends of Jesuits and nuns, amongst the States of the Union, will be entirely satisfactory to you. But, to be serious, if Popery be studied as it should be by Americans, it will prove a useful lesson to the rising generation.

For twenty years this country has been more imposed upon than any other, for the same length of time, by Popish priestcraft; so much so that the people are now become accustomed to the repetition of their enormous frauds, and are no longer surprised at them. I confess that it is the gross impostures which I saw practised upon Americans, that first prompted me to expose them. I have tried, and am now trying, to give some rational account of the extraordinary phenomenon that Popery should predominate among a people almost proverbial for their intelligence and inquiring disposition. I thought, and do now think, that nothing can be more acceptable and valuable to Americans, than a well-authenticated statement of some of the practices adopted by Papists to impose upon the Protestants of this country; nor did I see any other manner of removing the almost national insanity of our citizens, in relation to the Romish Church, than by laying before them facts and acts, to many of which I have been myself an eye-witness. How American Protestants could continue for any length of time—even for a month or week—ignorant of the schemes of the Church of Rome, or her de* signs for the overthrow of this republic, has often been to me a matter of no little surprise; it can only be accounted for by a supposition almost as extravagant, viz., that Popery has never been properly studied by Americans. I have proposed all along, and I now repeat the proposal to Americans, to accompany me in the study of Popery. If the Romish Church be studied as it ought to be, by the young and the old of our citizens, it will prove a useful lesson to the present and coming generations,—but that lesson must be studied

well. It must not be run over carelessly; its elements must be examined in order to understand the whole machinery of Popery; the whole plan of it must be remodelled; and in order to effect this, it must be taken to pieces, and every piece carefully and separately examined. It has been long hidden from the public eye; it has been along time considered a treasure exclusively belonging to the Popish priests. They have buried it for safe keeping in the dark and dreary vaults of corrupt Rome. These vaults must be opened, the gilded columns with which they are surrounded must be torn down, and all must be laid bare to the naked eye. The divine laws or systems of morality, intended for the government of man, should be always open to his inspection, and nothing short of the steady effort of our people can effect this or rescue ourselves or our country from the evils with which we are now threatened by the machinations of the Popish Church. The crimes and immoralities of Romish priests have long been crying to heaven for vengeance; they now cry for it from every quarter of the globe. I have said that they have been crying for vengeance, for centuries back. I have proved the fact to the satisfaction of any man who is not wilfully blind to truth. But I shall not rest here; I will give you other proofs. Cardinal Campaggio, who was sent to England to arrange the divorce of Queen Catharine, informs us—every English historian knows this fact—"that a priest, who marries, commits a greater sin than if he kept many concubines." Here is a specimen of pure Popish morality, promulgated by a Cardinal, a man next in office to the Pope himself with the full sanction of the said Pope, and the whole conclave of Cardinals of which he was a member; and yet the religion of this man, and that of Bishop Hughes, and Bishop Fenwick, is the very religion which Americans are now endeavoring to introduce into this country, and fasten upon the souls and consciences of our people.

Let us now see what St Bernard says,—and here I entreat the reader, to keep in mind the fact, that St Bernard lived between the sixth and sixteenth centuries; that very time, at which the Popish Church in the United States tells us, through its apostle Brownson, that it displayed a remarkable degree of activity. St Bernard lived in the twelfth century, and as Bishop Hughes, Bishop Fenwick, and their mouthpiece, the infidel Brownson, inform us, was one of the greatest and best men of the age. There was no appeal, in his day, from the opinion of St. Bernard; he was looked up to by the whole Romish Church, as a model for the imitation of the Romish clergy, and it is not at all likely that he would calumniate, traduce, or do any injustice to a body of men of which he was himself a member. What does St Bernard say of the priests of his day? Hear it, Americans! hear it, you sympathisers! you who can scarcely read my accusations against the priests of the United States. Listen! all you who bow the knee, and kiss the hands, the rings, the robes and the other gewgaws worn by these angels, Hughes and Fenwick; listen! all of you, to what St. Bernard says. "Priests commit such acts of turpitude in secret as it would be scandalous to express." Chamancis, a Romish priest and an orthodox writer, well known to Bishops Hughes and Fenwick—if they know any thing besides political intriguing—declares, and calls the attention of his readers to the fact, that the *adultery, impiety, and obscenity of priests* [Romish] is beyond description, "They crowd," says he, "into houses of ill fame; in gambling and in dancing, they are seen to pass from the company of infamous women, from the altar to the mass. To veil a woman in these convents," continues Chamancis, "is synonymous with prostituting her," *This distinguished writer, and virtuous reprover of the Popish priesthood, died about the middle of the fourteenth century, just at the period when, according to Popish writers in the United States, Popery flourished in all its glory. Mezerey, a French historian, and as good authority as Papists can desire, he being a Papist himself, assures us, that before the English Reformation, the whole body of the Romish priesthood were fornicators.*

What say the sympathisers of Popery to this? Has Mezerey told an old lie? Has Chamancis told an old lie in telling us that it was a common practice in Popish countries, for Catholic bishops and priests to pass from houses of ill fame, and from the company of infamous women, to the altar and to the mass.

This will not be believed in the United States. "There is not a word of truth in it," says the professed infidel. "I will not believe a word of it," says the busy Puseyite, Prude; "it cannot be that the dear priests would be guilty of such things." I will frankly confess that it is difficult to believe statements so entirely abhorrent to human nature as those given by Popish priests against their own brethren, and I will not deny, that it took me a long time, before I could yield more than a reluctant assent to many of them; nor did I ever fully give them sanction until I had made a personal examination into their truth. But, now that I have made that examination, I declare most solemnly, upon the honor of a man, that, as Chamancis expresses it, it is a common practice for priests, in all the Roman Catholic countries in which I have been, to go direct from houses of ill fame to the altar and to the mass. This I have seen and witnessed myself.

But it will be asked, "how do you know? you must have been in those places yourself." I plead guilty to the charge, if charge the enemy of morality will make of it. While in the cities of Mexico and Havana, about two years ago, at considerable personal expense, I visited many of the dens frequented by Popish priests, especially in, the city of Mexico. I went there for the benefit and better information of my fellow beings. I did not then, neither do I now, accuse myself of any violation of the first principles of morality; I believe, on the contrary, that I am entitled to some degree of commendation from my Protestant fellow citizens, for the efforts which I have made, in Mexico and Havana, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of those complaints which we daily hear against the immoralities of Popish bishops, priests, and nuns. How many have we seen plunging themselves into the midst of disease, contagion, and death, for the good of their fellow beings, and for the sole purpose of advancing the science of medicine! and is nothing to be done, or shall nothing be done for the science of morals? Must we stand and fold our arms while the malaria of Popery is stalking all over our land, carrying death and disease with it wherever it goes? Paralyzed be that arm which would fold itself in such a case!

I have often seen men who were ornaments to society, who were the pride, the comfort, and perhaps the sole support of their wives and children, whom they loved and almost adored, plunging themselves into the midst of yellow fever, or perhaps Asiatic Cholera, for the benefit of mankind and almost at the certain peril of their own lives; and shall a man who loves religion and the cause of morals, do nothing to exalt, to glorify the great cause of salvation? shall he not risk something, to confirm the statements which are crowding upon us day after day, in relation to the immorality of Popish priests?

During my residence in Mexico, the following circumstance occurred, to my own knowledge: an English gentleman, then, and I believe now residing in Mexico, met me by appointment, at my hotel, soon after dusk

in the evening. The object of his calling upon me was to comply with a request, which I had previously made, that he would accompany me to one of the most fashionable houses of ill fame and gambling, where he knew the higher orders and dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church were in the habit of visiting, and making assignations, with the wives and daughters of the members of their respective congregations. He stated that an entrance to the house where he was going to carry me would cost me a doubloon, and that if I wished to become thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of the place and obtain access to it in future, I should spend two or three more doubloons at the game of Monte, a favorite game of priests and women of loose habits in Mexico. Chamancis immediately occurred to me; I recollected the account which he had given of the priests of the Romish Church. Here was an opportunity of testing the accuracy of his statements; here was a chance of knowing, from the testimony of my own senses, whether Popish priests were or were not the incarnate demons which he and others represented them to be; and I determined to avail myself of an opportunity which might never again occur. Accordingly I accompanied my friend, and, by his advice, took notes of the transactions of that evening of my life. It will not be expected, I presume, that I should give here, a transcript of those notes; it would be improper to do so; delicacy forbids it; it probably might do more harm than good. There is such a thing as driving a screw too far; it may be forced so as to split the timber it was designed to secure. I shall avoid this, if possible, but there is a circumstance which it is my duty to mention, and which shows in a clearer light than any other I could adduce, the utter degradation, and worse than idolatry, of those unfortunate beings who are strictly educated in the practices of Popery, but particularly in Popish confession.

Let the reader fancy to himself one of the most splendid residences in the city of Mexico; let him further place himself in imagination in a gorgeously furnished suit of rooms, occupied by a number of the most lascivious-looking females, most of them wearing veils. Let him further fancy a Romish priest entering those rooms, and one of those women advancing to meet him, and then prostrating herself on her knees to ask his blessing and kiss the hem of his garment. Let him further fancy this debased wretch of a priest imparting his blessing to this daughter of sin and error, and he will form a better idea of the immorality of Popish priests, and the incalculable evils which, under the mask of sanctity, they are capable of doing, than it is in my power to give him. Let the reader, if he will, fill up the space between the entrance of this solemn-looking villain into the synagogue of Satan, and his departure from it, and then say whether Chamancis exaggerated the enormities of those sins and hidden crimes committed and sanctioned by Popish priests. I kept my eye upon one of those priests, from the moment he entered this house of ill fame until twelve o'clock at night. At the moment the clock struck twelve, he and I were drinking champagne, and I sat with him from that until four o'clock in the morning, when I accompanied him to mass. He had no idea of my being a Protestant; and believing me to be a Roman Catholic, all restraint was laid aside, and thus I enjoyed the sorrowful pleasure, if I may so say, of witnessing Popery in "*puris naturalibus*." Revolting and repugnant as the scene which I witnessed appeared to me, there was still something in it which struck at my heart a heavier blow than that which met my eye. Ignorance—Popish ignorance—was at the bottom of all this. What but ignorance—ignorance of her rights—of nature's rights—ignorance of all that tends to elevate nature, could induce those women to go and prostrate themselves before a common partner in their guilt, and ask his blessing? Oh! the sceptre which Popish ignorance sways over mankind is an iron sceptre. Popery sways it over some of the finest regions inhabited by man. Witness-Mexico. Under its icy influence there can arise no generous, no daring spirit of adventure in the cause of God; subjection and fear soon become the predominant passions of humanity; all the noble faculties of man are chilled and frozen. Robe ignorance in purple, as it is in the Romish Church, and everything must wither before its march; there can be no contemplative delights or pleasures where Popery rules. There can be nothing pure, nothing intellectual, to raise man from the mire of sensuality to any degree of excellence, dignity, or honor; all must be reduced to that state in which we now find the people and priests in Mexico. Without knowledge or the means of obtaining it, the mind of man necessarily falls into a state of weakness and imbecility. Education, and that the education of the Bible, is to the mind of man what food is to the body. Have you ever observed, reader, that a mind destitute of a Bible education invariably acquires a sort of low cunning? It is intent upon no higher purpose than something mean and selfish. Is it not so in the whole population of Mexico? and I ask the candid historian if it is not so in every country where Popery prevails?

A degradation of the understanding, and an ignorance like that which we now see in Mexico, among the poor Irish, and among the poor of all Catholic countries, is in all cases accompanied by what is worse than ignorance, if possible,—great wickedness and depravity of heart. They are not able in Mexico, or in those other countries under Popish sway, to occupy themselves in the energies of thought, in honorable action, in refined manners and conversation, in trade, in learning, in national improvements, in navigation, manufactures, canals, and railroads. No; the very reverse is the fact I appeal to history to sustain the assertion. The dupes of Popery in Mexico, Spain, Ireland, Italy, and elsewhere, are engaged in mischievous trifles, wanton habits, and wickedness, which render them the most useless and troublesome citizens in the whole circle of society.

Fallen indeed they are, from what they ought to be. Who can recognize—notwithstanding their external configuration—in the Papists of the present day, their lineal descent from the Egyptians, Grecians, Romans, and Maletians,—the glory of their times, the instructors of the world, and the benefactors of humanity. God stamped his image upon these men. He stamped it upon every created being at the hour of his birth. He created man in little less than the angels; but the glorious image seems obliterated; the divine stamp seems to have been broken, and man can scarcely now be known by his resemblance to his Maker. Popery, that curse of the earth, that scourge of mankind, that source of moral evil and fountain of death and sin, has been allowed to flow in upon us, and thus the great land-marks of humanity have been removed,—the divine stamp almost ceases to be visible.

Popery has in its spirit something malignant, something hateful and hostile to all who profess a different creed. All acquainted with the history of Popery, can bear testimony to the fact that there is an undying hope and wish in the mind of all Catholics, that the Protestant religion should be entirely extirpated. There may be, and there undoubtedly are, exceptions to this rule; so there are to every other rule; but there is no denying the general truth, that the extirpation of the Protestant religion, and of the whole Protestant race, together

with the confiscation of Protestant property, and the overthrow of all Protestant governments, are among the fondest hopes of the Popish Church. This cannot be disguised, at least from those who have been educated in the doctrines of the Popish church. Many Catholics there are, I admit, who would be glad, and who even endeavor to disguise this from themselves; but they cannot do it; it is a truth as well established as any other; it is as plain as the sun in the heavens, however they may try to conceal it. This, like other truths, will be denied in the United States; but it is perfectly useless to conceal the fact from our people. Watch the progress of Popery in a neighboring country; see the efforts which O'Connell is making in Ireland, under the immediate sanction of the Pope of Rome, to overthrow the Protestant government of England, and to reduce that country to obedience to the court of Rome; look at the proceedings of the bishops of the Romish Church in this country, and ask yourselves what they are aiming at. "Ireland for the Irish," says O'Connell, the Pope's agent at the other side of the Channel. "Americans shant rule us," say the Pope's agents in the United States. Can language be plainer than this? Can treason be expressed in stronger or more emphatic language? O'Connell means Ireland for the Pope. Bishop Hughes of New York, and the other Popish agents in this country, clearly mean, and wish to be understood so—the United States for the Pope. I ask any man whether the language of O'Connell and the Pope's agents in this country, is even susceptible of any other interpretation? What meaning can we attach to the words of Bishop Hughes, who is the Pope's organ in the Empire State of New York, except that which is plain and obvious—Americans shant rule us. Who, then, does this Popish agent want to rule them? Obviously the Pope of Rome. I can scarcely suppose him or his brother bishops subject to such lunacy as to fancy for a moment that he could bring this great nation into subjection to the Pope of Rome; but must we not admit, at the same time, that his language, and the entire political course of his Popish brethren, during the last year or two, have looked very much like it. Have not Papists all over the world, during the last few years, assumed a more daring and menacing attitude? Have not their language and measures, even in this country, become more turbulent and insurrectional? Let Americans ponder well upon this. It is not long since O'Connell, the Pope's mouth-piece for this country, as well as Ireland, addressed the deluded Irish in the following language; and remember, Americans, that I tell you Bishop Hughes of New York, and every other Popish bishop in the United States, will soon make use of similar words to their respective flocks in this country: "Force and violence are not to be used. If the time for using them were to come, there is one here will tell you that the time has come." You will also recollect, Americans, that I tell you that they will receive for answer that which the Pope's agent received in Ireland—"we will follow" Popish bishops and priests will preach peace to their people, but let not Americans forget that they have confessionals, where they can infuse into their minds the poison of rebellion and treason. When a Popish bishop preaches peace, he means it not; he means war to the knife with heretics and heresy. Robespierre, shortly before the French Revolution, delivered a series of lectures against capital punishment; and sooner should I trust him for sincerity, than I would a Popish priest when he cries peace with heretics. That blood-thirsty and sanguinary villain, Robespierre, exhorted his followers not to confiscate the property of those who might be found guilty of opposition to the people; but much safer should I consider the property or estate of him who incurred the displeasure of Robespierre, than I should that of an American Protestant citizen who fell into the hands of the Pope's agent and executioner in the United States.

