

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DEVILRY.

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Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]
THE
HARVEY FAMILY.
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CHAPTER XV.

"Guess I do—always did; and what's more—always will," said he, at the same time, impressing a kiss on her cheek.

"And you'll never be offended at me, nor angry with me?"

"Unless you turn Christian," said Valdivius, as they seated themselves in the arbor.

"Well, dear brother, I must tell you the truth, I am a Christian," said Vertilia, at the same time throwing her arms around his neck.

Valdivius, tore himself from her arms, and sprung to his feet, and looking angrily in her face, said:

"You a Christian! you a Christian, too?"

"Yes, brother, by the grace of God, I am," said Vertilia, mildly, and looking up with gratitude beaming in her eyes.

"You a Christian!" he again exclaimed, as if amazed beyond measure.

"Yes; and I hope to see my poor dear brother one too!" said Vertilia, the tears streaming from her eyes.

"Guess you'll hope a while for that,—not such a fool as you think,—cursing them all!" said he in a rage, and turning round, hastily walked off, leaving Vertilia alone in the arbor.

Poor Vertilia! she sat for some time, and wept sore. After a while, however, she dried up her tears, and hastened to her little chamber, and throwing herself upon her knees at the side of her couch, poured forth her overflowing heart in earnest, importunate prayer for her brother—for the one she loved above all others on earth.

That night, without a farewell, or intimating to any one his intention, Valdivius left—left his father and mother, and poor, dear sister—for the toils and privations of the camp, and the hard, perilous life of a common soldier.

The family was now reduced to three members—executing little Vane. Fiducia had gone to heaven, to walk in white, and sing angelic songs; Valdivius,—to some distant land,—they knew not where; and Valens, with his wife and daughter, were left to sorrow and suffer alone.

But in the midst of all their trials they were happy—happy as any human beings could possibly be in their circumstances. The father and mother were overjoyed at the conversion of their daughter. Though one star had sunk away from their view, yet another, even more lustrous if possible, had been sent to shine in its stead, and throw around them its brilliant light. And as for their only son, they had experienced already enough of the efficacy of the prayer of faith, to encourage and strengthen their hearts. And as to Vertilia, her hours glided away happily, in administering to the comfort of her parents, and in contemplation of the coming glory.

It must be confessed, however, that Valens himself did not feel entirely at ease. How could he? He had good reason for believing himself and family were suspected, if not, in fact, betrayed. For this reason, they now seldom ventured abroad—the doors were kept continually closed, and, to all appearances, the house looked as if deserted. Even the faithful old dog, which had stood guard for years at the main door or entrance, was unchained, and provided for elsewhere.

Another thing which added to their distress, and began to stare them frightfully in the face, was—want. Their little stock of provisions was getting low, and in fact could hardly be replenished at any price, or from any source. They economized, however, what little they had, and cast themselves on that providence which feedeth the young ravens.

"Come, my daughter," said Valens, one evening, just as the stars were hurriedly taking their night-watch station,—come, let us take a stroll in the grounds,—it's so delightful, out-doors."

Valens said this, just as they had finished a hymn in the hall, and while Valencia, in her bed-chamber, had been singing little Vane to sleep.

In a few moments, they were out in the grounds, arm in arm, pacing along the flowery walks, and engaged in a low, earnest conversation.

It was dark enough to conceal their forms from any eyes on the adjacent streets, and then the rank vines that grew in clusters all around the rude stone-walls seemed to afford a sufficient shelter, and they felt and talked quite at ease.

"And do you really think, father, the soul so soon passes into glory, at death?" said Vertilia, in reply to a remark which her father had just made.

"I do,—perhaps in the twinkling of an eye, it is there."

"How strange!—with what speed it must fly! I can't think of it," said Vertilia, suddenly stopping, and casting her eyes a moment up toward the clear starry skies.

"No, my daughter; it's a thought our finite minds cannot grasp. The movements of matter are tardy, for several reasons; but who can tell with what power of motion a spirit may be endowed, and how the soul, released from the body, may overcome, just with a single leap or bound, any distance, however great."

"Then poor, dear sister was there just at once,—even while her body was yet in the flames, her soul was in glory!—wasn't it father?"

