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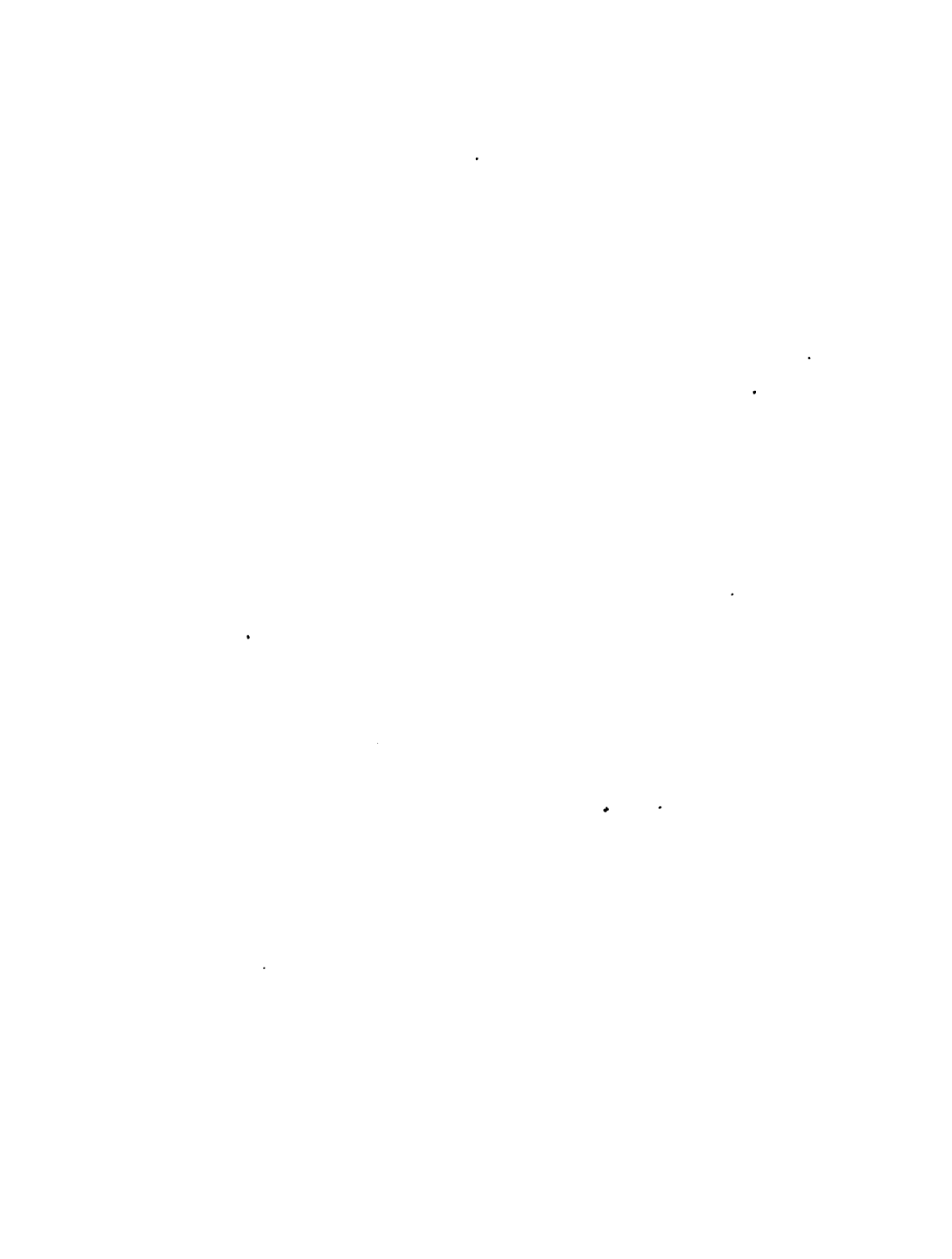
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THE DESIGN OF POPE PIUS THE 9<sup>TH</sup>  
BEHOLD THE DARK DANGER IN THE DARK





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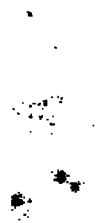
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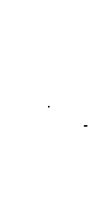
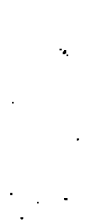
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THE AIM OF POPE PIUS IX.

**"BEWARE, THERE IS DANGER IN THE DARK!"**

# DANGER IN THE DARK:

A TALE OF

## INTRIGUE AND PRIESTCRAFT.

BY

ISAAC KELSO.

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"Ah, you are there! Thanks, many thanks for having awakened us! But what do you want?"

"In the name of Liberty, give up your children—it is the divine right of the Clergy to instruct them."

"Be off, treacherous Jesuit! thou art an assassin—and com'st but to profane the holy name of liberty!"

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THIRTY-FIRST EDITION.

H. M. RULISON,

QUEEN CITY PUBLISHING HOUSE, 116½ MAIN STREET, CINCINNATI:

33 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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## PREFACE.

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In the guise of fiction, and wearing the habiliments of romance, the following work is offered to the public; but not without the hope that it may prove no less acceptable to the sober-minded and truth-loving than to the mere novel reader, who seeks in books nothing beyond amusement.

To delineate the spirit, principles and tendency of anti-republican Romanism in this country has been the undisguised aim of the Author. And this he has sought to do with the strictest fidelity to truth—nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice.

Though by no means an alarmist, the author would unvail the dark designs, insidious movements, and hidden policy, of the Papal Hierarchy, and at the same time bring to light the duplicity, craft and trickery practiced in our midst by the order of Jesuits—a brotherhood of pious assassins, the vilest and most despicable of our race; who in every land, as well as our own, are the sworn enemies of civil and religious liberty.

The crusade so lately led on by the Romish clergy against our admirable Free-School system, first suggested the thought of writing a book of this description. Convinced that *vigilance* is the price of liberty, and regarding the audacious attempt to subvert the American system of education as but a prelude to yet bolder attacks, if possible, upon the free institutions of this Republic, and coming







- CHAPTER XII.**—The shrewdness of insanity—The poisoned Chalice—Dupin's leap from a window—The Lunatic escapes from the Convent—Her singular Adventure—Conspirators punished—The haunted cell.
- CHAPTER XIII.**—Alonzo goes to the wilds of the West—Sojourns with a hermit—Learns his history—Profits by his advice and conversations.
- CHAPTER XIV.**—A Jesuit outwitted—The disguise—Escape from the Convent—A priest in dishabille—Tragi-comedy.
- CHAPTER XV.**—The discomfited priest in a fume—Secret session of an ecclesiastical council in the city of New York.
- CHAPTER XVI.**—Early life of Dupin—His relationship to Bedini—Their boyhood associations in Italy—Immoral habits—Colloquy between Mr. and Mrs. Foresti.
- CHAPTER XVII.**—How it happened that Dupin and Bedini got to be priests—The cause of their subsequent promotion—Mrs. Foresti dragged before the Inquisition—Suffers death for reading and concealing interdicted books.
- CHAPTER XVIII.**—Bedini called from Brazil in disgrace—Re-established in favor with the Papal Court, by acting the Spy—Proves traitor to the Republic—Is guilty of the death of Ugo Bassi.
- CHAPTER XIX.**—Alonzo hesitates to renew the engagement—Successful effort in reforming an Inebriate.
- CHAPTER XX.**—Conversation on the propriety of forming a Protestant alliance—Encroachments of Popery—Priestly aggression.
- CHAPTER XXI.**—Bedini, Nuncio to America—Finale of Dupin.
- CHAPTER XXII.**—Anna Maria, Isadora and others, on a pleasure excursion to the far West—Peril—They visit the hermit of Wild wood-vale—Return to the Queen city—Connubial.

# DANGER IN THE DARK.

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## CHAPTER I.

**The melancholy Nun — Her soliloquy, and repinings — Colloquy —  
The Superior of the Convent abruptly enters, having overheard  
heretical remarks, and rebukes with severity — Thoughts on  
nature and reason.**

ONE rosy morning, in the smiling month of May, there might have been seen peering from the narrow, open window of a Convent, in a sequestered part of the Queen City of the West, a young female, in the guise of a Nun — with fragile form, and pale, attenuated visage. She would have made upon your mind the impression of faded beauty — though beautiful still. Her look was unhappy, dejected, and forlorn. Ah! a rare, sweet flower was that, plucked by a cruel hand, and left to pine, wither and decay! Though deeply tinged, and darkly shaded with the hue of melancholy, her blanched face was yet illumed with bright intelligence. In that speaking eye, and pallid countenance, was to be read the history of a crushed and broken heart! With an air of discontent, her wandering gaze, ever and anon, swept over the contracted space left open to the view — which consisted

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merely of a little green plot, scarcely an acre in extent, fenced in by tall iron-railing, shaded by locust trees, and slightly ornamented with flowers. For a while she seemed drowned in a sea of forgetfulness; and sat resting her elbow upon the window-casement, gracefully reclining her faded cheek on her lily hand; then raising herself erect, and abstractedly bending a steadfast gaze on vacancy, began, in a feeble, soft, and plaintive voice, to utter audibly, the bewildering thoughts, that, like dark waves on the bosom of the deep, rolled heavily across her disconsolate mind—thus soliloquizing:

“ ’Tis done! repining cannot alter it. With vows most solemn, and binding upon my soul, have I abjured the world—here within these cloister-walls, henceforth, to pass my allotted time on earth—devoting my life to religion! Religion?” she repeated, hesitatingly, “does religion require a sacrifice of all we hold dear? Is it religion that calls me to a life of seclusion, austerity, and wretchedness? What then, is religion? And whence cometh it, O heaven! if it be lawful to ask? Methinks, I hear a voice sweetly whisper—‘Religion is a form divinely bright! a seraph of celestial birth!’ Can this be true? And comes it to mortals to fetter the soul and imprison the body; to shut out the light and beauty of earth, and make the way to heaven dark and difficult? Comes it to chill the warm affections, and paralyze the divine emotions which expand the human breast, and that elevate, refine, and ennoble our nature? Is

it the office of heaven-born religion to sunder the sweetest ties of friendship, and break the most sacred bonds of love? Blasphemous thought! Are priests then in error, and has the infallible church gone astray? And must I henceforth distrust my spiritual guides, who teach me that seclusion and penance are well pleasing to God, and promote the soul's salvation? Shall I no longer submit implicitly to the guidance of ghostly fathers, who have taken charge of my immortal interests, and to whom I have committed the care of my soul and the keeping of my conscience? But what is this that challenges my reason, and, unbidden, comes to rap at the door of my understanding? I must banish these vain, intruding thoughts—suggestions, it may be—of Satan, who seeketh my destruction! But, in spite of all, the question constantly recurs—why must I languish in this gloomy prison, that my spirit may bloom in heaven? How inexplicable, that the soul must be crushed, the garden of the heart made desolate, bereft of every tender plant, sweet flower, and clustering vine, in order to enjoy saving grace, and in the world to come receive life everlasting!

“These tender sympathies and natural affections that glow within my throbbing breast, did not the all-wise and beneficent Creator himself bestow? Yet to secure his smiles, and merit his favor, they are to be uprooted and cast out! And the imperishable mind—a bright jewel from the skies! why should its luster be dimmed, its purest rays extinguished, in order that

it may ascend to celestial climes? Must I, then, believe the home of the angels less brilliant than earth; and that the moral and intellectual faculties are to deteriorate, and their capacity, life, and activity abate, when the mortal is separated from the immortal? But alas! human reason is carnal—and the church bids me turn a deaf ear to its voice. Surely my heart is blind, my soul in peril! Fearful unbelief takes hold upon mine inmost thoughts—heaven help me to beware! deep darkness and mystery encompass me!—Holy Virgin Mary, I invoke thee for light, to see and know my duty! O, deliver my tempted soul from the snares of the evil one, and suffer me not to go down to perdition!”

Oppressed with gloomy reflections, with doubts and superstitious fears, that hung like lead upon her heart, she clasped her feverish brain, as if to check the burning current of her thoughts, and bowed her head in silence. After a short space, she lifted her eyes, beaming with spiritual light, imploringly to heaven, and with a subdued utterance, and in touching tones, she thus resumed:

“O for a heart resigned to my allotment! Holy saints and martyrs, pray with me; blessed Jesus, vouchsafe thy most gracious aid; and may all worldly thoughts, attachments and desires be taken away! \* \* \* \* Alas! alas! that recollection should e'er call to mind days that have fled—golden hours I fain would forget! Enchanting scenes of other years, yet fresh and green on memory's page, how they make

me long to fly away from this dismal abode! For, once was I happy; silver-tongued hope whispered cheerily to my glad heart; the bright bow of promise spanned the future; loved and caressed by friends, lightly and gayly I walked the primrose-path of pleasure! But ah! the opening flowers I seized even now have shed their bloom; the rainbow's lovely form has suddenly vanished. Farewell, sweet dreams of delight! by penance, self-inflicted torture, and devoutly embracing poverty and wretchedness, I am to purchase heaven and escape the flames of hell. I must welcome the sufferings, the pains and miseries that save the soul, though they destroy the body. \* \* \* \* How can it be, yet I must believe it is, that God is best pleased with mortals when they render themselves the most miserable! Then is pleasure a sin, and enjoyment an offense unto him! And then am I right in seeking to win the smiles of my Redeemer by renouncing the world, and shutting myself up in this dismal prison."

With a tremulous voice, the melancholy maid closed the final sentence; then drooping her head, buried her face in the white folds of her handkerchief, giving vent to the heart's deep emotion in flowing tears.

An inner door of the apartment occupied by the solitary recluse now gently opened, and a blooming girl of sixteen entered, who also wore the habit of a nun. Casting a look of mingled surprise and pity upon the weeping damsel, she said:

"Isadora, come do talk some; you have been so



silent to-day! You know not how sad and lonely I feel; and it makes me still more gloomy to see you so thoughtful and cheerless."

"Sister Helen," replied Isadora, "I, indeed, could wish myself less thoughtful, less inclined to meditation: for my reflections are all unprofitable, and only serve to awaken feelings of discontent."

"It cannot be, Isadora, that you are growing weary of the convent, and tired of a life devoted to religion?"

"To own the truth, sister, my rebellious heart has almost breathed the wish that, in my career of pleasure, I had never been hailed by those who cared for my soul."

"Strange that you should feel so! What has come over you, unhappy girl?"

"Alas! I know not."

"Be not ungrateful to the holy men who have led you into the way of life and salvation."

"Truly, they have pointed me the way, a steep and thorny way, to heaven. I bowed submission; then came the winter of my soul; a frost, a killing frost, fell upon the garden of my heart—that garden blooms no more! Bleak winds have swept over it; its beauty and its perfume are gone; desolation reigns there, and naught springs up but sighs and regrets!"

"You surprise me, Isadora! I thought you a most exemplary saint."

"Then were you deceived, my dear, greatly deceived."

"How long, sister, since you took the vows?"

"Almost two years; and each day has seemed a year!"

"How then shall I, who have just taken the veil, ever expect to be more reconciled than now to this monotonous existence? I had hoped this dullness would wear away, and that time would cease to drag so heavily along; but you have quite discouraged me."

"Let me not dishearten you, Helen; gladly would I throw sunshine and not shadows upon your cloistered life. Come and sit you down by my side, loved one, and let us freely converse. Tell me why you are unhappy."

"The father-confessor told me," said Helen, as she seated herself near Isadora, "I would find it such a charming and happy life to be a nun! but by no means have I realized my anticipations. When a novitiate, I had so many privileges, and was so kindly treated I thought I should always love the convent; but since I've taken the irrevocable vows, the scene has vastly changed: I no more can go out at pleasure to mingle with gay and cheerful friends; nor do I any more receive the kindly attentions I once did from the superior and the sisters of charity; indeed, they quite neglect me now, and treat me with cold indifference. But 'tis useless, I know, to indulge these unavailing regrets; the sacred vows having passed our lips they ne'er can be recalled. It may be, Isadora, that we have not subdued our proud rebellious

natures, as we should, by doing penance; we ought, perhaps, to deal more severely with ourselves; there are those among us who seem content and satisfied in their condition; then it may be possible for *us* to become so. Father confessor says, it is our imperative duty to be resigned."

"A nature such as yours, Helen, can never be reconciled to the cloister. True, there are natures that can; your faculties are too active and vigorous; they demand a wider, brighter, and more exalted sphere! Dull minds and unreflecting capacities only can find contentment within convent walls."

"Then you predict for me, a lifetime of inward conflict—a perpetual warfare within my own bosom—an undying struggle against a wayward heart and restless mind?"

"'Tis needless to deceive you, Helen; a soul like yours, will not, cannot, patiently endure chains and imprisonment! To keep inviolate the monastic vows, which already hang so heavily upon you, will require a constant struggle with a rebellious nature, which only can be subdued by crushing your spirit, and tearing from your warm heart all that's lovely and loving!" Saying which, she turned a look of tenderness on her young companion, gazing abstractedly upon her dimpled and glowing cheek, with which her own so strongly contrasted.

"Why, so earnestly, do you peruse my face, sister Isadora?" inquired Helen in an affectionate and gentle tone.

“I was but calling to mind, sweet girl, the days when the rose-tint decorated my own cheek, as now it does yours; and thinking—alas! ’tis a gloomy thought—how soon thine, will fade as mine!”

“The blighting effects *you* have here experienced, *I* can scarcely hope to escape. Well, if it prove beneficial to the soul, and save me from the intolerable flames of purgatory, let beauty decay, and health be wasted! The attenuation of the body is the purifying and exaltation of the spirit.”

“So we are taught to believe, I know; but if to doubt is sinful, then am I a sinner; nor will a lifetime in a convent, be likely to transform me to a saint!”

“Beware, Isadora, I plainly perceive, in the direction of *your* thoughts, an inclination to skepticism.”

“It is even so; but how to help it, I know not; my wayward, straying mind, I cannot fetter. In spite of prayers, fastings, and self-denial, wild, wandering thoughts go out at will—and in vain I strive to tame them.”

“What can it avail us to be incarcerated within these walls, if we fail to subdue all worldly desires?”

“Naught, naught, will it avail! When as a token of my renunciation of the world, I received this sable vail, little did I imagine how typical it would prove, of the complexion of my fate, and the deep darkness that should ever after vail my heart and wretched life!”

“It may be, we are too carnal: let us double the number of prayers required of us, and be more given

up to devotion: perchance, our faith may grow stronger, so that we shall be able to overcome these wicked temptations and sinful repinings."

"My heart bears me witness, that I have faithfully striven to subdue the perversity of my fallen nature. This morning I rose at early dawn; performed severe penance; prayed fervently as I knew how — invoking saints and holy martyrs to bestow their gracious aid, and to intercede in my behalf. Then seating myself here by the window, I tried to give my mind to devout meditation; but then came vain imaginings! While looking out upon that blooming shrubbery, and observing the little merry birds, gaily fluttering and sweetly singing among the green branches, the thought involuntarily came into my mind — happy creatures! free to fly at will, and on your downy wings to cleave the bright and silvery air; what delight! what transports are yours! while here is wretched Isadora, tied down by vows more weighty than iron chains, and stronger than bars of brass!"

"Ah!" sighed Helen, looking sorrowfully, "what unlooked for temptations Satan oft puts in our way!"

"In the midst of my reflections there caught my eye a bevy of fashionable young ladies, gliding by on yonder street: there seemed enchantment in their graceful movements, elastic step, lovely forms and gay attire! and when their joyous tones and ringing laugh came floating on the air, what a thrill ran through my frame! my pulse quickened, my bosom

heaved—then, for the moment, how I was tempted to fly from my prison! But soon, recollection hurried me back to despair! The sad remembrance came, that my wings were clipped, and my pinions shorn by the religion I am taught to revere! Yet in vain I bid my soul be still; my heart poured forth mingled sensations of anguish and delight! so forcibly was I reminded of the time when, like them, I was happy, unfettered and free! and with all my wishes freighted, merrily sailed on life's silvery wave."

"Isadora, I fear there was impiety in such thoughts."

"If so, then never can I hope to be other than impious! Irreligion, think you, in that we cannot help?"

"Our father confessor, you know, repeatedly admonishes us to erase from the mind every fond recollection of the world without."

"Yes, it would be well if we could banish from memory these gilded scenes of pleasure, that are no more to return. The purple sky of life's smiling morn is now overcast by leaden clouds, on which the rainbow's glow is never seen: let not, I pray you, my wicked, wandering thoughts lead thy pure mind astray."

"'Tis hard, I know 'tis hard to prevent the mind's return to scenes once enjoyed—objects once loved."

"But why should we deceive ourselves? The objects from which we try to imagine ourselves divorced, are yet loved, yet cherished, yet dear! \* \* \* \* It may be unpardonable, Helen, and for aught I know, you may esteem me a vile heretic, but for my life, I

cannot help feeling, that there are errors, fatal errors, that have crept into the mother church—however infallible it may be regarded. Even hated Protestantism is, in some of its features, superior, in my humble estimation, to the Catholic religion.”

“You startle me, Isadora!”

“Let me tell you wherein I incline to give Protestantism the preference: Catholicism checks the generous and noble impulses of the soul, and interdicts the highest and purest pleasures which the benevolent Creator has been pleased to confer upon mankind. The Protestant religion, on the contrary, forbids no rational enjoyment; it cherishes, as sacred, every tender kindred tie and affection that bind human hearts together—fostering an expansive benevolence, and all the noble and lofty sentiments that unfold within the human breast.”

The lady abbess, having softly approached the threshold, chanced to overhear the last remarks of Isadora. Abruptly entering the room, she said, angrily: “Ah! then you are turning Protestant—about to renounce the faith, I suppose, and become a heretic?”

“No, no, St. Evangeline, judge me not so harshly; no intention have I of renouncing the faith.”

“You’ll deny it, of course, to avoid penance, and being compelled to fast; what then do you mean by eulogizing Protestantism, and speaking in dispraise of the holy Catholic faith? How can you presume, in this consecrated place of devotion, hallowed by

the presence of saints, to breathe sentiments so profane, and fraught with such deadly poison? I marvel that God, in his anger, did not smite you down! Think of it, were you in Rome, and should dare to utter such things, your life would pay the penalty — and that by slow torture, upon the rack, or amid blazing fagots!”

“Much reason, then, have I to be thankful that I live in a land of greater freedom, where such horrid cruelties are not tolerated.”

“Yet, infinitely better, no doubt, would it be for your poor soul, if there were less religious toleration in this country.”

“None, but the most fiendish human monsters, could inflict such tortures as you speak of.”

“It is done only in kindness, and prompted by the purest love for the soul.”

“I pray ever to be delivered from the embrace of such love; scarcely could savage barbarity equal it.”

“Millions, no doubt now in heaven, bless the flames kindled by holy inquisitors, as the means of their salvation! for the fires that consumed their bodies, conquered the infidelity of their hearts. All good Catholics pray that the time may speedily come when the church will have power to establish the holy Inquisition in America.”

“Heaven forbid, St. Evangeline, that I should live to see that day!”

“Well may such heretics as you say so!”

“Why is it, if you can, do tell me why, our reli-



gion tends to oppress and burden, rather than to strengthen and sustain, frail and sinking humanity!"

"See you not the shocking impiety of such a question? Have not the presumption to attempt fathoming the deep mysteries of religion; nor presume to comprehend what God has hidden from our eyes. Lean not on your own understanding, and learn to distrust your faculties; neither have any will of your own; look alone to your spiritual superiors, remembering, it is not your province to reason, but to exercise faith."

Waiting for no reply to her last remarks, the superior hastened from the apartment; and the two young ladies were again alone. After some moments of silent meditation, Isadora observed:

"St. Evangeline exhibits little of 'that' meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God, is of great price."

"It becomes not a saint to be angry."

"How unreasonably she denounced reason! Has the human soul a more exalted attribute? Why is this light kindled within us? certainly, not to be extinguished! Reason is heaven's highest and best gift to mortals."

"I think you not altogether in the wrong, Isadora; but I am a little apprehensive, you trust too much to reason and the light of nature, to occupy safe ground."

"Deprived as we are of the Scriptures, we can

hardly do better, than take nature for our bible, and reason for our guide."

"We are not, I admit, permitted to read the scriptures for ourselves; yet the divine teachings thereof, are graciously imparted to us by the clergy."

"I must think you will find yourself at a loss to tell why the book of God should be withheld from the people by the priesthood."

"The only reason assigned, is, our incompetency, without priestly aid, to rightly interpret, and properly understand the word of God."

"That may be reason enough, but to my mind, it has never been very satisfactory. They would also have us believe that nature too, is a sealed book, that priests only can open."

"Is it not so?"

"Do we not everywhere find precious lessons of instruction in the great volume of nature? Does not the study of creation fertilize thought, and vivify the soul? Look abroad upon the illimitable universe, and say whether it does not display the glory of God, and reveal to the heart much of truth and duty! We see the almighty power of Deity, in the immensity of his works; his infinite wisdom, in their vast variety, beauty, order and harmony! And his unspeakable goodness, we behold in the adaptation of everything to beneficent purposes! Yes, the adorable attributes of the Creator are engraven on the works of his hands; they are written upon the skies—on the sun, moon, and stars! And we may read profitable les-

sons of wisdom, on every leaf that flutters in the breeze; every spire of grass, and opening flower that decorate earth's green bosom! Yet, shall we be told, it is wrong to study nature? That it is, at once, a duty and a gracious privilege, will appear sufficiently evident from this—the study of nature tends to purify the heart, as well as enlarge the mind, and invigorate its powers."

"Do you then apprehend; that we should likely find the teachings of nature always in harmony with the instructions of the church?"

"To be candid, I must say, there seems to me no little discrepancy."