Murat, a character well known to the readers of the history of the French Revolution, lectured loudly against capital punishment; but what was his conduct? He consigned more to the guillotine than any other man in France. His hands were stained with blood; but bloody as his hands were, and thirsty for more blood as his heart was, much sooner would I have trusted myself to him, and much safer should a Protestant feel himself in such hands, than in those of a Popish bishop or priest. But it is not my present purpose to expatiate upon the cruelties of Popery; I will only state incidentally that the Protestant citizens of this country have much to fear from the influx of Papists amongst them, not only in a moral, but a political point of view. Nearly the whole body of Irish Roman Catholics have resolved to migrate to this country. They will do so, if that treacherous disturber of their peace and happiness, Daniel O'Connell, does not succeed in overthrowing the Protestant government in England. Extensive preparations are already being made in this country for their reception, together with their leader, if they can effect his escape from the gallows. The Catholic population of Ireland is at present 6,620,000. This immense body are united, to a man, in that abominable belief. *Heretici destraindi sunt*. This is a fundamental article of Popish faith.

No faith is to be kept with heretics. It is firmly believed by the six millions and upward of Irish Roman Catholics, that the Pope is the lawful head of their church. Disguise this as they may, entangle it as they can, in Popish sophistry, the fact is not the less true. Assuming it to be so, Americans can easily fancy the inevitable danger of admitting Catholics among them without strong and safe restrictions.

Many there are, and those, too, men of great moral worth, who do not deem it necessary or proper to impose any restrictions whatever on the admission of Papists amongst us; they seem to think, and maintain their opinion with some show of reason, that Popery may now, as in former times, prove advantageous to society. These philanthropists evidently mistake Popery for Christianity. I have had occasionally many interesting conversations with some of my fellow citizens, on the subject, and have found that not a few of them have taken up the strange idea, that because Popery, or rather Christianity, was greatly instrumental in checking the first inroads of martial power and barbarity upon civil society and Christian peace, its progress in this country, comparatively new, must be accompanied by similar blessings. Papists frequently and tauntingly ask Protestants "Where would be your Bible, were it not for our Church?" and let it be understood, that they invariably mean, by our Church, the Church of Christ. Many of the poor followers of the Pope are sincere in asking this question; and so totally ignorant are they of the very elements of Christianity, that they really believe the Bible could not exist, if their church were overthrown.

It is questioned by statesmen, and by many political philosophers, whether it is good policy to disturb this delusion. European statesmen contend that it is not, and it is much to be regretted that many of our American statesmen seem to incline to the same opinion. The French philosophers—at least their political philosophers—seem all of one mind upon the subject, and contend, with great plausibility, that opinions which have stood the test of time for a given number of years, had better be left undisturbed.

Many have gone even so far as to say that "ignorance is bliss;" but this sentiment, and such philosophy, is too stale for the present generation. It has had its day; Popery lent to it its powerful aid in the middle ages,

and bitter indeed were its fruits. The Popish church, too, has had its day; so had the Jewish church, and much is due to both for the good which they have done. Many in both those churches, and during their respective influence, could see no farther than that "ignorance was bliss" to the savage hordes who first formed the nucleus of social and civil society. Did they know in their savage state the extent of their animal power, without mind to direct its force and capability of evil, the consequences would be, not social order or distributive justice, but universal chaos and general confusion. Ignorance may be said to have been bliss to these unlettered hordes and savages; science and literature, had they blazed upon them in their full noon brilliancy, would not have been appreciated by them, they would only have dazzled and confounded them still more. It would be dangerous to place within the reach of a thirsty savage a bowl of Prussic acid; he might drain to the dregs the fatal poison, and thus that which, in the hands of science, might have been useful and legitimate, would become the instrument of death.

It would be unsafe to place a lighted torch in the hand of a sportive child, and send him to play with it in a powder magazine; the consequence might be death to him and to all around him. It was probably so at one time with science and learning. It was perhaps, in a great measure, bliss to be without them, until the human mind was prepared to make a proper use of both; it is so even in the animal and vegetable world, and why should it not be so in the world of mind and thought? Who, for instance, would place on a horse a harness which youth and want of exercise did not enable it to carry? Who would sow wheat in a soil unprepared to receive it? No prudent man would do either; and certainly much credit is due to those early Christians, and even to Jews and Papists, for what they have done, and for anything they have effected in preparing the minds, especially those of northern barbarians, for the reception of the sciences, but particularly the glorious science of the Christian religion, with all its saving truths and holy principles.

Infinite indeed are the obligations under which our ancestors have placed us, in opening our minds and preparing them for the reception of so many moral and scientific truths; and if the Popish church has contributed in any measure to this, I am as willing to thank her and give her full credit for all she has done, as the most hypocritical Jesuit that ever lived, or the most liberal Christian that practically denies human depravity. But are there no more truths to be evolved, ether in moral or civil science, than those which have seen open to our view in the infancy of the Romish church, and for which I, for one, am willing to give her credit in all that she has done? Were there not many sources opened, even in the days of the glories of the Jewish Church, and Romish Church, too, which have been closed up, and must remain closed forever? Was not the Jewish religion, when it first dawned upon that devoted people, like the early beams of some fresh morning, fragrant and cheering to the captive in his cell? But that religion has passed away. It was glorious in its time; but does it follow, did it follow, or can it follow, that we should now embrace it? Must we hug the shadow, when the substance ceases to exist?

The outward form of the Romish church was once attractive and beautiful in the extreme; its gorgeous ceremonies, its high masses, the vestments of its priests, its music, its processions, its indulgences, its semi-pagan, or rather worse than pagan, idolatries, had in them much that was imposing, and well suited to their times; they were calculated to overawe northern barbarians,—then the enemies of Christianity and of civil rights. The Church of Rome did much to prevent the few among these barbarians from trampling to the dust the rights of their serfs, who constituted a vast majority of the people, and for this I am as willing as any other to give her credit; but the Church of Rome has done her work long since; her days of glory are numbered—her sun has long since set—not in triumph, but in blood—not in victory, but in death.

But Popery seems now to be gathering up her energies—at least she is endeavoring to do so—and looks upon this new country as a proper field to make the experiment; and there are serious doubts upon the minds of some, whether she will not succeed, at least in a measure, in partially re-establishing her ancient power in this new country. She is disposed to struggle hard for it Already has the tocsin of war been sounded along her lines—her recruiting officers are abroad—she has her depots here and there and everywhere—her paymasters and spiritual recruiting sergeants are to be met with at all points. Go to the woods of Oregon,—travel along its meandering and fertilizing streams,—and you will find them there, preaching freedom, liberty of conscience, and equal rights. Go into the swamps of Texas, and you find them there, too, advocating civil rights, liberty of conscience, and perpetual slavery. In Oregon and New England we find Papists shouting O'Connell, the Pope, and the abolition of slavery. In the Southern States of the Union and in Texas, they hurrah for slavery—slavery not for a day, for a year, or a term of years—but forever! In the Northern States they brand the slaveholders with the epithets—robbers, slave-breeders, and stealers of men. In the South and in Texas, they denounce the Northerners as fanatics, pirates, and sons of pirates. How long Americans will tolerate these wolves in sheep's clothing among them, it is difficult to say; but one thing I fear is certain, that as long as they have oats, and Americans countenance among them Barn-burners, But-Enderst Repealers, and Empire Clubs, under the popular name of Democrats, the evil to which I allude will continue.

It is said that Popery is on the increase in the United States, and there are not wanting some arguments to prove it. But though I have taken some pains, and perhaps as much as any other man in the country, to ascertain the truth of this assertion, I am still unconvinced on the subject It is also asserted that Popery is on the increase all over the world, and must continue to increase. Upon this, too, I have doubts; I even believe that the contrary is the fact.

If by the increase of Popery is meant the number of square miles, or the extent of country which they own or occupy, it may be said, with some propriety, that if Popery is not advancing, it is not retrograding; but if by the increase of Popery is meant that its creed and idolatrous doctrines are gaining ground, I flatly deny the assertion. As another expresses it, a system that degrades can never advance. And that the doctrines of the Church of Rome do degrade, I think I have already proved. The Romish Church and its doctrines have crushed the spirit, and deadened the life of every country, and every people, that ever believed or maintained it; and shall our free spirits and bold intellects, in the nineteenth century, be broken and bowed down like those in Popish countries? It can never be. But this is not the question, exactly. The question is, or ought to be, Is the Popish religion on the increase? Does it gain upon the Protestant religion, or is it going ahead of it, as some even in these United States will have it? This question can be easily answered; and for that answer, which I am about to give, I acknowledge myself much indebted to an anonymous but elegant writer in the

Protestant Quarterly Review for the month of January, 1846. "Ask yourselves which religion,—Protestant or Popish,—will spread widest in an age of science and knowledge—which is best fitted to the growth of the human mind? In all Protestant countries, wealth, intelligence, and a high civilization! are everywhere seen; in all Catholic countries, dead-ness and decay rest upon everything which nature made beautiful. Under Protestantism, every department of science has made rapid progress. The very spirit of freedom breathes through the Newtonian and Baconian philosophy. Everywhere, from the harsh, barren soil of northern nations, sprang up life and light England, Scotland, Prussia, in men of strong intellect, are superior to any of the older nations, in any preceding age. Mathematics, natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, commerce, agriculture, legislation—the whole extent of modern civilization—date from the Reformation, and exist only in Protestant countries. And those nations of Europe which caught but a glimmer of liberal opinions, but which in the Catholic or Popish reaction were again subjected to Rome, are far in advance of those countries, beautiful as they are, in the South of Europe, which never saw Protestantism. A single glance into the history of modern science, literature, and politics, will fully convince any candid mind of this. The entire spirit of northern institutions, their great progress, their growing intelligence, are all owing to Protestantism. They date their birth from it, they are thoroughly imbued with its spirit, they must live still in its spirit Firm governments and wise laws; just and liberal rulers; free and intelligent people; nobler views of man; nobler views of God; more knowledge; more liberty; more faith;—these have the genius of Protestantism imparted, and in their ever-growing life it will live. How different from this is the condition of the old Catholic States! The noble palaces of Italy are deserted; banditti infest the beautiful shores of Campania. The Dantes, the Petrarchs, the Tassos, are gone forever. The poetry, the chivalry, the bright southern romance, the fiery southern valor, have passed away; miserable want and beggary, vagabond recklessness, and sullen, obstinate, threadbare pride, are the remains of fair Italy. Ireland with her poetry and merriment is silent and desponding; her laughter has mournfully died away; her sweet melodies, equally beautiful, whether sung sadly or gaily, are chanted by lips quivering with emotion and parched by hunger and thirst Popery has degraded and saddened her very soul.

"Austria, tyrannous and bigoted,—an enemy to all freedom, whether of thought or action,—with her degrading institutions, and decaying principles, is rather worse than poor Ireland. It is better to die than to kill Spain, the birth-place of Loyola; the valiant opponent of the crescent and turban, for near eight hundred years; the land of brave knights and fair ladies; of song and dance; of literature, refinement, and elegant culture,—is wretched indeed. Squalid, seditious, fiercely proud and cruel, it now excites little compassion, still less of hate or fear.

"How are we to account for this immeasurable difference between the realms of Protestantism and those of Catholicism? Are the Italians inferior by nature to the Scotsmen, or the Spanish to the Danes? We cannot admit this; all history and philosophy disprove it. Yet now, in their degradation, they can scarcely appreciate their ancient grandeur; while the heavy nations of the north, have suddenly leaped far beyond their utmost limit The only cause which can be assigned for this, is the vast difference in the genius of the two religious influences: Catholicism has blighted, Protestantism has advanced and strengthened. Can this ever be undone? Has all modern science been preaching a lie? Have the last three centuries been pushing forward in the face of truth, and acting out the lie? Can the onward sweep of civilization be retarded? and must the work pause, and wait till the huge car of Rome can rumble slowly up and bear it onward into the caves of night again? Forbid it Heaven, I cannot believe it."

But the Papist will say, "it is evident, from the recent course of events in France, Spain, Italy, Ireland, nay, to some extent, in the United States, that Popery is gaining ground and making extraordinary efforts to insure ultimate success." Be it so. Even admitting that they are attempting and strenuously trying to advance, that does not insure victory or final success, There are two broad and undeniable facts, which forbid this result. One is, that from the beginning of the world to the present hour, man has steadily advanced in progressive intelligence; and the other is, that the roman mind has never been known to run backwards. Papists will say, and it is now said from their pulpits, in these United States, "that Popery can accommodate, and will suit itself to the advancing acquirements of man, and finally conform to our free institutions." Let us look at this question, and fairly examine its truth or falsehood. Upon a correct understanding of this subject, and upon it alone, can be founded a correct estimate or view of the ultimate fate of Popery in the United States. I flatter myself that I have proved, to the satisfaction of all Americans who have done me the honor of reading my books, that Popery has not changed in its doctrine or discipline; or, that if any change has been effected in either, it is decidedly for the worse. A recent French writer, well known to the readers of history—La Mennais—has tested the doctrines of Popery by the principles of intellectual advancement. He proved that Popery and civil rights were incompatible with each other, and could not co-exist under any government nor under any form or state of society. No argument could be more beautiful, more eloquent, or more convincing, than that by which he demonstrated to the world that human liberty and Christian liberty are antagonistic to Popery. He required no more from the Church of Rome than to conform to the simple principles of Christian freedom. His works are now extant, and I believe are to be had in all well furnished libraries in the United States. They can be seen and read by our fellow citizens, and they will find in perusing them that what I state is correct The writings of La Mennais soon came to the ears of the Pope and his Inquisitors, and they were not long in discovering that if the principles contended for by La Mennais were admitted, the Popish Church must fall. There was no medium; either that, or every other doctrine must be denied, and all arguments in favor of the civil rights of man had no foundation in fact. How did his Holiness, the Pope, act on this occasion? I do not allude here, to any Pope of ancient times, I allude to the Pope who now lives, and presides over the Infallible Church. He cursed La Mennais; he damned him and his writings. He insisted that La Mennais should write no more on the subject, and I blush for the honor of humanity, of mind, of talents, of genius, and liberty of thought, to state that La Mennais submitted to this tyrant Pope, and that only the other day, in 1833, though he declared to his friends, that, while he bowed to the Pope's, supremacy, he felt that he was putting his name to the blasphemous admission that the Pope was God.