"Yes," said Valens, thoughtfully, "I've little doubt of it. The martyr Stephen, of whom the beloved Paul told us, while his murderers were in the act of stoning him to death, looked up, and saw heaven opened, and Jesus sitting at the right hand of God."

"How strange that was, father. It seems he could see there, and hence the distance can't be very great, after all. Perhaps, father, heaven comes down, and catches up, as it were, the soul."

"Possibly; but more than likely it was a vision."

"O! father, I don't like every thing to be visions; I like to think these things,—to believe them, they delight me so."

"Well, well, my daughter, the time may not be distant when the heavens shall open for us; at least, let us have ourselves in readiness."

"It'll be a glorious sight! O! won't it!—to see Jesus, too, seated at God's right hand," said Vertilia, in an ecstasy, and drawing her father more closely to her side.

"Yes; and no longer the poor, despised man of sorrows, but the crowned conquering Prince, with adoring throngs at his feet," said Valens, with emotions of joy spread over his features.

They walked on in the shady darkness, while the bright, star-lit skies, spread out over them in unsurpassed loveliness, revealed faintly many a modest, blushing flower as they passed along. The walk they were now on, led toward the north corner of the grounds, where the wall had partly crumbled down, and where several clusters of vines grew in the richest luxuriance. These, at a distance, looked like great, black pipes or masses, with queer, fantastic outlines; and an imagination, less active than Vertilia's, might have very easily converted them into any sort of hideous monsters. And as they approached them, once or twice she had suddenly clasped her father's arm more tightly, and shrunk in close to his side. But they walked on slowly, still conversing freely as before.

"What a change!—so sudden, too; in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye! I was just thinking about it father."

"What, my daughter?"

"Why, the sudden change;—one moment, on earth—the next, in heaven!"

"Yes; it is very great; very glorious, too."

"Yes—that's it; that's what I was trying to think about—trying to realize, father."

"It's a blessed thought, my daughter; one moment on earth, and perhaps in the greatest bodily anguish and suffering,—the next, in heaven, in unspeakable happiness! How amazing! what a change!" said Valens, as if half choked with the unutterable thought.

"O, father! father! I don't see how I could endure it; I think I should frighten at it; still I'd like to see it."

Scarcely had these words fallen from the lips of Vertilia, when two monster-looking men, sprung from behind a thick, black cluster of vines, at their side, and seized them.

Poor Vertilia! she uttered a shriek, and threw herself full into her father's arms, but from which, at the same instant, she was rudely torn.

Valens gave a sudden, convulsive shudder, and, throwing up his hands, said in a faint whisper:

"O! my poor, dear wife!—my dearest Valencia!"

But the hands of strong, cruel, unfeeling men were upon them, and they were hurried along the low, crumbling wall, outside of which two others were standing, and who instantly joined their companions.

They were dragged along the dark, tortuous streets at a rapid rate. Valens himself was roughly, and even insolently treated.—Vertilia, however, seemed to receive some little sympathy. Two of the men, one on each side, with their arms around her slender waist, supported or rather carried her along. Her feet scarcely touched the earth at all, from the moment they started. Her eyes were wildly set in her head, while the long wavy folds of her hair hung in confusion down over her pale face and shoulders.

In half an hour, they were thrown together into a low, damp cell or prison about six feet square, with a sort of lighted lamp in it. The door being secured, the men immediately left.

Valens, after the first shock was over, had soon become composed; and, as they passed along the street, had been able to realize fully their situation. He knew that a speedy death awaited them—that there was no possibility of escape. Vertilia, however, all the time, had been in a state of unconsciousness, and knew not what had taken place; and, in this state, she was laid, or rather thrown into a corner of the cell by her rude, brutal captors.

The remnant of baffled invasion were withdrawn; and American independence was confirmed! These American institutions, thus founded

AMERICAN MEETING.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the friends of "America and Americanism," was held in the Court House at Clearfield on Thursday evening, the 22d of February, in commemoration of the birth of Washington.—PHILIP ANTES was called to the chair, and GEO. W. MURPHY, G. D. GOODFELLOW, ALEX. ADAMS, M. A. FRANK, J. H. JONES, and W. A. BLOOM, Esqrs., were elected Vice Presidents. E. S. DUNDY and G. W. RHEEM, Secretaries.