"There then, lies a valid objection to our attempting to interpret the book of nature."

"I will not argue that point; but let me now show you wherein there appears, to my mind, a disagreement, between the indications of nature and the instructions we receive from the church."

"Well then, if you will, read me a chapter from the book of nature."

"From our little window here, we are able to see but a fragment, a torn, and a tattered leaf of the great volume of creation—nevertheless we may make out something:

"Look now upon the deep green foliage, and delicate white blossoms that adorn those locust-trees; and there to our right, you see a beautiful lilac, and here on our left, a crape myrtle; immediately in front of us, there stands a bunch of roses; and yonder too, are

some violets, lilies, and variegated pinks: have they not all a language? Unmistakably, they declare to us, that God delights in beauty and variety. If not, why has he made them so beautiful and so varied? Why are they not uniform in color, shape, and texture? Why not all sable or drab? But see what brilliant hues, how variously tinted, and delicately fringed and ruffled! Have human hands ever produced anything so exquisitely wrought? Here then is a lesson from nature."

"Well, does it not harmonize with our religious faith and practice?"

"By no means, as I conceive."

"Where is the discord?"

"We may perceive it, if we but look upon ourselves: in obedience to the commands of the church, we are clothed in perpetual black; our dresses are plain, and unadorned; our dark caps, untrimmed by ribbon or ruffle, cover our shorn heads, without grace or comeliness! The beautiful tresses, which nature hung about our temples, the rich, luxuriant hair which we once esteemed an ornament, have been sacrificed to our faith: the church decreed it, and we submitted to the unnatural demand. Surely we have not followed the indications of nature nor reason in any respect; for how unlike the flowers are we! And how manifestly unlike, what the all-wise Creator intended we should be!"

"Truly, you have strange conceits, Isadora; talk

of copying nature, and imitating the flowers in our apparel! Such attire would illly become saints."

"So it seems to us; but only because we have been taught, that everything lovely, beautiful, and charming, must be sacrificed at the shrine of religion! I've sometimes thought, if priests could have a world made to order, for the dwelling-place of saints, it would be a sad world indeed — utterly comfortless, wrapped in darkness, and overgrown with thorns!"

"How you talk!"

"See, Helen, yon fat old Quaker waddling down the alley! His religion sits as easy on him as his shad-bellied coat. The complexion of *his* faith requires drab; while *ours* enjoins black. Had the Almighty consulted the Quakers in making the Universe, what a drab-colored creation there would have been! the rose never would have blushed; birds never would have sung!"

For the present, we take leave of the characters that have been introduced to the reader, and proceed to unwind another thread of our story. The youthful nuns, Isadora Norwood, and Helen Bower, whose acquaintance we have made, will be repeatedly brought forward in subsequent chapters.

## CHAPTER II.

A social Circle, in which the conversation turns upon Catholic Schools and Priestcraft—Protestant and Romish Institutions compared—Policy of the Hierarchy discussed.

“I THINK it so strange, Mrs. May, to hear that Arabella is attending a Catholic institution!” said Mrs. Glenn, addressing a very fashionable-looking lady who sat next her.

“It is not *her* choice, but *mine*,” responded Mrs. May.

“That is still more singular — that you, a Protestant, should prefer educating your daughter at a Romish school, indeed surprises me much!”

“I cherish no religious prejudices, Mrs. Glenn.”

“That is well; I wish all the world could say as much. For my own part, I belong to no church—have never been identified with any religious denomination whatever; but I cannot help regarding it as very inconsistent, and exceedingly injudicious, in Protestant parents, to place their children in the hands and under the influence of papists, for instruction.”

“How remarkable! I can see nothing to be afraid of in Catholic schools. More than half the young

ladies at St. Mary's are of Protestant parents; and many of them members of Protestant churches."

"Yes, I'm aware of that,—and lament it too."

"Where is the danger, Mrs. Glenn?"

"Ah! that lies behind a curtain; it is concealed in darkness. How many have we seen taken in the snare! Yet so cautiously, adroitly and silently is it done, that few take the alarm."

"Of course, it sometimes happens, that Protestant children become Catholics, by being educated in papal schools; but parents who wish their daughters highly accomplished, and fashionably educated, are willing to run some risk, in conferring upon them advantages so great."

"But where is the necessity of such a risk? There are Protestant institutions, where every desirable accomplishment, and the most thorough education may be obtained."

"But Catholic schools, you know, are far superior."

"No, I admit it not; that is a sad mistake, into which, I am very sorry to say, numbers of Protestants have fallen. It has no foundation in truth; and such an impression could have never obtained but for the vain boasting of Roman priests, who are, of all men, the most egotistical, arrogant and presumptuous. Not only do they claim to have received the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and to possess power to open and shut at pleasure the celestial gates, but also to hold the key of knowledge! If we are to believe them, *they* only possess true learning: and all educational

institutions not under their supervision are worthless. Nay more, they are pronounced Godless, abominable, and ruinous to youth! Such is the language they hold. The truth is, the Catholic clergy are not generally educated men."

"Not educated men?"

"I mean they are not liberally educated. They may have all learned to read Latin, and some of them English; but they are not men of thorough and varied learning. I say what I know; for such have been my opportunities, in relation to a knowledge of the clergy, and the extent of their scientific and literary attainments, that I'm prepared to speak advisedly upon the subject."

"Never before has any one heard it disputed that Catholic priests are men of learning! Why it is given up on all hands they are the profoundest scholars in the world!"

"I'm fully aware that papists make such pretensions, and the illiterate have not been slow to believe them. Many take for granted whatever is boldly asserted—especially if oft repeated. This may account for the prevalent opinion as to the priesthood being so vastly learned. Protestants, having generally so little opportunity for testing the education either of Romish priests or teachers, it is not so strange they should be deceived. That there are to be found among the clergy profound scholars is by no means doubted; yet for the most part, preachers and teachers of the Church of Rome are exceedingly



limited in their attainments, superficial thinkers, feeble writers, and unbearable bigots !”

“How uncharitable !”

“Charity, Mrs. May, is not blind to gross errors and palpable wrongs ; especially when they are of such a nature as to prove highly mischievous to society, and involve vast numbers in wretchedness and ruin.”

“Very true ; but you certainly do injustice to papists.”

“I wish not to, but would rejoice to see popery become a blessing rather than a curse to the world ; and gladly would I bestow praise wherein I now blame ; but when I see in that stupendous fabric a tendency to overshadow, crush, and destroy whatever is not like itself, I am inclined to regard it as a curse and not a blessing to the earth.”

“Will you allow Catholics no credit—award them no honor, for building up schools and colleges in this country ?”

“The intention of these institutions, let me assure you, is not to confer on juvenile minds a liberal and useful education, but to instil the doctrines of Romanism. Disguise it as they may, their chief object is to make papists, not to unfold and enlighten the mind, as they would have us believe.”

“That is bringing against Romanists a grave charge, Mrs. Glenn. If persuaded of its truth, I could not indeed conscientiously patronize their schools. But I must think you misled in your opinions. and

perhaps a little prejudiced. Mr. Dupin, the priest who daily visits the St. Mary's school, has repeatedly assured me that no improper means were used to influence the minds of the young ladies attending the institution, upon the subject of religion."

"Yes, and thus they disarm you, and lull suspicion to sleep; then taking advantage of your credulity, stealthily lead the confiding mind of your child out of the reach of parental influence into a miserable delusion. The errors they inculcate operate as a slow poison. We need not go beyond the circle of our own acquaintance to find examples of the sad consequences that not unfrequently attend the injudicious thing of placing Protestant children in the hands of papists to be educated. There, for instance, was Isadora Norwood, a charming girl, and possessed of an uncommon mind. I presume you remember her?"

"Yes, perfectly well; she was an innocent, sweet girl. I was much astonished to hear of her taking the veil."

"And so was her poor mother, who died of a broken heart soon after on account of it. Unconscious of danger, and contrary to Isadora's will, that loving mother, four years ago, sent her daughter to the institution where Arabella now is. Two years from that time she was prevailed upon, by priest Dupin, to renounce the world and enter the convent for life. Indeed, soon after she commenced her studies in the school, she was persuaded to become a novitiate, and to wear the white veil; and that without the knowl-

edge or consent of her parents. One of the first lessons taught in Catholic schools is secrecy; hence very improper influences may be used without the knowledge of parents."

"Such occurrences as that in relation to Isadora Norwood, I admit, are unfortunate; but certainly they are rare."

"By no means rare; numerous instances of the kind have I known. And very recently have I learned that Helen Bower has taken the veil. You may know her also; if I mistake not, her parents were members of your church."

"Helen Bower? can it be possible! She belonged to my class in sabbath-school. I knew she was at St. Mary's awhile—but had no thought of her ever becoming a Catholic—and much less did I dream of her taking the veil! She was truly an interesting little girl; it has been several years, three or four at any rate, since I saw her. It must greatly afflict her parents, for they doted on Helen; her brothers, too, almost worshiped her."

"The sundering of connections, and the most sacred ties that bind kindred spirits, are light matters in the estimation of unfeeling priests, who hold it a virtue to be insensible to all the agonies of this life, and the miseries of the present world!"

"I can have no fears at all events, of Arabella's being tempted to become a nun,—or even to embrace any of the Romish doctrines."

"But none the further from danger is she, Mrs.

May, on that account; but rather, the less secure; for being at rest upon the subject, you will be less apt to advise, and place her on her guard against the duplicity, and wily arts of Jesuitism."

"Arabella, has been too well instructed in religion and Bible principles, to have her faith shaken by any artifice they may choose to practice; beside, she is too fond of fashion and pleasure to be a nun."

"Constantly surrounded by such influences as Jesuits know how to wield, you know not what effect may eventually be produced upon her mind. Though she should never become a papist, you must see that she is liable, and more than liable to have her mind poisoned, bewildered, and darkened by the errors and superstitions of Romanism. Few understand what wonderful revolutions may be brought about, by slow degrees, in the human mind; and equally few comprehend the unbounded influence that teachers may gain over their pupils."

While the above dialogue was in progress, a miscellaneous, and promiscuous conversation was going on in other parts of the room: but gradually the attention of the company began to be attracted to the topic under discussion between Mrs. Glenn and Mrs. May. Fanny Willow, who had heard but little of what had passed, owing to the perpetual racket of her own tongue, chanced to catch some of the last remarks of Mrs. Glenn, so as to divine the subject of conversation: turning suddenly round she interrupted the talkers by saying, in a sharp, squealing voice, and on a strain.

ing key that ran through one's head like the filing of a crosscut saw: "Do say, Mrs. Glenn, have you had the exquisite pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Right Rev. Dr. Dupin?"

"I've seen the fellow;" replied the lady addressed, not altogether in her usual tone of civility.

"Seen the fellow!" iterated Fanny testily, and appearing quite shocked at the irreverence of Mrs. Glenn, "upon my word! I thought you could appreciate character better than that: why, let me assure you, I esteemed it an extreme felicity, to make his acquaintance!"

"A sprinkle, I imagine, of what the clergy call extreme unction!"

"What irreverence! really you are sacrilegious, Mrs. Glenn!"

"I respect all great and good men, Miss Willow; but as for your immaculate saint, Dupin, I can see in him nothing amiable, or praiseworthy, much less to reverence and adore."

"La! me! Mrs. Glenn, how singular you are! If there's a saint on the top of the green earth, allowing me to speak poetically, Mr. Dupin is one."

"Talking of the green earth, Miss Willow, allow me to suggest there are some things greener than it."

"I understand that insinuation perfectly! It's not every willow that's green, let me tell you — there's a species called the golden willow — I have the honor of belonging to that tribe."

"I discover you have red hair."

"I'm well satisfied it's not green."

"There's a peculiar color called *invisible* green."

"There's no invisible green about me, I'll have you understand."

"True enough, its all *visible*—at least to the mental vision."

"Thank you for the compliment! I'm fully convinced you're no judge of character, Mrs. Glenn. Everybody admits that the Rev. Mr. Dupin is a rare specimen of human perfection."

"No doubt, *such* specimens of perfection are rare!"

"I wonder any one of good taste can help admiring his winning ways, and his solemn face, which has so much of heaven in its look! His very expression makes me think of eternity! \* \* \* \* How it happens that I'm such a favorite of his I never could tell—his partialities for me are very peculiar! What a discerner he must be of character! And you'd better believe he's as sly and cunning as a fox; he put me up to a plan of persuading young ladies away from the Protestant schools, and inducing them to attend the Catholic institution, that showed he knew a thing or two about human nature. I've almost got Sally Tompkins in the notion of leaving the Seminary to go to St. Mary's; and if no mischief-making person interferes, I'm quite sure she will."

"It would be dreadful, should some mischief-maker have the temerity to interfere in the case, and prevent your success in such a charitable and praiseworthy undertaking; for certainly, to assist holy priests in

breaking up such ungodly institutions as Protestant schools, must be a commendable and pious work! If George the third, in Byron's Vision of the Judgment, could have urged his suit at heaven's gate, with the recital of deeds so meritorious, doubtless he would not have had such a tussle to get in when the devil came thundering on in the rear."

"Well now I'm no Catholic, but just think their religion's as good as any; and it's mighty unfair that they should be so cruelly persecuted as Mr. Dupin says they are. For my part, I see no fault to their schools, all the girls in St. Mary's academy are dreadfully pleased with their teachers. I have a niece there, who at first had a great aversion to being sent to a Catholic school; she had heard so many hobgoblin stories about nunneries, dismal convents, and the horrible Inquisition, that the poor girl was nearly frightened out of her wits! But now she is in perfect ecstasy, and delighted with everything connected with the institution! Her mother has committed her to the special care of Rev. Mr. Dupin, whose guardian eye is perpetually turned to St. Mary's; young ladies brought up under the shelter of his spiritual wing cannot help being angels!"

Squire Delmont, who had been listening some time in silence, at length grew impatient, and ventured, at the risk of giving offense, to fling in his dissent to the remarks of Fanny Willow.

"As likely," said he, "would the tender lamb find safety and protection under the vulture's wing, as that

an innocent and unsuspecting girl should be secure from harm, under the pinion of that corrupt and hypocritical Jesuit."

"Good gracious, Squire! you can't be in earnest!" exclaimed Fanny, with mingled surprise and indignation.

"Why not?"

"I thought you claimed to be a free-thinker, and a man of no religious partialities!"

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, I wouldn't wonder so much to hear you speak so if you belonged to some Protestant sect."

"With regard to the Bible, Miss Willow, I confess myself a skeptic. At the same time, however, I've long been constrained to believe that Protestant Christianity, whether human or divine in its origin, tends to improve our race, benefit humanity, and promote the virtue and happiness of society; and deeply do I regret not being able to say as much for Romanism. With equal care and impartiality have I observed the fruits and watched the tendencies of that system. From all I can see and learn of Popery, I'm compelled to pronounce it evil, and only evil; everywhere and always working mischief; at war with light and opposing liberty!"

"It is not because Dupin is a priest that I denounce him; on quite different grounds do I distrust and detest the man. I've abundant reason to believe him a villain! I know his character, and long have watched his conduct; he's a prodigy of iniquity, full



of treachery, deceit, and all manner of baseness—more fit for the gallows than the pulpit! Under color of religion and love for souls, he has divided and well nigh ruined several families of my acquaintance; to compass his ungodly ends, he has separated the best of friends, and kindled between them undying animosities. And see how he is playing the sycophant with my neighbor, Mrs. Gerard; ever since the death of her husband, which happened about a year ago, that crawling serpent has been busy working his pious meshes around the unsuspecting woman and her only child, Anna Maria, and aiming alone to get a grab at the large estate left in their possession. Already has he succeeded in getting the daughter into the St. Mary's school, and now he is endeavoring to persuade the widowed mother to become a Catholic; and also insists that it is her religious duty to abjure the world and devote the remainder of her life to prayer and penance. I took the liberty to admonish Mrs. Gerard that the wretch was only figuring for her estate, but she seemed unwilling to believe him actuated by any sinister motive, or any design other than a pure Christian love for her immortal soul.

“Previous to entering the St. Mary's Academy, Anna Maria was engaged to Alonzo Carleton, a noble-minded young man, who no doubt would have made her an excellent husband, a devoted, kind companion, and rendered her life happy. If Dupin does not succeed in breaking the engagement, it will not be for the want of such an intention on his part, or the lack

of persevering and desperate effort. Should Mrs Gerard become a recluse, which is not impossible, Dupin will be certain of some portion at least of her estate; and if he can succeed in preventing the marriage of Anna Maria, she will most likely take the veil also; then without a chance the entire estate, which is not less than a hundred thousand dollars, would pass into the hands of the black-hearted Jesuit."

During these remarks, Fanny Willow sat petrified; and Mrs. May looked not a little disconcerted. The latter observed, in a sarcastic tone, when the squire had finished:

"Some men, Mr. Delmont, wear magnifying glasses, and in their eyes molehills easily become mountains!"

"Very true, madam," responded the squire, good-humoredly; "but does that prove there are no mountains?"

"It proves at least that the vision may be distorted."

"There may be men who see monsters where none exist; but that should not deter others from going through the world with their eyes open."

"I claim to know but little of Mr. Dupin, of whom you speak so freely; but I remember there is an admonition in the divine word against speaking evil of ministers."

"The clerical garb, Mrs. May, does not sanctify the unsanctified; nor should it ever shield villainy. Wickedness ought to be condemned no less in priests than in people. Little do I trouble my brain about

theological speculations ; the doctrines and creeds of men are, with me, light matters ; I'm disposed to consider rather the lives and actions of my fellow-men ; and let me award praise or blame, irrespective of religious peculiarities and complexions of faith. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' is the language of Christ. 'A good tree bringeth not forth evil fruit ; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.' This rule of judgment, whether given by inspiration or not, I try to adopt ; and am less careful, therefore to inquire what men believe than what they practice.'

"As you are aware, Squire Delmont, I have no belief in Romanism — yet I must allow there are good people among Romanists."

"That I do not a moment question ; for beyond the shadow of a doubt there are many, very many, pure-hearted and amiable-minded papists. The more honest and better class of Catholics never come to a knowledge, unless by accident, of the great wickedness and corruption of the priesthood. The pious frauds, stratagems, and intrigues, in which the clergy often engage, are carefully hidden from the eyes of such of their own brethren as are not to be made tools of, and who possess too much integrity and nobleness of nature to engage in deeds of darkness and perfidy."

"I am willing to admit there are bad priests, and that some of them have been guilty of wicked conduct ; but still it is but justice to allow that their system of religion is accomplishing at least some good in the world."

“Not in *this* world, Mrs. May; what it may do in the next, I pretend not to say, but confess myself unwilling to trust for salvation in another world, to that which works badly in this. Romanism is, and ever has been, an unmitigated curse; a blight and a mildew upon the earth; a plague-spot upon the bosom of Christendom! It is a gigantic system of religious fraud, which has wrapped whole nations in darkness, and crushed the hearts and hopes of millions! and Jesuits are its secret agents, whose business it is to work in the dark, and forge chains for the mind. They are the emissaries of the Pope of Rome, sworn to carry out his despotic aims; they are everywhere traitors to God, and the enemies of mankind; to serve the Roman pontiff, they would blot out the sun, and enslave the world!”

“Come now, Squire,” said a little, fat, bustling man, something larger than an apple-dumpling, and quite similar in figure, who had been dozing during most part of the preceding conversation, “are we yet to believe all the ghost stories our grandmothers used to frighten us with when we were naughty boys?”

“You’ve certainly been dreaming, Mr. Wimple, and waked up before your nap was out,” replied Delmont, facetiously.

“Hold a moment—I want to know if you really believe any more in the tales about the Inquisition, the St. Bartholomew massacre—the torturing and killing of heretics, than in old wives’ fables, haunted houses, witchcraft, or graveyard apparitions?”

“It seems, then, you are disposed to place the superstitious fabrications of ignorant and idle brains on a footing with the most authentic and grave declarations of history!”

“I tell you, Squire, I believe such stuff about as much as I do the tale of Dr. Johnson’s Cock-lane ghost, or the thousand and one stories of the Arabian Nights’ entertainments! I’m not one of your gullable sort, Squire—they’re welcome to impose on my credulity if they can.”

“Are we not bound to accredit the united testimony of historians?”

“O pshaw! I never read history.”

“Your statements then, of course, will be good authority, as to events that happened before you were born.”

“None of your irony—I’ve read some things, if I haven’t others—but always thought I could put in my time better, than in studying history.”

“You put it in, perhaps, in perusing the celebrated work you have just quoted: the thousand and one stories of the Arabian Nights’ entertainments?”

“I must confess that’s a book I always liked to read,—but I never believed a word of.”

“Now you don’t pretend to say, your credulity staggered so easily! Disbelieving those marvelous tales, you learned to disbelieve all history; well you are not so singular after all—there are thousands of minds constructed thus. But again to the subject. If Catholics have been falsely accused of intolerance,

persecution and putting to death heretics and unbelievers, in the papal countries of Europe, then must it be acknowledged, the annals of the past, can in nothing be relied on. We might refer to Catholic authorities if it were necessary: I'm prepared to produce works of high repute in the church of Rome, wherein popes and their councils are lauded for their zeal in exterminating infidels and heretics; and the most barbarous and sanguinary deeds justified. It is not claimed by any accredited Catholic author, that the church of Rome ever tolerated freedom of opinion, and the right of private judgment in matters of religion; nor is it maintained she ought; but the propriety of putting to death incorrigible heretics, is strenuously insisted on. Out of their own mouths, then, and by their own pens, shall we judge, and condemn them."

"Are we to blame papists in this country, for what their brethren did in other lands and in other times?"

"No; for that, we blame them not; but rather for *justifying* their horrid deeds, in other lands and other times. In that justification, they admit the principle right; and thereby virtually say, they would now, if they dared, even here, treat Protestants with like severity."

"O, but we all see that Catholics are becoming more liberal—no danger of their hurting anybody now-a-days."

"It is the boast of the Roman hierarchy, that their religion is unalterably the same through all time; that

it is one and identical in spirit, doctrine and practice, in every nation—and that it hath been such, and will be such in every generation. Infallibility, with them, is a cardinal doctrine; if right in that, it of course follows, there can be no reform, no improvement; and it follows too, that the church has never been in error, nor committed a wrong. To be consistent, papists must justify all the church has ever done and defend the bloody Inquisition, and all the revolting cruelties enacted in the middle ages. If the persecution and slaughter of heretics were right centuries ago, why not still so? But why refer to the past? Romanism to-day, wherever it exists, is intolerant, proscriptive and persecuting to the extent of its power. What might we not apprehend, should papists ever become strong enough to control this government? We need no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to predict the result. To exterminate the opposers of the faith, would be but carrying out the principles inculcated by the church.”

“Right or wrong, I’m one to stand up for the Catholics so long as they’re persecuted.”

“Yes, yes, we are cruel persecutors of the poor Catholics—because, forsooth, we will not allow them to put their feet on our necks! A pure and genuine sympathy, I like to see; it bespeaks a good and noble heart; but there is such a thing as *false* sympathy: and we have some examples of it, in the profusion of tears poured out by a certain class of Protestants, in this country, for the mother church, especially just

before elections. I know a class of men, who are all the while busying themselves to get up a feeling that papists are being *trampled* upon ; that they are *badly* used and are circumscribed in their privileges. These men have an *object* in view—but that object is not to promote justice and good-will : being a set of selfish, dishonest, renegade politicians, who have no other hope of climbing into office than by becoming fawning sycophants, they think to ingratiate themselves with papists by this kind of maneuver, so as to obtain their votes.. Those of us who refuse to flatter the pretensions of the Hierarchy and are unwilling to submit to priestly rule and dictation, are to be denounced by these demagogues, as uncharitable, illiberal and vile calumniators !”

“I take it, Squire, that *all* the churches are a little given to persecution when they have the power ; and I reckon Catholics are not worse than the rest.”

“Unquestionably, there is too much illiberality and a great want of charity among all sects ; yet the Catholic, is the only denomination in Christendom, that teaches persecution and openly avows and defends the principle of religious intolerance. All Protestants unite in condemning the principle as wrong and foreign to the spirit of Christianity ; and often do they confess themselves at fault, in being betrayed into a spirit of persecution toward one another ; indeed it is common to hear them deplore a want of charity in themselves. Such being the case, there is a chance for correcting the evil ; but in those who do not



acknowledge it wrong, where is the hope of curing it? While papists are avowedly intolerant and systematically inculcate a spirit of persecution, I can see but little possibility of their outgrowing that barbarian principle of ill-will toward those who differ from us. When men get right in principle, they will after awhile come right in practice—but seldom without.”

“If the Catholic clergy are the enemies of light, as you insist, why do they make such a parade about education? To hear Mr. Dupin talk, you would think he was about to move heaven and earth, to have all our Protestant children educated!”

“Policy! policy! it is but a stroke of policy. Why do they not move heaven and earth to educate the children of papists! Look at the Catholic masses, how deplorably illiterate and benighted! What better evidence than this do you want of the insincerity of the priesthood in their great parade about education, which they are making of late? We shall find, I imagine, in the out-come, that there is more thunder than lightning in their wonderful ado on the subject.”

Mr. Wimple now manifested a disposition to change the topic of conversation, by making some remarks about the weather, and the probability of a warm summer; Squire Delmont was inclined to be accommodating, and readily consented to discuss the state of the weather: upon this innocent and unexciting subject, their minds grew calm, and in the utmost good feeling, the company separated, taking leave of each other with much agreeable ceremony.

### CHAPTER III.

**Anna Maria Gerard**—The bereavement—Graveyard scene—The intruder—Jesuitical artifice—Conversion to Romanism—The engagement—Disclosure in the confessional—Priestly stratagem.