The Popish bishops of this country have the hardihood to say, that Popery is the friend and advocate of pure democracy, and that miserable tool of theirs, Brownson, says amen. They depute him to lecture upon this subject in almost all the large cities throughout the Union. He may do some injury to the morals of our

people, but his reign cannot be of long duration; such is the character of the man, that whatever he says cannot fructify. He is, among our fellow citizens, what the ant is among a heap of corn; it takes it to its winter store house to feed itself alone, but whoever will carefully examine the grain or corn which it takes from others, will find that it has no bud; it destroys that, and thus selfishly and mischievously prevents 25* the grain from fructifying and enlarging. Brownson takes with him, and appropriates to himself, many plausible arguments from the works of eminent men, but the slightest contact, on his part, with the purest characters, is sufficient to destroy their vitality. If he were even to carry with him into the pulpit, the soundest principles of morality, his very presence, and past infidel life, would destroy their force; and a correct examination of them would show the Christian who might examine them, that they had no bud or vital principle within them and could produce no fruit. It is said that some men come into this world with two left hands, two crooked eyes, a good deal of brains, and little or no organization of its faculties. Brownson is one of those characters. He has two left hands, and was never known to do anything right; whatever he touches he is sure to despoil and disfigure. Both his eyes are crooked; he has never yet been known to see anything straight; so crooked are they, that he sees things only through the eyes of others. Hence it is, perhaps, that he never writes anything which is his own, but upon all subjects gives us the views of others, and as no two think alike, in general, Brownson's writings invariably contradict themselves. Add to this that great defect of order in his brain, and we cannot apprehend that his lectures will do much permanent injury. This Brownson has appeared to me, during the short time I have been noticing his movements and opinions, to be, in reality, a shallow-pated bombastic pretender to science and literature. He seems to know books just as some people know great men, they only learn their names, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance with them. He talks very fluently about his intimacy with Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and others. He and Boccaccio seem to be as intimate as pickpockets (to use a common though vulgar phrase.) I wonder if Mr. Brownson recollects any of those anecdotes related by Boccaccio about certain nuns, who lived in the vicinity of his father's residence? Will the illustrious changeling permit me to bring one or two to his recollection? One probably will be enough, as my readers may already have had sufficient information concerning the amusements practised by nuns and sisters of Charity in their convents.

It seems there was a large establishment of nuns in the neighborhood where Boccaccio resided. The mother Abbess was of noble descent, a fine fair-haired girl, young and beautiful. There happened to be, adjoining the nunnery, a friary; among these friars, as Boccaccio tells us, in a work of his, which has since been suppressed by the Popes, was a young man of fine personal appearance, and who possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of assuming any character he pleased. He was, besides, a ventriloquist, and could thus personate and imitate any character or any voice he chose. The mother Abbess took an extraordinary fancy to this young friar, and tried by every means in her power to have him appointed confessor and spiritual guide to the nuns. But the Superior of the friary was not easily deceived. He peremptorily refused to listen to the most pious entreaties of the mother Abbess, and positively declined giving the friar faculties to hear her confession.

What was to be done in this case? The holy nun soon hit upon an expedient. She sent for the friar, who always had admission to an iron grating in the wall, which separated these holy nuns from this sinful world! She told the friar that her establishment was much in want of a gardener, and advised him to change his whole appearance, assume the character of a very old and feeble man, imitate his voice, and come the next day, with his spade on his shoulder, to apply for the situation of gardener to the nunnery. He accordingly came the next morning, thoroughly-metamorphosed, and in the most doleful and piteous tones of distress and want, begged of the holy mother Abbess, for the love she bore the blessed virgin Mary, to give him employment, whereby he might support himself and his poor half-starved and bed-ridden wife. The holy nun moved by charity, and nothing else, of course, employed him as gardener; and moved by compassion for the weak and feeble old man, she occasionally sent for him to her cell to nourish him with some wine and water. *Verbum sat.* The Protestant reader will not forget that Boccaccio was a Roman Catholic and is quoted by Brownson, in his Review, as one of those luminaries which adorned the Popish Church between the sixth and sixteenth centuries.

There was another, among the luminaries who flourished "betwixt the sixth and sixteenth centuries," named Rabalais. I am rather surprised that Brownson has not quoted him, as a model of a Christian bishop. He was a Roman Catholic bishop, and died in full communion with the Romish Church. He was laid in his coffin dressed in his episcopal robes. The works of Rabalais are very little read now-a-days, nor could I conscientiously recommend them to the attention of any Christian reader; I allude to him with the sole view of giving Popish advocates the full advantage of the testimony and example of a Roman Catholic bishop in their favor.

There was not, perhaps, in all France, a more obscene writer than Rabalais. He was remarkable however for the depth and keenness of his satire. He felt the degradation of his position as a Popish bishop, but he wanted moral courage enough to renounce so advantageous a position in society as that which the Romish Church assigned him. The only alternative left him, under these circumstances, was to try to effect some reform in his Church and the morals of its priests. He turned against them the arrows of his ridicule, and though the wounds and scars, which they left behind them, were broad and painful, yet there was so much justice in all his statements, that the Infallible Church dared not raise a finger against him. I refer Bishops Hughes, Fenwick, and their corporal, Brownson, to his writings. They may, in all probability, find some similitude between themselves, their Popes, and other bishops, to those illustrious characters, Carragantua, Pantagruel, Trippet, and others so conspicuously alluded to in the works of Rabalais. I expect nothing else than censure for the bare mention of some of those writers to whom I have referred—it seems to have become quite fashionable now-a-days with pulpit orators, to censure anything like gen-real reading; at any rate, no fault must be found with the sins of the times. I have seldom heard a discourse or lecture, from infidels of the present day, where they have not found fault with all those writings in which sin and immorality are denounced in plain scriptural language. There are, among our modern Liberal Christians, many who seem shocked at the idea that Eugene Sue, for instance, should have dared to satirize Popery, or that Guinet, or Michelet, should presume to denounce Jesuitism or warn mankind against giving it any encouragement amongst them. The argument used by these Liberal Christians or philosophers—for they are all philosophers, every one of them—is this; if evangelical Christians should succeed in suppressing Popery, we philosophic,

and Liberal Christians, shall be their next victims; *ergo*, Eugene Sue, Michelet, Gui-net, and all who write against Popery, deserve no encouragement from us. Admirable logicians, these Liberal Christians! Profound and deep historians, these modern philosophers! Evangelical Christians have never persecuted Liberal Christians. I would challenge them to produce an instance where they have ever acted upon the offensive. Let them analyze the creed of evangelical Christians; let them dissect it; let them break it up, word by word, and cut each word into the most minute fractions; and if they can show me, among those words or fractions, a solitary particle, or an isolated idea, which teaches them to persecute any man on account of his religious opinions, I will acknowledge that Liberal Christians are right in preferring the ascendancy of Popery to that of evangelical Christianity. But how is it in the Popish creed? Let these Liberal Christians turn back to the pages of history, and they will find that the creed and canons of Popery, as well as the decretals of its Church, all teach that Liberal Christians are to be dealt with by civil law, and that by civil law is to be understood the Inquisitorial law, which consigns every one of them to the sword, fire, and faggot. Do these gentlemen recollect the fate of Arius and his followers? Do they forget that the disciples of Arius were all Liberal Christians, and numbered, at one time, a vast and large portion of those who professed any belief in the doctrines of Christ, either as God or man? Pause, gentlemen, I entreat of you,—recollect that the reason why Papists are silent in relation to your doctrines, is simply this: they look upon you as damned, beyond a possibility of salvation. They place you and the Jews on the same level, and consider both as blasphemers of the name of Christ, and as altogether beneath the notice of all men who profess the Christian religion in any form whatever; and rely upon it, when I assure you, that I myself, who have been a Popish priest, have studied the doctrines of that Church to little purpose, if you are not the very first whom Papists will destroy, and whose property they will confiscate to the use of their Infallible Church, should they ever have the power to do so.

It is a question with me, whether many of the lecturers of the present day, in their unqualified *anathemas* against modern literature and general reading, are not doing more harm than good. Assuredly they are injuring, more or less, the cause of liberty, and giving all the advantages they possess, to arbitrary power; especially to the factious, despotic, and violent power of the tyrant court of Rome. Those lecturers who denounce the writings of Eugene Sue, Guinet, and others, against the Popish Church, are bringing upon this country—unconsciously, I believe—all the evils of foreign tyranny, without any consolation. They are helping to destroy themselves, and must be destroyed in time by a superior power. Charity obliges me to suppose these lecturers sincere, and if they were equally discreet, might be useful auxiliaries in promoting the moral and political interests of our country. They are the instruments of cool-headed, dispassionate politicians, who see nothing, and care to see nothing, but their own private interests.

Besides all this, these declaimers against modern literature and general reading are injuring the cause of science. He who from his pulpit, or in a lyceum hall, disapproves of the writings of Eugene Sue against Popish domination, merely because he relates many facts and circumstances which are not proper to be seen or read by some of his hearers,—aims his blows at many of the noblest sciences which God has permitted man to study, and for reasons which could scarcely be satisfactory to a child, viz: because "some passages in his writings are rather indelicate." This is certainly as strong a reason as Dr. Sangrado, of Quixotic notoriety, gave to his patient, when asked why he did not prescribe cold water; "I have," said the Doctor, "already prescribed hot water." The reason given for not reading Eugene Sue may apply with equal force against the study of surgery; and I should not be in the least surprised, if before long some of those gentlemen denounced and forbade the study of the noble and almost heavenly science of anatomy. Assuredly, beautiful, symmetrical, and lovely as the human frame is externally, it presents to the human eye, when dissected and exposed, in its native and naked proportions, no very pleasing object to contemplate. But does it follow that the science of anatomy should not be studied? Does it follow that works upon that science should not be read? Certainly not; and he who would contend for the contrary would be well suited by assigning to him an abode in some lunatic asylum.

I admit that there are some passages in the writings of Eugene Sue, Guinet, and others, against Popery, that seem rather indelicate. But is that a reason why the moral anatomy and structure of the body Papal should not be dissected? The external body of Popery, like the human body, may be fair to the eye, lovely to the senses, and beautiful to the imagination; but like the human body, it has its deformities, and I see no reason why its defects should not be anatomized, studied, and exposed, if necessary to the moral welfare of the human family. How can the evils of Popery be known, unless they are exposed to public view, and seen by those who are competent to judge of their evil tendencies? And who are more competent to form a correct estimate of their nature and character, than such men as Eugene Sue, Guinet, and others, who have studied Popery? Guinet and Michelet are now living. They are both Roman Catholics by birth and education. They understand the doctrines of Popery thoroughly. It is idle—it is worse than idle—for American Protestant writers to attempt to prevent the circulation of Michelet's works, or those of Eugene Sue, in the United States. But it will be said, and it is said, that there is much romance about them, and that many passages are to be found, in Guinet especially, savoring strongly of infidelity. Admitting even this to be the case, it does not follow, by any means, that the enemies of Popery, which some Protestant journals and lecturers pretend to be, should reject and censure the many and undeniable truths which they contain on the subject of Popery. The fact is—and I regret that it is so—many of the journals which come out with flaming notices of their determination to stand by the Protestant religion, and oppose the introduction of Popery into this country, are not always sincere in their professions. Many of them are theorists. I may add here, *en passant*, that few of those "heroes of discussion meetings," and editors of newspapers, are at all qualified for the task which they undertake. It is, however, a source of consolation to me, that there are some public lecturers and editors of Protestant newspapers, who are sincere and disinterested in their opposition to Popery; who see its destructive fruits now springing up in the fairest fields of our Republic; who know that Popery is corrupt in itself, that corruption of mind and morals is the natural result to be expected from its prevalence amongst our people. These worthy men and well-informed editors of many of our presses, are determined, cost what it will, that Popery shall be fully understood in this country: that it shall no longer be hid in a corner, and that those Jesuit wolves who profess it shall no longer be permitted to appear in sheep's clothing.

Among the presses which now boldly stand forth in defence of the Protestant religion and the civil rights of

man, I am happy to enumerate the Boston Recorder, the Olive Branch, and others, among the various presses in the city of Boston. There are also many among the political presses in our country, which are doing good service to the cause of Protestantism and the civil rights of man. J. T. Buckingham, of the Boston Courier, has generously and disinterestedly thrown himself and his fine talents between the intrigues of Papists and their designs upon our institutions, and the civil rights of his countrymen. These presses have not blushed to quote largely from Eugene Sue; they have not tried to hide from their readers, nor prevented them from reading, the faithful *expose* which Eugene Sue, Guinet, La Manais, Michelet, and others, have given of the iniquities and treasonable designs of Popish priests and Jesuits against Protestant governments and the civil rights of man. These presses have not put their hands to the plow and looked back. They love their God and their country too well to crouch before the *puerilities*—as the learned Bishop Eastburn of Boston expresses it—or the treasonable designs of Jesuits. The reader will here indulge me, and I trust the editors of the Boston Recorder will pardon me, for quoting largely from their paper of January 15th, 1846. "M. Pascal, a devoted member of the Romish Church, has set forth in his provincial letters the opinions of several distinguished Jesuits, as to the duty of loving God, and especially in answer to the question, 'When and at what time is a man obliged to have an actual love or affection for God?' One Jesuit, Saurez, says, 'It is enough if we love him a little before we die, without fixing any time.' Another, Vasquez, says that 'it is enough to love him at the point of death.' We marvel at such answers. But this is Jesuitism seeking to relieve itself of the painful obligation of loving God. No order of men,—no society that ever existed, has been so universally execrated as that of the Jesuits. Everywhere intriguing, plotting, and dangerous, they have been everywhere dreaded, hated, and opposed. And not by Protestants alone. The society of Jesuits has been at different periods expelled from all the States of Europe; and last of all, France has denounced and rejected it. The order, as every one knows, began with Loyola, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was intended as a spiritual crusade against heresy; the particular heresy aimed at being the Reformation, under Luther, who was contemporary with Loyola. In 1773, the institution of the Jesuits was suppressed by a bull of Clement XIV. They were accused of 'too great avidity of terrestrial goods,' of 'criminal plots,' of having in their favor only the exterior of regularity, disgraced in their maxims, and to render themselves more powerful, given up to commerce, stock-jobbing, and politics.'