H. B. SWOOP, Esq., having been requested to deliver a lecture, was then called upon, and addressed the meeting. He was followed by M. A. FRANK, Esq., in a brief and pertinent address. On motion it was unanimously resolved that the Lecture of H. B. SWOOP, Esq., be published in the papers of the County. On motion adjourned.

PHILIP ANTES, Pres.

E. S. DUNDY, Esq., Sec'y.
G. W. RHEEM, Jr., Sec'y.

LECTURE.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—In conformity with the venerable usage of every age, and in discharge of our grateful duty as a people, we have assembled on this, the evening of the anniversary of that day that gave to our Country a defender and a Father, to commemorate his glorious achievements, and pay our humble tribute to his unrivalled fame. The leader of the army that achieved our Independence,—the moving spirit of the councils that laid the foundations of our government—our history is but his biography, and our liberty the unfolding picture of his services and virtue. So many are the great and good actions of his life—so numerous the sound and impressive maxims of policy delivered to posterity, that their simple recital would fill a folio volume. For these the student of history will turn the archives of our Country, while it shall be our duty to discuss the nature of the institutions of that Country, of which he has been justly termed the Father, and to consider the political diseases, if any there be, that are preying upon its national vitality.

The settlement of New England, and the institutions of this country, are results of the Reformation. The act of supremacy in the reign of Henry VIII, which separated the English nation from the Roman See, was a simple vindication of the sovereign franchise of that monarch against foreign influence, but contained no principle favorable to religious liberty. All the Roman Catholic doctrines were still asserted, and the Pope could praise the king for his orthodoxy, while he excommunicated him for his disobedience. The Catholic who denied the King's supremacy, and the Protestant who doubted his creed, were alike consigned to the stake. But the accession of Edward VI. prepared the way for Protestantism. A new spirit of inquiry became active, and not a rite of the established worship, not a point in church government passed by without strict examination. Puritanism, zealous for independence, admitted no voucher but the Bible, which it would allow neither Pope, King, nor Parliament to interpret. They soon trampled upon church and aristocracy, and hurried into exile to escape the vindictive grasp of bigotry and intolerance. A handful of these wandering, harassed protestants, imbued with the great principles of religious freedom, left the green shores of their own fair land and sought out a home in these western wilds, thoughtful whose whole extent Art had then reared no monument, and from whose impenetrable forests, civilization shrank back affrighted and appalled. In the midst of winter, with no covering to shelter them from the bleak winds, they landed upon our rock-bound coast, having forsaken all that man holds most dear on earth,—home, country, kindred, and friends, for freedom to worship God! With the gigantic forest, inhabited only by the merciless savage and the beast of prey, upon the one side, and the trackless waste of waters, over which they had been borne from tyranny and oppression, on the other,—the Pilgrim Fathers founded upon Plymouth Rock the institutions of American liberty, and consecrated themselves and their posterity forever to freedom!

As time rolled on these hardy pioneers grew strong in numbers as they grew strong in noble deeds, until the American Colonies had swollen to three millions of freemen, conscious that they owed no allegiance save to the soil which they had consecrated to liberty, and to the God who made them. Their growing prosperity at length rendered them equally an object of ambition and of avarice to the countries that had driven them forth, and they resolved to force them back into the galling servitude of their ancestors. The mighty roar of England's lion, which had disturbed the tranquility of all the states and dynasties of Europe, re-echoed across the broad Atlantic, and like the turning of the giant Enceladus beneath the heaving Atna, was felt to the utmost limits of the world. But the sons of the hardy pioneers, with "GOD AND LIBERTY," for their battle cry, knew that they were invincible, and astonished Europe beheld a feeble people, without an organized government,—destitute of arms, of ammunition and almost of clothing for her few rude soldiers, stand forth and defy the mighty giant to the combat! Deluded despotism soon relinquished the fruitless task of subjugation.