ANNA MARIA GERARD, whose name has already been incidentally mentioned, was a most interesting girl—bright as a sunbeam, and sweet as a peach blossom; and was just budding into womanhood. She had from childhood manifested rare amiability of disposition, and more than ordinary intelligence. It was quite impossible not to love her—so angelic was the temper of her mind, and so soft, so gentle, so winning, her manner. And how perfect in form! beautiful in feature! and graceful in action! But I will not say Anna Maria was faultless: conscious of possessing rare personal charms, she grew a little vain, sought admiration, and delighted to mingle in the gay circles of fashion. She was an only child, and had been from infancy the cherished object of parental affection. Though not trained to piety, Anna Maria was by nature devotional; nevertheless, generally volatile and fond of pleasure. Her parents being of no religious persuasion, their associations were chiefly with the people of the world, and when they attended church, it was only as a matter of form.

Having been fortunate in business, Mr. Gerard had acquired considerable wealth: consequently, at his death, which occurred in the meridian of life, and in the fourteenth year of Anna Maria's age, his wife and daughter were left in possession of a handsome estate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not many days after the decease of Mr. Gerard, the disconsolate widow and daughter, wearing the weeds of mourning, were seen directing their course slowly and silently toward the cemetery, whither had been conveyed the cold form of him who had been their comfort, protector, and guiding-star in life.

The burial-grounds were shaded, chiefly, by maple, and other forest growth. It was on a lovely afternoon in autumn; the air was calm, and all nature serene. The yellow leaves were quietly dropping upon the graves of the sleepers, as if strewn by spirit-hands for the tenants of the tombs.

With measured pace and velvet foot-fall, as though fearful of marring the repose of death, the sad hearted mother and her weeping child approached the urn of the departed, and bowing their heads, bedewed with pearly tears the cold marble that marked the resting-place of the lamented husband and father.

It was a scene for angels to behold! Who would have thought that the *mortal* lived who could look all emotionless upon that touching picture? Yet there was one—a Jesuit's eye, peering through the lattice of an iron gateway leading into the inclosure, regarded the weepers—it was the eye of priest

Dupin. He cast upon the bereaved not a look of tenderness and pity, but a sordid, avaricious leer. "Ah! a widow, no doubt! and daughter, it may be;" soliloquized the priest; "that costly marble," continued he, "on which they recline, indicates wealth; the poor do not honor their dead thus. What may not a Jesuit dare! True, I may fail—but if so, so be it; I'll make the attempt—a most auspicious moment to seal an impression! for when the heart sorrows for the dead, and the eyes are dim with weeping, then will the voice of a priest be heard, and the soul turn with eagerness to offers of salvation. I'll go and administer spiritual comfort—whether of Protestant faith, or no faith, it matters little—it's not in the nature of woman, to turn away from religious appeals in the presence of the dead."

While thus talking to himself he had opened the gate, and was proceeding toward the two females, on whom he was resolved at all hazards to try his Jesuitical arts.

The sound of the intruder's footsteps, as he drew near, arrested the attention of Mrs. Gerard, who turning quickly round, was astonished to behold, standing before her, a stranger in priestly garb and with face not unlike a tombstone.

"Pardon, dear souls," said he, at the same time bowing himself almost to the earth, "I entreat you pardon my intrusion: I am one whom sorrow and sighing attract: by a divine impression, have I been led into this dwelling-place of the dead; some myste-

rious voice whispered me—'go and comfort the widow and orphan, whom you will find weeping among the tombs;' in obedience to that voice have I come hither; and on my way I saw a vision—it was of two females, clad in suits of woe and looks of grief—sorrowing ones—my mission is to you. Beneath that house of marble, some dear one lies; your hearts are with him there in the grave! But come away; his fate is sealed—'tis time to mourn for yourselves."

Saying which, he pointed mysteriously toward heaven; then making the sign of the cross, walked away. Anna Maria and her mother stood speechless and amazed; scarcely able to decide whether they had seen a goblin or a veritable man of flesh and blood! At length regaining the power of speech, Mrs. Gerard exclaimed: "Will he not return and tell us more? Maria, follow him, and entreat that he speak with us further. What could he mean? Wait, he is returning."

"Ma, I have a horror of him;" said the daughter, trembling and turning pale, "he looks like a conjurer."

"Say not so, my child; he's a priest, and may be a good, holy man; it seems a supernatural impression directed him to us—how strange that vision he told us of!"

"See how he bends his eyes to the ground as he walks; Ma, maybe he's only trying to frighten us."

"Nonsense, Maria! what motive could the man have for such a thing? Hark, he's praying to the

Virgin Mary ; when he comes a little nearer I will speak to him."

"Do not, mother, let us go away."

"No, we 'll stay till he comes ; I must know what he means ; fear nothing—a praying man will not harm you."

"A wizard might."

"Say no more ; I 'll now speak to him : Tell me, thou man of God, what signified your words—'his fate is sealed !' didst thou refer to my husband ?"

"Verily."

"Canst thou divine his fate ?"

"That can I, by the assistance of the Holy Virgin Mary ; whom, day and night I invoke."

"Then say, if thou knowest, whither has flown his departed soul ?"

Turning his eyes with a horrifying expression upon the grave of her husband and regarding it fixedly, as if his gaze penetrated the solid marble, he said, in a sepulchral, doleful voice : "In the deep caverns of hell, wrapped in curling flames, writhes his soul in unspeakable agony !"

Then glancing at the countenance of the lady, to see what effect his words had produced, he readily perceived the last maneuver staggered her credulity, and that he had piled on the agony a little too strong ; tacking about, as a Jesuit knows how, he began speaking comfortable words to her,—expressing great solicitude for the salvation of herself and daughter, and giving her assurance that, by the saying of mass,

he could, after awhile, deliver the soul of her husband from the torments of purgatory. He begged the privilege of visiting them at their residence, on a future occasion, that he might have further opportunity of recommending to their consideration, the holy Catholic faith.

With some hesitancy, Mrs. Gerard granted him permission. Then with expressions of gratitude to heaven, for the hope of doing good and effecting the salvation of souls, he left them to their meditations, and went away.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the following day, Priest Dupin visited the residence of Mrs. Gerard; but was coolly received and regarded with evident suspicion. Quickly perceiving this, he grew reserved and circumspect in his conversation.

So well did he now dissemble, and with such apparent earnestness manifest sympathy on account of their late bereavement, that he failed not to produce a more favorable impression, in his own behalf, upon the mind of the disconsolate widow. He prevailed on her, after many solemn and touching appeals, to allow him the privilege of saying mass for her deceased husband; and he also obtained from her the promise, that herself and daughter would occasionally attend public worship at his church.

After he had taken his departure, Anna Maria observed to her mother: "The presence of that mysterious personage, Ma, produces upon me singular

sensations; I know not how to account for my aversion to him, unless there be something wondrous wicked in the man; nor do I feel right about his saying mass for my father."

"Why, child, it can do no harm, if it effects no good; but you know not what beneficial influence such a ceremony might have. Religion is a mystery, and as such, we should not pretend to comprehend it; and it is something, perhaps, we have too long neglected. His argument seemed indeed plausible—that there can be but one true church; and if so, that one must be the Catholic."

"Ma, I cannot help feeling that that man may have some design upon us."

"Do not indulge such strange fancies, Maria; there can be no foundation for any apprehensions of that sort."

"How happens it he has become so wonderfully interested in us—entire strangers as we are to him—never even having visited his church?"

"Dear one, that is by no means remarkable. He is a priest, wholly devoted to religion; his only concern is to save souls; and if we have souls to save why should he not be interested in us?"

"I'd be sorry to depend on such a horrid, haggard-looking mortal as *he* is for salvation! Some people, Pa used to say, expect to go to their preachers, rather than their Saviour, when they die. Well, when I wink out for the other world, I ask leave to go to somebody



better favored than Dupin ; I 'd as soon risk going to old Scratch !”

“ Maria, it is certainly the first time I ever saw you show a suspicious disposition toward any one ; I always thought you too unsuspecting, too confiding !”

“ I know not why it is, but it seems to me I plainly read deceit in the face of that priest ; hypocrisy shows itself in the very tones of his voice.”

“ Come now, that 's only conceit — nothing more !”

“ It may be so ; but I can't help my feelings.”

“ Mr. Dupin is not a handsome man, but he may be a good one.”

“ 'T isn't every ugly man that 's good.”

“ Very true ; we should be blessed with no small amount of goodness in this world if that were the case.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Notwithstanding Anna Maria's aversions, her mother prevailed upon her to attend the Catholic worship. Being naturally, as has been before observed, devotional in the tendency of her mind, she was readily affected and deeply impressed by the imposing ceremonies that characterize the public services in papal churches. This means, together with the frequent conversations of Dupin, urging the necessity of their embracing the Catholic faith, finally won over both mother and daughter to that system ; though it was a considerable length of time before they united with the church. The designing priest

had all the while been perseveringly trying to induce Maria to go to the St. Mary's Academy; it was nearly a year, however, from the time he commenced his importunities, before he effected his object in that respect.

In the meantime Anna Maria had received the attentions and won the heart of Alonzo Carleton—a young man worthy of her hand, and to whom she solemnly plighted her faith.

After Maria had connected herself with the church, the sycophant Dupin, who constituted himself her confessor, took advantage of the confessional to elicit from the unsuspecting girl all the secrets lodged in her innocent bosom; and among other things she disclosed the fact of her engagement to Alonzo Carleton.

This her confessor at once resolved on defeating, if it were in the bounds of possibility and compass of his power. But fearing the effect of decided and open opposition, he determined on a more sly and secret interference. Without expressing the least disapprobation, or intimating the slightest objection to the union, he advised procrastinating it a twelvemonth; assigning sundry plausible reasons—the unfinished state of her education, want of age, experience, etc. This advice was not unpalatable either to Anna Maria or her mother, as no time had yet been fixed upon for consummating the marriage; but upon the heels of this advice, the priest enjoined what seemed less reasonable and far less agreeable, which was, that Maria should not see Mr. Carleton, nor have any corres-

pondence with him, for a term of months—alleging that her spiritual interests and the wants of the soul required it.

“That you may have a good and sufficient apology,” said Dupin to Maria, in the presence of her mother, “for not seeing Carleton during the time appropriated to pious discipline, it will be better for you to shut yourself up in the convent and wear the white veil, which is the badge of novitiates. I will pledge myself to satisfy your adored Alonzo that you will see him after a few short months, and be ready to fulfill your engagement.”

Maria at first positively refused to comply with the request of her confessor. But Dupin strenuously insisted that such a course of spiritual exercises was absolutely essential to the salvation of her soul; and if she would not discharge the duty he must give her up as lost. “If you have not,” said he, “even this small amount of self denial, tell me so, and I will pray no more for you, neither again grant you absolution.”

“When will you have me go, father-confessor?” inquired she, sorrowfully and in a tone of penitence.

“To-day,” responded the priest.

“Shall I not be permitted to see Alonzo first?”

“’T is not needful; nor would it be well for you to do so.”

“Not allow me even a parting word?”

“Better not; I’ll make for you all necessary apologies.”

Urged by her mother as well as the priest, Maria

at length yielded; immediately made preparation, and accompanied Dupin to the convent— received the white veil, and commenced the spiritual exercises prescribed by her confessor, which consisted in fasting; repeating over and over a certain form of prayer; wearing beans in the shoes, beating the body with small cords, and various other methods of subduing sin and overcoming the devil.

## CHAPTER IV.

An affair of the heart—Love's trials—The workings of superstition—Collusion—The forged letter.

THE unexpected disappearance of the object of his affections, and the manner of it, much amazed Alonzo Carleton, and stung to the quick his proud and sensitive soul. And to learn that his adored Anna Maria was at last brought completely under the baneful influence of a Jesuit whom she once despised, and himself cordially hated, he could not but feel that she was irrecoverably lost, and given up to a fatal delusion. Meditating upon the event, in a dejected and melancholy mood he thus soliloquized:

“She is lost! Alas! my fair one is lost!—lost to her friends, to society, and to herself; lost to the world and to me; lost to happiness, to usefulness; lost to a life of active benevolence, for which her generous heart and noble nature so eminently fitted her! Influenced by an intriguing Jesuit, she has forgotten the pledges of her love, and been led, blindfold, into the mazes of an absurd, stupefying and soul-withering theology! \* \* \* \* If of her own accord she had cast me off thus, I could turn from her in proud disdain, and blot her image from my heart! But 't is not so; 't is not her own but another's fault!

Priestcraft and a bewildering superstition have transformed her nature—made her what she was not!  
 \* \* \* \* \* Ah! I'm not wont to cherish hate, but I swear to be revenged on the vile serpent that infused the deadly poison into her innocent mind! He shall rue the day he thought to win her from me! \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* But there hangs about it a mystery—an inexplicable mystery! I'll go and see Enola Glenn; she, perhaps, understands Maria better than I do, and may be able to conjecture, with greater probability of hitting the mark, the real cause of this freak, and what it will likely end in."

Enola was a relative of Carleton's and daughter of the Mrs. Glenn introduced in our second chapter, in conversation with Mrs. May. She was a young lady of uncommon sagacity, and extensive reading; she was the particular friend of Anna Maria, and had been her intimate associate, until the latter entered the Catholic school, where her privileges and social intercourse were restricted.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Carleton informed Enola of what had happened and the trouble it gave him, she expressed no surprise, but remarked:

"I've been anticipating something of that sort, Alonzo, but couldn't divine exactly what kind of a trick Dupin would resort to, to alienate Maria's affections and draw off her attachment from you; but I well knew he would fall upon some scheme, to thwart

your matrimonial intentions. He's too well acquainted with human nature, to make an undisguised attempt to prevent your marriage with Anna Maria ; he knew it would be a much less difficult matter, to persuade her to a temporary separation from you, than to an utter abandonment at once of the notion of matrimony ; and he knew also, that an ultimate separation would be more easily effected after several months' absence, and having her mind all the while absorbed in the mummery she is advised to practice during the period of her seclusion."

"Think you, he will aim to lead her on to take the monastic vows ?"

"I have not a doubt, that such is his intention ; but *that* he'll keep carefully hidden both from Maria and her mother, till, in his estimation their minds are prepared for it. There is a power in Romanism to infatuate, which they little comprehend."

"I fear it," said Carleton, with a troubled air and a look of deep concern.

"But there's no help for it, Alonzo ; it's quite impossible for any Protestant to have access to her, where she now is, either in person or by letter."

"If I could have had a chance of reasoning with her before she went, I'm sure she would not have complied with Dupin's request."

"He evidently had fears on that score—hence he urged her to go immediately—and that even, without a chance of bidding you farewell."

“While in reality, she is coerced into measures, she is made believe that it’s all voluntary on her own part.”

“Yes; the clergy sternly deny any compulsion being used in such cases—yet wherein does it differ from compulsion? The deluded victims are pointed to a burning hell, and told that *implicit obedience* to the commands of the priesthood alone, can save the soul from its quenchless and torturing flames. Had Dupin employed physical force in dragging Maria to the convent, to suffer penance and endure the miseries to which she is there subjected, it would have been an outrage of no greater magnitude, than what he has committed, in terrifying her, by threats of perdition, into a compliance with his nefarious wishes.”

“Actions are not always voluntary when they seem to be: we sometimes feel that we are acting freely, when at the same time it is by sheer constraint.”

“I’m unable to conceive anything more iniquitous and unpardonable, than the leading of young girls, by operating on their superstitious fears, to bury themselves in a convent, where they are to pass their days in gloomy seclusion and wretchedness—torturing and attenuating their bodies to fit their souls for heaven! We talk of the cruelties of the Inquisition in the dark ages of the world! while, in reality, there is being practiced a species of cruelty, in the convents of this country, though more refined in its character, yet no less enormous! And it only adds



to the enormity of the system, that the minds of its hapless victims are made to feel that their sufferings are voluntary and self-inflicted."

"Should that infernal Jesuit induce Anna Maria to take the black veil and become a recluse—midnight, will be sunshine to the color of his fate!—I'll be his inquisitor—that's all!"

"Do nothing rashly, Alonzo—the laws of this country, you know, protect the priesthood in practicing duplicity, using jesuitical arts and imposing on the credulity of whomsoever they may be able to bring sufficiently under their papal influence."

"Yes; and as well might the law protect bandits, murderers and assassins!"

"True."

"Do you know, Enola, what has become of Arabella May? Was she not in the St. Mary's Academy?"

"Yes; and is still there—and that too, contrary to her mother's wishes."

"Why, I thought Mrs. May was a great friend to Catholic schools!"

"So she was—but is now becoming alarmed, for fear Arabella will become a papist—she thinks they have used an undue influence to impress her daughter's mind with the superstitions of the Romish faith; but with no avail has she been trying to induce her to quit the institution."

"Alas! what can overshadow the human mind and shut out from the soul the serene light of heaven, like false religion!"

Carleton's interview with Enola gave no relief to his oppressed feelings, but rather served to increase the gloomy apprehensions which had before preyed upon his mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Separated from him she loved, and associated with uncongenial spirits, Anna Maria was unhappy, restless and discontented: days, weeks and months passed tardily by — but still, situated as she was, the dark cloud of superstition was by degrees gathering and thickening upon the sky of her mind. Persuaded that the austerity she practiced, tended to spiritualize her nature and purify the soul, she dealt most severely with herself; and began to regard every element of enjoyment, as opposed to a religious life, and every pleasure, a source of temptation, endangering the soul's salvation! Therefore she turned away from all that appeared delightful and cheering, and sought to wed herself to misery.

Before the expiration of the period assigned her for consecration, an epidemic prevailed in the city, sweeping its hundreds into the grave. Among the number that were hurried from the stage of action, were Mrs. Gerard, Anna Maria's mother, and the parents of Arabella May. When the sad intelligence of her mother's death reached the ears of Anna Maria, it had the effect to increase the melancholy state of her mind; the strongest tie that bound her to earth being now broken, she was more than ever inclined to seclusion, a life of self-denial, austerity and gloom.

Availing himself of the mournful event, and the deep affliction thereby brought so suddenly and unlooked for upon Maria, Dupin directed her thoughts to the contemplation of abjuring the world: this, he at first imagined, would be an easy task; but when it came to the test, he found there was yet another link that held her fast to a carnal world; that was a golden link of love, binding her heart to one she had striven in vain to forget; in spite of her superstitious efforts to crucify her affections, they yet fondly clung to Alonzo.

To carry out his nefarious purpose, Dupin saw it would be necessary to extinguish, in Maria's bosom, this undying flame. Concluding that the end justified the means, he conceived the design of forging a letter in the name of her lover. "I've hit upon it!" said he to the superior of the convent, "I have in my possession yet, that abuseful letter which Carleton addressed to me some months ago—I'll imitate his handwriting so that this girl shall think it's the same; I can do it with but little trouble, for I've played such games before; and by to-morrow, Anna shall receive a love note that'll make her love to hate! or else I'm much mistaken; and you must convey it to her—saying Carleton gave it to you with his own hand. We must fail not in this, for Anna Maria is heir to a large estate. If she takes the veil to become a recluse, I can easily manage to have her property fall into our hands; but should she marry Carleton, as she is inclined to do, and has promised, why all my plans must fall to the ground!"

“Well devised!” replied the Abbess, “the scheme will succeed! But in case it should fail, we can give her a quietus, you know.”

“No, that wont do in this case; I never can reach her estate unless she voluntarily makes it over to me. Beside, it wouldn't do for her to disappear under present circumstances; there are jealous eyes turned upon us—I know not what it may end in; but we want no storm raised over our heads; the only safe way, is to work upon Maria's mind—and goad her on to take the irrevocable vows.”

“Prepare the letter then, and let me deliver it to her; I think I can do it in a manner that will leave no doubt upon her mind, that it was written by Carleton himself.”

So he went to work, and on coarse paper, wrote most scurrilous things, employing low, vulgar, and disgusting epithets, and concluded by pronouncing the bitterest curses upon her soul, and the religion she professed! Then sealing it, he indorsed the name—Anna Maria Gerard. The Abbess, taking the note, proceeded to Maria's lonely cell, situated in the most obscure part of the building, and approaching her, blandly said: “Dear Anna, I've just received from the hand of Mr. Carleton, a letter—I suppose, of course, an affectionate letter, addressed to you. I have thought proper to depart from our usual custom in such cases, and present it to you with an unbroken seal, believing, as I have reason to, that it would be more agreeable to your feelings to receive it thus.”

With trembling hand and palpitating heart Maria took the letter. The Abbess, turning away, left her to peruse it alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not many minutes after the unhappy girl had received the offensive missive, Dupin entered her apartment and found her convulsively weeping.

“What now, dear child?” inquired he most tenderly, putting on, as far as a villain can, a look and tone of innocence, “tell me the cause, loved one, of these sobs and tears.”

When able sufficiently to compose herself, she said with a faltering voice: “Alas! my unkindness and neglect have changed a heart once pure and loving, to malignity and baseness! Alonzo has become a fiend, and it was I that made him such!”

“Reproach not yourself, my angel — that Carleton is a vile heretic — and mark my words, he will yet teach you to despise him. Is that letter from him?”

“His name signs it, and she who brought it to me said Alonzo Carleton gave it to her.

“Let me see what the wretch has dared write you;” saying which, he picked up the letter, which had fallen from Maria’s trembling hand to the floor; tracing the lines with an expression of indignation, he exclaimed: “base! base!” then dashing it down, stamped upon it with his foot, saying, “I hope now, my child, you’ll banish forever, all recollections of that depraved young man from your pure mind; he is not worthy of your love, nor of a moment’s thought;

### DANGER IN THE DARK.

a contemner of our holy faith, he is fit only for perdition!"

Anna Maria remained inconsolable, and persisted in bitterly reproaching herself for unkindness to Alonzo. His image was too deeply daguerreotyped upon her heart, to be easily erased, or readily forgotten.

## CHAPTER V.

Soliloquy of a Jesuit—Is interrupted by the entrance of a Catholic Bishop—A conversation follows upon the prospects of the Church, and the policy necessary to success.

IN the evening of the same day on which Anna Maria Gerard received the forged letter, there might have been seen in a private apartment adjoining a cathedral, a morose-looking man, habited in black, and apparently entertaining thoughts of the same color. His cadaverous face, rigid muscles, contracted brow, with the fiery sparkle, and viper-like glare of his small black eyes, would have brought over you a shudder, and called up thoughts of the midnight assassin, plotting horrid deeds of murder. Solitary and alone he sat, fearfully writhing under the weight of some dark, oppressive thought: like Macbeth, he seemed striving to nerve resolution, and “bring his courage to the sticking place;” but unlike the king of Scotland, he wanted not ‘a spur prick the sides of his intent’—that he already had within his malignant soul, goading him to desperation. Now and then a fiendish smile dimly gleamed across his wrinkled visage, as if reveling in imaginary triumph over some fallen victim: at length, starting to his feet, with measured strides he passed to the opposite side of his

chamber, knelt before a crucifix, made the sign of the cross, indistinctly mumbling a hurried prayer; then rising again, turned about with an air of impatience—paused, bending his gaze thoughtfully upon the floor; hands clenched, lips livid and compressed—thus he stood like a statue—until the boiling lava of his mind began to flow out in words as follows:

“Accursed be the day, that saw the holy Inquisition abolished! and thrice accursed the heretics who conspired its overthrow! \* \* \* \* A pillar of strength in the church, it stood for centuries! To unbelievers and the enemies of the faith 'twas more terrible than an army with banners! Alas! the holy tribunal hath fallen—paralyzing the right arm of papal power, and striking a fatal blow at ecclesiastical authority! Then heaved the mother church a sigh that pierced the heavens, and shook the foundations of the earth! Heretics rejoiced and hell lifted up a shout \* \* \* \* But there is comfort yet—that spiritual court, though buried in Europe, looks forward to a day of resurrection in America. High heaven! speed the time—and may I live to see it!— \* \* \* Yes, there's comfort in this,—while Catholicism declines in the Old World, 'tis rising in the New.—By immense emigration, our strength in the United States is rapidly increasing: and the period may not be remote when, even in this land, so rife with heresy and cursed with Godless liberty, the Inquisition shall stretch forth its vindictive arm, to strike down the proud fabrics of Protestantism, and hurl to the ground the free institutions



of this boasted Republic! and with a whip of scorpions scourge heresy to the gates of perdition! \* \* \*

Who then, will dare question the supremacy of the pope,—or deny the infallibility of the holy, apostolic church! The impious tree of liberty shall be scathed by the vengeful lightnings of Rome, and shattered beneath the crashing thunders of the Vatican! What a triumph, to see impious Protestant sects humbled in the dust and made to kiss the ground at our feet! Then let them who dare, denounce our faith; or wag their tongues against priest or Pope! \* \* \* \* So fiercely burns my holy indignation, scarcely have I patience for policy—yet must I use policy—and study to catch the nearest way. I may feel daggers, but must not speak them. Like the innocent flower let me look, though I bite like the serpent under it.—Aiming at great ends, it is weak to scruple about the means!—A Jesuit must frame his face to all occasions—and if need be, wheedle with the devil! \* \* \*

\* \* Protestantism is a tree whose roots have struck deeply and whose branches extend afar—sheltering heretics and promoting the growth of heresy—'tis a baneful Upas, throwing a deadly shadow upon the mother church—causing her venerable walls to molder and her consecrated altars to crumble. This God-provoking and heaven-insulting tree must be felled—and that it sprout no more, every fiber should be eradicated from the earth it encumbers—that root and branch may be together cast into the fire, and consumed by the fierceness of Almighty wrath! \* \* \* \* It may cost

blood—but what of that! the enemies of God and the adversaries of the sovereign pontiff, must be overthrown! Should a Jesuit falter, tremble and turn pale at thought of blood, while the church suffers reproach and is impeded in her progress? What God abhors, let our holy order forever detest and oppose! Consequences be what they may, it is the imperative duty of every Jesuit to defend the faith and protect the interests of the church: oath-bound is each member of the immaculate Society of Jesus, to persecute and destroy heretics. As a Jesuit, I am not my own—but stand, obsequious to the will of his holiness, the pope—promptly rendering obedience, in thought, word and deed. \* \* \* \* Jesuitism is an instrument in the hands of the sovereign pontiff, wielded at his pleasure, to pierce the heart of Protestantism in every land!—it is a sword whose hilt is in Rome, and whose blade is over all the earth!”