"But the time came when Rome needed the arms of the Jesuits, and their society was re-established in 1814. The Romish Church still defends the Jesuits, and stands before the world as their accomplice." The Recorder continues, and indirectly severely censures those presses and those timid and irresolute editors who seem to think that they cannot conscientiously read, or permit their readers to receive into their houses, the writings of Eugene Sue or Michelet, against the degrading and traitorous doctrines of Popery.

"The attempt of the Jesuits," continues the pious and talented editor of the Recorder, "to get the control of education in France, aroused some powerful spirits, among whom the most distinguished were Michelet and Guinet, Professors in the College of France. These men are Catholics, but too excellent and conscientious to receive the appellation in its bad sense. They are high authority, and we quote a few of their opinions, publicly uttered in college lectures within the last year or two." What think you of the above language, you editors of the would-be evangelical Protestant presses?—you who have pledged your sacred honor and fortunes to stand by the Church and the Gospel of Christ, and still censure Michelet, Guinet, and even my own humble efforts to oppose the spread of Popery among mankind. "Michelet," continues the Recorder, "calls the spirit of Jesuits the spirit of intrigue—of holy detraction. God give us, he says, political tyranny, military tyranny, and all other tyrannies, ten times over, rather than that such a police—that of the Jesuits—should sully our France." Will the reader permit me to add my petition to this, and will he join me in beseeching the Throne of Grace to receive it graciously? God give us, American citizens, political tyranny, military tyranny, and all other tyrannies, ten times over, rather than that Jesuitism should disfigure the fair face of our beautiful Republic. The Recorder continues his observations on the writings of Michelet. "He (Michelet) challenges men to study, and tells them that at the end of ten years they will find in the history of Jesuits but one meaning—the *death of liberty*." "This bold lecturer," (Michelet) continues the Recorder still, "bounds in passages like the following: 'What is the nature of the Jesuit? He has none; he is fit for everything. The Jesuits are a formidable machine for war, invented for the most vile combat in the sixteenth century. The simple and natural means which have generally succeeded with the Jesuits is to *catch wild birds by means of tame ones*?' "I speak," says Michelet, "of Jesuitesses, polished and gentle, adroit and charming, who always, going before the Jesuits, put everywhere oil and honey, smoothing the way." How true this is; and is it not strange, beyond account, that Americans cannot see it? When Jesuits first came into Boston, they sent before them Jesuitesses, young, polished, gentle, and charming. These tame Popish birds were not long amongst us, when they caught whole flocks of our wild Yankee birds, and are now catching them in almost every State in the Union. But the Yankee, with all his cuteness, cleverness, and supposed cunning, will be caught. He is no match for the Jesuit. "The Jesuits," says Michelet, again, "have employed the instrument of which Jerome speaks—poor little women, all covered with sins." He alludes to the Sisters of Charity, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Mother Abbesses, &c., all which are directed and governed by the Jesuits.

Was there ever a truer picture of the operations of Jesuits than this? And the Americans who cannot see its truth and fidelity, must be blinder than the bats which flutter in the caves and caverns of their mountains. Had we not, the other day, on Mount Benedict, in the vicinity of Boston, the capital of New England, some of those *poor little women, covered with sins*—meek, and gentle, and angelic-looking little beings? Sweet little innocents! They had a nunnery there, too. They had a fashionable school attached to it. And our Protestant Jonathans—poor dolts—sent their daughters to these poor little women—these Sisters of Charity—to be educated in the principles of Christianity! True it is that none are so blind as those who will not see.

The reader will bear with me in quoting a few more passages, which the Boston Recorder selects from the writings of Guinet, on the subject of Jesuitism. "The nations which are sickest in Europe, those which have least credit and authority, are those in which the society of Jesuits has its hearth. The mission of Jesuitism, in the sixteenth century, was to destroy the Reformation; the mission of Jesuitism, in the nineteenth century, is to destroy the Revolution, which supposes, includes, and envelopes, the Reformation. What cannot fail to strike you, is the rapidity with which this society has degenerated. Where shall we find any thing like it in any other order? The public voice has been raised against it from its very cradle. Already the society was driven

out from a part of Spain in 1565, from the Low Countries and Portugal in 1578, from all France in 1594, from Venice in 1606, from the Kingdom of Naples in 1622. I speak only of Catholic countries. We may add, that France condemned the Jesuits in 1762, and actually drove them from the kingdom, and that she has since repeated her sentence of reprobation in 1845."

"Now let it be considered," says the Recorder—and I look upon that venerable journal, and its editors, as high authority—"that these very Jesuits, dreaded and loathed, in the old countries, looked upon as the offscouring of all things, the dregs even of Catholic states, are coming to this country by hundreds, [The Recorder might have said by hundreds of thousands] seeking here a field for their horrid operations, determined to regain all and more than they have lost at home. It is well understood that the Catholic officials who profane our soil, are of the Jesuit order,—desperate men, 'fit for everything,' whose very breath is the 'death of liberty.' Their mission is to deceive and victimize the American people. The people, therefore, ought to be aware of their character and operations.

"Some will say," continues the Recorder, farther, "it is not so,—there is no danger—these priests are a very harmless people. In this provoking stupidity lies our danger. Before they get their eyes open, the language of Michelet will be applicable. *Are these Jesuits? A man asks this question, whose wife they already govern by a confessor of their own—the wife the house, table, hearth, bed. To-morrow they will have her child.' There is little reason to suppose that Jesuits will be forcibly expelled from this country. So much the greater is the necessity that they should be watched, exposed, and resisted. Their movements here, are of special moment to Americans. We are called upon to watch around the 'altar of our liberty.' The Jesuits and the Pope, would rejoice to see us directing our attention to Italy,—to draw our attention there, even while they are choosing and fortifying their position here. Mr. Hogan may be right in suggesting that this is their 'plot.' If so, while they are plotting, let the Americans be adopting vigorous means of self-protection—such means especially, as religion and education can best furnish." Thus speaks that truly evangelical and independent press, the Boston Recorder, of Jesuitism, and the writings of Sue, Michelet, and Gurnet. And it is to me a source of consolation and cheering encouragement, to find that it does not disapprove of my own humble efforts upon the same subject, nor of any of those authorities which I have called to my aid.

I fully agree with the Recorder, that education—biblical education—is the best means and defence we can make against the intrigues of Jesuitism in this country. Our sole and only hope of success against them, is the general diffusion of education, and that education must be of a scriptural character. Until the people can read, they cannot think; and until they can think, they cannot reason, nor consequently distinguish between error and truth. A vast number of the citizens of this country are foreigners, from Popish countries, who have no education but such as they received from their priests; and the history of the world informs us of the wretched character of that instruction which they have received from that source. We all can see the condition of the poor Irish, who for centuries back, have been walking by the light of some 'magic lantern, held by their priests.' We can see how prevalent the influence of Popish priests has been, in the education—or rather want of education of the Irish,—by referring to a *Report of Commissioners appointed to take the census of Great Britain and Ireland in 1841*. I here quote from the London Quarterly Review for June, 1845. "On the present state of Irish education, and its previous progress, the Commissioners have taken great pains to collect and communicate information, of which the result is, that the diminution of ignorants, that is, of persons unable to read and write, is, during the last fifty years, from forty-eight to thirty-five per cent, of males, and from sixty to forty-five per cent, of females." What must have been the condition of this poor people previous to the last fifty years, when they were educated exclusively by bishops, priests, monks, and nuns? And how grateful should they feel to the Protestants of Great Britain and elsewhere for the great diminution which has since taken place in the number of males and females who could then neither read nor write. It is creditable to government—the Protestant government of Great Britain—that out of the number of Irish, which are now in the military service of Great Britain, sixty per cent, of those between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five can both read and write. How is this to be accounted for? Popish priests have nothing to do with the education of the children of those who are in the service of Great Britain. They are indebted to Protestant teachers, and Protestant officers, for the blessings of education which they enjoy. How are the people educated in Popish France? We can learn from the lectures of Michelet, Professor of Literature in the College of France; it is wretched in the extreme. But some of our sympathizers and mawkish journalists may question the authority of the gentleman. I would refer them to other authority M. Boulay tells us that more than half the population of France can neither read nor write. He assures us this is a fixed fact—and he is no contemptible authority. What does Bishop Fenwick's Corporal Trim think of this? He assured us, the other day, on his honor and consistency, that the inhabitants of Catholic countries were the best educated people in the world Ah! Corporal, thou shalt never die while imposture and Popery live in the United States. Let us compare the condition of the Irish, who are educated by Popish priests and Jesuits, with that of Americans, who have received their education from Protestant teachers, and we shall see—as the London Quarterly Review expresses it—in strong contrast, the effect of an almost total, and a very partial Papal eclipse. Taking the whites—in America—as the analogous population, we find that persons above the age of twenty years, who can neither read nor write, are not quite four per cent (3.87.) To make this, however, a fair subject of comparison, we must consider that the numbers under twenty are not half the whites, (1.38,) so that we must reckon the ignorants to be eight per cent, of the whole. How different this from the forty per cent of the Irish Papists, and the fifty or sixty per cent of the French Papists, all of whom are educated by Jesuits and Papists! What becomes here, of Corporal Brownson's assertion, that "the people are better educated, in general, in Popish than Protestant countries"? The fact is, my friend Brownson, you had better shut up shop; you are a man of no bottom; you possess no solid and useful information; and easily humbugged, as you and your brethren the Jesuits think the American people to be, no man can retain long among them, the character of a learned and honest man, if he have not some solid bottom of his own to stand upon. It is a bold attempt on the part of Jesuits, to try to persuade the American people, by means of their agent Brownson, that the mass of Papists are better educated than Protestants. But, as the learned Dr. South expresses it, "there is, in the effort to do what is glaringly false, such a mixture of the fool, as quite spoils the project of the knave." And I am much mistaken if the knavish Jesuits who infest this country, do not soon find that the observation of Dr. South is correct.

Jesuits and their agents in the United States, have taken and are now taking, great pains to persuade our Protestant citizens, that Papists are not only better educated than Protestants, but better provided for in every other respect. They have always charged Protestants with neglecting the poor, and over-working them in every department of labor. Some of the *Puseyite philosophers* of the present day, unite with Jesuits in urging this charge against Protestants. This is peculiarly worthy of the attention of the Americans, and shows as clearly as any other circumstance can, the extent and depth of Jesuit intrigue amongst us. The great mass of the people, in every country, is composed of the laboring classes, or, as we term them, operatives. And Jesuits know full well that if they can persuade the great body of Americans, that Popery gives more encouragement to labor, and requires less of it for a given price, than those who profess Protestantism, it is an important point gained; in truth, if this be admitted,—if the Popish Church gives more encouragement and better pay to laborers, than the Protestant Church, I, for one, would not and could not withhold from her my full and hearty commendation thus far. If it be true,—as that great Idealist and Puseyite, Mr. Ward, of England, contends,—that the poor and neglected and oppressed, in those countries where Protestant government prevails, are much better provided for under Popish governments, the fact ought to be well understood, and in place of wishing to overthrow these governments and prevent the farther growth of Popery, we should pause, and look seriously into the question.

But is it true that labor is more encouraged and better paid, under Catholic than Protestant governments? Is it true that operatives—say for instance those who work in factories—are more humanely dealt with, better paid, and not required to work as many hours, under Popish as under Protestant governments? I call the attention of American Protestants to this question. It is one of vital importance.

Both Puseyites and Jesuits allege this as positive, We have them here on the platform of unequivocal allegation of fact. "We have them on the hip." I am now willing to grapple with Jesuits and Puseyites upon this question. It cannot be evaded by them. It must be yes or no. Jesuit sophistry can avail them nothing, and if I can show our operatives, and laborers in our factories, that those Jesuits and Puseyites who are now overspreading our Republic, are trying to deceive them and reduce them to farther hardships, I trust they will rise as a body, men, women, children, and all, and hoot them from our shores. It is wrong to deceive any one; and no honest man or true Christian will do so; but it is cruel to deceive the poor laborer or operative, who lives by the sweat of his brow.

If the reader will accompany me across the Atlantic, I will show him the condition of the operatives in some of those countries where the government is Popish, and where the religion of the people is that of Jesuits and priests. Let us visit France, a Catholic country. Let us examine a Report made by M. Delambre, the head of the department of Manufactures, in the office of the Minister of Commerce, in 1838. From that Report it appears, that the actual work of children, in factories, is never less than twelve hours, and extends from that minimum amount, to fourteen hours, in the twenty-four. It is also stated by him, that in the chief manufactories, it is not unusual with them to work all Saturday night and Sunday morning. So much for Popish clemency and Jesuit lenity to the poor operative. Let us cross over the Channel to England, a Protestant government and a Protestant country. How is it with operatives and children in factories there? I refer the reader, for an answer, to Horner on the Employment of Children in Factories, page 28. "In England, under a Protestant government, no child under thirteen can be employed for more than eight hours a day; nor can any young person, just emerged from childhood, be employed more than twelve hours a day." On Saturday the hours of work were only nine, when Mr. Horner wrote, and I am informed by the London Quarterly Review, of January, 1845, to which I am indebted for much of the information which I here give on the subject of factory laborers,—that a new Act of Parliament, fixing the maximum of labor, for children, at six and a half hours per day, has recently been passed. What becomes, now, of the assertions of Puseyites and Jesuits on the subject of Popish charity and humanity to the poor? The truth is, that I may challenge them to show me mankind, in any condition or any situation, or any clime or country, under Catholic or Protestant government, where they are not more oppressed, more degraded, more abused, and more ignorant under Catholic than Protestant governments. How then can it be, with this fact before their eyes, that Americans—Protestant Americans—give any countenance to Popery and Jesuits in the United States? or how can we account for the still more extraordinary fact, that one of the most learned Christian Associations that ever have been established in this country—*The Christian League*—does not devote its whole and undivided energies to the removal of Jesuits and Jesuitism from amongst us. I cannot account for the fact I have conversed with a learned member of this Association, a gentleman of distinguished talents and deserved popularity. I asked him why the Association did not spread its forces, extend its lines, and devote its funds of intellect, as well as of money, exclusively to the removal of Jesuitism from our happy country. His answer was, "we do not deem it prudent to do so; we cannot fail to kill Jesuitism in Italy, and there will be an end of it."

Gentlemen of the Christian League! I once before entreated you to withdraw your troops from Italy. You can do no good in that country. But suppose you did kill Popery in Italy—suppose that Jesuitism was dead and buried in that ill-fated country—I tell you that it will rise in this, and that in the shape of a tremendous, unformed spectre, in a far more terrific guise than ever before overpowered the imagination of man. I may not live to see it; many of you may not live to witness it; but that does not alter the truth of my prediction.

I have deviated far and wide from the point for which I set out at the commencement of this book. As usual, I have paid no attention to order, literary style, or argumentative consecutiveness. Let this, however, not be attributed to any want, on my part, of due respect for the good opinion of my readers. My sole object in writing this book was to state facts, a knowledge of which I deemed necessary and useful to my fellow citizens; and as I knew full well that it was perfectly immaterial to the majority of them, how or in what manner these facts were stated, provided they were true, I have given them at random, just as they occurred to me—*currente calamo*. Besides this, I am pretty much of the opinion of Swift, and value not the rules of art as high as others do:

"Nature, I thought, performed too mean a part, Forming her movements to the rules of art."