upon Plymouth Rock by the protestant refugees from tyranny and oppression, and defended with the blood of their sons upon the battle fields of the Revolution, with the open Bible as their chief corner-stone, have grown up and spread abroad, from where the Atlantic leaves our Eastern shore, to where the peaceful billows of the great Pacific, dash, and break, and die away. And the sun of heaven never shone upon a happier land. Here every man can seat himself beneath his own vine and his own fig-tree," and looking around him may proudly exclaim, "all this is mine. Not a sovereign or ruler on the face of God's earth can molest me in the possession of a single article of property here." And when his little infant climbs upon his knee, and he feels its breath sweeter than the odor of roses upon his cheek, how proud must be the reflection, that it, too, will grow up with unshackled limbs, and that a day may come when that infant prattler will sway the destinies of one of the mightiest nations on the face of the globe! Who can look down the long vista of coming years and predict the power, the greatness, and the grandeur which this country will attain, and the happiness future generations will enjoy, if we remain a free and a united people.

But as disease may be preying upon the vitals of the strong bravest man in the midst of all the enjoyments of life, so too the grandeur, the power, and the vigor of our nation cannot protect it from those political maladies that, quietly, but surely, destroy the germ from whence it draws the very essence of its being. These present themselves in two forms—the one of ignorance and indifference—the other of direct and open hostility to the fundamental principles of the government.

The cause of the first is to be found in the ceaseless tide of emigration pouring upon our shores, and the almost immediate incorporation of these strangers and aliens into the politics. They come among us not only ignorant of our history, and unacquainted with our institutions, but imbued with the principles of monarchial and despotic governments, imbibed in their early youth, and often-times having no God, no Bible, and no Sabbath. Unable, then, to comprehend the great principles that lie at the foundation of all our institutions, and utterly ignorant of the causes that called them into being, they are wholly unprepared and unfit to become American citizens. I would not be understood as desiring to prevent the oppressed of other lands from finding an asylum and a home beneath the broad folds of the American flag. God forbid! But while I would freely open my doors and welcome the poverty stricken stranger to seat himself at my fireside and partake of the food provided for my children, so, also, would I desire to prevent his interference in the domestic affairs of my household. Let them come. Let them enjoy all the unalienable blessings of life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness, but let Americans govern their own country! We hold the doctrine that, other circumstances being equal, the native born citizen is fairly entitled to the preference, in the distribution of offices and honors in the land which gave him birth. In the language of the illustrious WASHINGTON, the anniversary of whose birth we are now commemorating, (in a letter to John Quincy Adams, then American Minister at Berlin,) "it is not the policy of this government to employ foreigners, when it can well be avoided, either in the civil or military walks of life. * * * There is a species of self-importance in all foreign officers that cannot be gratified without doing injustice to meritorious characters among our own countrymen, who conceive, and justly, where there is no great preponderance of experience and merit, that they are entitled to all the offices in the gift of their government."

Our naturalization laws are most undoubtedly defective, and are fast making our country a mart for the discharge of European criminals and paupers of every description. The felon convict, reeking from a murder in the Old World, soon finds here the right of citizenship, and consequently the annals of crime have increased in proportion as the prisons of Europe have discharged their promiscuous contents upon our shores. They come among us, and forgetting they are guests, demand that our country shall yield up its nationality to them—that the stream of its national life shall be diverted from its proper channel merely to gratify their peculiar tastes, manners, customs, or habits. They even go so far as to assume the airs of natural born citizens, and take upon themselves the exclusive management of our affairs! We hold, then, that it is our duty, in obedience to the injunctions of WASHINGTON, to protect our republican institutions, by guarding against this vast influx of foreigners, which is utterly incompatible with the maintenance of our American nationality.

But another and more dangerous evil is to be found in the fact, that we have among us a class of persons openly hostile to the fundamental principles of our government,—who owe allegiance to a foreign power, and who are seeking to destroy the great corner-stone of our national structure, the Bible, or to lock it up in obedience to the decrees infallible of councils, and the commands of a foreign potentate.

I would be the last to cherish hostility to any sect, or on account of their religion, and that men of every faith and inspiration are here at liberty to erect their altars, and to pour out their hearts before them as the spirit within dictates, is the pride, the glory, and the boast of every American freeman. But when a church or sect steps beyond its legitimate sphere, when it relinquishes the altar for the arena of politics,—when it rudely and lawlessly grasps the sceptre of state—then, and not till then, I protest and wage war against it. The religion of the individual concerns only himself and his God, but the policy of a church, or any other organization, acknowledging allegiance to a foreign power, concerns every true lover of his country.