His soliloquy was here broken off by a rap on his door — proceeding to open which, a grave priestly-looking man presented himself, who greeted him as Dr. Dupin; and whom he, in turn, greeted as Bishop Constantius.

“Happy to see you, dear Bishop! please be seated.”

“To whom, in all this world, Dr. Dupin, were you discoursing so vehemently as I approached! You seem to be entirely alone.”

“Did you certainly hear me, Bishop?”

“Hear you, sir? why, upon my word, you were raving!”

“So lost in my thoughts!”

“Were you not conscious of speaking audibly?”

“By no means was I.”

“What can have occurred to disturb your equanimity so much?”

“Indeed sir, my patience has been severely tried of late.”

“What, will a Jesuit despond and yield to adversity?”

“Mistake me not; I do not yield; neither have I ever despaired! Too well have I been baptized into the spirit of our order, not to know that patience and perseverance are requisite.”

“Thereby, the greatest wonders have been achieved; miracles have been wrought; governments revolutionized and kingdoms overturned!”

“Yes; through patience and perseverance, the order of Jesuits has amazed the world and accomplished seeming impossibilities!”

“Still, I am curious to know what has produced this terrible ebullition in your saintly mind.”

“My righteous indignation has been provoked not a little, to see that the enemies of our faith are learning to adopt our mode of warfare, and even to turn against us our own weapons!”

“Ah! we should beware of that—and look well to it, that they do not steal our thunder!”

“Believe me, there is a secret combination against us in this city; and they have their spies out, watching our manœuvres, and threading their way into our

most private affairs and covert designs; plans are being concerted to defeat our aims and thwart the holy purposes of the hierarchy!"

"Doubtless, it is even so; it behooves us the more, to move cautiously; when profane eyes peep through the blanket of the dark, 'tis time to beware. Have your designs, in any important affair of late, been defeated?"

"Yes, I've been sadly balked—and that, in a plot I had calculated much on; all my wire-working for a twelvemonth has been upset—and just when I had thought it brought to a focus: 'twas villainous! and a villain it was—a meddling, Protestant villain that defeated me!"

"Perdition catch his soul! in what, pray, did he defeat you?"

"In an affair I once told you of: a lady of fortune, a maiden lady, whose mind I had wrought upon, so that she felt it a duty to renounce the world and seclude herself in a convent, was about making over to the church a large portion of her property, preparatory to consecrating her life to God, when, as the malice of the devil would have it, a fascinating, handsome fellow, chanced to make her acquaintance—suddenly she changed her mind with regard to taking the veil, and this very day was married!"

"Sacriligious!—May heaven plant thorns in her bridal-bed, and make her life more wretched than she hopes to render it happy!"

"Nor do my troubles end there—for 'tis not yet sure, that Anna Maria Gerard will be prevailed on to take the veil."

"Think you, after all the trouble, that may turn out a failure? I thought it made sure, beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"She loves Carleton more than she loves her soul's salvation!"

"Can you find no remedy for that? is there no drop of gall to be put into the wine-cup of her love?"

"Yes—and I've already poured it in; it made her weep, and wrung her heart with anguish—but I'm not so sure but she'll drink it still, with all its bitterness!"

"Her marriage with Carleton *must* be prevented; keep pouring in the gall—poison the very fountain of her affections—if that wont do, drive her to madness! There is a hundred thousand at stake, remember—a sum worth figuring for."

"So I think; but there's danger in that young Carleton—the fact is the fellow's desperate!"

"What of that? let him get desperate—and tear his hair if he will."

"But he might tear mine."

"Has he at any time menaced you?"

"But yesterday it was, he encountered me on the street with flashing eyes!"

"Did he flash nothing worse than his eyes at you?—you were in no great danger if that was all."

"I know not what he intended—but such a look, the devil could scarcely have put on! depend upon it, he meant something."

"Wisely considering discretion the better part of valor you waited not a declaration of his intentions I suppose?"

"I thought it better not to; he planted himself right before me on the sidewalk; which brought me to a sudden halt—then bending upon me a fierce gaze, which seemed to pierce me through, he assumed a hostile attitude, elevating his right arm, which if my eyes deceived me not, bore aloft a huge cane—then—  
I—"

"Vanished?"

"No, I banished the wretch from my sight."

"Banished him!—how?"

"By turning my back on the impudent villain."

"Ah! what did he then do?"

"I didn't wait to see—but took the fast line for a place of safety—and for once my slender legs rendered me good service."

"That was well."

"Not so very well, as it turned out—for a pack of boys cried, 'catch the thief;' and that set a parcel of watchmen after me."

"Monstrous! but you outran them all?"

"No! the hounds caught me."

"Hounds!—Holy Virgin! they set dogs upon you?"

"Human hounds I mean."

"O yes — Protestant dogs!"

“No, the fellows that caught me were Catholic watchmen—and knew not who they had hold of, till they had torn my coat off me.”

“Prodigious! why did they handle you so roughly?”

“I struggled to get away—thinking that it was the blood-thirsty Carleton who had pursued and overtaken me. Had it not been for the length of my coat-tail, which streamed out so far behind, they, perhaps, would not have got their clutches upon me; but two robust Irishmen, laying hold of my outspread wings—one seizing my right, and the other my left skirt—dreaming not that it was a consecrated garment, worn by a priest, and suddenly checking me up, while I struggled like a buffalo in a snare to get free, they split my coat clear to the collar; and what was worse, my wig flew off in the scuffle—and you can, perhaps, imagine what a ludicrous figure I cut!”

“Yes, in my mind’s eye, I see it all; and a desperate outrage it was; I marvel not, that your righteous soul is vexed.”

“The whole matter being explained, I was soon set at liberty; the Catholic watchmen, who treated me so rudely, humbly begged my pardon and sneaked away; but that reprobate Carleton, laughed and jeered, as though it were rare sport—and such, no doubt, he considered it—a thousand curses upon his soul!”

“In hell he’ll roast for it!”

“That’s one comfort. ●

“But to waive this unpleasant subject, Dr. Dupin,

allow me to give you some account of my tour west, from which I've just returned."

"Very well, Bishop, I'm anxious to hear."

"In St. Louis, our cause is strong and rapidly gaining ground; in Vincennes, we are not without strength—yet in that section Catholicity is making no advance. In most parts where I've been, Protestantism is impudent and shows a bold front!—Sabbath-schools, bible-societies, prayer-meetings and a free-press are the greatest obstacles that lie in our way."

"Alas! that we are compelled to tolerate such abominations! they are mighty engines of mischief. It is becoming every day more evident, that the Catholic church can never appear in its true character, nor put on its proper dignity, in this country, until it wields a secular arm, which no sect nor party will dare oppose."

"True; we want, and must have control of, the military power to enforce the authority of the sovereign pontiff. Stubborn heresy should always be met by such arguments as the holy Inquisition deigns to offer—the rack, the dungeon, fire and fagot! Arguments like these have potency; and nothing short of them can effectually put to silence the hellish doctrines of free-thought, free-speech, rights of conscience, and the right of private judgment in the interpretation of Scripture."

"But until then, we shall have need for patience."

"So we will; compelled are we to wait until we are stronger; expediency requires forbearance; then



let discretion temper our zeal ; for should we chance to show our hand too soon, the game may go against us. Our holy father in St. Peter's chair reminds us, in his last communication, that every expedient is right, which tends to strengthen and build up the church. Then we need not scruple to dissemble, or use intrigue, if thereby we can gain advantage over our enemies, and so advance the faith. While we detest, and seek to subvert the free institutions of this republic, we must praise them ; and although we know it hazardous to enlighten the masses, nevertheless it is necessary that we profess to be the friends of education ; heaven, we are assured, will commend this policy."

" Even so ; that we are not bound to keep faith with heretics, is what the church has ever taught, and this we can turn to vast advantage in the United States."

" So we may. I find that the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, is likely to prove of signal advantage to us in this country ; for immense numbers of them are now crowding to the American shores ; no less than two-thirds of the priests now at St. Louis belong to the order."

" Are any of the priests at Vincennes Jesuits ? "

" No ; and a good deal of prejudice, I was sorry to find, existed there both with the priests and the laity, against the holy order ; I have, however, succeeded, in allaying it to some extent."

" Catholics who envy and hate the society of Jesus, when they know it is approved by the Pope, are but little better than Protestants."

“So they are—I detest them but still it won’t do to have a division among us; this would weaken our ranks, and bring disgrace upon the church: we must make use of everything, and all kinds of material that can be brought to bear against Protestantism. \* \* \* Fatigued as I am, from to-day’s travel, I must beg to be excused from further conversation to-night;” said Constantius, rising to depart, “we shall meet soon again, and speak more at length on this subject.”

“I hope so.”

“Think upon that hundred thousand; urge Anna Maria to take the veil—be sly—tread the ground softly, that it prate not of your whereabouts.”

“That will I.”

“Good night! Dr. Dupin.”

“Good night! Bishop.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### Ceremony of taking the veil—The Maniac.

It was a scene never to be forgotten — and calculated at once to awaken the tenderest sympathies of the heart, and arouse all the burning indignation of the soul! The ceremonies were performed in the convent-chapel—Anna Maria Gerard and Arabella May, whose faculties had at last been so manacled, and whose spirits so crushed by the incubus of papal superstition, that they were prepared to yield implicitly to whatever their spiritual guides enjoined, were now led to the altar of consecration, and meekly kneeling at the feet of the robed priest, there took the irrevocable vows, that impose a life of poverty, celibacy, seclusion and penance; and that enjoin obedience to the priesthood, and bind the recluse never more to pass the convent gates, unless promoted to the office of a sister of charity.

Anna Maria never looked more lovely than at that hour; there was a sweet pensiveness in her expression, yet a death-like paleness overspread her delicate features: black and glossy as the raven's plume, was her flowing hair, which fell gracefully upon her slender shoulders, and hung in unbraided ringlets about

her temples. Her gentle bosom heaved with emotion, and the angelic creature seemed struggling like a martyr at the stake, for resignation to her fate. Arabella, though manifesting some trepidation, endured the cruel ceremonies with surprising fortitude. The gloom that hung upon her young heart, clouded her fair brow, but still the bloom of health was on her cheek; her hair, of a golden hue, looked like shining threads of amber as, disheveled, it dropped upon the graceful form of the kneeling beauty. When the solemn vows had passed their lips, Dupin, the ministering priest, said in a doleful voice: "Heaven requires sacrifice! long hair is a vain ornament and only fosters pride, and as pride becomes not saints, you must now be shorn." Saying which, he inserted into Anna Maria's ebon locks, the sacred scissors, like his own heart, relentless and remorseless! The monster ceased not to despoil until the head was made bare, and the last ringlet dropped from the temples of beauty! Then looking upon his mutilated victim, said with an air of piety, "As your head has been divested of its gay covering, so may your heart be disrobed of all earthly affections!"

"Arabella had now to pass the same ordeal; and when beneath the priestly hand, her glittering tresses began to fall, the pearly tear, despite her religious fortitude, might have been seen glistening in her mild, blue eye; yet no audible sigh or moan escaped her lips. \* \* \* Black caps were now put on their heads; then two coffins, covered with dark velvet, were

brought in—borne to the altar by sisters of charity ; several lighted candles were placed round them : now the priest, assisted by the sisters of charity, lifted Anna Maria and Arabella from their knees and laid them in the coffins ; sprinkled holy water upon them ; said mass ; then lifting them out again, flung over their heads, black veils, which dropped down in front in the form of a cross. The initiated were then pronounced dead to the world ; and presented to the Abbess, with the charge, that she should teach them the solemn duties of saints and carefully watch over their souls. They were now led by the superior to a part of the convent they had not before been permitted to enter—and where only such as wear the black veil, are ever allowed to go. After receiving from the Abbess a lesson on self-denial and the necessity of penance, fasting, and the saying prayers, they were left to their meditations. Singular as it may seem, the deluded girls appeared now, all at once, to awake from the spell that had bound them, and to have a realizing sense of the fearful step they had just taken.

“ Arabella, and is this our doom ?” said Maria, in a desponding tone, “ are we here to spend our days ? O, what an indescribable feeling of desolation comes over me ! Alas ! what strange infatuation has led us to seek this comfortless abode ?”

Arabella answered not, but throwing her arms round Maria’s neck, burst into a flood of tears. While they were silently weeping, locked in each other’s embrace, Helen Bower, one of the nuns, the

reader may remember, introduced in our first chapter, entered the apartment, into which the new saints had been conducted, to congratulate them on their happy escape from a wicked world, to a place of holy quiet and religious repose.

Maria and Arabella had each known Helen, intimately, before she became a Catholic and were warmly attached to her; and they had hoped to experience great pleasure in renewing their acquaintance with her in the cloister: but how their hearts were chilled, to see what a change had come over the spirit of Helen! A gloomy superstition had transformed her, from the cheerful, smiling, bright and lovely girl she once was; the glow of health and beauty, had faded; the eye's brilliant sparkle had given place to a blank, abstracted gaze; the sweet smile of love had fled the lip—and all her faculties seemed morbidly absorbed in devotion. Such was the character of her congratulations, the unnaturalness and coldness of her manner, that she ministered no comfort to the burdened hearts of Maria and Arabella, but rather added to their dejection. While she yet discoursed with them, a wild, startling laugh was heard in an adjoining room:

“Be not alarmed,” said Helen, “that is poor Isadora Norwood, whom Satan has made mad.”

“Isadora Norwood gone mad?” exclaimed Anna Maria, clasping her hands in agony; “Arabella, can it be the same we knew so well and loved so much?”

“It must be; I heard, long ago, she was in the convent.”

“So had I heard; but understood she was content and happy. Why, Helen, do you say, Satan has made her mad?”

“In wicked disobedience to her spiritual superiors, she persisted in reasoning on subjects, which mortals are forbidden to look into.”

“How long has she been insane?” inquired Maria.

“But a few days have elapsed, since she was entirely bereft of reason—yet for months have I anticipated what she has at last come to—and oft told her, thinking and repining would make her mad; she heeded me not—and her noble intellect is now a wreck!”

“Was she inclined to regret having taken the veil?”

“Yes; and but for the strength of her vows, would have long since abandoned the convent. Cherishing discontent, she grievously sinned—I marvel not, that her reason has been dethroned.”

The maniac, breaking from her cell, now rushed into their presence; and for a moment fixed her eyes with a wondering and delirious gaze, on Maria and Arabella: then breaking forth in a strain of wild, sweet music, sung, impromptu, the following lines:

“Sweet spirits, dear,  
 What seek ye here,  
 Where the beauteous maid  
 Must ever pine and fade?”

Alas! more hearts shall break—  
And all for heaven's dear sake!  
As priests can show,  
It must be so.

“Worn and weary,  
Cold and dreary,  
O, let me bid farewell,  
To all this monkish hell:  
And go to seek afar,  
Some lonely, distant star—  
That peace of mind,  
I there may find.

“Here saints we grow,  
For hell below!  
Let clergy call it heaven—  
Their lies be ne'er forgiven.  
As you may live to see,  
Your sacrifice will be,  
Virtue, duty—  
Youth and beauty.

“They call me mad;  
That makes me glad—  
For reason was my foe—  
Long ago—long ago!  
From the pure air of heaven,  
By foul fends I'm driv'n!  
Like you, my dears,  
I once shed tears.”

Here she suddenly paused, and covering her face with her hands, convulsively wept. Then, by a quick transition of feelings, she looked up, with a bright smile playing upon her features and shining through her tears like sunbeams streaming through a misty



cloud: again, in a melodious voice, she began to sing:

“Happy and free  
 As the honey bee,  
 I'll cull the sweet flowers,  
 And deck rosy bowers.  
 I've golden wings to fly,  
 High as the starry sky!  
 Then soon I'll go  
 From realms of woe.

“To the deep sea,  
 Come, follow me;  
 Its shining pearls are mine—  
 They all, all shall be thine.  
 O, there forever lave,  
 The moaning, moaning wave—  
 It sighs for me,—  
 Come, come and see.”

Now pausing again, she looked earnestly, for a few moments, into the faces of Maria and Arabella, and then addressed them thus:

“Beautiful damsels, have ye neither homes nor friends, that you have come hither to breathe foul contagion—and to dwell where maniacs rave and fiends prowl for prey?”

“I see no fiends, Isadora;” remarked Anna Maria, thinking, perhaps, to dissipate her imaginary fears.

“Ah! you would not know them to be such, at first sight;” replied the lunatic, looking archly, “they wear clerical robes.”

“You do not think the good priests are fiends?”

“Good priests, fair one,” returned she, “have all gone

to heaven; those who remain, claiming to be such, are traveling the other way. What do we poor reprobates want with demons to confess our sins to?"

"Imagine not such strange things, Isadora."

"I tell thee, simple girl, the men to whom you go to be forgiven, have more wickedness in their hearts and iniquity on their heads, than all the waters in the mighty seas can wash away!"

The superior, discovering the maniac at liberty, approached, and rudely seizing her by the arm, commanded her in a harsh, ungentle voice, to return to her cell.

"Fiend!" cried she, to St. Evangeline, who was roughly dragging her away, "you have long enough tormented me—soon it will be my turn.—Ah! I'll haunt you, when I die, and bring with me legions of fiends!"

"You have legions of fiends with you already," replied her tormenter.

"So I have; at least one that's equal to a legion," retorted the lunatic.

"You must fast and remain shut out from the light, till the demons within you be cast out;" saying which, the Abbess shoved her into a dark cell—and locking the door, left her wildly raving.

"How unfeeling!" exclaimed Anna Maria, in a suppressed voice.

"O, that we had gone to our graves, ere we entered this horrible place!" said Arabella, convulsively clasping Anna Maria in her arms.

## CHAPTER VII.

**Enola's adventure—The mysterious letter—Anna Maria becomes distrustful of Dupin.**

THE subjoined letter was written by Alonzo Carleton, to his deluded Anna Maria before he was made acquainted with the fact that she had really taken the monastic vows ; yet he was becoming sadly apprehensive, that such would be the final result of the superstitious training to which she was being subjected under the direction of priest Dupin. The letter was confided to the hand of Enola Glenn, who found much difficulty in conveying it to the object of his love, without the knowledge of the superior, and did not succeed until after Maria had taken the black veil.

It was in the twilight of the evening, Enola had stealthily made her way into the shady back-ground of the convent premises. A stately locust tree that stood in the rear of the building, extended one of its strong branches in the direction of an upper window, until it came nearly in contact with it: by the fading light of the closing day, and the soft rays of the evening star, which hung like a golden lamp in the western sky, Enola espied through the clustering foliage, looking out from the little window, a familiar face — it was the face of Anna Maria ; scarcely could

Enola refrain from speaking, yet she dared not for fear of being defeated in her object; remaining concealed until the darkness thickened so that she was in no danger of being seen, she summoned courage to climb the locust; and softly creeping out upon the projecting limb that swept the window, she soon found herself near enough to toss the letter which Alonzo had committed to her, into the apartment through the open window. While she was pausing to make a sure fling, a light was struck in the room, which enabled Enola to discover that Anna Maria was alone, and preparing to engage in her evening devotions: waiting until she had bowed before her crucifix and commenced her orisons, she gently flung the letter into the apartment, which dropped on the floor in front of the worshiper as if tossed by a spirit-hand. Seizing the unexpected missive, Anna Maria sprang to her feet, looked quickly round the room, and then out of the window, but saw no one. " 'Tis strange!" she exclaimed to herself, " my door is closed, my window high above the ground; I plainly saw it fall upon the floor—whence came it? that's the question! But what is this written upon it?" and seating herself by the lamp, she read the name—Anna Maria Gerard: " 'Tis Alonzo's handwriting!" she exclaimed, and eagerly tearing off the envelope, read as follows:

"MY DEAREST, AND LONG LOST ANNA MARIA:—

"I know not that your eye will ever light upon the frail words now being traced by this trembling hand;

but faintly hoping heaven may favor my wishes, I'll venture to spread out upon this sheet, some of the burning thoughts that almost consume my brain to ashes. \* \* \* \* Alas! thou, the idol of my heart! the adored angel of my first love! my only love! what madness hath seized you? What infatuation hath come over thy glorious mind, to bewilder and delude thee thus? or what fiendish hand hath by violence, snatched from me the rare flower I had thought bloomed but to bless my existence, and to be cherished by my own hand? 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, that one so pure, so guileless, so true-hearted, as I thought thee, should prove—I dare not say false—no, I will not; for I know thy spirit is as spotless as e'er was the new-fallen snow, and stainless as the purple light of heaven! By the false hearted have you been led into a dark and dreary path; a false religion hath beclouded the serene sky of thy mind: I'll blame thee not, but deplore thy blindness.\* \* \* \* \* O, think of it, deluded one, life's dewy morn, in all its balmy freshness, has but just opened upon you; and the sweet flowers of pleasure are only waiting to spring up at your feet, and unfold their beauty and fragrance! Why will you despise and turn away from all that would charm and give zest to life? Is the spring-time of existence too long, and hath the gloom of its winter a higher attraction, that you thus hurry on to assume the habiliments of age, and shut out from your vision life's brightest sunshine? Is youth a crime, and beauty a sin? Why then

seekest thou blighting and decay? The Author of our being, bids us not be sorrowful and sad, but freely offers joy and delight to all. Look around thee upon the glories and harmonies of creation: is there not beauty for the eye, and music for the ear, and countless objects to regale the senses and give exquisite pleasure to the mind? Has heaven intended but to tempt and tantalize us, by placing elements of happiness, and sources of pleasure within our reach? But why do I urge you to reason? the religion you revere, proscribes the rational powers, and repudiates the dictates of human understanding! You cannot fail to see, that when reason is interdicted, all argument is at an end, and the most palpable testimony of no avail.

“That you have quite forgotten me, why shall I doubt? I can forgive you all but this—you thought not to say, Farewell! \* \* \* \* My most fervent wishes are, that you may be happy.

“ALONZO CABLETON.”

Overcome with emotion, produced by the contents of the letter—and bewildered at thought of the mysterious manner of its coming, she covered up her face and wept—scarcely knowing whether it was reality or but a dream.

Arabella now entering the room, and beholding Maria in the agony of grief, threw her arms around her, affectionately saying, “What, dear Anna, has come over you, that you weep thus?”

“I know not,” said she; “but this letter came strangely into my possession.”

“How strangely?”

“I was upon my knees, praying to the holy Virgin Mary—the door was closed; I saw no one; heard no one; am confident no one was near; yet, in a beautiful envelope, with my full name elegantly inscribed upon it, and in the handwriting of Alonzo, the letter dropped lightly on the floor immediately in front of me, brushing softly my bosom as it passed, and falling at the foot of the crucifix.”

“Wonderful! But some one must have brought it.”

“How was it possible for any one to enter without opening the door? beside, it came not in that direction.”

“The window is open.”

“But know you not it is full twenty feet from the ground?”

“True. 'Tis very strange! Does Alonzo Carleton's name sign it?”

“It does; look you here.”

“Yes—'tis plain—familiar as would seem his face; he must have written it. What is the purport?”

“Read for yourself.”

Trembling from the influence of a superstitious fear, which the mysterious circumstance had inspired, Arabella took the letter from Maria's hand, and hastily swept her dilating eyes over line after line, until the contents of the sheet were entirely perused.

“How unlike the former letter he wrote you!” observed Arabella, when she had finished the perusal,

“nor does he once allude,” continued she, “to that offensive note.”

“This convinces me, he never was the author of the scurrilous letter you refer to.”

“Was it not in his own handwriting?”

“I incline to the belief it was but an imitation; this is a much bolder, and more elegant hand; beside, the sentiments and style of the composition are so much more like Alonzo!”

“But if not Carleton, who could have written the former one?”

“I dare not tell you, Arabella, on whom my suspicions rest.”

“I hope, not on father Dupin?”

“Ask me not, sister — he is a priest, and we must try to believe him incapable of so wicked a thing.”

“Shall we tell the Superior of this mysterious affair?”

“No — by no means — nor any of the inmates of the convent; let us keep it a profound secret.”

“No doubt, it will be the better so.”

“I am persuaded Alonzo loves me still, yet I know not how he can!”

“And Maria still loves Alonzo.”

“I deny it not.”

“It seems to me, Anna Maria, I would almost risk perdition for the sake of one I truly loved, and to whom I had solemnly plighted my faith, as you have to Carleton.”



“Pray, sister, do not tempt me to disregard the vows that bind me to the cloister, and to celibacy.”

“Heaven forbid that *I* should cause you to err.”

“We cannot now do better than study contentment, and pray for resignation to our fate. Whether Mr. Dupin has done right by us or not, we must not forget, our vows have been taken before God, who knoweth the secrets of the heart, and before whose judgment-bar, we shall one day stand.”

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of several nuns.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Alonzo's unhappiness—Becomes an infidel, and an inebriate—  
The genteel spree.