I will now return to the subject of auricular confession, and the gross immorality practised by priests in the Popish confessionals. But I must say, as I have often done before, that it is impossible to prove to the

Protestant inhabitants of the United States all, or even many of the particulars of those various accusations which I have advanced against Popish bishops and priests. The system of confession itself, and the manner in which it is made, render the thing impossible. No one can understand the doctrine of Popish confession, except those who have been Popish priests, and have acted themselves in the capacity of confessors. The man who has not been a Free Mason, for instance, may accuse that ancient society of Free and Accepted Masons of sanctioning, or even perpetrating crimes, but all his accusations will go for nothing, if he has not been a Mason himself, for the very obvious reason that he knows nothing, and could know nothing of Masonry, from his own knowledge; and hence it is that we find Jesuit priests and Popish presses turning into ridicule, and not without some cause, many Protestant writers and Protestant newspapers for accusing them of things they know nothing at all about. Here I have had the advantage of Popish priests and Popish presses, and hence it probably is that my books against Popery have had such extensive circulation, and have silenced, as it were by magic, almost every Roman Catholic Press in the United States. And let it not be deemed vanity in me, should I recommend to those editors who have established presses with the avowed intention of exposing Popery, to be cautious in their charges against the Papists, for one unfounded charge is apt to destroy the weight of a thousand which may be true; and I am sorry to see that many such charges are made by pious men, and even by learned men on other subjects, but who seem far in advance of their prudence. No man can detect a flaw in an argument sooner than a Jesuit, and no press can turn it into more bitter ridicule than a Jesuit press. No matter who the reputed editor of the press may be, every article in it is revised and corrected by a Jesuit bishop or his deputy, before it meets the public eye; and hence, perhaps, arises much of the popularity of my books. I have never advanced a charge against Jesuits or Popish priests, which I did not know to be true; I have never accused them, as a body, of being guilty of a crime in the confessional, which I did not know, of my own knowledge, to be undeniably true; and to do them justice, they have never denied it.

That the Romish confessionals are sinks of unparalleled corruption, seduction, and the most revolting impurities, is but too well understood in Papal countries. Michelet understands it in France, so does Eugene Sue; but still far better does John Ronge understand it in Switzerland, because he has been, but the other day, a Roman Catholic priest himself. The Catholic priests in almost all Germany understand this, and seem now determined, through their fearless champion Ronge, to lay before the view of mankind the wicked impurities practised in the Romish confessional; and indeed it is a matter of astonishment that any people should sanction amongst them the practice of sending young females to confession to priests who are taught and commanded by their church to question them on subjects so indelicate and gross that of necessity impure thoughts must arise in their young minds. I can of my own knowledge say, that if it had been the intention of any body of men to corrupt the morals of the human race, to habituate the children of both sexes to impurity, filth and profligacy, it would be impossible to devise a scheme more completely adapted to produce that effect than the practice of confessing to priests, and the establishment of Popish nunneries amongst them. The common sense of mankind, the ordinary feelings of morality, would have made it impossible to carry into effect such a project, unless it had assumed the mask of a religious duty to God.

It is said in the United States that if priests were so immoral as I have represented them to be, and in the habit of taking such liberty with females at the confessional as I have accused them of, that virtuous females—and there must be some such among Roman Catholics—would not continue long to go to confession to those priests who take indelicate liberties with them. One would suppose that such females would leave the church altogether. How little—I repeat it for the hundredth time—do Americans know of the wheels within wheels in the great machine of Popery! guilty priests who have made attempts to seduce virtuous females at the confessional, and found that they could not succeed, understand how to manage their case well. The church, in her infallible wisdom, has made provision for such events. It is well known in Europe, and let it be henceforward known in the United States, that there are two distinct and separate orders of priests—seculars and regulars. The secular order is composed chiefly of parish priests and their curates, whose duty it is to hear the confessions of their parishioners. The order of regulars is composed of friars, who are sub-divided into several minor orders, and who have no parochial duties to discharge, unless especially deputed to do so by the Bishop or his deputy of the diocese in which they may be located. It is so arranged by the secular priests, that whenever they fail in seducing their penitents, and are detected by them, that one of these friars shall immediately be at hand to hear the confessions of all such females, and forgive them their sins *on condition that they shall never reveal to mortal being the thoughtless peccadillo of their parish priest, who for the moment forgot himself and whose tears of repentance now moisten the ground on which he walks!*

Let me make this more plain by supposing a case or two, by way of illustration. Suppose the Popish bishop of New York were a young, athletic, amorous man; suppose he fixed his eye upon a young married woman, or some fascinating lady of his flock—the supposition is a very wild one, I admit—suppose he tried to seduce one or either at the confessional, and she reject his criminal overtures,—how would his Popish *lordship* act on this occasion? He always has at his elbow some friar, and that friar a foreigner, whom he directs to go, instanter, and hear the confession of those ladies. The friar knows his duty too well to disobey the orders of the Pope's viceroy in New York, and the whole affair is hushed up, perfectly to the satisfaction of the ladies, who are absolved from their sins, and entirely to that of his lordship, who knows full well that the affair will never be heard of again. This friar is a sort of spiritual rover, and as soon as he has done his business in New York, is despatched to Boston, or elsewhere, until he visits perhaps every diocese in the Union. He then returns home to Rome, never to visit this country again. Another is sent in his place, and thus the work of seduction and immorality goes on, from year to year, in Popish confessionals, and almost under our very eyes, without our knowledge, while the guilty monsters, priests and bishops, are rioting at our hospitable tables, feasting upon our richest viands, and sipping our oldest wines. Things are so arranged in the Popish church, that the crimes of the priests in or out of the confessional, are seldom known to the great mass of the people. Such are the means adopted by the church of Rome to cloak and conceal from the public eye the profligacies of her priests and bishops, that it is almost impossible to detect these culprits and bring them to legal punishment. If, for instance, a priest commit a crime in Boston, which the representative of the Popish church in that city thinks may, by possibility, come to light, and throw any discredit upon the church, or diminish his own personal influence in that city, funds are placed in his hands by the church, to meet the expenses of removing him to any part of the world he chooses, and the guilty priest needs only what is technically called an *exeat*, to

insure him a warm reception from any Popish bishop in the universe. It is a general practice of the bishops in the Romish church, to exchange guilty priests with each other; they are very punctual in reciprocating such favors. When nuns or Roman Catholic females commit crimes in convents, which can no longer be concealed, the holy and infallible church provides means for their instant removal to a different diocese. But should they still persevere in their iniquities, and should it be found impossible to prevent further illicit intercourse between them and their confessors, means are provided to send them to some foreign country. We have now several foreign nuns in the United States. By foreign nuns I do not mean foreigners who became nuns in this country. I mean those who became nuns in foreign countries, and who have been sent amongst us as such, for the purpose of educating our children, and educating them in the doctrines of *their pure religion*. And I positively assert, to the best of my own belief, and partly of my own personal knowledge, that there is not to be found among them an individual, much of whose previous life has not been spent in criminal intercourse and illicit connexion with their confessors and priests. This is no random assertion of mine. I make the allegation with shame and sorrow, but the cause of truth demands it; and justice to my fellow citizens who are in the habit of sending their children to school to these consummate hypocrites, renders it imperative upon me that I should declare the truth, however unpalatable it may be.

Will the reader indulge me, while I quote a passage or two from the London Quarterly Review, for June, 1844? The editors of that periodical are gentlemen of great respectability, and men of well-established veracity, whose statements confirm some of my assertions. "The heads of the Church themselves, admit the liability of abuse through the confessional, and frequent exhortations are published, desiring all women, who have improper *solicitations* made to them there, to denounce the confessor; but a moment's consideration will show the inutility of this exhortation; and one instance, which we shall give, must suffice for all. An Italian gentleman of our acquaintance, removed with his family, from the place of his nativity, to a town in another State; soon after their arrival the wife went to the confessional, in the parish church, where improper proposals were made to her; she ran home and acquainted her husband; he made a formal complaint to the proper authorities, in her name; a day was appointed for the examination of the charge; and when the time arrived, the lady naturally declined to appear. It is obvious that just in proportion as the person offended, is delicate, and the offence gross, there will be the greater difficulty in inducing the complainant to come forward." The truth of this is obvious to all, and here lies one great security against detecting a licentious and criminal priest. Were it not for this, our citizens would hoot at them as they walked our streets. Were it not for this, Popish priests and confessors would never be admitted into their houses, or occupy a seat at the table of any decent or virtuous family. I know so well, of my own knowledge, the nature of those questions and solicitations, that are offered by Popish priests to women in the confessional, that I can scarcely believe any woman could be found, who would appear in the presence of men, or before any tribunal, civil or ecclesiastical, and repeat the language by which her ears have been insulted.

Popish priests understand human nature well; they know the timid and shrinking disposition of a virtuous woman. They feel that they are safe from public prosecution, so long as their solicitations and criminal overtures are known only to women of reputation. If it were not for this, our criminal courts could not contain the number of those reverend wretches, among Popish priests, who should appear before our criminal tribunals. Even Roman Catholic laymen, of rank and intelligence, have no idea of the enormities committed by their priests. Effectual means are taken, by the Church of Rome, to conceal their enormities from the public eye. The extent of immorality is so great in Catholic countries, in Germany, France, and, *sub rosa*, in Ireland, that it is considered an evidence of prudence, in a priest, to keep a mistress, rather than be a public scandal. It is thought by the Irish that their priests are peculiarly chaste and virtuous; they boast of this. I know the Irish priests as well as any other man living; I have lived among them; I was one of them; I acted as a confessor among them, and held in that capacity a higher position than any of my age in the country; and I solemnly declare, that I never knew a chaste man among them. Every parish priest that ever I knew in Ireland, kept a mistress whom he called a *housekeeper*, or some female whose duty or whose apparent business it seemed to be, to superintend his wardrobe or some such thing; but such is the credulity of the poor Irish, and such their idolatrous veneration for their priests, that I really believe, if they detected one of them in *flagranti crimine*, they would not credit the testimony of their own senses. It occurs, sometimes,—though very seldom,—that one of those Irish priests is detected; the punishment, in that case, is simply his removal to another parish. I have known immoralities committed in the houses of Irish parish priests, so heinous that they cannot be put to paper; and yet the poor Irish Catholics, who seem fated to be the victims of every species of delusion and imposture, look upon their priests as perfect models of piety; and consider their agent, Daniel O'Connell,—that enemy of peace and happiness,—as one of the most perfect specimens of patriotism that ever basked in the pure air of freedom. The poor Irish believe, most implicitly, in the necessity of Auricular Confession; and such is their delusion, that many of them, even in this country, will not be persuaded, at this day, that their priests take any pay for absolving them from their sins and forgiving their crimes. It is not many days ago since a respectable physician in Boston told me that an Irish Roman Catholic, in that city, offered to bet him five hundred dollars that Roman Catholic priests demanded no pay for pardoning sins. Can this be delusion, or infatuation, or is it a species of witchery that thus deceives, enchains, and blinds a people, in all other respects of quick imagination and natural talents? I am free to confess, that I know not how to account for it myself. I am perfectly at a loss what to call it; but there it is, strange as it may appear.

I would ask that gentleman who offered to make the above bet, or any other Roman Catholic who ever lived in Ireland, whether he has heard of such a thing as *stations of confession*, which are held two or three times a year by every parish priest in Ireland; or whether he has ever heard of such a thing as the *Viaticum*, which is given to the sick, after confession, and in *arliculo mortis*. I cannot suppose that there is, in this country, an Irish Roman Catholic who has not seen and heard of both, and who does not know that these are modes and practices adopted by Irish priests for the purpose of collecting payment for the pardon of sins. There are regulations published in each diocese in Ireland, and put forth among the priests, by episcopal authority, regulating *clerical dues*. Specific sums are laid down for mass, and for auricular confession,—which the Church of Rome calls a sacrament, by the name of *penance*,—for marriage, for baptism, extreme unction, &c. The parish priest selects two or more houses in each parish,—invariably those the most wealthy among the

farmers,—and gives notice from the altar, the Sunday previous, that on a certain day, of the coming week, he will hold a *station of confession* at the house of A———; this notice is equivalent to saying,—and is understood in no other sense, *all of you who have not come to confession for a certain time, or who wish to go to confession now, come forward and pay me my dues*. The wily priest never says, come and pay me for pardoning your sins; that would never do. Protestants may hear it, and it would surely go abroad that Irish priests were not entirely disinterested, and that they could no more live by prayer alone than other people. I have, by order of the parish priest, for whom I acted as curate during a short time, held many of those *stations of confession*, and never did a Yankee pedler drive a harder bargain with his customers, than I was compelled to make with those who came to confession to me, for payment for pardoning their sins; '*crediti amici*,' however strange the declaration may appear to you; I have been ordered by the same Popish priest, in Ireland, to administer what is called, in Popish parlance, the *Sacrament of Extreme Unction*, and to give to the dying patient the *Viaticum*; I have done so hundreds of times, but never until, by order of the same priest, payment was made to me in advance, whenever there was the least doubt of the ability of the patient or his friends to pay. Before the *Viaticum* is given, or permitted to be given by the Irish bishops, it is required that the dying sinner should confess; for be it known, the poor Irish Catholic is persuaded, that this *Viaticum* or wafer, made of flour and water, is the great God himself. The *Viaticum* is contained in a small box, called a *pixis*, and large enough to contain from ten to fifty of these wafers or Gods, and is carried in the breeches pocket of the priest. Do not laugh, American Protestants, or imagine that I am dealing in fables; I have gone, hundreds of times, to hear the confessions of dying Irish Papists, and given them one of these Viaticums or Gods, fifty or sixty of which, I have often carried at a time in my pocket. My orders were, upon all occasions, never to give absolution or the Viaticum, to any one, until payment was first insured to me; otherwise I had to pay the parish priest out of my own funds. Scenes which take place on such occasions, are truly heart-rending. The poor sick and simple Irish Catholic, believes that he shall be damned to all eternity, if he is not anointed and forgiven his sins by the priest. He would cheerfully pay him if he had the means; he would cheerfully sell the blanket that shelters him from the cold blasts of winter, to pay the hard-hearted priest; but the blanket is often worth nothing, is often but a filthy, lousy rag, such as no American can form the least conception of, though the well-fed priest lives in luxury. I have known some curates in Ireland, who had no means of their own, to take the chickens, the ducks, or turkeys of poor men whom they *anointed*, and who had no money to pay the priest for pardoning their sins, and tie the legs of those fowls together, throwing them across their saddles, and carrying them home to pay the parish priest. The poor curate perhaps was not worth a dollar, and dare not return to the priest without bringing with him his dues.