The history of the Romish church for centuries has been but a continued series of plots, intrigues, conspiracies against governments, and aggressions upon the peace of the world. The Jesuits were deeply implicated in the assassination of Henry III. of France,—they attempted the life of Elizabeth of England, concocted the gun-powder plot,—planned the Spanish Armada,—instigated the murder of Henry IV. of France,—effected the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and the consequent persecution of the Protestants which followed it, one of the darkest, bloodiest, and most damnable pages in the world's history,—and were deeply engaged in all the miseries and atrocities that for two centuries desolated Europe. So long has Jesuitism thus convulsed the Old World, and of so much war and bloodshed has it been the cause, that means have been taken in every kingdom and principality to prevent its fatal influence. America is therefore the only country in which Rome can now work without impediment—the great stage of papal action, where Irish Priests, German Monks, Italian Friars, and Roman Jesuits meet and mingle, to advance the interests of their holy father's Pope, and to destroy our religious and civil liberty—to which, the policy of their church is, and ever has been, inimical! This is their promised land where no connection of church and state exists to stay them in their onward progress. Here under the sanction of religious toleration, they hope to have full sway;—and of all other enemies to a republic, a political institution, dressed in the garb of christianity, is the most to be feared.—They have already made rapid strides towards the ascendancy, and in fancied strength have boldly declared that, if dominant, they would revolutionize our government, and destroy religious freedom. They have openly sought to shut out the Bible—the Magna-Charia of American Liberty, from our youth, and only await the proper time to arise and crush out that very liberty, under which they have been permitted to prosper.

It is no idle charge that the policy of the Romish church is inimical to liberty of conscience. In all the productions of her schoolmen, in all the decrees of her infallible councils—in all the bulls of her popes,—in all that her doctors, cardinals, bishops and priests have said or written, she claims to be the universal dictator to the consciences of men, and denounces religious toleration, and freedom of the press. In the encyclical letter, or inaugural address, of Pope Gregory XVI, liberty of conscience is stigmatized as a "pestilential error," and freedom of the press spoken of, as "never sufficiently to be execrated and detested!" Now when we reflect that every wave that breaks upon our Atlantic coast bears upon its bosom, some of those who are sworn to obey the mandates of the infallible head of that church—who are trained from their earliest youth in the schools of persecution, and who are taught that "the union of Church and State is dreaded only by the profane lovers of liberty"—and that religious toleration is "a pestilential error,"—when we reflect that these hordes from the Papal States of Europe are "seeking to engross the education of the country," is there not some ground to apprehend danger to our republican institutions? Is there nothing to fear from a band of cunning, sneaking, intriguing and immoral Jesuits, serving under the banner of a foreign potentate, and not under the Stars and Stripes of the Union? A band whose history is but a bloody catalogue of court intrigues, and bloody revolutions; of unholly schemes and midnight assassinations! Nothing to fear when we behold the Bible, the chief corner-stone of our national structure, shut out by the hand of authority from our youth, because it is not to be read without the interpretation of bishops and priests? Nothing to fear, when our Common Schools are publicly denounced as "brothels," "spits of destruction," "pest houses," and "felon manufactories," by church dignitaries under an oath of allegiance to a foreign power? And whence comes this opposition to our system of popular education? Go mark the attempts of Jesuitism in Europe to "grasp the portfolio of popular instruction, so as to have all the educational establishments under papal control," and then tell me, if they could accomplish this design in our land, how long they would be in subverting our institutions, by training up our youth to become opposers of the laws,—enemies to religious freedom, and rebels to the State? It is with this object in view that they seek a division of the school fund. By it they would obtain sectarian legislation and open up a way for Roman Catholic recognition on our statute books—they would extend their facilities for drawing in Protestant children to obtain a Roman Catholic education,—their schools would be sustained by protestant taxation, and fostered by government patronage;

they would increase among us their papal forces, and they would accomplish indirectly what they have so long sought in vain, the exclusion of the Bible from the school room, and thus prevent a larger portion of our youth from obtaining that education essential to a full understanding of our American institutions. Is there an American in this broad land would accede to such propositions? If I thought so, I could never more hold up my head in pride of my native soil, but on my bended knees I would go down before the genius of Freedom, and pray him to strike the foul libel from our otherwise fair escutcheon, and swear by Him who called this bright land into being, that no traitor hand should ever write it there again! Did the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers dare to grant such requests, did Plymouth rock would speak, and the battle fields of the Revolution give back their blood!"