WHEN Carleton learned that Anna Maria Gerard had really abjured the world and taken the sable veil, he gave her up as lost, and tried to banish from his mind, all thought of her; but too deeply had her lovely image impressed his "heart of hearts;" the vision haunted his melancholy mind night and day; in his fancy, sometimes she danced before him like a sunbeam, radiant with smiles as in the halcyon days of her girlhood — anon, she would appear of sober mien, head bowed down in sorrow, and clad in the gloomy attire of the cloister, and in silence and sadness turning from him.

One night, after tossing from side to side upon his couch for many long and weary hours, vainly striving to lock in oblivious slumber, his feverish brain, he arose in despair, saying to himself, "O, that this long, long night were past! How tardily the moments run! \* \* \* \* 'Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep'—where art thou?—gone 'to light on lids unsullied with a tear.' Why not come to the abode of misery, as willingly as thou seek'st the

dwelling places of the happy? \* \* \* \* \* Shall Alonzo sleep no more? 'Sorrow murders sleep—sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,' and pours the healing balm of quiet on 'hurt minds!' \* \* \* \* \* Anna Maria, 'tis thoughts of thee that cause my unrest; thou, who wert my delight, the brightest star that gemmed my skies, kindling within my heart the light of hope, how hast thou fallen! The beauty of the firmament has faded! the ornament of heaven is gone! Had relentless death snatched thee from me, and the cold grave received thy fair form, I could have borne it; but to know that a vile sycophant hath wrought thy ruin, that a cruel superstition hath fettered and led thee to a prison more disinal than the charnel house, touches me deeply!"

Unsettled as he was in his theological opinions, and never having been properly established in correct religious principles, Carleton was prepared to glide without an effort, into downright infidelity. And nothing could have tended more rapidly to drift him in that direction, than the gross and palpable absurdities of Romanism, and the corruption of the priesthood, which he so plainly saw unfolded in the train of circumstances connected with the alluring of Anna Maria to the cloister. Not having reflected that Romanism was one thing, and Christianity another, he turned away from all religion, and allowed cold unbelief to fasten upon his youthful mind. Casting aside revelation as an imposture, he grew faithless

toward God, and lost confidence in humanity, and soon abandoned himself to recklessness and dissipation.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the troubled heart, the oppressed and tortured mind, there lies a powerful temptation in the wine-cup. Because it offers temporary relief from gloomy depression and the chafing effects of adversity's waves that beat against the keen sensibilities of the soul—by a short-lived exhilaration, the feelings are elated and raised above the leaden clouds, that sometimes shut out the sunshine of hope from life's pathway—the poignancy of piercing grief is softened, tribulation and disappointment forgotten. Inducements like these, together with the influence of pernicious examples, within the reach of which Carleton had now cast himself, led him into intemperate habits: some account of which, it may not be improper to give—if the courteous reader will but consent to pardon the digression.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Well, well! this is a dull, monotonous world at best, at least it seems such to me:” said Alonzo, soliloquizingly, at the same time tossing aside a book, with which he had been trying in vain to amuse himself; “there's no use,” continued he, “in sitting here all day, like a moping owl—I'll take a stroll down town, and see whether I can't, by some sort of means, shake off this horrid ennui;” saying which, he arose,

sauntered out of his room upon the street, and directly met a company of idle young men, on whose hands time seemed to hang as heavily as upon his own.

"Which way, Mr. Carleton?" inquired one of their number, in a familiar manner.

"I'm trying," he replied, "to run away from the blue-devils—heavy thoughts and dull hours."

"Ah! we are just the men who can sympathize with you in that distress; for these blue-devils you talk of, have been hard after us all day, and our captain here proposes to halt at Wring-neck alley and fire a broad-side upon the foe!"

"In the shape of brandy-slugs, mint-juleps, gin-cocktails, etc., I imagine?"

"That's the kind of artillery and no mistake! Come now, fall into ranks with us, and we'll route the enemy, horse, foot and dragoons!"

"Yes—join us in our stroll, Alonzo," remarked, Mr. Brown, "for we all have a little touch of the dumps to-day."

"I'll join you only on one condition; and that is, that we retreat to a more respectable point than Wring-neck alley, before we face about."

"All agreed!—Since we are gentlemen, it becomes us to spree genteelly."

"I'm not in for a spree, boys—never indulge to excess; and only wish to take enough to throw off this unbearable dullness."

"O pshaw! such drinking as that does a fellow so little good!—When a man begins, he might just as well take enough to make him forget his sins."

"That's the doctrine!" responded the principal drinker in the crowd, whom they called Captain.—  
"Come, Mr. Carleton, away with your squeamishness; and let us consider ourselves on a bust! I perceive you have sickly notions of propriety; they are altogether too stale, and should have been buried with your grandfather! Young men of genius must keep up with the car of progress."

"Provided, it keeps the track, and never runs backward down hill."

"Never fear for that; it's always upward in its course; but no longer drawn by donkeys."

"One might have thought you on the fast line of progress, captain," observed Mr. Brown, "to have seen you the other night, three sheets in the wind!"

"But you ought to have staid to see him in the fourth sheet," said another.

"How was that, Dick?"

"He got so boozy he found it a hard matter to keep the towpath, as we came up from Whisky Point, and so managed to tumble heels over head into the canal."

"And like to have broke my infernal neck, and got drowned in the bargain," added the captain.

"So it will sometimes happen," remarked Alonzo; "there are, at best, some slippery places in our way through life, which, if we do not overleap, we must fall down upon."

The party proceeded to the St. Charles, which was considered the most fashionable drinking establishment in the city. As they approached the threshold of the temple of Bacchus some of the company manifested a little hesitancy; perceiving which the captain said, in an animated voice:

“Let us live while we live! Walk in, boys; don’t be afraid.”

With this encouragement all entered the St. Charles—those most accustomed to places of bacchanalian resort leading the way.

“What will you have, my good fellows?” said Carleton, who claimed the privilege of treating the company.

“Champagne, claret, or something of that sort will do to begin with,” remarked the captain.

“Come, old fatty,” said Carleton, addressing the barkeeper, “set out your best wines.”

“Ah! here it is with a sparkle in its eye.”

“Take hold, gentleman, take hold! But where’s young Master Allen? Upon my word, stands off there blushing like a bride!”

“Walk up to the trough, young man,” said the captain; “you must learn to face the music, if you even expect to be a man.”

“He’s inclined to think screens a great invention for coffee-house doors,” observed Frank Deming; “I was much amused to see him slide in, after timidly glancing round to see if anybody was looking at him.”

“Peor boy,” said the captain, “his mother don’t know he’s out.”

"I'm glad she don't know I'm in," replied the well-bred youth."

"In where, booby?"

"This rum-hole."

"You greenhorn! why, would you care for that?"

"She'd think me in the neighborhood of perdition."

"I know you've an excellent mother, Allen; but must think her a little too careful of her son. She has taught you to believe, that if a young man once passes within the threshold of a coffee-house, he's at once upon the confines of ruin; and should he consent to take the social glass, why then he's on the fast line to the devil!"

"Women often see danger where there is none," gravely remarked Mr. Brown, who had had some experience in spree; "I'll tell you what, Allen," he continued, "if a young man wants to figure in the world he mustn't be afraid of trifles. Come, now, here's a nice mellow horn — it'll make you feel just right."

"Well then, since you will have it so, here goes!" said the lad; and tossing back his head, quaffed the fiery liquid.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried his companions. "The goslin swallows well," said one. "A few more like that," observed another, "and, my word for it, he'll think no more about his mamma's advice." "What's the use taking anything to heart?" remarked a third. "Let the world wag, and comets fall, if they have a mind to!"

"At anyrate we'll fire another round," said Dem-



ing; "it's my turn to treat. What say you, b'hoys, shall we have something a little stronger?"

"The real baldface, if you like."

"Well, content!"

"Anything, when a fellow's dry!"

"Fill to the brim this time!"

"Now for it, my braves!"

And clashing their tumblers together in token of friendship, they turned off simultaneously the intoxicating beverage. Before his heavy potations began to take effect, Alonzo felt keenly the goadings of conscience for the part he had acted in inducing young Allen to partake, so much against his inclination, of the poisonous draught; but these qualms only now prompted him to drink the more freely, till his moral sensibilities were drowned in the flowing bowl. As they continued to fill and drain their cups, sallies of wit and repartee flew vividly round the jolly circle, till the blue-devils were for the time quite vanquished.

"The St. Charles is a great institution," observed the captain; "don't you think so, Mr. Brown?"

"Clearly of that opinion! Fill up the glasses, old Blubber! This is the road to distinction, and it lies open to every man; here beggars become princes! The Scottish bard was right—'Kings may be blessed, but Tam was glorious!' Why need any man be poor, when three drams can make him rich? Say, Carleton, suppose it be but imagination, don't the miserable mendicant forget his rags and his wretchedness?"

"But when he gets sober——"

"Why, 'tis his inalienable right to get drunk again."

"What if he have a wife and children?"

"None of your preaching here—my doctrine is, let every poor devil take care of himself."

"Suppose I had acted out that kind of doctrine," said one at his elbow, "the night you fell into the canal, too drunk to help yourself out?"

"O that alters the case, you know."

"How does it alter the case?"

"Any one that has a spark of benevolence would protect an intoxicated man, when incapable of helping himself."

"Yet leave his wife and children to starve—when that which should have bought them bread was expended for rum to make him drunk."

"Let us have no more controversy, but a little sprinkle more of old tangle-heels. Give us a mint-julep; then on top o' that, a brandy sling, and you'll soon see this young man's conscience become elastic as India-rubber, and quiet as a duck-pond! Fill well the glasses, and I'll warrant you these moralizing notions will readily subside. Conscience is a troublesome thing, but it never disturbs a liquor-seller; say, an't I right, Mr. Blubber?"

"I've been well of that sort o' weakness many-a-day," replied the corpulent gentleman, with a wheeze.

An old bloat, with a beet-red nose, who had just entered, observed, as he was about to pour a bumper

down his throat, "There 's nothing like a man's extinguishing himself."

"Is that fellow one of us?" muttered young Allen, staring at the besotted specimen of humanity, but rather too tipsy to see with perfect accuracy; "upon my word," he continued, if he's not extinguished pretty soon, he'll become a conflagration — his nose is even now in a blaze."

"Be sparing of your jests, young man," significantly remarked the inebriate; "you may one day be an object of derision yourself, for I perceive you're traveling the same road that has brought me to the state I'm in."

"Pray sir, inform me, what state are you in?"

"In a state of rags and wretchedness, as you may see, unless too drunk to use your eyesight."

"It is with some difficulty, I must own, that my lookers perform their functions; but by the aid of the lighthouse you carry upon your face, as a warning to tempest-tossed mariners on the sea of life, I'm able to determine your whereabouts."

"Take the caution, then reckless boy, and beware!"

"I'll try and steer clear of red-nose island;" said Allen, staggering toward the door and beginning to cast up accounts; for his rebellious stomach protested loudly against the poisonous liquors that had been imposed upon it in such extravagant quantities.

"Better make for cape-look-out then; for I perceive you've already got to puking sound; and that's the route to bloat-belly-bay and rednose island."

“Ah! I’m only learning to face the music;” observed the lad, when he had sufficiently recovered his breath to speak; “this is the way for a young man to figure in the world—they say.”

“I’d been greatly obliged,” said the barkeeper, quite out of humor, “if you’d figured in the street; I’ve half a mind to kick you out of doors!”

“I beg pardon, sir, I thought this screen erected for the accommodation of gentlemen who prefer to puke unseen by the degenerate crowd.”

“I perceive you’re a verdant youth.”

“Yes, I’ve given ample proof of that, in being persuaded to drink your filthy rum; well, I’ve returned your liquors already mixed—you can make what disposition of them you choose.”

“Better not tempt me too far, you insolent cub!”

“No, for there’d be more liquor spilt, should you explode.”

Saying which, Allen took his departure, under a shower of curses from the enraged barkeeper.

“Ah! this is a wicked world!” said Carleton, staggering up to the bar, to drain another glass; “we drink rum to cure ennui, which it never fails to make worse; the unnatural elation is soon followed by a corresponding depression: then come infernal headaches, dismal dreams and nightmare!”

“Hang the fellow, he’s about to preach his own funeral!” said Frank Deming. “Wonder what he means by ennui—some more of his Latin, I suppose.”

“Explain to the ignoramus, Mr. Carleton,” re-

marked one of the circle, "we belong to the enlightening society, you know."

"Even so; well then, I will explain: now just imagine yourself being steeped in a frog-pond, with a green scum over it, on a hot sunshiny day, and the empty parts of your skull filled up with the slime, wiggletails and tadpoles at the bottom—and you have some faint conception of ennui."

"And will rum clear away the green scum?"

"Undoubtedly, and make the brain float on the surface like a blubber; but soon as the gas is exhausted, it sinks deeper in the slime than before; and you think there's a buzzard gnawing at your liver like a hungry hound."

"Horrible! Almost as bad as the delirium tremendous!"

"Ha! ha! ha! That must be awful!"

"Perhaps the fellow means, delirium tremens."

"Yes; his father died of it, and a most frightful death it was! Poor old man! I saw him kick the bucket: he had reached the last round upon the ladder that lets sinners down to that place preachers tell of—I remember well his last words."

"A prayer, no doubt?"

"No, no, he had too much pluck to pray after living such a dare-devil life, his last words were these: 'By jing! this is going hellward on a rough road!' then uttering a horrid groan, as grim death cut short his breath, he struggled for a moment, as if grappling with f' ids—and all was over."

“And here’s his hopeful son, Dick, going full-gallop on the same road !”

“Don’t be alarmed for me,” remarked the self-confident youth, “a few sprees never made a man a drunkard.”

“That are a fact—as I’ve always said !” observed the captain in a drunken tone, and so far gone that he hardly knew whether head or heels were uppermost ; “boys must sow their wild-oats ;” continued he, “I’ll be bound, Dick will call a halt in due time, and cheat the devil out of the son, if he did get the father.”

The spree was kept up till a late hour of the night ; Alonzo Carleton and James Brown, were the last in leaving the St. Charles ; nor would they have left so soon, although past midnight, had they not gambled away all their money, and then been turned out of doors by the barkeeper—who had a great aversion to drunken men, after their pockets were empty.

Carleton was very much intoxicated, but not so drunk as Brown, whom he had to assist in keeping on his feet. It being very dark, they lost their way and got into a dismal alley, where Brown fell down ; and in vain Alonzo tried to get him on his feet again ; several times he got him nearly up, but as often managed to let him fall. Finally, Carleton chanced to stumble over a wheelbarrow ; the thought occurred to him immediately, that he could put his drunken companion on this very convenient vehicle and convey him home : so he rolled the helpless fellow upon the

wheelbarrow, and started with him—not knowing however, what direction they were going. To add to their misfortunes, a violent thunderstorm came up; the rain descended in torrents, and an occasional flash of lightning fell upon the overpowered sight with bewildering vividness; but driving ahead at a venture, the hapless wretches plunged heels over head into an old cellar, from which a building had that day been removed. This mishap added greatly to Alonzo's confusion and perplexity of mind—gathering himself up, he gazed a moment upon the rent clouds above his head, whence proceeded loud, bellowing thunders; then vociferated at the top of his voice: “A little more light—and not quite so much noise, up there!”

“Hello! 'Lonzo—an't we thunder-struck?” said Brown, who was lying underneath the wheelbarrow, more dead than alive.

“Worse than that—all the devils of the pit are let loose! I'm keen to swear we're not far from the brimstone regions!”

“Well, then, it's about time to liquor.”

“Agreed! that reminds me of the flask you stuffed into my pocket—but just wait till I take a taste; delicious! now, where are you, my fine fellow?”

“Don't know; inquire down below.”

After feeling round sometime in the dark, for his companion, Alonzo at length got hold of one of his legs; and being too drunk to know the difference, gathered it up, saying—“Open your mouth you brain-

less rascal ;” and getting the neck of the bottle between his gaiter and boot, emptied the contents of the flask, therein.

“ Look out there !” muttered Brown.

“ Does it strangle you ?”

“ Yes, I ’m strangled.”

“ Your neck ’s so plagued long, is the reason.”

“ Just tie a knot in it, then.”

The wretched inebriates, at length overcome by the stupefying effects of alcoholic drinks, fell asleep ; and the next morning found themselves in the watch-house.



## CHAPTER IX.

### The Conclave.

THAT we may see more fully developed the character of the intriguing Jesuit, Dupin, it will be necessary to follow him into the recesses of a Jesuitical conclave.

In a subterranean apartment of the Cathedral were assembled a band of the order of Jesuits, to deliberate measures of policy. Among the number, Dupin seemed most conspicuous—and led off in the following speech :

“Brethren of the holy order—in obedience to the head of the church, to the voice of the sovereign pontiff, God’s vicegerent on earth, we are bound to subject this government to papal rule—at least, to do all that within us lies, to extend the dominion of the See of Rome over the whole United States of America ! To achieve this, to succeed in an enterprise so stupendous, will require deep-laid schemes, well directed and cunningly-devised plans—the utmost vigilance, patience and intrepidity. Upon the Society of Jesus, in this country, his holiness the Pope, chiefly relies, as he assures us in his last bull, addressed to bishops and other clergy, for the uprooting of heresy and the extermination of incorrigible Protestants. How we

are most successfully to wage war upon the enemies of God, and the contemners of the faith, is indeed a grave question, and one which it becomes us duly to consider. It is not an infant power, feeble and unresisting, that we are commissioned to bind; but a giant, strong and resolute! The time has not yet come, when we may meet Protestantism in the open field of battle; such an attempt would be madness, and result in certain defeat! Some of our number are anxious that we unmask ourselves and boldly assert, and to the last defend the claims of the mother church. The folly of such a course, we can scarcely fail to see, upon the cool reflection of a moment! To illustrate—suppose any one of you should think of capturing that imperial bird, the American Eagle, what would be your plan? Surely not openly to rush upon him in his eyrie? What would be the result of such temerity? why, with his terrible talons, he would grapple your flesh, and rising on his mighty pinions, swoop from the mountain's brow and dash you headlong down the rocky cliffs to frightful depths below! No, you would have more discretion and pursue a wiser policy: taking opportunity, when the proud bird was soaring aloft, with his eye fixed upon the sun, you would spread your toil, and silently await his coming—when unawares, he would find himself ensnared and within your power.

“A similar policy shall we find it necessary to pursue toward this great nation. Let not America see the papal chains that Rome sends to bind her with,

lest she rise in the majesty of her strength, and scorn them as the tempest scorns the hempen cord! But stealthily and in the dark at dead of night, let us spread the snare; and ere the people or their rulers are aware, have them entangled in our meshes: then let them extricate themselves if they can.

“Only by stratagem can we hope to succeed. With professions of friendship to the government, and the cherished institutions of the Republic, we must seek to allay suspicion; and through enticing words and fair speeches, decoy and beguile the unwary; and by flattery and fawning work our way to political power and influence. There are politicians to be bought, and that among the leaders of the dominant parties; yes, we shall find editors too, and even preachers in Protestant ranks, who may be bought, and most of them at a small price!

“What our order has achieved in other countries, why may it not in this? Beyond the Atlantic, Jesuits have revolutionized governments, convulsed nations, subverted empires, and dethroned kings! and, in the meantime, moved silently and unobserved. Are *we* less capable of Jesuitical artifice? What’s to hinder us from overturning this Republic? We have but to lay the fulcrum and lever in the dark; and while we foment jealousies, and sow the seeds of discord in various sections of the Union, adroitly manage to lay the mischief on others, and ourselves putting on looks of innocence, come in to gather up the spoils.”

Bishop Constantius, now rising, offered the following remarks :

“ Brethren of the Immaculate Society of Jesus : as has been well suggested, it is needful that we study expediency. The ends we aim at, will amply justify any available means ; we must kindle the fires of contention, distract and divide the Union, so that it fall an easy prey to papal power. At the present crisis, it may be well for some of the shrewdest of our order to disguise their faith, and identify themselves with various Protestant sects, and different political parties ; this will be calculated to give us immense advantage. We already see a clashing of interests between the north and south, which must tend to disrupture the bonds of the Union, and one day render it an easy matter to prick them on to a bloody conflict. Such a collision would bring about a state of things highly favorable to our designs : taking advantage of the chaotic elements, we might be able to mold a government to our liking.

“ If any one’s conscience tell him such a policy would be wrong and unjust, let him be reminded that we owe no allegiance to the government of the United States ; no ties bind us to the free institutions of this country ; nor are we ever bound to keep faith with heretics. The principles of the Republic being wholly antagonistic to the teachings and doctrines of the Catholic church, we are justifiable in seeking its downfall. Whatever stands opposed to the church, we should never hesitate to strike down — whether republics or monarchies, presidents or kings ! ”

The Right Rev. Leo, who had but recently made a visit to Rome, next arose and said :

“Holy brethren—the wide world nowhere presents a field so inviting to our order, nor opens a prospect so fair and flattering to us, as do these United States ! It is not, however, to be disguised, that in this missionary field, so replete with interest, so rich, varied, and extensive, we have opposition to meet, and formidable obstacles to surmount. The mad spirit of progress and reform, pervading and animating the masses ; together with a wild, enthusiastic devotion to liberty ; a thirst for knowledge, and a disposition to throw open the portals of light to all of every class, are barriers in our way. The direst calamities threaten the church from this source. Cautiously to put a check on this rage to educate, will require all the wisdom and ingenuity we are master of ; and it must be done. Education manifestly tends to lead the minds of the people from the true faith ; learning has been the mother of many heresies. Where the masses are the most illiterate, there the priesthood exert the most influence. Then, if we want to be revered, and have rendered to us implicit obedience, we must shut the gates that lead to the temple of knowledge, and prevent the spread of general intelligence. Chains of darkness are stronger than those of iron ! Do you doubt it ? look at Mexico ; South America ; at Canada—and look at all the Catholic countries of Europe ! What gives to the clergy such unlimited control in these countries ? Unquestionably, the be-

nighted condition of the people. Educate them, and they become self-confident, independent, and no longer want the aid of priests to find their way to heaven; and what more do they care for the decrees of councils, and the bulls of popes; for excommunication, and the anathemas of the church? It behooves us to stand ready to place an extinguisher upon every movement in favor of general education; yet it must not seem to be *our* act."

Rev. Lateran, then addressed the conclave as follows:

"Brethren — It must be apparent to you all, that Catholicism, in this country, is ranging itself under the banner of Jesuitism; and for the good reason, that our order has become the right arm, as well as the eyes and ears, of the Church; and moreover, Jesuits have advantages here which they never enjoyed in any other nation; however odious they may become to the American people, the government must still tolerate the order. Beside, our policy is not so well understood, nor are we regarded with the same suspicion in this, as in many other countries. Then why may not the Society of Jesus gain a strength and wield an influence in America, equal, if not surpassing anything it ever attained in any other land?"

Sundry other speeches were made by men of less ability, but developing kindred sentiments, and the same anti-republican principles.

## CHAPTER X.

Political trickery — The Demagogue entrapped — Mr. Twist in a pucker.

THE Jesuit was by no means wide of the mark, in saying there were politicians in this country to be bought. A political aspirant of this class, who was constantly in market, and who had more than once been bought and sold, I here propose introducing to the reader: his name was Peter Twist. By the way, there must be something in a name; but whether it were possible for Peter to have been a man of upright intentions, and go by the name of Twist, I shall not attempt to decide, having quite a different object in view in bringing him at this time before the public eye.

Though an unpolished and coarse-minded man, and of decidedly limited capacity, Peter Twist was by no means an unsuccessful demagogue; unscrupulous and time-serving, he never hesitated to sacrifice principle to party purposes, and readily lent himself to the basest schemes to gain the most trivial ends. He became the willing tool of Dupin, and a bitter enemy to Alonzo Carleton. A professed Protestant, he yet took sides with the priest party in all controversies

between them and Protestants; was the apologist of papal intolerance, and zealously defended the claims, extravagant pretensions, and arrogance of the Hierarchy; eulogized Romish institutions; boasted of Jesuit schools, and lauded the clergy as the most learned, wise and holy men upon earth! Dupin he held up as an immaculate saint and pattern of piety, and denounced as persecutors all who dared to express a different opinion. When accused of double dealing, or playing the part of a sycophant, he would then very speciously plead liberality; and lay claim to an eminent degree of Christian charity; sternly deny, of course, being in favor of Romanism, or at all tinged with the doctrines of papists, or the principles held by the order of Jesuits; but charity, Christian charity, led him to respect the faith of Catholics as he respected that of Protestants. Marvelously convenient is the mantle of charity when moral deformity needs a covering; when villains would shield villainy they have but to say, charity! charity! and the reprobate is canonized a saint!

Peter Twist, being a candidate for office, one day in making an electioneering round, concluded to try his skill on Squire Delmont, whom he had learned intended to vote against him on account of his pandering to popery; so, entering his office in a bland and familiar manner, he thus addressed the magistrate:

“Well, Squire, I’m surprised to hear that you’ve become a violent religious partisan!”

“Ah, indeed! that is news to *me* also.”



"Then you deny the charge, Squire Delmont?"

"I must first be *converted* to some religion, Mr. Twist, before I can become a partisan in any."

"You have, I am aware, long been considered a skeptic."

"Avowedly such."

"Then, of course, Catholics and Protestants are all the same to you, and you feel perfectly indifferent, no doubt, as to the controversies between them?"

"Not exactly so, Mr. Twist; as men and as citizens, Catholics and Protestants are the same to me when their deportment is the same; but their principles so widely differing, I must own that I am far from being indifferent to the controversies between Romanism and Protestantism; and politically, too, I have a preference for Protestants over Papists."

"Yes, yes; I perceive, after all, you are a religious partisan."

"How so?"