It is extremely unpleasant to dwell upon the disgusting scenes which are daily witnessed in the sick rooms of the Irish peasantry. The idea of dying without obtaining *absolution* and extreme unction from a Roman Catholic priest, is agonizing and intolerable to a poor Irish Papist, and it is considered as an everlasting stigma even upon his posterity. Every effort is therefore made to procure a *shilling*, which is the minimum charge made by a priest for administering extreme unction. Any man may judge of the feelings and mental distress of a dying man who believes that he has not an hour longer to live, and that his eternal salvation depends upon the absolution of his sins and the application of extreme unction, or *blessed oil*, by his priest. But the dying individual is not the only one who suffers; the wife, the children, and grandchildren, participate in his mental sufferings; and those warm-hearted creatures would give, and do give, the last potato from their table, or the last basket of turf in their possession, to a priest, rather than witness any longer the sufferings of the dying parent. It must seem strange that this people should not make some effort to shake off the chains with which their priests have bound them to the car of Popery; but they will not. Such is the influence of superstition over their minds, that they will suffer on forever, unless Protestant Christians do something to relieve them. The Protestant government of Great Britain would willingly break those chains which bind this generous and warm-hearted people to Popery, but they will not have them broken. The Popish bishops of Ireland have recently refused to accept the provision which the Protestant government of Great Britain seems willing to make for the support of the Roman Catholic church and priests in Ireland. That demon in human shape—that traitor in the guise of a patriot and Christian—Daniel O'Connell, advises the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland not to accept the state provision which Great Britain is willing to make for the priests of the Irish Catholic church. This man's drafts upon the credulity of mankind are very large—so large that I believe they cannot be honored much longer. Why do Irish priests refuse the state provision which Great Britain is willing to make for them? Why do they not accept it from that source, rather than drag it from the poor, in shillings, in chickens, ducks, turkeys, barrels of potatoes, pounds of butter, cishes of turf, &c. &c.? Why does Daniel O'Connell advise them, in his traitorous harangues, not to receive the liberal provision which the British government seems willing to make for them? The reason is plain to the most careless and superficial thinker. The traitor knows very well that the ultimate success of all his ambitious designs depends upon the cooperation of the Popish church and its priests in Ireland. He knows full well that if the priests were paid by the State, they would lose their influence with the people, and that he would lose the cooperation of both in his treacherous designs to overthrow Protestant governments and Protestant religion in England and elsewhere. Disguise it as he may, cover it over with Jesuitical varnish of what thickness or depth he pleases, it is evident that the overthrow of Protestantism in Church and State is the grand object which O'Connell and the Popish church have in view, in their present movements, both in Ireland and in the United States. The Popish bishops and O'Connell are aware that the moment the parish priests and curates of Ireland were paid their dues, they (the bishops and O'Connell) must lose their influence with the great mass of the people. This is evident to myself. But what sort of influence would they lose? Must they lose that influence which a Christian minister of the gospel would like to possess over his flock, and which every good man likes to see in all evangelical religions? I answer in the negative, and I challenge fair contradiction. They could lose nothing which a pious Christian or a good citizen would desire to retain. They could only lose their influence as rebels to God and traitors to the rights of man.

Will Americans reflect for a moment that we have about three millions of the disciples of O'Connell and Popish bishops in this country? Let every lover of our constitution ponder seriously upon this fact.

How do Popish bishops persuade their people to blind submission to their will, and to the will of the traitor O'Connell? It is done through the confessional.

That is the channel through which the poison of treason and idolatry is infused into the minds of Papists. But let that O'Connell take heed, lest the fate of Dante, once as good a Roman Catholic as himself, should overtake him. Apropos, Corporal Brownson, Bishop Fenwick's mouth-piece in Boston, makes a boast of the fact that Dante was a Roman Catholic, and assures us that he was an honor to the Popish Church. I wonder whether the Corporal has ever read Dante's poem on Hell? If he has, I would advise him to have written on the door of every Popish confessional, that caution which Dante recommended to be posted on its portals. I have not a copy of Dante in my possession, but it was something to this effect, "*Pause before you enter this gate*" This caution should be written in large letters upon the door of every Romish confessional in the civilized world. I can assure those who enter that accursed tribunal, that they may as well enter the hell described by Dante. I owe an apology to the public for the frequent mention of the name of Brownson, in these pages; but he has proved to me so great and prolific a source of mixed sadness and merriment, that I could not avoid frequent allusion to his name. I verily believe that were it not for him, I could scarcely write the present volume.

"Without thee [Corporal Brownson] nothing lofty could I sing; Come, then, and with thyself thy genius bring."

The Corporal, I understand, is now lecturing in Philadelphia, on the *infallibility* of the Romish church,—and the simple purity of its *democratic form of government*.

According to Brownson, who never utters a word until it is first approved by the Roman Catholic bishops in the United States, no form of government should be allowed, but such as that now established and sanctioned by the Pope of Rome. The Pope's subjects, and they alone, as Brownson assures us, are fit to bear aloft the standard of liberty. No hands should be permitted to touch or embroider the flag of freedom, but those of chaste nuns and sisters of charity in the Popish church; and no arms should be allowed the honor of defending that flag, but the valorous ones of those who have been pardoned their sins at the holy tribunal of confession. Is this really the state of things? If so, thrice welcome the sisters of charity amongst us, and ten thousand welcomes to those Popish patriots who have confessed their sins and been pardoned by their priests. But what if the government of the Court of Rome should be found not to be, in reality, all that our Popish bishops recommend, and all that Brownson represents it? What if it should be found that the Pope is not an angel, and that his government is far from being perfect? How would it be if his Royal Holiness the Pope, were proved to be a weak and licentious old profligate, unable to rule, and unwilling to obey? What if his government were proved to be one of the most corrupt, avaricious, tyrannical, that ever existed upon earth? This would entirely change the position of affairs, and could not fail to tinge with a blush the cheeks of our citizens who are weak enough to listen to the ranting declamations of the hired infidel Brownson. I have before me the last number of the Westminster Review, a work of great talent and popularity, widely differing in tone and style, and respectability, from a thing called Brownson's Democratic Review. The reader will easily pardon me for quoting a few extracts from it, which will tend to throw some light on the beauties of that Popish republicanism which the bishops of the Catholic church are desirous of introducing into the United States. I beg the particular attention of my readers to it. There is more of good sense, sound judgment, truth, and good taste, in it, than in all the *clishmaclaver* which has been issued from the Popish presses and Jesuit quarterly reviews in the United States, during the last half century. "We are not here to treat of the Pope, that nominal head of the State—all-powerful for evil—absolutely impotent for good. As a general rule, he may be set down as an old imbecile, thrust into power by a faction of the Cardinals, who share among them the spoils; or as a veteran trafficker in ambition, who settles with his electors the price of his elevation to the Papacy, and who is compelled, at the risk of his life, to observe the conditions of the compact. The real chief is the Secretary of State—*Sacretario di Stado*—this is he who is the leader of the faction in the conclave. He stands above all authority. He is supposed to receive the responses of the Papal oracle, and to utter them in the name of laws. A few strokes of the pen, forwarded to a tribunal, enable him to annihilate, without publicity, statutory enactments." How would our Western citizens, Wolverines, Suckers, Hoosiers, and Squatters, like such a Secretary of State? How would the citizens of Tennessee, and Illinois, like such gentlemen, as Secretaries for their respective States? How many votes, reader, do you suppose such a man would receive, were he a candidate for re-election as Secretary of State, in Vermont or New Hampshire? Very few, I apprehend; and yet the infidel Brownson, who is a native of Vermont—if I am correctly informed—is trying to establish amongst us a religion which would force upon us the duty of supporting such characters for the highest offices in our government.

"Next to the Secretary of State," continues the Westminster Review, "comes a Cardinal. His titles confer upon him the Presidency of the Apostolic Chamber, and the management of the customs and the mint.... His titles would lead one to infer that the general direction of the postal department was intrusted to him, though he has nothing to do with it. The posts are under a separate and independent jurisdiction.... More definite in duty, but equally unaccountable as to performance, is the Treasurer General, who completes a supreme triumvirate of the Papal States. He is the real minister of finance, though with the usual rule of misrule, several branches of that head are entirely independent. He attends to the collection of the revenue, and appoints the provincial receivers; he contracts loans, and orders the sale of public property. *He never gives account to any one of his administration, nor of the distribution of the funds that enter the treasury; neither has any one a right to demand an account.* He can only be dismissed from his office by being promoted to the office of Cardinal; he then leaves on his desk a key, supposed to be that of the treasury, being the only formality that is indispensable." This is taking the responsibility, with a vengeance! The reason why the Popish Church gives this unlimited power to the secretary of her treasury, deserves peculiar notice. Americans should view it closely. All Protestant governments and Protestant countries should examine it attentively. The Pope and his government are aware that if their Secretary of the Treasury were compelled to give a correct account of the monies he received, and the uses for which they were appropriated, their plans, their bribes, their subornation of witnesses, their intrigues, and various modes of overthrowing Protestant governments and Protestant churches, could not fail to be discovered, and then the Unanimous voice of mankind would cry aloud, Down with Popery! down with the Beast! down with the old harlot of Rome! If the Pope's treasurer were compelled to account for the millions upon millions which Jesuits and Popish priests wring from the hard earnings of mankind, the Romish church could not exist an hour longer, and there is not

a Protestant government upon earth, that would allow within its jurisdiction a Popish college, bishop, seminary, nunnery, or monk-house. Were the treasurer of the Romish church obliged to give a fair account of the uses to which he appropriated the funds received and expended by him, Americans could soon know where Bishop Hughes of New York receives the vast sums of money which he has been expending for several years back, in erecting colleges and nunneries, into which he may decoy the children of Protestant Americans. It would then be known where Bishop Purcel of Ohio, obtained the funds with which he clandestinely, and without giving them any notice, purchased the buildings occupied by the Misses Beecher and others, in the city of Cincinnati, as a seminary for the education of young ladies. The Popish Bishop Hughes of New York never owned a dollar of his own; it is but a few years since he was employed as a gardener in the college of Georgetown or Emmetsburg, I forget which. Bishop Purcel of Ohio was equally poor and destitute; but now these right reverend Jesuits have at their command any amount of money which they in their judgment may deem necessary to proselytize American heretics, and overthrow their republican form of government.

Could we but know how the treasurer of the Pope disposed of the funds of his church, the Jesuit Bishop Fenwick of Boston, could no longer conceal from the citizens of Massachusetts, where he found means to build a Popish college at Worcester; to which, I understand, he soon intends adding an extensive nunnery and a Foundling' Hospital, in which fatherless orphans, or rather the bastard children of Jesuits, are to be provided for.

It is sound policy, in the Popish Church, not to require from the Pope's treasurer, any account of the mode or manner in which he disposes of the funds entrusted to his charge. And I cannot withhold from them due credit for this admirable stroke of policy, wicked and demoralizing as it is in reality.

"Yet lower, beneath the class of principals and subalterns, swarms, as reptiles in filth, a hideous race, not to be hinted at in good society, but whose abnormal existence must be proclaimed in our effort to make intelligible the nature of papal government—a race of varlets, parasites, prostitutes, traffickers in vice, legions of familiar demons, who crawl from the basement to the very summit of the edifice. The celibacy of the clergy,—the occupiers of every avenue to power,—is the source of their influence..... For ages past, the interior corruption, and the power exercised at Rome by domestics and women of gallantry, has been notorious; but before the time of Pius VI. (Pius died only about fifty years ago) the profligacy of the priests, though more brazen, had not, in general at least, stained the family hearth. The natural children of Popes Cardinals, and Bishops, impudently recognized, by their elevation to the highest dignities, were not the offspring of their neighbors' wives.... At a later period, the depravity general in Europe, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the examples set by Cardinals Richlieu, Mazarin, and Alberoni, and the morale of theology disseminated by Jesuits,—masters in the art of inciting the human passions, to turn them in the end to their own account, and of fostering covert infamy, to lord it over their penitents by the possession of their secrets (in the confessional.)—taught, by Roman Cardinals and Bishops, that it was more convenient, and less scandalous, to insinuate their seduction, where it was the interest of all parties to conceal it," The Westminster Review is good authority upon any subject; but I have adopted a general rule, in my controversy with Papists, never to quote from Protestant authorities, except when I know, of my own knowledge, that the facts stated by them are true, and susceptible of proof. This is not—as the reader may easily imagine—because I doubt the veracity of Protestant writers, but because Jesuits will persuade their followers, that my statements are only a repetition of *old lies*, fabricated by heretics. I have unqualifiedly accused the Roman Catholic priests and bishops of this country, and elsewhere, of using the confessional for the infamous purpose of seducing, females. I have charged upon nunneries, that they were nothing better than legalized houses of prostitution, and established among us, by the Pope of Rome and his bishops, for the sole purpose of affording them better opportunities and greater security in their immoralities and high-handed profligacies; and I appeal to Americans, of all denominations, whether I have or have not established my charges against them. I ask any well-read American, who is acquainted with the private history of Cardinal Richlieu, whether he was not one of the greatest profligates of his day? Is it not well known, that Cardinal Mazarin was so notorious a profligate, that no man's wife was safe in his society, or proof against his political influence and extravagant expenditures. He was Prime Minister to Louis XIV. of France; he had, in his gift, nearly all the offices under the government; and it was well understood, throughout all France, that it was perfectly useless for any man whose wife was not young and beautiful, to apply to him for office. There is not to be found, a well informed man, who has not read the life of Cardinal De Retz, and who does not know that his house, and his soirees, were places of rendezvous for gay women, and especially for that portion of them whose character for chastity was not the best. Let it be observed here, that the parish priests and cures were all in the pay of these Cardinals, and employed to procure and select for them, through the confessional, the most beautiful and desirable women in Paris; and faithfully did these Popish *pimps* discharge their commissions. But still, the Jesuits of this country, and that miserable outcast mouth-piece of theirs, Brownson, talk of the *infallibility* of the Romish Church, and the superior beauties of its democratic form of government. Can it be possible that the enlightened Republicans of the United States, have patience to listen to the diatribes of this man against Protestant governments and Protestant Churches? Yet so it is; and I have not the least doubt, that many of the indignant expressions, which I make use of in speaking of him and Jesuits, will be found fault with, as they have been before, by many of the mawkish sympathizers with Popery, in the United States.

There are to be found, among the good and virtuous of our Protestant people, many who think that I should use milder language than much of that contained in my books,—that some of it is too harsh,—that it shows a bad spirit, a bad temper, and is—*pro tanto*—an indirect evidence, that I possess not a Christian feeling towards Popery or its advocates. That I am not what a Christian ought to be, in thought, word, and deed, I will freely admit. But those sympathizers, whether Infidels or Christians, who think that I should use milder language in my controversy with Papists, know but very little—as I have often told them before—of the spirit and elements of Popery, or the mode of warfare adopted by its Jesuits; and hence it is, that whenever they themselves enter the lists of controversy with Popish priests, and Jesuit presses, they are invariably and ingloriously defeated. I would ask these gentlemen, who find fault with the apparent asperity of my language, whether they could, collectively or individually, silence the howlings of a northeast storm by softly whistling

Yankee Doodle, or humming Hail Columbia? When they can do this—but I doubt much if it can be done sooner—then they can silence scurrilous Jesuits in their abuse of Protestant religion, and check the efforts of the Popish presses in the United States, by using mild, charitable, and gentlemanly language, in all controversies with them. The fact is, Protestants and Protestant theologians too, must alter their mode of warfare with Papists.