During the reign of Henry III, England was infested with Catholic prelates, alevin by birth, alevin by language, and alevin by feeling, who sought to undermine the fundamental principles of her Constitution. They wished to substitute the Canon for the Common law, and never hesitated to express their abhorrence of the laws of England, when they were quoted in opposition to their oppressions, saying—"what did the laws of England signify to them, they minded them not." Their insidious and frequent attempts to accomplish their design, at length drew from the Parliament at Merton that memorable response, which has come down to us through a period of nearly six centuries—"Noluntus leges Angliæ mutare"—WE WILL NOT CHANGE THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.—The time has come for the Legislators of America not to say "we will not change the laws," but to "change" them, in such a manner as to prevent the meddling interference of these strangers and alevins in the affairs of our government, and to protect our republican institutions. And the time has come for American freemen to resolve that their liberties shall not be jeopardized, and their institutions endangered by those acknowledging allegiance to a foreign power, and obeying the commands of a foreign potentate.

The open and undisguised attacks that have been made upon our republican system, and the facility with which the Roman Catholic vote has always been wheeled into line by that old political party which paid the highest price, or best subserved its anti-republican designs, have already called into existence a powerful organization, for the protection of our American institutions, and the preservation of our religious freedom. We have no sympathy for secret political action, believing it under ordinary circumstances, highly injudicious and dangerous in its tendencies; but when we reflect that all the open opposition of which Protestantism has been capable for centuries, has failed to stay the onward march of Jesuitism,—that it works in secret, thus easily learning the designs of its adversaries, and as easily countering them, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that, to battle successfully, we must use its own weapons.

Embodying great principles, pregnant with the future destiny of our country—this American Organization has grown up and spread abroad with almost fabulous rapidity, having already administered a severe rebuke to the alien enemies of our Country, and is still marching on from victory to victory. Nor is it simply a meteor, destined to flash for a moment in the political sky, and then to sink beneath the horizon, in eternal darkness, leaving no trace of its visit. It is more than a mere thought—more than a simple abstraction. It is the living, breathing, energized action of those, who are looking alone to the permanency, the grandeur, and the welfare of America, disconnected with factions at home, or phantoms abroad. Those who desire to carry "their own hod, their own mortar, and their own marble for the grand temple they are rearing," while they invite the suffering and the oppressed of every clime, kindred and tongue, to pass beneath its wide arches, and repose in its shade.

Under their influence the prospect already brightens, and we have reason to believe that the God of our fathers, who guided the frail May Flower to this distant shore, and who said unto the winds "cease," and to the waves "be still"—yet looks down upon our land with an eye that never slumbers, and protects it with an arm that is never weary.

And now, my friends, in conclusion, it becomes us to remember that, though our eagle's eyrie is high, there are darts which can reach it, and hands too that will not fail to send them— that opposition to priestly intolerance and oppression was the ruling passion of our Pilgrim sires, who framed this government, and transmitted to us the fair inheritance, not simply for present enjoyment, but as a sacred heir-loom, to be handed down unimpaired to succeeding generations, "till the last syllable of recorded time." Let us then to night, over the common sepulchre of WASHINGTON, the true American's model, renew our vows of allegiance to the Union and the Constitution—let us heed his oft repeated injunction to "BEWARE OF FOREIGN INFLUENCE," and, "placing none but AMERICANS on guard," we will ever hear, from the sentinel on the watch-tower of freedom, the cheering response that—"ALL'S WELL!"