"I reckon it'll turn out true, as I've heard, that you are uncompromisingly hostile to Catholics, and will vote for no man who has any charity for them."

"Not hostile to Catholics as such, Mr. Twist; but am, in truth, uncompromisingly opposed to the anti-republican principles they hold and teach; nor can I vote for any man who gives countenance to such principles."

"In the political arena, the religious opinions of men should be lost sight of: at least that's my notion of things, Squire."

“In many cases, I grant you, that would be right; religious opinions, however erroneous, may be of such a character as to have no injurious bearing in governmental operations; but again, they may be of such a nature as to revolutionize the civil government. Suppose we had a Catholic president and a Catholic Congress, how long would the people of the United States be allowed to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences?”

“Why should we be more apprehensive of proscription from them than from Episcopalians, Methodists or Presbyterians?”

“The reason is obvious: Papists maintain doctrines directly at war with the principles of our government. The denominations you have just mentioned do not. Papists deny that men have a right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. They teach that the Catholic is the only true church; and that without her pale there is no salvation. Then to be consistent, they cannot tolerate any other religion than their own. You may say they are honest in their intentions, and sincere in their belief; all the worse for that—the more likely will they be to carry out the spirit of their doctrines, and the pernicious and ruinous principles they hold. As to the Catholic faith being erroneous, and the rites and ceremonies of the church absurd, I care nothing, for that’s mere moonshine; but this I look at, Romanists crave the power to crush every institution, civil and religions, which is not in conformity to the narrow spirit

of Popery. And as I have said, the more sincere, the more are they to be feared. Were all Roman priests infidels, as no doubt many of them are, and only making a pretense of religion for the sake of a livelihood, we might calculate on their being left to some, at least, of the restraints of natural sympathy, reason and conscience; but believing Catholicism true and from heaven, they, in obedience to its voice and unnatural requirements, stifle the feelings of humanity and blind the eyes of their reason and conscience. From the real believers among papists, Protestants have suffered most; *they* are the men who have been the scourge of the human race. Heaven help the heretics and unbelievers that fall into their hands! The more deeply a corrupt and inhuman faith enters into and imbues the mind, the more fearful and calamitous are the results; for the surer it is to produce its legitimate fruits. What is there more terrible, and so much to be dreaded, as the religious fanatic when clothed with power! he is more to be shunned than a wild beast. Let me be cast into a den of lions, rather than delivered over to his tender mercies! for, devouring my flesh, the voracious animals would speedily terminate my sufferings; while the superstitious fanatic, to make me of the same opinion with himself, would study to prolong my agony by skillfully-contrived instruments of torture—destroying life by piecemeal! And the human beast would add insult to injury by piously averring he tortured the body for love of the soul! \* \* \*

\* \* The history of the Romish church shows but too

plains what demons that system of superstition makes of men when its temper and spirit fully enter into their hearts. Happily we live in a land where such heartless bigotry dare not show itself—at least it dare not openly show itself.”

“Understand, Squire, I have no faith whatever, in Romanism; nor have I any more friendship for Catholics than for Protestants—I treat all religionists alike.”

“I comprehend you, Mr. Twist; and think I see clear to the bottom of your motives.”

“Now then, good sir, suppose you undertake to divine my motives; since you are so sharp-sighted and far-seeing.”

“No difficult task, I imagine, will that be.”

“Then, the sooner done.”

“Well, since you urge me to it, I’ll speak of your motives—and that right plainly.”

“Go on—both my ears are open.”

“The short of the matter is—you want office; and little care where the votes come from that may secure your election.”

“Is that wrong?”

“I can hardly say it’s right—yet I know it’s common.”

“Would you, if a candidate, not be willing to receive Catholic votes?”

“I should certainly scorn to purchase them, by helping to propagate their soul-withering superstitions, and becoming an apologist for the crimes of the clergy.”

and abetting the despotic aims of an intriguing hierarchy."

"That now is the unkindest cut of all; come Squire, I'm persuaded you do not mean as much as you say."

"But little patience have I, Mr. Twist, with a man who professes to be a Protestant, and at the same time honors, befriends, and seeks to uphold and extend the influence of the order of Jesuits—a class of papists, who are the minions of the Pope and the most servile wretches on the face of the globe!"

"Strong language, Squire—but pray tell me what harm there is in Jesuitism, since you seem so heartily to detest that particular order of Catholics."

"Jesuitism is the adversary of thought, of reason, of the affections—the adversary of all that's noble and praiseworthy in man! Moral sterility, literary and social decrepitude attend it in every land; it contests the independence of the human mind, and seeks to fetter the immortal faculties of the soul: full of treachery and deceit, it moves slyly and stealthily through the earth, gaining in the darkness what it loses in the light. Jesuitism is also a machine of war—it must always have an enemy to combat—without which, its prodigious combinations would be useless. In this country it has Protestantism for an opponent; the latter, though not weak, wants the vigilance and activity of the former, hence, my serious apprehension. Unwaveringly attached to the past, Jesuitism is opposed to progress, alike in science,

religion and politics. The mission of the order, in the sixteenth century, was to destroy the reformation; though unsuccessful, yet evidently it contributed much to retard the progress of reform. Jesuits, in this country, from motives of policy, profess to be the friends of light and knowledge; but every reader of history knows, that for three hundred years in Catholic countries, they have been violent opposers of education and the general dissemination of knowledge. In France, when they thought themselves strong enough to crush the colleges, they unblushingly made the attempt; and for one, I doubt not, that the present generation may live to witness a similar attempt in this country."

"Do not Jesuits take their name from Jesus?"

"Yes; but should have taken it from Judas."

"Well, tell me something of the origin of the order."

"Jesuitism was born in Spain, prepared in France, and developed in Rome: there it assimilated itself with the spirit of cosmopolitanism. In Spain, it only thought at first of the possession of the holy sepulcher; arrived in Italy, it becomes more practical—does not stop with coveting a tomb—what it wishes for beside, is the living man, to make a corpse of him, that is, that he become in a certain sense, dead, and yield himself up a passive instrument in the hands of the Pope and his councils; to be used or set aside at pleasure, just as a man would use a staff."

"How long has Jesuitism been in existence?"

“Something more than three hundred years.”

“By whom founded?”

“Ignatius Loyola, a Spaniard, was the founder of the order. He appeared a short time before Christopher Columbus—was a remarkable man, and among his numerous followers never had an equal. The rules he prescribed for his adherents, were very different from those which he, himself, lived by. He taught the necessity of surrendering all independence of thought and action: in a book of his, entitled ‘Spiritual Exercises,’ there is a rule thus conceived: ‘If the authority declares, that what seems to you white, is black, affirm that it is black.’ This you may find on page 291, of the work referred to.”

“Truly, Squire, I cannot say, but what you may have good reasons for your opposition to Jesuitism; and very possibly I, myself, may find cause to change my opinion with respect to the order. In the meantime however, when election day shall come round, which by-the-by, is now close at hand, I hope you’ll not forget your old friend, Peter Twist! You and I, friend Delmont, are not so far apart in our notions of things, after all.”

“There is some distance however, I imagine, between us, Mr. Twist.”

“Well, well, we can easily waive, you know, such slight differences. In fact, Squire, to tell the truth, just between you and I, I’ve a strong notion to turn Native American; and if that should happen—look out then—I’ll be death on Catholics!”

“You confess, yourself, then, playing at present, a dishonest game?”

“No, no, not dishonest; but we politicians, you know—well, you know—we have to be a little—”

“Rascally!”

“O no! not rascally—but you know—”

“Yes, I know; and very well know, that most of you will play any game, to compass political ends and be promoted in the ranks of party.”

“Come now, Squire, that’s uncharitable.”

“To tell the truth is uncharitable, I know—and it is even persecution, to tell the downright honest truth on a political juggler.”

At this junction, Mr. Lyman Burbanks, an intimate acquaintance of the parties engaged in the above conversation, entered: he was a young man, remarkable alike for his shrewdness and great good humor; quite a joker, he was exceedingly fond of getting a fellow into a tight place—especially one whom he felt a little antipathy toward; not loving Peter Twist harder than a mule could kick, he particularly delighted in teasing him; but now he had something more than a joke on the office-seeker, and chancing to discover him in the magistrate’s office, electioneering the Squire, he thought it an opportune moment to open upon him. With a twinkle in his eye and affecting a seriousness he did not feel, he thus accosted the candidate:

“My worthy friend, Peter Twist, what think you? I’ve concluded to add to my political creed, the maxim,



‘that all things are honorable in war;’ and have turned Jesuit during this campaign, and am working the wires for *you* in all sorts of ways!”

Springing to his feet, not doubting the sincerity of his friend Burbanks, Peter grasped his hand, and shaking it most heartily, exclaimed :

“ Good for you ! why, by the powers above, Lyman shall lose nothing by that operation ! That I am to number you among my friends, Mr. Burbanks, surprises me most agreeably ! Ah ! and you’re a host— ‘ can run through a troop and leap over a wall !’ I’m growing sanguine of success ! We’ll lick them so bad, they’ll hardly know themselves the day after the election ! Zounds ! I thought the thing would work right after awhile—the Squire here, has been rather opposed to me, but he’s coming round right fast. But tell me, friend Burbanks, you’ve been feeling about among the b’hoys, I suppose—touching the wires, I dare say, just in the right place ?”

“ O, certainly — been feeling about, cunning as a fox, and pulling the wires sly as a mink !”

“ Pulling them for me ?”

“ For you ? to be sure ! to be sure ! You’re the man, Mr. Twist, I’m after—yes sir-ee, after you with a sharp stick !”

“ That’s it—put me through on the fast line ; you’re a gentleman—every inch of you ! Come along now, and we’ll go down to the St. Charles, and take a little of the o-be-joyful ! and then we’ll talk further of this matter.”

"Please excuse me, Mr. Twist. I never drink intoxicating beverages."

"Never drink! O, but these are election times—you can just lay aside temperance, till this battle's over; it will make your tongue *so limber* to moisten it with a wee drop—come now don't be churlish."

"But hold on—I havn't explained to you yet, how gloriously this political affair is working."

"No, certainly, let us hear. It's working right I suppose?"

"Right beyond a doubt—just as it should work."

"Have you pumped round among the Catholics any?"

"I've pumped nowhere else!"

"And what do they say?"

"Why, they are going for you to a man!"

"So much for them! A Catholic vote, you know, counts as much as any other."

"So it does; well they're in for you, and no mistake."

"I was rather doubtful awhile about their going it strong; but I guess now they will."

"It was that well-timed letter you wrote Priest Dupin, the other day, while you were out in the country, that did the work."

"A letter? ah!" Mr. Twist here shook his head at Burbanks; giving him a hint to be silent on that subject.

"What," said Squire Delmont, raising his spectacles and looking inquiringly into the candidate's face,

"have you been courting the favor of that hypocritical Jesuit, Mr. Twist, in this political contest?"

"No, no, Squire, I never thought of such a thing; no never!"

"Have you made no pledges to Dupin?"

"Pledges to a Jesuit priest! none whatever; you would hardly accuse me of such a thing, I hope?"

"I should like very much, to see the letter."

"I have it here in my pocket, Squire;" observed young Burbanks — his black eye betraying with a peculiar twinkle, the mischievous thought in his mind, "if you desire, I will show it;" at the same time producing the letter, and handing it to Squire Delmont.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the astonished candidate; "it's a forgery! a palpable forgery!"

"How did you happen to come in possession of the letter, Mr. Burbanks?" inquired Delmont.

"Being a particular friend to Mr. Twist, and passing myself off for a Jesuit, upon some Irish Catholics who had the letter passing round among them, I persuaded them to let *me* have the trouble of circulating it awhile; and I've concluded it's but fair that Protestants as well as Catholics should be allowed to see the magnificent document."

"Traitor! villain! monster! what kind of a game is this you are playing with me?"

"Did you not just now sanction the doctrine, that all things are honorable in war! If I am playing a game of deception, who taught it me?"

"Not I; the letter's a forgery—a base forgery!"

“How do you know it to be a forgery? you have seen it previously, we must infer.”

“But hold,” said the Squire; “allow me to read it, and *then* make your comments.”

Squire Delmont then proceeded to read as follows:

“MY DEAR DR. DUPIN:—

“You need no further assurance from me, than what you have already had, that I am your fast friend, and the devoted friend of the Catholic church; and although not a Jesuit, yet doing all I can to benefit the order, and increase its influence among Protestants—”

“A lie! a lie!” exclaimed Twist, in a desperate rage, “I never wrote such words; it’s but a device of the devil, or somebody worse, to defeat my election.”

“Be patient, Mr. Twist; hear it all.”

“No, I swear I won’t! it’s a lie hatched in hell to ruin my reputation!”

“Wait, Mr. Twist; come, don’t get into a pucker, you must hear it through.”

“Get out of the door—I’ll stay no longer.”

“Hold on to his coat-tail, Burbanks, until I read him the balance of this affectionate epistle.”

“I’ve got him; read away.”

The Squire again reads:

“It has been my misfortune to be reared a Protestant; but no confidence have I in the Protestant religion, nor in the free institutions of this country.

Devoutly could I wish myself worthy a place in the holy Catholic church ; and had I power to put the helm of state, and the reins of this government into the hands of his holiness the Pope, most willingly would I do it."

"Let go, I say! Will you presume to detain me against my will?"

"Be calm, be calm, Mr. Twist, don't, I pray, get into such a snarl; come, I insist that you hear more."

"I'll not stay to be insulted thus, and hear myself slandered."

"What, has your own pen slandered you?"

"I never penned it."

"'Tis in your own handwriting — familiar as your face!"

"Villain, I bid you let me go."

"Read on, Squire, I shall be able to hold him to it awhile longer if he don't twist out of his coat."

"I'll twist your neck, you reprobate."

"Keep cool, Mr. Twist; turn round here, like a man, and face the music."

"This is beyond endurance!"

"Read again, Squire, twist or untwist, he shall be compelled to hear read, what he had the hardihood to write. Read loud and clear."

The Squire again reads :

"Rev. Sir, I trust that my faithful and constant devotion to your interests, will not be forgotten in the day of *my* extremity. If the Catholic vote of the city be cast for me, I shall be elected — not without;

now Rev. and very dear sir, it is for you to say, whether that vote shall be cast for or against me. I shall certainly expect you to turn the scale in my favor.

“And you will bear in mind that I lent you no little assistance in hoodwinking Mrs. Gerard, and putting you in a fair way to get possession of that large estate, for the benefit of the Catholic church. Beside, but for me, you would not so easily have got rid of Alonzo Carleton, who at one time was bent on assassinating you; through my interference he was prevented, and your precious life preserved. I now ask only to be remembered at the ballot-box.

“Your most humble servant,

“PETER TWIST.”

“Was ever a man so persecuted!” ejaculated the confused, and entrapped politician, as the Squire concluded the reading of the letter.

“Truly it’s shameful persecution,” remarked Burbanks ironically, “to detect a man in his villainy! That’s the kind of persecution Catholic priests complain of so loudly.”

Without further apology, Mr. Twist took French leave.

Soon after the election, we learn, he abandoned politics in disgust, and went into a patent-right speculation on churns and washing-machines.

## CHAPTER XI.

Frailty of a good resolution—Alonzo's gloomy reflections—A scene in the St. Charles coffee-house.

DEEPLY stung with remorse and a sense of shame, Alonzo Carleton returned from his first spree, fully resolved in his mind never again to moisten his lips with strong drink. Alas! good resolutions are not always kept: so it turned out with Alonzo. Though a young man of more than ordinary firmness and decision of character, having once yielded to temptation, he found himself thereafter, easily disarmed and led away into paths of vice and dissipation. It was in a dark hour, oppressed with gloomy feelings, that he again thought of the inebriating cup; to himself he said:

“I must pluck from my breast this rooted sorrow, or else drown it by abandoning myself to habits of intoxication! \* \* \* \* \* The Jesuit has accomplished his purpose—equal to his expectations he must reckon his success! Between Anna Maria and her lover, he has effected a wide separation: the one, he has led from a happy home—from a sphere of usefulness and the society of friends, into gloomy seclusion—shut out from all that renders life a blessing! the other, driven to madness and dissipation! His perfidious

designs are fully consummated—at least, will be, when he secures the remainder of the Gerard estate. Fortune favors the wretch; were it not so, ere this he would have been the victim of my vengeance; narrowly did he escape me. 'But why indulge thoughts that only ferment the soul, and light within me the consuming fires of outraged feeling? The evil is without a remedy; let the past be forgotten! yea, and the present too! I'll prove Shakspeare false—'Who can minister to a mind diseased?' Rum says, 'tis I!' Well, to test the matter, I'll go down to the St. Charles."

The first to greet him, upon entering the coffee-house, was his boon companion, James Brown, whom he had not seen before, since the morning they were together let out of the watch-house.

Alonzo drank with his associate, but with some reluctance. Being forcibly reminded of the disgusting scenes of the former spree, and discovering too that Brown was beginning to bloat, and his eyes inflame—fast putting on the appearance of a sot—it caused him to feel an inward misgiving.

"Friend Brown," said Alonzo, "this is the first I've drunk since that horrid night we had the misfortune to be lodged together in the watch-house."

"O cracky!" exclaimed Brown, "I've been drunk a dozen times since that."

"My dear sir, I was not before aware that you had really become a drunkard!"



"A drunkard! do you intend to insult me?"

"By no means—come, Jim, don't get out of humor—you called yourself a drunkard; at least confessed having been drunk often enough to entitle any man to the appellation."

"I get elated occasionally; but never allow myself to be called a drunkard."

"You were somewhat elated, I imagine, the night I rolled you upon a wheelbarrow?"

"And tumbled me down that confounded old cellar!"

"When a man is in the constant habit of getting drunk, Jim, I don't know why he should not be called a drunkard."

"But I don't like the sound of the word."

"It doesn't sound well, I confess—yet much better than the practice looks. To speak candidly, Jim, we are throwing ourselves away; and should we follow up this habit a little while, it's hard to tell what we may come to; it don't take a man long to brutalize himself."

"See them good-looking fellows, tipping their glasses at the bar there—they've been regular drinkers for years, and I can't discover that they are yet brutalized."

"All are not men that wear the human form."

"No—for some are women."

"None of your whisky wit; I'm rather in a scber mood to-day."

“You touched the cup too lightly—that’s what’s the matter; when you want to be jolly, always fill to the brim.”

“I’ve concluded not to stimulate any more to-day.”

“There never was a time, Alonzo, when you needed it more; you look solemn as the night-side of creation! Come, my good fellow, don’t get too serious; let us take a little more of the critter, then we’ll discuss this subject at length.”

“Wait awhile, Brown—you’re good company when sober, but a most intolerable bore when intoxicated.”

“A dubious compliment, Mr. Carleton; I hardly know in what light to take it.”

“It matters but little whether you esteem it praise or censure. Sit you down here, and let us talk like men of sense.”

“That’s the way we are accustomed to talk.”

“Not always—when rum goes in, good sense steps out. What a blessing it would be to humanity, if intoxicating liquors were swept from the earth!”

“True, intemperance is an evil—and one of no little magnitude; but there is no help for it.”

“There might be, if legislators would but do their duty.”

“What could they do toward exterminating the curse?”

“A law might be passed, to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks as a beverage.”

“What, in this free country?”

“Why not?”

"It would be an unwarrantable interference with the rights of freemen: never will it do to *legislate* upon the subject, in a republican government like ours."

"Have we not had legislation upon the subject?"

"Well, of course, we have certain laws in most, if not all the States, regulating the traffic."

"Then you must admit, that legislative bodies maintain the right to legislate on the subject."

"But that, you see, is quite another thing."

"Why, if they have the right to legislate at all with regard to the traffic, and to grant license to sell the pernicious beverage, unquestionably they have the right to make a law prohibiting the vending and manufacture of the article."

"The American people, Mr. Carleton, prize liberty too highly ever to submit to anything of that sort."

"Does true liberty know no restraint? Does rational freedom give loose rein to the passions of men, and the diabolical propensities of the wicked and reckless? With such liberty, there would soon be an end to liberty! The very worst form of despotism, would be infinitely preferable to a liberty that would unchain the tiger, and let go the lion and hyena! There are human-monsters, more to be feared than savage beasts! Such reprobates turned loose upon society, with their lawless passions unchecked, what would become of the peace, order and harmony of society? Where would virtue and religion find safety? and to whom would the weak and defenseless go for shelter and protection?"

“Stop now, my friend, and look at it dispassionately for a moment: if legislative bodies, in this country, once begin to infringe the inalienable rights of the people, where will they find a stopping-place? Such a law as you speak of, would be tyranny—and as soon as enacted, open the door to despotism!”

“All reasonable men know, and will admit, that individual rights must sometimes be sacrificed for public good: no considerate and virtuous citizen will at any time hesitate to waive his individual rights, where he sees that the same will be productive of adequate public good. In the operations of society, the greatest good to the greatest number is the leading aim. The governmental operations of society are based upon the sacrifice of individual rights. To assume that individual rights are infrangible, and must not be yielded in any case, is to paralyze all governmental action, and reduce us to the condition of barbarism. In such a condition as that, the rights of each individual are continually violated by the lawless impulses of the unprincipled; and he is liable to greater injuries and oppression from the unprincipled, who are always in the majority, than he would suffer from *any* form of organized government. Then to protect our rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, all should be willing to surrender a portion of their rights to organize a government in order to preserve the remainder—which, without such a surrender can have no security.”

“But come at once to the point: we want no long-

spun metaphysical argument. The question is, would it be right for the government to restrain, by law, the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages?"

"Well, then, we come directly to the point: can we hesitate to admit that society has a right to protect its weaker members from the continual wrong and oppression which come of intemperance?"

"But you must remember the laws necessary for such protection restrain the whole community alike?"

"Is that a sufficient objection to their passage?"

"Why not?"

"Has any one a right to place his individual comfort and convenience as a barrier to the prevention of crime and the salvation of life?"

"Upon my word, you are getting to be a real enthusiast in the cause of temperance. Walk up to the bar and take another horn; then, I dare say, you can give us a temperance lecture that'll be worth listening to."

"Honestly now, friend Brown, if measures were taken to suppress, by law, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, I should certainly regard it as one of the greatest philanthropic movements of the age."

"But see you not what injustice such a law would work to men who are engaged in the liquor business? Take, for example, the proprietors of the St. Charles. Just look around at this elegant establishment, erected and furnished expressly for the purpose of retailing liquors,—many thousand dollars are here invested.

That winding stairway you see in the center, that looks so much like a corkscrew, leads up to a billiard saloon, magnificently fitted out for the accommodation of gentlemen of leisure. Well now, you must see there is a great deal of *money* in an establishment like this. A prohibitory law, such as you talk of, would knock the whole business on the head, take from these men their livelihood, ruin their occupation, and reduce the value of their property !”

“Ah! but where is your sympathy for the poor widows and orphans made such by this establishment? the untold wretchedness and destitution caused by the occupation of these men; the scores and hundreds they ruin by their iniquitous calling? You look not upon this picture, but have an abundance of tears to be poured out for the authors of so much mischief and misery—because, forsooth, in the event of the passage of a prohibitory liquor law, they would be compelled to abandon their worse than useless business! You remind me very much of the tender-hearted Frenchman, who was one day traveling in a stage-coach through the hill-country of Kentucky, in company with a number of male and female passengers. The spirited steeds were dashing on in a sweeping trot. Now descending a short declivity, their speed was considerably accelerated; immediately in the track, lying at his leisure, lazily chewing his cud, there chanced to be a little scrub-breed, crumply-horned bull. Being somewhat stupid in his habits of reflection—not very unlike certain other animals I’ve

known whose heads are hornless — he delayed his attempt to escape a little too late. Just as a sense of danger began to dawn upon him, prompting a desperate effort to get out of harm's way, the fore-wheel of the coach came unceremoniously in contact with his bullship, striking him plum between the horns. The coach upsetting, tumbled all the passengers down the hillside in a heap, horribly bruising and mangling women, children and men. The tender-hearted Frenchman to whom I have alluded, more fortunate than the rest, received no serious injury. Extracting himself hurriedly from the midst of the ruins, and without stopping a moment to look after his fellow-travelers, or to offer the least assistance to the crippled and helpless who lay suffocating underneath the dilapidated vehicle, he began to cry out in a most pitiful strain: 'Poor little bull, me 'fraid him kilt! O poor little bull, me 'fraid him kilt!'

"What, now, has that bull story to do with the subject of our conversation? Introduced for the sake of embellishment, I suppose!"

"See you not the application?"

"No, I see nothing in it but the bull story, and greatly doubt that such a circumstance ever happened."

"Then, perhaps, I should have likened you not so much to the Frenchman as to hapless bull; the first was remarkable for his misdirected sympathies — the latter for his stupidity."

"Just as you please to have it Mr. Carleton."

"In case an anti-liquor law should be enacted, it seems you would be ready to feel the dint of pity for, and lavish your warmest sympathies upon, the dealers in alcoholic drinks—a class of men who are only an injury to community, and who cause many a broken heart, as well as broken limb! Like the weeping Frenchman, who bewailed the fate of the little bull, while he overlooked the sad disaster which had befallen his fellow-passengers, you look not at the wide-spread and melancholy desolation caused by the flowing out of this distilled poison over the land, but would bestow all your pity on the authors of the evil in case they were to lose money by the operation of a prohibitory law. Yes, your bottles of tears are ready to be poured out for the men who are instrumental in sending abroad and perpetually augmenting this dire curse—this sweeping, fiery tide of devastation! You would weep, not that thousands are crushed in heart and hope by the demon of intemperance; weep, not that the lofty pillar of human dignity is oft broken down, and the grand superstructure of the immortal mind laid in melancholy ruins, but that the traffickers in strong drink should experience pecuniary loss by the drying up of the most prolific source of crime and human wretchedness! For one, I should be in for taking care of the passengers, and leaving the unlucky bull 'unwept, unhonored and unsung.'"