The Popish press in the United States, has always endeavored, and never failed in the attempt—as far as I know—to place our Protestant presses in a position of defence. A single thrust from their journals, inflicts a wound which requires months to heal; the prescription alone, which is necessary for a cure, occupies whole columns of our presses and periodicals, and thus they have a great advantage over their Protestant opponents. I have never given them this advantage, and until my Protestant fellow laborers in the glorious cause of religion and civil rights, follow my example, in their controversies with Papists, they may as well 'pile arms' at once, and retire from the arena. I have carried the war with Papists, into Africa, but not until all overtures for peace proved ineffectual. I have inflicted upon them wounds, which it will require some time to heal. The result has shown the policy of my course towards them. It is scarcely twelve months, since *repeal meetings*,—which in reality were meetings held for the ill-disguised purpose of overthrowing the Protestant Church and government in this country,—were held in every hall and place of public meeting in our cities. I have exposed the covert intentions of those meetings, in pure Saxon language. I have called the priests and Jesuits who encouraged them, as well as the presses which advocated them,—traitors, and enemies to religion and the civil rights of our people. What has been the consequence? We scarcely hear now, of a *repeal 27* meeting*. Its advocates have been silenced, and they are obliged to abandon the cause, or support it under some other name or title, which I understand they are doing now, in Boston, under the infamous disguise of taking up contributions for the starving Irish. The Popish bishops, finding me rather a troublesome customer, and well versed in Jesuitical fencing,—parrying and thrusting with as much skill and precision as they themselves, having been taught in the same school with them, and by the same masters,—have come to the wise conclusion, that they had better let me alone, and tacitly admit the truth of every accusation which I have brought against them. They seem, however, resolved to die hard, and recently commissioned the notorious infidel Brownson to defend them, and, if possible, to exculpate them from the enormous and vile crimes of seduction and treason, which I have brought against them. I fondly hoped that when this Brownson took the field in defence of Popery, some of those meek, bashful theologians, and editors of religious journals, who think my language too harsh, would come against him and his Jesuit masters. There is not a scurrilous epithet in the English vocabulary, which Brownson and his Jesuit masters, have not applied to Protestants and Protestant presses. He has encouraged, by advice of Jesuits, treason to this government, by recommending the government of the Pope, as a better and more republican system; and still, I find—much to my regret—that there is not a single Protestant divine in the country, or a single Protestant periodical—as far as I can discover—willing to raise his voice or publish an article against him. They all seem alive to the paramount necessity of finding fault and condemning what they term cheap literature, as calculated to demoralize the community. Eugene Sue, and Michelet, are special objects of their censure. It was only the other day, that an orthodox clergyman, who holds a high station and receives a high salary from his church, delivered, in New York, a philippic of nearly two hours' length, against Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," and concluded with a Jeremiad, bemoaning that so many copies of it should have been distributed in the book stores in New York. "The work,"—observed this learned but mistaken lecturer,—"is flooding the country." Very true, it is flooding the country; but is not Popery flooding the country? Are not Jesuits flooding the country? Are not Popish concubines, denominated nuns and sisters ters of charity, flooding the country? Is not Brownson, the Pope's Agent, flooding the country with infidel principles and treason against our government? Which of these floods does the reverend gentleman to whom I allude, prefer? He is now fairly between Scylla and Charybdis; he must fall upon one; and which does he choose? The Popish flood, which Eugene Sue is trying to dam, or the flood occasioned by the sale of the Wandering Jew in New York and elsewhere? The former is a torrent which flows forever; the latter—even if it were destructive for the moment, is but a land flood, that may cover the meadows to-day, but disappear on the morrow. *Utrum horam mavis accipe*. Let the reverend lecturer, and those who maintain similar opinions of modern and anti-Popish writers, take their choice.

There is no proportion, I apprehend, to be found between the zeal of those lecturers and their knowledge of human nature. The fact is, that very few of them have travelled far into the regions of general science; each seems to be confined within the circle of his own creed, and many of them vainly endeavor to lay the foundations of morality much higher than the existence of moral agency itself. They resemble, in a great measure, some of those ancient philosophers who supposed that the essences of things existed before the things themselves made their appearance, or could assume any shape or form. For instance, they imagined the essence of black and white, red, blue, pink, &c., had existence before there was any such thing as color. There were many philosophers who supposed that the essence of square and circle existed before there was any such thing as form. Many of our modern moralists and lecturers upon morality are little less extravagant in their ideas; and if they do not check their imaginations and unmeaning deviations from common sense, in some of their public lectures, they must soon share the fate of those ancient dreamers to whom I have alluded. Lecturers now-a-days must recollect that men are permitted to exercise—and that freely—their own judgment. We find it very difficult to accompany many of our speakers in their extraordinary flights to the regions of morality, in which the common sense and sound doctrine of moral agency, are entirely lost sight of. The lecturer who would condemn the efforts of Eugene Sue to arrest the progress of Jesuitism, shows but a very limited knowledge of this world, and impliedly denies the efficacy of human agency. He will soon find that his own efforts to impede the progress of Popery will prove ineffectual; they will be lost in those regions of fanciful perfection which his own imagination has created. Theologians of all denominations are peculiarly apt to run into extremes; many of them take certain standards of morality, which cannot be defended, and which need not be sustained, and they are very apt to pronounce all who differ from them to be in error, when in fact charity and good sense demand from them a frank acknowledgment, that though they themselves may be right, it does not follow that others are wrong. Eugene Sue condemns not only the religious doctrines of Jesuits, but severely censures their political creed. He holds the latter up to the world

as dangerous and destructive to the happiness of the human kind. He knows man, in every state of society, and he writes to convince him in each. He is well versed in the elements of political government, and knows that it is upon the preservation and maintenance of it in a healthy form, that the happiness of man, in this world, depends. It is therefore perfectly idle, and worse than idle, for those lecturers who perhaps have no other ideas of the moral and political duties of man than those which they have learned from Baxter's Saint's Rest, Four Fold State, or his Crook in the Lot, to declaim against Eugene Sue, or any other man, whose better experience in the world teaches him to pursue a different course in trying to accomplish the same object. Let it not be supposed that I mean to speak disrespectfully of Baxter, or that a thorough knowledge of his works and writings would prove useless to any one; but no man of sense or prudence could suppose for a moment, that he was a match for Jesuits, or that a knowledge of his and similar works would enable any lecturer to encounter Jesuits on the field of controversy.

The policy which Jesuits would introduce into this country, and force upon us, by the authority of their church, could not long fail to divide this Union into fragmentary sections, and embroil our citizens in scenes of blood and slaughter, such as never have been witnessed before. We should soon have State armed against State; and in place of one united army and one commander-in-chief, we should have twenty? eight armies, and as many generals-in-chief. This is precisely what the Jesuits and the Popish church are aiming at. This would give them, united, a superior power, and to them we should have to appeal for the settlement of our difficulties. The policy of the Popish church has always been a curious combination of ecclesiastical and democratic pretensions. In theory, it is democratic enough for our most rabid Locofocos; but in practice, it requires from man the most thorough subjection. Let us look back to history, and the truth of this will appear evident. Any opposition to the Pope of Rome, from any sovereign, or any other authority whatever, is considered by the Popish church as treason against God and man.

Every historian will recollect the murder of the Guises in France. The disturbances of the times, and the causes which led to them, are well known to the readers of history; and let it not be forgotten, that the Popish doctrines and Popish republicanism which then existed in France, are now covertly and treacherously taught in these United States. In 1589, some of the French people entertained scruples whether it was lawful or not to depose a legitimate sovereign, or put him to death, after swearing allegiance to him. The question was one of great anxiety among the people, and something was to be done to quiet it. Meetings were called in different places, and it was finally determined by them to lay the subject before the Popish theological faculty of the University of Paris: This faculty had full power from his Holiness the Pope, to give judgment in the case, and the Catholics of France were bound to obey it. Accordingly, on the 7th of January, 1589, the great, and holy, and infallible doctors of Popish divinity in the College of Sorbonne met, by authority, and pronounced the following decision: "Having heard the nature and free counsels of the Magistri, and after many and divers arguments heard, drawn, for the most part, verbatim from holy writ, the canon law, and the Papal ordinances, it has been concluded, by the Dean of the faculty, without any dissenting voice, first, that the people are absolved from the oath of fidelity and allegiance sworn by them to the King. Furthermore, that the said people may, without any scruple of conscience, combine together, arm themselves, and collect money, for the maintenance of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion, against a king." This is republicanism, as taught by Jesuits and Papists. This is the republicanism which they teach through the confessional in the United States, and this is the democracy which they have commissioned the infidel Brownson to spread over our country. This is the republicanism which Eugene Sue is cautioning mankind against introducing amongst them, and Eugene Sue is the man whose writings many of our philanthropic, but mistaken lecturers, are trying to suppress. Eugene Sue has done more to stem the torrent of Popish democracy in this country, than any man who has written against Papists. He has attacked it in its very bud. He knew where it germinated. Our Protestant lecturers know not the source from which it springs, and therefore they had perhaps better let it alone altogether, until they become thoroughly acquainted with the principle that gave it birth, and the influences that sustain it. Eugene Sue knew full well that the Popish confessional was the source and substance of all Jesuit treasons, immoralities, plots, and murders. He is a man of the world, and knows that licentiousness and despotism are more closely allied than is imagined by our simple-minded and pious lecturers; he knows that both are inconsistent with liberty,—which should be the true end of all governments,—and he has therefore deemed it prudent to bring all his energies to bear against the Popish confessional, knowing full well that if that were destroyed, together with the supremacy of the Pope of Rome, mankind could not fail to be benefited. He has attacked that confessional, not by whining over the immoralities of the times, or the romance of modern literature,—this any old woman can do,—but he has fallen upon it with the club of Hercules, whose well-aimed blows I pray heaven no lecturer may weaken. It is far from my intention to be disrespectful to any well-meaning lecturer against Popery, and it is still much further from my mind to be uncourteous towards any of those Protestant divines who disagree with me in regard to the anti-Popish writings of Eugene Sue; but I must do my duty, as I understand it myself. I am not unmindful that there was a time when general knowledge was a scarce article among the people, and when the clergy engrossed the largest portion of it; and I doubt whether it is not a great misfortune that many of our lecturer derive most of their knowledge of mankind from the study of works written in those times. Hence much of their unfitnes to criticise the writings of men of the world. It is, however, an easy matter to condemn the writings of any man; but when a Protestant theologian publicly finds fault with Eugene Sue, or any other writer against Popery, it is reasonable to expect him to supply something better of his own. A good anecdote is told of Margaret, Governess of the Netherlands. When Luther first commenced writing against Popery, he handled the Pope and his Jesuit priests rather roughly; he knew them of his own knowledge, just as I do myself. Margaret upon one occasion had around her some of her courtiers, who were chatting most politely and courteously, and commenting on the inelegance and uncourtliness of many of the expressions used by Luther in his writings. Margaret, suddenly turning round, asked one of the most garrulous and verbose amongst them, "Who is this Martin Luther?" "He is," replied the courtier, "a rough and uncouth man," and from the "coarseness of his language, I should suppose he was an ignorant man." "Yes, he is," exclaimed the whole circle of exquisite theologians and fashionables. "I am glad of it," replied Margaret. "You are learned men, possessing refined minds, and no doubt you will give us something better than he has written. I wish you would do so as soon as possible, and furnish me a copy of your production." Can the sapient critics to whom I have been alluding

take a hint? Eugene Sue understands much better the strength and power he has to contend with, than our American theologians do. If I estimate them correctly, or if it be proper to judge of all by any one of them, I would say they know nothing whatever of the strength of Popery. I recollect having recently seen and read a speech delivered by a distinguished member of the Christian Alliance, at a meeting held in Boston, and the following passage in that speech made so vivid an impression on my mind, that I have not forgotten it since; nor could I help inferring that if the speaker were a fair sample of the whole, they formed a very incorrect estimate of the power of that wily enemy to civil rights, the Pope of Rome. The following are literally the words of the speaker to which I allude: "I thought the Pope was a man of learning, but he aint; he's a granny." This sentiment, and the mode of expressing it, may be satisfactory to the learned gentleman who uttered it, but to one who may be entirely indifferent, it is a much stronger evidence of the grannyism of the speaker, than of the Pope. I refer to this with no other view than to show how unacquainted some American theologians are with Popery, in every shape and form. This gentleman should know that if the Pope were a granny, it would be no argument against Popery, or any preventive of the evils with which it threatens us. Suppose a meeting of citizens were held, on the subject of our difficulties with Great Britain, we can easily fancy some spouter to rise in his place and say, "We have nothing to dread from that nation; the Queen is but a silly woman; she is but a mere granny." Would not any sensible man at the meeting advise this spouter to sit down, and no longer intrude upon their time by such nonsense? It might be known to the meeting, that the government of England was not managed by the Queen, but by her Cabinet, composed of men well versed in the science of diplomacy and government intrigues. It is immaterial whether the sovereign of England is in her cradle, flirting at a ball, or in her dotage—the power of England is not the less to be dreaded.

Had our American theologians as much worldly tact, and knowledge, as they have of single mindedness and true piety, they might easily know, that it is a matter of perfect indifference,—so far as the power of Rome is concerned,—whether the Pope be a granny or a sage. The affairs of his court are managed by unprincipled, crafty, and licentious men, who thirst for power and patronage. They are not without friends in this country. Many fear them, politicians sympathize with them, and they are gaining ground, in spite of the friends of liberty in the United States. But let not the friends of freedom or of religion despair. Popish influence cannot long prevail over the good sense and cool reflection of our Protestant people. No man has ever measured the strength and dangers of Popery more accurately than Eugene Sue. He knows that Popery has in view, not exclusively the propagation of its religion, but also the increase of its wealth and temporal dominion. It is accomplishing both, in the United States, while it is losing the latter, in every other country in the world; and it is my deliberate opinion, that if Eugene Sue and Michelet, were put into the hands of every American who can read, they would do more towards shutting up the floodgates of Popery, which are now open upon this country, than any other means we could adopt towards effecting so desirable an object. Americans may suppose—and it will be extremely difficult to persuade them to the contrary—that however the Popish Church may succeed in propagating her religion amongst them, she can never get possession—at least to any extent—of their property or temporal power. In this they are mistaken—egregiously mistaken.

I beg leave to lay before my readers one instance—and let this one suffice for all—of the secret and fraudulent manner, in which the Church of Rome, through her agents, is gaining power and acquiring property in the United States.

I had the honor, a few weeks ago, of receiving a letter from the Hon.———, an eminent and distinguished member of the Philadelphia Bar, of which the following is a copy:

Philadelphia, Nov. 14th, 1845. To Wm. Hogan, Esq.