*Hume—Vol. 11, Chap. XII.

out their hearts before them as the spirit within dictates, is the pride, the glory, and the boast of every American freeman. But when a church or sect steps beyond its legitimate sphere, when it relinquishes the altar for the arena of politics,—when it rudely and lawlessly grasps the sceptre of state—then, and not till then, I protest and wage war against it. The religion of the individual concerns only himself and his God, but the policy of a church, or any other organization, acknowledging allegiance to a foreign power, concerns every true lover of his country.

The history of the Romish church for centuries has been but a continued series of plots, intrigues, conspiracies against governments, and aggressions upon the peace of the world. The Jesuits were deeply implicated in the assassination of Henry III. of France,—they attempted the life of Elizabeth of England, concocted the gun-powder plot,—planned the Spanish Armada,—instigated the murder of Henry IV. of France,—effected the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and the consequent persecution of the Protestants which followed it, one of the darkest, bloodiest, and most damnable pages in the world's history,—and were deeply engaged in all the miseries and atrocities that for two centuries desolated Europe. So long has Jesuitism thus convulsed the Old World, and of so much war and bloodshed has it been the cause, that means have been taken in every kingdom and principality to prevent its fatal influence. America is therefore the only country in which Rome can now work without impediment—the great stage of papal action, where Irish Priests, German Monks, Italian Friars, and Roman Jesuits meet and mingle, to advance the interests of their holy father's Pope, and to destroy our religious and civil liberty—to which, the policy of their church is, and ever has been, inimical! This is their promised land where no connection of church and state exists to stay them in their onward progress. Here under the sanction of religious toleration, they hope to have full sway;—and of all other enemies to a republic, a political institution, dressed in the garb of christianity, is the most to be feared.—They have already made rapid strides towards the ascendancy, and in fancied strength have boldly declared that, if dominant, they would revolutionize our government, and destroy religious freedom. They have openly sought to shut out the Bible—the Magna-Charia of American Liberty, from our youth, and only await the proper time to arise and crush out that very liberty, under which they have been permitted to prosper.

It is no idle charge that the policy of the Romish church is inimical to liberty of conscience. In all the productions of her schoolmen, in all the decrees of her infallible councils—in all the bulls of her popes,—in all that her doctors, cardinals, bishops and priests have said or written, she claims to be the universal dictator to the consciences of men, and denounces religious toleration, and freedom of the press. In the encyclical letter, or inaugural address, of Pope Gregory XVI, liberty of conscience is stigmatized as a "pestilential error," and freedom of the press spoken of, as "never sufficiently to be execrated and detested!" Now when we reflect that every wave that breaks upon our Atlantic coast bears upon its bosom, some of those who are sworn to obey the mandates of the infallible head of that church—who are trained from their earliest youth in the schools of persecution, and who are taught that "the union of Church and State is dreaded only by the profane lovers of liberty"—and that religious toleration is "a pestilential error,"—when we reflect that these hordes from the Papal States of Europe are "seeking to engross the education of the country," is there not some ground to apprehend danger to our republican institutions? Is there nothing to fear from a band of cunning, sneaking, intriguing and immoral Jesuits, serving under the banner of a foreign potentate, and not under the Stars and Stripes of the Union? A band whose history is but a bloody catalogue of court intrigues, and bloody revolutions; of unholly schemes and midnight assassinations! Nothing to fear when we behold the Bible, the chief corner-stone of our national structure, shut out by the hand of authority from our youth, because it is not to be read without the interpretation of bishops and priests? Nothing to fear, when our Common Schools are publicly denounced as "brothels," "spits of destruction," "pest houses," and "felon manufactories," by church dignitaries under an oath of allegiance to a foreign power? And whence comes this opposition to our system of popular education? Go mark the attempts of Jesuitism in Europe to "grasp the portfolio of popular instruction, so as to have all the educational establishments under papal control," and then tell me, if they could accomplish this design in our land, how long they would be in subverting our institutions, by training up our youth to become opposers of the laws,—enemies to religious freedom, and rebels to the State? It is with this object in view that they seek a division of the school fund. By it they would obtain sectarian legislation and open up a way for Roman Catholic recognition on our statute books—they would extend their facilities for drawing in Protestant children to obtain a Roman Catholic education,—their schools would be sustained by protestant taxation, and fostered by government patronage;