"Now you imagine the subject fully illustrated, and made enough clearer than sunshine! Who can fail to be convinced? But say what you please, run



is a good thing in its place, and sometimes very useful."

"Yet, you will allow, it not unfrequently gets out of its place, and does a vast deal of mischief?"

"Notwithstanding, we should prize it for its many good qualities."

"Let me hear you mention a few of its many good qualities?"

"You will hardly deny that it possesses certain properties which make the article useful; why it possesses medicinal virtues!"

"The same may be said of venomous reptiles: the rattlesnake contains an oil, which is good for particular ailments; yet would you justify any one of your neighbors, in entering upon the business of raising serpents — petting and caressing them? In such a case you would, no doubt, complain to the authorities. It would hardly be sufficient for him to plead, that snakeoil was an excellent medicine; especially if some of your particular friends had been bitten by the reptiles. Were such a thing to happen, I fancy there would be a general killing of snakes."

"But hold, my good fellow, I have an argument you can't get round; it is simply this — rum will always let alone, those who let it alone."

"Do you say so? let us see: there stands a man on the opposite side of the house, with red eyes and bloated face — perhaps you know him? at any rate I do; he is a husband and a father: but a few years ago, that ragged wretch, whom you see there, looking

so forlorn, was in easy and comfortable circumstances—enjoying the sunshine of prosperity; a happier family circle than his, I have seldom known: a change came over that happy family; the wife and mother, once cheerful, content and loving, is now heart-broken, emaciated, and driven to desperation! The children, once prized as jewels, are now neglected, and suffering hunger and nakedness; and their once ‘sweet home,’ is now a picture of desolation! And why all this? Ah! rum has been there! rum has made the sad havoc—brought about the melancholy change! Yet you say, rum will let alone, those who let it alone: did it let alone the unhappy wife and children of that poor inebriate? Yet they let it alone; never tasted, but forever detested the accursed thing! In defiance of them, the monster visited their peaceful abode, robbing it of every charm, withering every joy—turning Eden to a hell! and causing thorns to spring up, where only sweet flowers were wont to bloom!”

“You ’ll certainly turn preacher pretty soon; better take another dram—you’re getting entirely too sentimental. For my part, Alonzo, I intend making the best of this life, for fear it may be the last chance, and wherever I discover an opportunity for pleasure, I’m bound to ‘pitch in!’ As for others, I’ll not concern myself; let every man paddle his own canoe!”

“Too much selfishness in that; I envy not him who is content to pass through this sinful, suffering world, and leave it none the better for his having lived in it.

Give me the man who lives not for himself alone, but for humanity—for the world !”

Alonzo drank no more that day, but yet eventually, by occasionally indulging in strong drink, he became the slave of an unnatural appetite, and gave himself up to drunkenness, revelry and gaming ; and very soon was reduced to poverty and utter destitution. In the meantime, several of his companions became confirmed inebriates ; and in little more than a twelve-month, James Brown died of delirium tremens.

## CHAPTER XII.

The shrewdness of insanity—The poisoned chalice—Dupin's leap from a window—The Lunatic escapes from the convent—Her singular adventure—Conspirators punished—The haunted cell.

WE return again to the convent.

The insanity of Isadora Norwood was peculiar: her reflections, at times, seemed profound, and her perception remarkably acute; yet she had frequent spells of raving madness, at which times, she was apt to make disclosures that gave no little uneasiness to certain priests, who habitually visited the convent. Dupin was particularly solicitous that she might have no chance of uttering things she ought not, in the presence of Anna Maria Gerard and Arabella May. His continual fears upon that subject, led him finally, to resolve on giving her a quietus. To carry out his design, it was necessary for him to have the assistance of the Abbess; and well knowing that she would readily enter into his designs, and might safely be trusted, he sought an opportunity of secretly disclosing his intentions to her, and concerting a plan for administering the poison. The maniac's suspicions being aroused, by what she had observed of the manœuvring of Dupin, she one evening slyly stole into

the apartment of the Superior, near the hour which the priest was in the habit of making his nocturnal visits, and concealed herself. Thus secreted, and remaining perfectly silent, Isadora overheard all that passed between the Abbess and Dupin with regard to herself, and the plan they concluded upon for putting her out of the way. Managing to escape their observation, she shrewdly kept dark — but in her heart meditated revenge.

On the following day, Dupin entered Isadora's room with the poisoned chalice in his hand; the unhappy lunatic was prepared for the event; and had seated herself near the window of her apartment, which she had thrown open.

“My dear child,” said the priest, affectionately, “I have here a remedy for the melancholy affliction that has fallen upon you; drink this, and you'll be well.”

Seizing the cup, she dashed it upon the floor; then with a seemingly supernatural strength, not uncommon to insane persons, she grappled the priest, and hurled him headlong out of the window! falling near twenty feet, he was badly bruised, had one eye put out, and for a time was rendered insensible! Isadora immediately fled from the convent, and went to the residence of Mr. Glenn. The Glenn family, having known her from childhood, and being aware that she had taken the veil, were greatly surprised to see her out of the cloister; she was received with sympathy and affection, and listened to with eagerness and intense interest, while she incoherently related what had

transpired, and caused her to violate her monastic vows. Now made conscious that she was among friends, and surrounded by those who loved and cared for her, she rapidly improved in the condition of her mind, and soon became quite rational. Learning from Enola Glenn, the history of the love affair between Anna Maria Gerard and Alonzo Carleton, Isadora resolved on making an effort to rescue Anna Maria from her state of seclusion. She avowed her intentions to Enola, who was not wholly incredulous, as to the success of her scheme, and manifested some disposition to encourage her in it. The plan conceived by Isadora, was, to return to the convent under pretense of penitence, and a wish to be forgiven for her rashness and the injury she had inflicted upon the priest; and if successful in obtaining forgiveness, to avail herself of the first opportunity she possibly could, of seeking an interview with Anna Maria, and trying to prevail upon her to forsake the gloomy cloister.

Enola and her mother felt a little scrupulous as to the justifiableness of the deception which had necessarily to be practiced in carrying out the project; nevertheless, waiving their scruples, they expressed a willingness that Isadora should make the adventure.

Before proceeding further in this direction, the reader may be curious to know what more happened to Dupin after his terrific fall. The catastrophe produced great consternation among the inmates of the convent: mangled, bleeding, and almost lifeless, the unfortunate priest was carried in, and every possible

exertion made, to speedily restore him to consciousness ; for a time it seemed dubious, and his recovery was almost despaired of, but as bad and worthless men are hard to kill, Dupin's end had not yet come. Signs of returning life at length appeared, and he gradually recovered from the effects of the desperate fall, excepting the loss of his right eye, which it was found impossible ever to restore to sight.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the lapse of several weeks, Isadora returned to the convent with her mind made up to dissemble ; hoping that, by feigning penitence and a spirit of submission, she might have granted her such privileges in the convent, as would afford her the chance of enticing away Anna Maria. She was met at the convent gate, by the Abbess, whose pardon she humbly craved ; alleging insanity as the cause of her disobedience, and the great crime she had committed in injuring the priest ; she also promised implicit obedience, if they would but permit her again to enter the cloister.

The Superior informed her that it was necessary first to ask the advice of Mr. Dupin ; and bade her go and return on the morrow ; at which time she could have an answer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dupin, being informed of Isadora's penitence, and proposition to return to the convent, discovered a diabolical pleasure, and rejoiced in the prospect of being afforded an opportunity to be revenged.

“Admit her,” said he to the Superior, “but give her no hint that I intend wreaking my holy vengeance on her guilty head, lest she be deterred and escape my fury. Give the reprobate a cordial welcome to the cloister; then let me be notified, and I will come and deal with her as she deserves. ‘An eye for an eye!’” he growled significantly, in an undertone, as he turned away, putting on a look of dire revenge.

On the following day, Isadora again appeared at the convent gate; the Abbess greeted her with a hypocritical smile, and gave her a cordial welcome, saying:

“It gives me infinite pleasure, dear one, to see you so penitent, and anxious to return to this place of holy rest. Your confessor too, is overjoyed to hear that you regret your error, and have become obedient.”

Seeking out Anna Maria, whom she found in company with Arabella May, Isadora embraced them tenderly, and without giving them time to congratulate her upon her return, said:

“Will you allow me, my loves, to say a word to you in confidence!”

“We will,” they each replied.

“Shall I have the utmost confidence that you will not betray me?”

“You may,” was the quick response.

“Then I’ll speak freely to you both, and without reserve unbosom my thoughts and wishes.”

“Talk in a low tone,” whispered Maria, “for these apartments sometimes have ears.”



“’Tis even so, but my excited state of feeling, caused me to forget it. Lest we be interrupted by some intruder, I’ll haste to disclose what I have to say: ’tis this—I’m now deeply convinced, that the unnatural and irrational vows we have taken are not, in the sight of God, binding upon us, and may be cast off without committing sin. Life, in this dismal place of seclusion, is useless and unprofitable—’tis a blank—nay, a grievous burden! By watching for a suitable opportunity, we may easily make our escape.”

Maria and Arabella were greatly astonished at these remarks, and the startling proposition of Isadora, for them to disregard their vows and fly from the convent.

“O say not, Isadora, ’tis a light matter to violate our holy vows, and return to the world we have solemnly abjured!” said Arabella feelingly, at the same time making upon her breast and forehead the sign of the cross.

Miss Norwood reasoned with them at some length, and urged many arguments why they should abandon the gloomy and unhappy life they were leading. Arabella, perceiving in Anna Maria Gerard a disposition to heed the persuasions of Isadora, said to her:

“Think of it, sister Anna, the immortal soul is at stake! should we break our vows, we thereby barter heaven for hell—exchange endless joys for interminable woe! Shall we consent to peril our eternal salvation, for the sake of earth’s short-lived joys? What madness! Transient in duration, and unsatisfying in their possession, are the brightest treasures this world

can bestow! The giddy cup of pleasure exhilarates for a time—but if to sip it we must incur eternal sorrow, can we think of putting it to our lips? O, no; let us dash it from us, and consent to a life of obscurity, sorrow, and sighing, that we may gain heaven hereafter.”

“Arabella, with what impatience,” said Anna Maria, “have we thus far endured this imprisonment! we have felt it to be intolerable; at best we here render but an unwilling obedience.”

“Alas! I know we have been recreant, and guilty of murmuring against providence; but forced obedience, is better than to disobey.”

“I’m not so sure of that; true, a forced obedience to civil law, may be better for the *community* than disobedience; but at the same time, those who obey the commands of law through sheer constraint, and only to avoid the penalty, deserve no praise; there is surely nothing meritorious in such obedience.”

“Be not deceived, Maria, we have taken voluntarily these weighty vows upon us, and we must learn to endure the life they impose. Were every day of our life on earth full of sunshine, and replete with thrilling pleasures, when past, it would be but a golden dream, a gilded vision! and what would the splendid enchantment be worth, when succeeded by an unending night; sunless, moonless, starless night! Better far, our whole lives be a continued scene of darkness, poverty, and pain, if thereby we escape perdition.”

“But why should such a life conduce to our salvation ? that is the question.”

“The reason, we cannot give, but divinely commissioned priests teach us, that voluntary suffering is the most acceptable service in the sight of God that mortals can render.”

“So taught not the Saviour of the world ;” remarked Isadora, “but rather the doing of good to our fellow-beings, visiting the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, visiting the imprisoned, and ever delighting to administer to the poor and needy. ‘As oft’ said the blessed Redeemer, ‘as ye did it unto one of these, ye did it unto me.’ Unhappy souls !” she continued, gazing upon them with a look that betokened deep emotion of heart, while her eyes filled with glistening tears, “how to feel for you, well do I know : the cruel chains that bind your faculties, once fettered mine ; but alas ! how difficult to strike from the soul the manacles of superstition ! Oh why should the enjoyment of earthly blessings, be thought incompatible with a life of holiness ! No longer, I entreat you, turn away from the innocent pleasures which your pure, warm hearts so much crave ; fear not forfeiting heaven by making yourselves happy. If the pleasures of sense, as priests pretend, corrupt the soul and lead to perdition, why is it that such austerity as *you* are required to practice, is not enjoined upon *all* ? Why is not the monastic life necessary to save other Cath-

olics as well as you? How do priests themselves escape the deleterious effects, corrupting and damning influences of worldly enjoyment and sensual pleasures? They teach self-denial to others, but when do they practice it themselves? They would have us believe, that such as are called to be saints, and to seclude themselves from the world, are favorites of heaven—and should rejoice in being accounted worthy to forego all earthly happiness for heaven's sake, and the enjoyment of eminent seats in the realms of glory on high! At the same time, however, are disposed to take for themselves no small portion of comfort in *this* world, even if it should be at the expense of getting less in the next. They promise you heaven upon the hardest possible conditions, but go themselves 'on flowery beds of ease.'"

The conversation was now broken off by the appearance of Dupin, who taking Isadora by the hand said to her, "Go with me to the confessional;" and he led her forth, down a winding stairway to a subterraneous cell, the door to which fastened by a spring lock, and could only be opened from the outside. Isadora had yet made no resistance, but fearful apprehensions and a terrible foreboding seized upon her mind, and she felt that her insanity was returning upon her with a sudden stroke. As Dupin flung back the door, Isadora discovered the Abbess within, arranging instruments of torture. In a moment her brain was on fire, and a reckless madness rushed upon her! With it came the supernatural strength of the maniac; sud-

denly grasping the priest, like a furious tiger, she thrust him forward headlong into the cell, and before he had time to recover caught the door and brought it to with a slam, making secure both the priest and Abbess; then fleeing, she returned to Mr. Glenn's, and, under the influence of a wild excitement, related the story of her exploit to the no little amusement of the family.

\* \* \* \* \*

As not one of the nuns had been apprised of the cruel intentions of Dupin and the Superior, none could divine whither they had gone, what had become of them, nor why they were detained. Several days passed by; a great wonderment existed; and a thousand conjectures were made by the inmates concerning the mysterious disappearance of Dupin and the lady Abbess, but no satisfactory explanation could be given. Strange noises were heard, dismal shrieks and howlings, it was said, seemed to issue from the depths of the earth underneath the convent. This filled every mind with alarm and superstitious fears; nor could any be found bold enough to venture down the winding stairway in search of the cause of these subterranean voices.

At length one of the father-confessors, being informed of the unaccountable absence of Dupin and the Superior, and also of the hobgoblin howlings that had been daily and nightly heard about the premises, visited the convent, and heard with his own ears the mysterious voices. Deciding that the strange sounds were the wailings of damned ghosts, he made imme-

diate preparations for exorcism. Collecting all the nuns together, he sprinkled holy water upon them; said mass; and then placing a lighted candle in the hands of each, himself taking a crucifix and holding it up before him, bade the nuns follow close at his heels. Thus arrayed, and armed to the teeth with spiritual power, they proceeded to the underground apartment of the building; drawing near to the fatal cell, they heard low moanings, which seemed to come from within. The priest advancing to a position within a few paces of the door, his hair standing on end, and his whole frame quaking with fear, he said: "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, what art thou?"

"A priest!" responded a hoarse, sepulchral voice; and then came a thumping upon the door. "Heaven and earth!" exclaimed the terror-stricken father-confessor; and dropping his crucifix, he wheeled about and took to his heels with all possible speed, followed by the no less frightened nuns, who scampered like a flock of wild deer; making sure the devil was bringing up the rear. When they had reached a place of safety, they all huddled together to talk of the wondrous affair.

"Think not strange that I fled," said the confessor; "if there had been nothing more than the ordinary spirits of the damned, I should easily have banished them!"

"What was there beside, holy father?" inquired one of the nuns.

"Why, the old devil himself was there!"

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do; didn't you hear him say, 'A priest?'"

"What meant he by that?"

"Why, he meant *me*, to be sure; and if I had not taken flight he would have had me in a moment."

"What will become of us?"

"I will go right away and bring Bishop Constantius, for the devil always yields to a Bishop."

"Holy Virgin Mary, defend us! How can we stay here, Father Delaney? Suppose the devil were to appear in your absence?"

"Better so than in my presence."

"Why better?"

"I never could brook the devil.

"Nor I, holy father."

"All of you say prayers incessantly till I return, and nothing shall harm you."

And off he went in breathless haste for the Bishop, whom, when he found, he greatly terrified with the relation of the marvels that had transpired. Collecting a number of the inferior clergy around him, to assist in vanquishing his "Sooty Majesty," Constantius ventured to make his appearance in the convent. With much pomp and solemnity they celebrated mass; then forming a procession, as they had done before, the nuns bearing lighted tapers in their hands, and each priest a crucifix. Bishop Constantius, however, armed himself more thoroughly than had Father Delaney; in his left hand he carried a golden cross

and in his right a drawn sword. Now bravely leading his spiritual army to dubious battle, he proceeded to the haunted cell. Marshaling his ranks before the threshold of the little subterranean prison, all knelt down in solemn silence, making the sign of the cross on the forehead and breast; then the Bishop, in a loud, authoritative voice, commanded the evil spirits, in the name of the Holy Trinity, to depart. It occurred to the minds of the sufferers within, that it might turn out to their advantage, this time, to keep silent, for fear again of frightening away those whom they hoped would have courage to open the door of their horrid prison.

Hearing nothing, Constantius now declared the wicked spirits exorcised, and commanded Father Delaney to advance and open the door. Pale and trembling, the cowardly priest obeyed. No sooner did the door swing back, than Dupin staggered forth, haggard and ghastly, and after him the Abbess in similar plight. Delaney swooned; the nuns shrieked; most of the priests fled in dismay; the Bishop bravely drew his sword, being too much petrified to run; but Dupin was not long in giving him to understand that he was confronted by real flesh and blood. The mystery was hastily explained, and the starved, famishing wretches speedily furnished with nourishment.



## CHAPTER XIII.

**Alonzo goes to the wilds of the West—Sojourns with a hermit—  
Learns his history—Profits by his advice and conversations.**

PRIOR to the events we have just related, Alonzo Carleton had left the Queen city for the far West. His chief motives were, to get rid of his dissipated associates, and to place himself beyond the reach of the temptations to intemperate habits, that constantly surrounded him in the city. Having made up his mind to reform, yet conscious of his weakness, and liability to be led astray by his drunken companions, he felt that there was security alone, in taking his remove to a strange land. Plainly equipped, and mounted on an elegant horse, he bade adieu to the endearments of home, as well as the vices of city-life; and turning his face westward, set out for the region of prairies, buffaloes and Indians.

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Away beyond the wide Mississippi, a lone and weary traveler, after many days' journeying, Alonzo chanced upon the sequestered, picturesque and romantic spot of Wildwood-vale—so named by its solitary inhabitant, Norwood, the hermit. There in the evening of life, had an old man, weary of the world, sought quietude and repose for his remaining days.

Lofty forest-trees threw their deep shadows o'er the hermit's domicile; luxuriant ivy clustered upon the moss-grown roof, and the honeysuckle clambered along the walls, and about the little windows and door-posts of his quiet habitation—imparting to it an air of enchantment.

A cordial welcome greeted the stranger, for no misanthrope was the hermit. Yielding to his kind solicitations, Alonzo tarried many days in Wildwood-vale, enjoying the fascinating conversations, and partaking of the generous hospitalities of the eccentric philosopher. Curious to know, why he had chosen a life so secluded, cheerless and solitary, Carleton desired him to relate something of his history—to which the hermit readily consented. \* \* \* \* It was in the cool of the evening, on a serene day in June, seated at the door of his humble cottage, underneath a little vine-clad arbor, with Alonzo by his side, the man of silver hair began to speak of the days of other years—dilating upon life's light and shade—its vicissitudes—the checkered scenes through which he had passed, and what experienced of good and ill.

“Think not, my youthful friend,” said he, “Orlando Norwood has learned to despise the world, and hate the human-race—and therefore, cut himself off from the society of his fellow-man; aught of ill-will to mortal, I cherish not—but fain would bless every living creature, and make happy all this wretched, suffering world: I know there is something more, and

other, on the earth, than impiety, falsehood, hatred, oppression and infamy. Nor have I quailed before the dark waves of adversity, and cowardly fled from the conflict; when youth and vigor were mine, I mingled with the busy, striving world, and in life's great battle-field, bared my bosom to the storm! But now the frosts of many winters have descended on my wasting locks; whitened and trembling, they hang upon my drooping head; the weight of years, toil and grief, bow me toward the earth, on whose cold breast soon I'll lay these weary limbs to rest. Why should my heart any longer be vexed, beholding human woe, wickedness and folly, since I have neither power to prevent crime, nor alleviate the miseries that afflict humanity? I beheld age stealing on, and felt that the seared leaf would soon fall to the ground—then said I—let my sun set in peace—I will seek solitude. \* \* \* \* Withdrawn from scenes of strife, jarring discord, the abodes of suffering, and the dwelling-places of unrighteousness, amid these solitudes, when it shall be heaven's will, I trust, calmly and peacefully, to close my eyes to all of earth—commending my spirit to God, who gave it."

Here pausing, the Hermit seemed to glide into a reverie, and for some moments remained silent and abstracted, then, soliloquizingly, said, in a low tone:

"Now is the dewy hour of fading light and folding flower; I love the twilight—the pensive twilight,—so solemn! so holy! so still! Then think I of the

dear departed shades that have gone to rest, and almost imagine I see, in the dusky air, their bright spirits lingering near.

“Pardon me, friend!” said he, suddenly rousing from his dream, “my thoughts were wandering. May it be yours to drink less of the cup of sorrow, and enjoy more of life’s sunshine, than have fallen to the hermit’s lot!”

“But for the story I was about to relate: From New England, almost a quarter of a century ago, I emigrated with my family, all of whom were then living, to Cincinnati, where for years we were content and happy. Relentless death, that sooner or later comes to all, entered our abode and thinned our circle; and now, in a graveyard of the Queen city, sleep all that circle, save myself and one other; that one is buried alive! ‘doomed to death, yet forbid to die.’ I would to God she were sleeping with the rest!”

Now the aged sire covered his face, and wept.

Impatient to hear more, Carleton begged him to proceed. Resuming his story, he said:

“It was our only surviving child—a precious daughter, and in the most interesting period of her life; her mother’s heart and mine were set upon her; alas! ’twas more cruel than death!—a religious delusion fastened upon her tender mind; she turned unfeelingly from the embrace of fond parents, abjured the world, and shut herself up in a Convent! Too heavily fell the dreadful stroke on her mother’s heart; driven to insanity, she died a raving maniac!

Poor Isadora! ere this, I doubt not, she repents the fatal step."

"Isadora, her name?" inquired Alonzo eagerly.

"Yes, Isadora Norwood;" responded the hermit.

"I'm familiar with her history."

"With Isadora's history?"

"Yes, but knew not before, that her father was a hermit."

"*She* knows not that I am living. Of whom did you learn her history?"

"Enola Glenn told it me."

"Enola? precious girl! when a child I knew her well. Does she say Isadora's still living?"

"When last I saw Miss Glenn, she had nothing heard to the contrary."

"Oh, had I but given heed to the wise counsel of Enola's *mother*, my daughter might have been saved from the cloister, and the shackles of papal superstition; she faithfully warned me against the danger of sending her to a Romish school; but too late was I convinced of the folly and blindness of my course."

Alonzo was now induced to speak more freely of his own history and misfortunes; he related the story of his love and disappointment, and how he was led into infidelity and dissipation. The sad history touched the hermit's heart, and led him to counsel the youthful Carleton, with all the solicitude, tenderness and affection of a father.

"Allow not," said he, "the abominations of Popery to drive you from that religion which is pure and

undefiled, nor cause you rashly to discredit the word of God."

"When I see the vilest of men," remarked Alonzo, "claiming to be divinely commissioned to rule the earth, enlighten the blind, guide the erring, reclaim and save the lost, I must confess myself tempted to repudiate all religion. If history speaks the truth, priests in every age, with here and there a rare exception among their number, have been the most corrupt and heartless men upon the face of the earth! Now if the Bible sanction their lives and conduct, as they would have us believe, why then it sanctions crime—the worst of crime! how then can rational minds believe it? If Christianity fails to improve the lives of those who profess it, what is it worth?"

"Mistake not Romanism for Christianity, I earnestly entreat you; neither believe Catholic priests, the true ministers of Christ. To find excuse for their crimes, vile and abominable men may pretend to shield themselves behind the Bible, and have the presumption to claim its sanction; but rest assured, that book gives no countenance to unrighteousness, nor approves aught that's unholy."

"But why, allow me to ask, if it be of God, is it so easily perverted, and rendered impotent and inefficient by wicked men?"

"See you not, that all of heaven's best gifts and richest blessings may be, and are daily abused and perverted by transgressors? The laws of nature, which exist for our benefit and contribute to our hap-

piness, men in their folly oft turn against themselves. There is nothing placed within the reach of man, but what may be turned to a curse and rendered an instrument of evil."

"Yet it seems to me, my venerable friend, that a religion claiming God for its Author, ought to shine with an undimmed effulgence, that, in spite of earth and hell, would at all times make its glory visible."

"Clouds, you know, may veil the brightness of the sun; yet how pure is the light of that glorious orb! and how powerful his rays! So may error, ignorance and superstition obscure, for a time, the great luminary of Christianity, hung out in the moral heavens, to enlighten the benighted nations of the earth."

"It is the avowed object of the Christian system, and the Gospel which is being proclaimed to the world, to lead men to God, enlighten and save them: still a large majority, after the long lapse of more than eighteen centuries, are found confessedly unsaved, unenlightened and far from God; now, how are we to account for the failure?"