I make no apology for troubling you with this communication, having read your books and thereby perceived that you are willing to serve the cause of truth and justice.

A suit has been instituted against the county of Philadelphia, by a Society calling themselves "the Brothers of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine," to recover damages—laid in the declaration, at one hundred thousand dollars—for the destruction of the church of St. Augustine of this city. The Act of Assembly, upon which the suit is founded, gives the remedy to the owners of the property, and it is a part of my duty, in defending this suit, to see that the suit is brought by the rightful persons, as a recovery by the wrong ones, would not bar those justly entitled, in a second action. You perceive, therefore, that it becomes important to know who these Brothers are. I have searched the records of their enrolment in vain for their charter and deeds. None are to be found, and indeed everything in relation to them is involved in such mystery that it is difficult to get along.

As you resided a long time in the city and were, doubtless, intimate with some of the parties, would you do me the favor to enlighten me on the following points?

1. Who are the Brothers of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine? by whom instituted? are they enabled to hold property?

2. What property and estate do they hold? I perceive that, in 1820, they were composed of the following persons; Michael Hurley; Prince Galligzen, Catholic pastor at Bedford, Pennsylvania; Lewis Debarth, pastor of St. Mary's Philadelphia; Patrick Kenney, pastor at Coffee Run, Chester county, Pennsylvania; and J. B. Holland, pastor at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Did any of these churches belong to this Order? and if so, which of them?

3. It has been often said that the Pope was the real owner of the Catholic churches in the United States. Is that true? and if so, how shall I be able to prove this upon the trial of the cause?

4. It has been confidently asserted, that this Order of Hermits, is confined to ecclesiastical duties, and is prohibited from holding real estate. Is this true, and if so, how shall I be able to prove it? An early answer, if it suits your convenience, will much oblige yours,——!!!!

We see, from the above letter, the *modus operandi* of the Romish Church in acquiring temporal power in this country. It is an axiom, and one as well understood by Americans as any other people in the world, that "money is power," and Papists understand it equally well. These artful encroachers upon liberty, are not deceived in the effects which must result from the possession of property. Give them money, give them real estate, give them space and room for their followers, and they will ask no more from Americans,—the rest

they will have in spite of them.

I would call the attention of any intelligent American, to the above letter. I wish he would sit down with me and calculate, for a moment, the probable amount of property which the Popish Church now owns in the United States. In Philadelphia, one church possessed by an individual member of a comparatively obscure order of friars, is estimated to be worth one hundred thousand dollars. Let us suppose that this order of friars owns or claims ownership to fifty such churches in the single State of Pennsylvania. That would give the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine five million dollars' worth of property in Pennsylvania alone, without even taking into consideration the appurtenances and real estate belonging to these churches; and if we admit that the "Brothers of the Order of Hermits," own far themselves, or as the Pope's agents, property worth five millions of dollars in Pennsylvania, what must be the amount owned by other different orders of friars, priests, and Jesuits, in that State? The amount, if correctly estimated, would baffle my limited powers of calculation. But Pennsylvania is not the only state in the Union where Popish friars and priests are getting possession of real estate. They own millions upon millions' worth of property in almost every slate in the Union, but especially in Maryland, Louisiana, South Carolina, Ohio, New York, and Massachusetts. But it will be said, and I have heard it said in Boston, that the Popish Church cannot possibly own much property without the knowledge of our citizens, and can consequently acquire no influence of any amount from that source. There again Americans are deceived, and literally, as we term it, gulled by the Church of Rome. This is exemplified in the case alluded to in the above letter. There were but few in Philadelphia,—if any besides Popish priests,—who knew even of the existence of such an Order as that of the "Brothers of St. Augustine." I have searched in vain, says my correspondent, "for an enrolment of their charter." There was no record of it to be found; yet the Order exists, and lays claim to damages amounting to one hundred thousand dollars, for the burning of a church, which forms but a fraction of that property which they allege to be their own. In vain do we examine our tax books, to ascertain the amount of property claimed as belonging to the Popish Church. We may look them over till the day of judgment and not be the wiser. Millions are now owned in the single city of Boston by the Popish Church, of which the Bostonians, with all their shrewdness, have not the remotest idea. It is owned under cover, under fictitious names, and otherwise. It may be regularly appraised; its taxes may be regularly paid, but who it belongs to, or who has the beneficial interest of it, is what cannot be known until the arrival of the time when the law requires, and imperatively demands, that a legal ownership should be established, as happens to be the case in Philadelphia.

It will be asked what reply I have made to my correspondent in Philadelphia. I answer none at all; at least I have made none to the questions propounded to me. It may farther be asked, why not? It is for the very reason which my correspondent assigns for propounding his questions to me. I wish to serve the cause of truth and justice, but I have no desire to interfere in party questions, except in the way of my profession, on the emolument of which I am chiefly dependent for the means of subsistence. Were I to pause, in the course of my opposition to Popery, and turn aside to interfere in particular cases of controversy, I should soon lose the influence which I may now have in advancing the moral interest of the community at large. I should soon be considered, not the friend of abstract "truth and justice," but a party barrator, unworthy the confidence and respect of my fellow citizens. There is, besides, another reason for not yielding to the wishes of my respected correspondent I have resided, as he himself states, "for some years in Philadelphia," and never have I ceased, during that time, to warn its inhabitants against the encroachments of Popery amongst them. But they heeded not my warning, and permitted the Papists of that city to heap upon me the grossest abuse that man ever endured. I have, over and over again, appealed to the Protestant inhabitants of Philadelphia, to come to my aid in my efforts to guard their religion and civil rights against the rapacious and impious efforts of the Court of Rome to destroy and rob them of both. I have offered them my personal services gratis for five years, if they would supply me with a church or pulpit, where I could preach and protest against the following doctrines; viz., Auricular Confessions, the Supremacy of the Pope of Rome, the Popish Latin Mass, and the idolatrous doctrine of Transubstantiation. I made this offer through one or two of the public presses in Philadelphia, but the offer was entirely rejected by some, and coldly received by others. Here I must state—though with great regret—that not a single Protestant clergyman, of any denomination whatever, either in Philadelphia or elsewhere in the United States, offered me his pulpit, his aid, or his counsel. The doctrines, which I was willing to maintain then, were precisely those which John Ronge is disseminating in Germany; and there is not a Protestant clergyman in that country, who would withhold from him the use of his pulpit, or his influence, in so holy a cause as that in which he is engaged. But I can see a shade of difference, and not a very slight one, between German and American Protestants. The heart of a German Protestant can be approached, through the medium of his understanding and conceptions of his moral obligations; that of an American Protestant, in many instances, can be touched only through his pocket. There is a sort of magnetic communication, or something else, between gold and the souls of some American Protestants. Solomon says that money can do all things; and had he alluded to this country alone, the saying of the wise man would have been doubly true.

But happily a change seems to have come over the spirits of our Protestant Christians. They are coming up to the work of gospel labor with a noble zeal. There is but one voice among them on the subject of Popery, and may that voice be heard throughout the four corners of the globe. Down with the Pope Down with Popery! and may the God of mercy save and convert the poor deluded Papists. I believe I am safe in saying that there is not at present an evangelical clergyman in the United States, who would refuse the use of his pulpit or church to any individual, properly qualified to expose the errors and idolatries of the Popish church. I have had, myself, applications from some of the most eminent men in the Orthodox church in this country, to preach and lecture from their pulpits, and should most cordially have accepted the friendly offer, if my feeble state for the last few months, had not entirely forbidden it. The same cause also at present forbids it.

I have here digressed from the purpose of this volume. But the Subject towards which the digression is made, is of too much importance to be fairly discussed within the limits of any digression, however wide or extensive it may be. It is one which must soon occupy the serious attention of our most talented and best informed Christian writers. It demands the consideration of all who understand the blasting influence of Popery upon the morals of the rising generation. Protestant theologians must come up to the work; they must open their churches, and pulpits, and lend their influence and their talents to put down Popery, or

Popery will put them down. Nor let them suppose that when I charge them with apathy in this good cause, I am indulging any feelings of personal disappointment, or moved by any fitful, fretful, or angry thoughts towards them. On the contrary, it is because I entertain no such sentiments, that I speak with freedom of things as they once struck me. I should be as silent as the grave on the subject, were it in the power of any man living to attribute to me pecuniary or interested motives.

But to return to the point from which we have, in a measure, digressed. Such is the deception practised upon Roman Catholics, through the confessional, by their church, priests and their agents, that they (the Catholics) will not believe the plainest truths, unless sanctioned by them. I have often known them to discredit the testimony of their own senses, and I have now before me a case in point, confirming this almost incredible assertion. It appears that some time ago, when much anxiety was manifested in England and elsewhere, in regard to the alleged destitute condition of the Irish tenantry, the London Times accused O'Connell, the Pope's agent in Ireland, of being himself one of the most oppressive landlords, and reducing his tenants to the most wretched condition. This was a serious charge against the Pope's viceroy. It could not, it must not be admitted. It will be recollected by the reader, that O'Connell and the Popish priests of Ireland have been for years, without any intermission whatever, accusing Protestant landlords and Protestant clergymen of oppressing their tenants, and reducing them to the very extreme of want and penury. The proprietors of the London Times, aided by several philanthropic Protestant gentlemen, resolved to send over to Ireland a few gentlemen of known veracity, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of this serious accusation. They accordingly entered upon the discharge of their duty, proceeded forthwith to Ireland, and reported the condition of affairs just as they found them. According to their report, the charge against Protestant landlords had no foundation in fact, and was pronounced in the Times to be utterly groundless. No sooner had the Times reached the Island of Saints, than the whole body of saints, angeles, and archangels—by whom we are to understand Popish priests, bishops, and archbishops—rose in a body, together with their presses, pamphleteers, periodicals, &c, and pronounced the statement of the commissioners a base falsehood, and the Times itself a vile and scurrilous press. The proprietors of the Times and their friends were not, however, to be put down by this bullying; they were not to be put down by this shameless beggar, inflated gascon and traitor, O'Connell. They proposed to O'Connell to send over six gentlemen, to meet any six whom he and his Popish friends might appoint, to examine the condition of the tenants upon O'Connell's own estate, taking that as a fair and most impartial specimen of the condition of the Irish tenantry. Nothing fairer than this could be offered. Surely, if all the misery of the Irish tenantry were fairly to be attributed to the Protestant church and Protestant landlords, no portion of it could be found on those estates owned and held by Roman Catholics. But what was the course of O'Connell upon this occasion? He called a meeting of the saints, angels, and archangels, and laid before them the proposal of the Times; but lo! and behold! he and they shrank from the proposition. On the receipt of their refusal, a competent individual was sent from the Times' office, to accompany the commissioners back to Ireland, and to take note of what they saw in presence of Mr. O'Connell, or any of his friends whom he might appoint. The commissioners proceeded to the estate of Mr. O'Connell, in the county of Kerry, Ireland. They spent three days walking over it, going into every cottage and making personal inquiries. The result was published in the Times of December 25th, 1845. It speaks for itself, and cannot fail to be satisfactory to any man of truth and honor. The first day, the commissioners were accompanied by an agent of Mr. Hartop, under whom Mr. O'Connell holds some lands as a middleman. The second day they were accompanied from Valentia by Mr. O'Connell's own steward, throughout the whole of their inspection. The third day they were accompanied by one of O'Connell's sons, Morris O'Connell. They inspected his father's estates from Waterville to Derrynane Beg. At Ardara,—a town land which Mr. O'Connell holds on a lease of his own life, and sublets to a middleman,—the condition of the huts was perfectly horrible. The commissioners thus conclude their report upon the condition of the poor tenantry on the lands of Daniel O'Connell, the great liberator of Ireland—he who is sacrificing his time, his fortune, for the amelioration of the condition of mankind at large, but especially the Irish. It is with difficulty I can restrain a tear of sorrow, while I read the report which is given of the poor creatures who are the tenants of this cold-blooded hypocrite, O'Connell. I can already fancy the impatience of my readers to hear the conclusion of it Here it is. Listen to it, I pray you, American Protestants. Hear it, you simple-hearted Irishmen in the United States, who have contributed thousands and tens of thousands to support in luxury this heartless impostor, O'Connell. "We have?" say the commissioners, "been all over England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and we declare solemnly, that in no part of the United Kingdom is such neglected wretchedness, such filth, such squalor, such misery of every kind, to be seen, as we saw on Mr. O'Connell's estate, in the presence of his son, Morris O'Connell."

There was a law among the Athenians, which provided that he who accused another of crime, and failed to substantiate or make good the accusation, should forfeit his head. Some doubted the wisdom of this law; but there was one good in it which no man can question. It showed that he who accused another justly, was a man of principle, bold and intrepid in the cause of truth and justice. It showed, besides, that the crime of false swearing, or falsely accusing another, was looked upon as a crime hateful in its character, and of the utmost magnitude.

If this old Athenian law were in force in Ireland, where now would be the head of O'Connell? Just where it ought to be, on the point of a spear at the top of some steeple, where the passer-by might point at it and say, there is the head of Daniel O'Connell, the false accuser of his Protestant countrymen. Where would be the heads of the Roman Catholic Bishops and Archbishops of Ireland? Where would be the heads of Bishops Hughes of New York, Fenwick of Boston, Purcel of Cincinnati, and the other Popish bishops of this country, who accuse American Protestants, and their clergymen, of persecuting Roman Catholics? They might be found rolling in the dust.

We should thank Heaven that no such law is to be found under the sanction of our free Constitution. But, though these men do not legally forfeit their heads, they lose all claim to the respect and confidence of every man of veracity and honor in any country. What now must be thought of the veracity of O'Connell, the would-be Liberator of Ireland? What must an American Christian think of those Popish bishops, who vouch for the truth of O'Connell's statements? I know not, but my mind has long since been formed and long since frankly expressed. They may not, perhaps, be worse than others similarly situated, but the position of these men, in

this country at least, renders them, morally and politically, iniquitous, and Americans should keep a watchful eye on them. Americans are not a very suspicious people; freemen are seldom so. But let not even freemen ever forget, that the world is governed by men, and that men are governed by their passions and interests. It is peculiarly the duty of the citizens of the United States, to observe closely, the movements of O'Connell and Irish priests among them.

There are many of the latter mixed up with Americans, and exercising a mighty influence over their political destinies; and it is the business of our laws to restrain them. Inquiries are now being made, to ascertain how far the governments of Europe are interfering with our Republican Institutions. Some movements to that effect have recently been made in Congress, and I beg to assure him who has originated this inquiry, that if he perseveres and carries it through, he will find that there is not in Europe, a monarchical power, or a Popish power, under whatever name it may appear, that is not engaged in endeavoring to overthrow this Republic They have been planning this for years, and finding that all other means were likely to prove inefficacious, they have concluded to introduce a Trojan horse into the citadel of our liberties, taking good care to fill it with Popish traitors fully armed and equipped.

The limits of this volume do not permit me to dwell farther on this subject, but *graviora manent*.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AURICULAR CONFESSION AND POPISH NUNNERIES ***

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