they would increase among us their papal forces, and they would accomplish indirectly what they have so long sought in vain, the exclusion of the Bible from the school room, and thus prevent a larger portion of our youth from obtaining that education essential to a full understanding of our American institutions. Is there an American in this broad land would accede to such propositions? If I thought so, I could never more hold up my head in pride of my native soil, but on my bended knees I would go down before the genius of Freedom, and pray him to strike the foul libel from our otherwise fair escutcheon, and swear by Him who called this bright land into being, that no traitor hand should ever write it there again! Did the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers dare to grant such requests, did Plymouth rock would speak, and the battle fields of the Revolution give back their blood!"

During the reign of Henry III, England was infested with Catholic prelates, alevin by birth, alevin by language, and alevin by feeling, who sought to undermine the fundamental principles of her Constitution. They wished to substitute the Canon for the Common law, and never hesitated to express their abhorrence of the laws of England, when they were quoted in opposition to their oppressions, saying—"what did the laws of England signify to them, they minded them not." Their insidious and frequent attempts to accomplish their design, at length drew from the Parliament at Merton that memorable response, which has come down to us through a period of nearly six centuries—"Noluntus leges Angliæ mutare"—WE WILL NOT CHANGE THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.—The time has come for the Legislators of America not to say "we will not change the laws," but to "change" them, in such a manner as to prevent the meddling interference of these strangers and alevins in the affairs of our government, and to protect our republican institutions. And the time has come for American freemen to resolve that their liberties shall not be jeopardized, and their institutions endangered by those acknowledging allegiance to a foreign power, and obeying the commands of a foreign potentate.

The open and undisguised attacks that have been made upon our republican system, and the facility with which the Roman Catholic vote has always been wheeled into line by that old political party which paid the highest price, or best subserved its anti-republican designs, have already called into existence a powerful organization, for the protection of our American institutions, and the preservation of our religious freedom. We have no sympathy for secret political action, believing it under ordinary circumstances, highly injudicious and dangerous in its tendencies; but when we reflect that all the open opposition of which Protestantism has been capable for centuries, has failed to stay the onward march of Jesuitism,—that it works in secret, thus easily learning the designs of its adversaries, and as easily countering them, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that, to battle successfully, we must use its own weapons.

Embodying great principles, pregnant with the future destiny of our country—this American Organization has grown up and spread abroad with almost fabulous rapidity, having already administered a severe rebuke to the alien enemies of our Country, and is still marching on from victory to victory. Nor is it simply a meteor, destined to flash for a moment in the political sky, and then to sink beneath the horizon, in eternal darkness, leaving no trace of its visit. It is more than a mere thought—more than a simple abstraction. It is the living, breathing, energized action of those, who are looking alone to the permanency, the grandeur, and the welfare of America, disconnected with factions at home, or phantoms abroad. Those who desire to carry "their own hod, their own mortar, and their own marble for the grand temple they are rearing," while they invite the suffering and the oppressed of every clime, kindred and tongue, to pass beneath its wide arches, and repose in its shade.

Under their influence the prospect already brightens, and we have reason to believe that the God of our fathers, who guided the frail May Flower to this distant shore, and who said unto the winds "cease," and to the waves "be still"—yet looks down upon our land with an eye that never slumbers, and protects it with an arm that is never weary.

And now, my friends, in conclusion, it becomes us to remember that, though our eagle's eyrie is high, there are darts which can reach it, and hands too that will not fail to send them— that opposition to priestly intolerance and oppression was the ruling passion of our Pilgrim sires, who framed this government, and transmitted to us the fair inheritance, not simply for present enjoyment, but as a sacred heir-loom, to be handed down unimpaired to succeeding generations, "till the last syllable of recorded time." Let us then to night, over the common sepulchre of WASHINGTON, the true American's model, renew our vows of allegiance to the Union and the Constitution—let us heed his oft repeated injunction to "BEWARE OF FOREIGN INFLUENCE," and, "placing none but AMERICANS on guard," we will ever hear, from the sentinel on the watch-tower of freedom, the cheering response that—"ALL'S WELL!"

*Hume—Vol. 11, Chap. XII.

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