"If you mean to take deistical ground, and maintain that nature is a full and sufficient revelation, I would ask, how shall we account for the failure in that case? The mass of men, as little understand and appreciate the great principles and sublime truths of nature, as they do those contained in revelation. Comparatively few are to any considerable extent enlightened in the book of creation. If you then argue that Christianity is a failure, and therefore not

of God, because it has not enlightened all men, and made them virtuous and happy—upon a parity of reasoning, nature is a failure, and therefore not of God. Every philosopher knows, that the volume of nature is full of wisdom, and throughout its ample pages, replete with lessons of profitable instruction to reflecting minds; yet undoubtedly, as few are charmed by the voice of nature, and attracted by the beauties of creation, as by the excellencies of Christianity and the inspired word of God. Many who profess a belief in divine revelation, entertain exceedingly narrow and unworthy views of its heavenly principles, teachings and requirements, but the same class have equally narrow, limited and silly notions of the material Universe. What do they know about the extent of the empire of worlds? All the astronomers that live, could never convince them, even by the clearest demonstrations, of the revolutions, velocity and magnitudes of the planets. The Catholic Bishop who pronounced sentence of death upon Galileo, for teaching that the earth revolved round the sun, evidently comprehended the system of nature as little as he did that of revelation.”

“My inclination to unbelief, I regret to say, Mr. Norwood, extends further than you seem to imagine; could I stop after discarding the Bible, I would be comparatively satisfied, but despite all I can do, I find within my mind a fearful proclivity toward universal skepticism—a disposition to doubt of the existence of God and the soul’s immortality! I, however, try to



persuade myself, that I am not an atheist; yet am I inwardly conscious of bordering upon it."

"Alas! my son, that is a comfortless theory; a chilling, dark, and dismal prospect for the mind's eye to look upon! But I see not how, with such reasoning faculties, you can possibly resist the abundant evidence everywhere unfolded to us, that there is a God of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, and that the human soul is of immortal destination. The Creator is seen in his works; his glorious attributes and perfections are impressed upon everything around us; they are unfolded in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath!"

"I know 'tis common to extol the works of nature; we laud creation as complete and all-harmonious; but can we find nothing defective? Is there no clashing nor discord in the operations of nature? Have we not seen the vernal season gayly usher in, nature put on her beautiful garments of living green, and the blooming earth everywhere give promise of abundant fruits—then suddenly, and in a day, the warm, balmy, and life-giving breath of spring, is changed to a chilling blast; there comes a nipping frost, like a cold-blooded assassin with cruel intent, blasting the numerous tribes of flowers, tender plants, and budding fruits! Yet see we no disharmony in nature's vast empire? Whence come pestilence, famine, floods, droughts, desolating tempests, earthquakes, and volcanoes? Undeniably, there are disorders in nature; beside, the world is full of moral evil!

How can this be reconciled with the idea that there is a God of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness?"

"I see no difficulty in it."

"Then please remove the difficulty out of *my way*, for it is as a dark cloud before the eye of my mind."

"I know there is seeming discord in the universe; yet after all, 'tis but 'harmony not understood.' Now consider this: how could man, constituted as he is, appreciate and enjoy good, without a knowledge of evil? What were harmony, without the idea of discord? Think of a picture without the shading; nor could you relish life's sunshine, without its shadows. Think you that tender emotions, kindly feelings, and warm affections, could spring up, and glow in the heart that never felt sorrow? Again, what would health, wealth and prosperity be worth, if we could form no notion of their opposites? 'Tis plain, without contrast, this world would be but dull monotony, and life a tasteless and insipid thing. And yet again, were there no imperfection, nothing defective in the universe, there could be no progress. Much of our happiness lies in progress—in advancing from a less perfect, to a more perfect state. This law of progress gives us the advantage of continual contrast and comparison—without which, as I have shown, it would be impossible to appreciate anything. Then it must appear, that even the sorrows and trials that betide us in our journey through life, will ultimately enhance our felicity. Is there no joy in a triumph over difficulties and dangers? In 'overcoming evil with good'?"

In achieving victory in the face of opposition? And do we not find that adversity and afflictions, when properly met, tend to develop energy of character, and give courage, strength and fortitude to the soul?"

"Do not understand me to say that I am confirmed in atheistical views: I meant only to express the doubts I entertain, of the being of a God, and the doctrine of the soul's immortality; these doubts, and the dark, impervious clouds of unbelief that perpetually flit across the sky of my mind, tend to paralyze my highest hopes, and sweep away almost every incentive to lofty resolves and noble action! There are times, when I am unable to behold a single bright spot in all the wide, illimitable universe! Then an insupportable gloom settles down like an incubus upon my spirit; life becomes a dreary wilderness, a barren desert without an oasis."

"Oh! 'tis a sad state of mind! Thou hast suffered thy heart to wander from God, and art left in darkness. 'Tis written in the divine word: 'Keep thy heart with all diligence.' How necessary for all, but more especially for the young, to heed well this counsel; for wayward is the heart of youth; apt to forget God, and depart from righteousness and truth."

"Truly have I realized the verity of what you say; I have found my heart far more prolific of evil than of good, more fruitful of vice than of virtue!"

"We should beware that the heart never be left unguarded, unfortified by truth, unsown with the seeds of virtue, uncultivated, nor unwatered by the

dews of heavenly grace. The human heart is capable of immeasurable good or evil; of sending forth mighty streams of life or death. Sometimes, like lava in Vesuvius, burn the fierce passions within its glowing caverns; and then is oft poured forth a lava-tide of desolating wrath, consuming in its course whatever is beautiful and lovely. The heart, left to itself, or abandoned to the direction and guidance of chance, is weak and erring; like an unweeded garden that grows to seed, produces only that which is gross and unbeautiful. But with the invigorating and wholesome influences of proper education, correct discipline, and true religion, it may be rendered a garden of sweet flowers, where not an unseemly weed, noxious plant, nor poisonous herb, e'er spring up to mar its beauty."

"I feel the truth of your observations; but how few among mortals attain to such moral purity and excellence as you have pictured! My own experience teaches me that there are pernicious influences in a thousand different forms, which seek to corrupt, darken, and desolate the heart, and turn it to a frightful wilderness — where the hissing serpents of malice coil, and devouring passions rage! Who can effectually guard against falsehood, deceit, envy, pride, ambition, selfishness?"

"Constant watchfulness is requisite; every door, gateway, and avenue to the heart, needs to be guarded with the utmost vigilance."

Day after day was passed in similar conversations, greatly to the edification and agreeable entertainment of Alonzo, and ere he took his departure from Wild-wood-vale, such indelible impressions were made upon his mind by the sage counsel of the hermit, as eventually led him to the light of truth, and into the path of virtue and religion.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A Jesuit outwitted — The disguise — Escape from the convent — A priest in dishabille — Tragi-comedy.

I HERE beg leave to introduce to the reader, Mary Glidewell — a rosy, merry, romping girl of eighteen; possessing a don't-care-a-bit sort of disposition, never afraid to speak her mind, nor to attempt what she had a mind to do; and what was more, she seldom failed in that she undertook.

From childhood Mary had manifested a fondness for romantic, hazardous, and daring projects, that bordered on recklessness. Dauntless, and prankish, she was forever seeking opportunities to gratify her love of adventure, or to perform some startling feat. Withal, she possessed excellent sense, sparkling wit, tender sympathies, a feeling, warm, and generous heart.

Being intimately acquainted with Enola Glenn, and associating much with her, Miss Glidewell had become deeply interested in the affairs of the convent, a particular account of which Enola had given her; and although never having seen either Anna Maria or Arabella, she felt particularly interested in their fate, and anxious for the success of the scheme that had

been conceived by Isadora, to entice them away from their prison.

One day in conversation upon the subject with Enola and Isadora, a romantic thought all at once bolted into Mary's mind; clapping her hands together and springing to her feet, she exclaimed: "I'll try it!"

"What now, Mary? try what?" said Enola, not a little surprised at the sudden start and triumphant air of the eccentric Miss Glidewell.

"To fool Dupin, and think it no sin!" she replied.

"It'll require all your wits."

"Never mind — I'll come up on his blind side."

"Sure enough, he has but one eye."

"And but little use for that," remarked Isadora, "if he's still where I last saw him; for not a ray of light nor breath of air could enter the horrid dungeon where I shut him in. How I'd like to see him take another Sam Patch of a leap from the upper window of the convent."

"You lent him some assistance in that exploit, I've been informed," remarked Miss Glidewell.

"Yes, I had the honor of giving his holiness a hoist."

"Then it was he lost an eye?"

"That was not caused by the beautiful leap he took, but rather by his awkward lighting."

"But tell us, Mary," said Enola, "how is it you think of fooling Dupin?"

"I'm a stranger to him, you know."

"Yes."

"He'll not know who I am, nor where I'm from."

"True."

"Nor whether I'm a de'il or a saint."

"Very well! what then?"

"I'll dress myself in mourning; put on a face like a gravestone, and go to him with a doleful story—saying, 'My friends are dead, and the world has become a howling wilderness; and I've thoughts of seeking repose in the cloister.' Beside, I'll intimate that I have on hand a few thousand dollars, which, perhaps, I may one day see it my religious duty to appropriate to the church."

"And what will you accomplish by all that?"

"Why, I may gain an opportunity of seeing Maria Gerard and Arabella May; and who knows but that I might prevail upon them to leave the convent?"

"But you can't have access to them without taking the vows; and you must be a novice two years before you're allowed to take the vows."

"I'm aware that's the rule; but nevertheless, mark it, I'll gain admission to the black-veil department, and have an interview with Anna and Arabella without taking the vows, and even without becoming first a novitiate."

"I see not how you can hope to succeed in that."

"Thus: Dupin has a pliant conscience—or rather, perhaps, no conscience at all—and he's avaricious; he'll believe that I have money, and will be ready to humor my fancies and yield to my capriciousness—an



abundance of which I shall not fail to put on. I will tell him that before taking any other step, I want to make a trial of my faith, and of my capacity to endure the cloistered life, by passing a few days in the convent; and that during that time I must be permitted to wear the black veil, and have access to the nuns who have taken the monastic vows. He may hesitate; but when he sees that to humor me is the only chance of getting at the money, which I'll remember to hint on, depend upon it he'll quickly bite at the baited hook."

"Would you play such a game of deception as that?"

"It's the only way of getting ahead of these Jesuits; we must beat them at their own game. I can think of no other plan that would likely work at all; for Isadora dare not again venture about the convent; they would most certainly take her life."

"Yes—no question of that; but you they will hardly suspect."

Enola had but little thought, however, that when it should come to the test, Mary Glidewell would really attempt to carry out the project. Feeling that it could hardly be right under any circumstances to use deception, Miss Glenn made no effort to encourage the undertaking.

Mary's intrepidity was equal to her ambition; in the course of a few days she made the necessary preparation. Clad in weeds of mourning, she went to Dupin, and proceeded in all respects as she had

previously determined ; so perfectly did she play her part, that the slightest suspicion never once entered the mind of the priest, hypocrite as he was, that the young lady was insincere. At first he objected to granting her the privileges she asked ; but when he saw nothing else would do, and got the hint that she had a considerable estate, he directly became intent on humoring her fancies, and appointed an hour on the following day for her to call again ; at which time he agreed to accompany her to the convent.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the departure of his fair visitor, Dupin went and informed the Abbess of the arrangement, and charged her to treat the young lady kindly, and allow her the privilege to come and go as she might choose, and visit at pleasure any of the inmates of the institution. He instructed her, further, to enjoin upon the nuns that they appear cheerful in the presence of the stranger, and to beware of expressing in her hearing any feeling of discontent.

Punctual to the time, Miss Glidewell, at the appointed hour, called upon the priest and was accompanied by him to the convent, and introduced to the Abbess, who expressed a willingness to gratify her wishes, and to serve her in any way she might desire.

Mary was not long in finding a chance to converse privately with Anna Maria and Arabella. Perceiving directly that she could express herself with freedom to them, she frankly made known the object of her visit, and told them of the great anxiety felt by

their friends that they should quit the convent for a wider and happier sphere of existence.

In reply, Maria assigned two reasons why they could not yield to the wishes of their friends in that respect. The first was, the sacredness of the vows they had taken; the second, the disgrace that would forever attach to their characters by so doing, and the odium which Catholics would perpetually and everywhere heap upon their names.

Too deeply had the dreadful superstition taken hold upon them; their infatuated minds could not be so easily unchained; fixed and indelibly stamped upon their hearts was the belief that a violation of their monastic vows would sink their souls to hopeless, helpless misery, fire and pain.

Finding them immovable, and convinced that she could not prevail by persuasion nor argument, Miss Glidewell proposed that they should consent to an interview with Enola Glenn—which she thought could be brought about by Enola putting on her apparel, covering her face with the black veil she had on, and visiting the convent in her stead.

To this proposition they readily consented, and fixed upon an hour in the afternoon of the next day for the interview. With this understanding, Miss Glidewell took leave of the nuns. Passing out, she said to the Abbess: "Expect me to return to-morrow afternoon." The Abbess bowed, saying, "We shall be happy to see you."

Hastening to Mr. Glenn's, the adventurous girl

told the result of her visit, and informed Enola of the part which she was then required to act. "Your long and intimate acquaintance with them, Enola," said Miss Glidewell, "will give you an influence over their minds and feelings which I cannot exert. It is at least *possible* for you to succeed."

"But how do you expect me to gain admittance," asked Enola.

"Our figure and stature but slightly differ; wear my apparel, and under this thick veil conceal your face; a casual glance will not distinguish or mark the difference between us. And I can give you such directions as will enable you to enter the building and find your way to the right room without the least difficulty; and as I shall be expected by the Superior at the very hour in which you will make your appearance, the slightest suspicion cannot possibly arise."

Enola was by no means lacking in moral courage; yet she was reluctant to play a deceitful part in anything; but so much had she become interested in the project now on foot, and so very solicitous was she to succeed in redeeming Maria and Arabella from a dark and soul-destroying superstition, that she scarcely hesitated in making up her mind.

"At all events, Mary, I'll try," said she.

"I predict you'll succeed."

"'T is uncertain."

"Only convince them these unlawful vows are not binding, and you have gained the victory."

“I would rejoice in the triumph, but am not sanguine.”

\* \* \* \* \*

So unaccustomed was Enola to dissimulation, that upon drawing near the convent, her heart began violently to palpitate, and almost failed her; but having undertaken the daring enterprise she resolved at all hazards to carry it through as best she could.

Entering the building agreeably to Mary's directions, and trying to assume an air of familiarity with the place, she was proceeding with unsteady steps toward the apartment occupied by Maria and Arabella. Unfortunately she was met midway by the Abbess, who took her by the hand with kindly greetings. Fearing her voice might betray her, Enola refrained from speaking; merely bowing with cold civility, she passed on.

Looking after her with a suspicious glance, the Superior said to herself, “She shows too much haste, and her manner is uneasy — her air agitated! I'm not so sure that all is right.”

Without farther difficulty, Enola reached the apartment occupied by Maria and Arabella — was joyfully received and affectionately embraced by them. When she had become sufficiently composed to speak, she said feelingly:

“Think not strange, my loves, that I am here in disguise, and have come unbidden; you know full well I have ever loved you — loved you dearly! 'Tis this hath brought me to your secluded abode.

Oft I've grieved to think you unhappy. Shut up in this cheerless prison, I know you are miserable, restless and discontented! Deny it not, Maria; seek not to disguise it, Arabella; I read it in your looks; 't is written on those faces once lighted by smiles, and radiant with hope and joy—but now, alas, o'ercast with sadness and gloom. Oh, how can you believe the adorable Creator brought you into being for no higher object or nobler purpose than that of filling a living grave? A thousand opportunities of doing good and benefiting humanity are ever open to those whose hearts incline them to a life of piety, and to deeds of charity and well-doing. But how is it possible, incarcerated as you are within these narrow walls, to render yourselves a blessing to society, a comfort to your friends, or in anywise make your lives useful? Here, you are cut off from the sympathies of life; and I may say from the stage of action, and the great drama in which it is the duty of all to take a part. Everything in creation condemns the monastic life, and points aloft to nobler things, higher aims, and more rational duties. If piety can better be promoted within the somber walls of a convent, why is the world without made so beautifully fair—so attractive and enticing? If heaven intended we should be otherwise than cheerful and happy, why is not every flower a thorn, every sweet a bitter, every breath a draught of pestilence, every sound a discord?"

These remarks, accompanied as they were with tears of sympathy, and uttered in touching tones of

tenderness, took deep hold upon the feelings of Maria and Arabella; discovering which, Enola for a time was filled with hope of success; but after all, she found argument and reason utterly impotent, so strongly binding and inviolable did the nuns esteem their vows. Finally, another thought presented itself to Enola's mind, and she said:

“I will no longer persuade you to cast off your vows and abandon the cloister; but this will I say, there could be no harm in making a secret visit to our house—which may be done in the night-time, when the Abbess and all the inmates are asleep. I can have our carriage brought to the convent gate at a late hour; by passing out softly there will be no danger of giving alarm; you can then go with me, and spend an hour or two and return in perfect safety. Nor need it ever be known to any but ourselves and the circle of friends that you may choose to have invited to meet you at our residence.”

To this proposition, after much persuasion, Anna Maria and Arabella agreed. It was determined the visit should be made that night; and after Maria and Arabella had concluded upon who of their friends and acquaintances should be invited to meet them, Enola said, “Now I'll return home and make all necessary arrangements. Mary Glidewell will put on the apparel in which I am disguised, and come immediately here under cover of spending the night with you. When you are confident all are asleep, let her proceed to the outer door to await the signal that

shall be agreed upon between us; she will then notify you that we are in waiting; whereupon, you will cautiously and softly make your way out. It would perhaps be running too much risk for all three of you to be together at the outer door awaiting our coming; for in case any one should pass out or in, a group would stand less chance to escape observation than a single individual."

Taking her departure, Enola hastened home, elated with the hope that if they once succeeded in getting the young ladies away from the convent, and among their friends, they perchance might then be dissuaded from returning.

The tidings Enola carried home with regard to the success of her effort, created quite a sensation.

"How glad I'll be," said Isadora, "to see Maria and Arabella out of that loathsome prison! I'm sure we can persuade them never to go back again."

"I wish Alonzo Carleton were here to go with us to-night," said Mary Glidewell; "such an exploit would delight him!"

"Who knows," observed Isadora, "but providence may send him in good time? He *might* happen along this evening, late as it is; some how or other I feel as if it were to be so."

"Poor Alonzo!" sighed Enola, "no one knows what has become of him."

The words had scarcely passed her lips, when to the astonishment and rejoicing of all, Alonzo Carleton made his appearance. The scene which followed



that most opportune event can better be imagined than described.

Doning her suit of woe, Mary Glidewell, in high spirits set out again for the convent, which she reached in the twilight of the evening. For fear of changing the mind of Anna Maria, and causing her to distrust herself, Mary thought it better not to apprise her of Alonzo's arrival. She found the unhappy girls in better spirits than usual, and contemplating, with a degree of enthusiasm, the anticipated visit.

The hour for retiring came; and very soon profound silence reigned throughout the convent. After a sufficient length of time had elapsed for all to be composed to sleep, Miss Glidewell observed, in a whisper:

"I will now go down and take my station by the front door, and listen for the signal, which is to be three light raps; I will then unbolt the door, and learn whether the carriage is in readiness; all being right, I shall immediately come and notify you."

"Walk lightly," remarked Maria; "the Superior lodges in a small room not far from the outer door; be sure that you make no noise to awaken her."

"Tis well you admonished me of that—I'll tread very lightly."

With noiseless footfall—light as the stealthy stepping of a cat—she proceeded to take her position as had been agreed upon.

Scarcely had she reached the door, when a heavy rap resounded upon it from without; this at first

startled her, and she began to retreat; but after a moment's reflection, concluded it might be Alonzo, and that he had not rightly understood the signal agreed upon between Enola and herself. With this impression, she retraced her steps, and was about to open the door, when she was again startled by the sound of footsteps behind her. Looking quickly round, she perceived in the darkness a female figure gliding toward her; receding suddenly into a corner near-by, she managed to escape observation. There, breathless and motionless, Mary awaited the result.

The gliding figure moved to the door, which directly opened, and some one entered. The dim star-light which for an instant relieved the darkness of the hall, as the door swung open, enabled Miss Glidewell to discover that the visitor wore a priestly coat. After some whispering, the two individuals entered together the room described to Miss Glidewell as the sleeping apartment of the Abbess, and whence had issued the female figure.

"The circumstances look a little suspicious," said Mary to herself; "but since the priestly garb precludes the idea of any earthly temptation, it must be all right. A spiritual affair no doubt."

It was but a few minutes after the occurrence just mentioned, when three light raps upon the door signified to Mary that her friends had arrived. Leaving her hiding-place, she moved softly to the door, and drew the bolt, which in spite of her made a slight

creaking noise; on opening, she found Alonzo at the door, carriage-whip in hand, who informed her he was accompanied by Enola and Isadora, whom he had left with the vehicle but a few rods off, concealed under the shadow of a locust-tree—thinking it better to use caution in their proceedings.

Fearing Carleton might be taken on surprise, Mary informed him that some man in clerical garments had come in a few minutes previous, and was in a room near-by.

The better to shield himself from observation, in case this nocturnal visitor should chance to pass out, Alonzo concluded to stand within, while Miss Glide-well went to let Maria and Arabella know their readiness to depart. As he closed the door, he heard a female voice, in a shrill whisper, say:

“That must have been the door-bolt—I heard it creak. Indeed, Mr. Dupin, I’m very suspicious of that singular girl, to whom you’ve granted such extraordinary privileges here.”

“Ah! Rev. Dupin is on hand, it seems,” said Alonzo to himself; “it’s lucky that I happened to bring this carriage-whip along; I possibly may have occasion to use it in a way I had not thought of.”

“I wouldn’t at all be surprised,” said the female voice again, “if that girl were coaxing Maria and Arabella to leave the convent.”

“I must look out for that,” answered a male voice, followed by a sound as of one leaping out of bed;

‘should Anna Maria apostatize, it would knock us out of a large amount. Her estate is not yet made secure to the church.’

‘Hark! I hear light footsteps in the hall; something’s in the wind! What’s to be done? it won’t do for it to be known that you’re here at this hour of the night.’

‘It’ll not do to let Maria escape, consequences be what they may.’

‘But stop; you’re in dishabille.’

‘No time for dressing. There, I see them going out; I must overtake them.’

‘Wait a moment; put something on for decency’s sake—you look like a fright! Here, take this; I believe it’s only my short-gown at last.’

‘Hurry, let me go!’

‘Why, great mercy! it’s too short for you by half!’

But off he went, in hot haste, determined to overtake the fugitives, let his plight be what it might. It’s quite impossible to conceive anything more ludicrous than was the appearance of the priest without his unmentionables, and wearing upon his shoulders the Superior’s short-gown.

Alonzo, hearing what passed between Dupin and his paramour, concluded to remain concealed until the priest should pass out, then follow close at his heels.

When the young ladies had approached within a short distance of the carriage, they halted, and Mary

turned round to look for Alonzo, wondering in her mind what had become of him. The first thing that met her gaze, was the ungainly-looking figure of Dupin coming toward them. She involuntarily exclaimed :

“In the name of wonder! what hobgoblin is that?” Whereupon, Dupin stopped; quite unconscious that Carleton was but a few paces behind, ready to pepper him.

It suddenly occurred to the priest that he could make it seem a miraculous and providential thing that he was there, so unlooked for, to prevent the escape of the nuns. To try the expedient, he lifted both hands toward heaven, and said :

“Great God, I thank thee for this miracle, whereby thou hast brought me so timely here to save these precious souls from the unpardonable sin of violating their most holy vows. Spare the rebels this once; let not thy wrath be kindled against them; withhold thy dread thunderbolts——”

Whack! went Alonzo's whip, taking effect upon the denuded legs of the priest, giving his reverence a very unexpected hoist in the world, and bringing his prayer to an unceremonious close. There followed such a transition from the lofty attitude and eloquent gesture to that of making straight skirts for a place of safety, as fully to verify the truth of the remark : “Between the sublime and the ridiculous there lies but a single step.”

Not knowing whence came the blow, confused and

frightened, and wheeling about to take flight, he quite forgot to hold on to his loose wrapper, but bounding away like a wild antelope, left his borrowed gown upon the wind! The light skirt of his nether garment swinging off to a horizontal position, like the flag of a fast sailing vessel, it offered a tempting mark, under its fluttering folds, to the keen lash of Alonzo's whip, which adroitly handled, and vigorously applied, kissed him sweetly every jump, till he reached the threshold of the convent, which he entered with a yelp and a howl that induced all within to think surely the devil was let loose again.

The setting in of this tragi-comedy quickly dissipated the fears of Mary Glidewell, who fell to laughing quite immoderately; the rest of the females, all of whom witnessed the ludicrous scene, were in great amazement till the whole matter was explained. So palpable was the guilt and baseness of Dupin, that Anna Maria and Arabella, were not long making up their minds to return no more to the convent.

It was not until they had arrived at Mr. Glenn's, and entered the drawing-room, that Anna Maria Gerard recognized Alonzo. Language is inadequate to depict the sensations she experienced at the moment of the recognition, and the thrilling emotions that ran through every nerve! A gush of feeling filled the bosom of each, stirring the heart to its greatest depths. After the salutations were over, a profound and solemn silence prevailed for some minutes; every eye was

suffused with tears, and feelings were too deep for utterance.

Mary Glidewell, though by nature unserious and volatile, wept no less freely than the rest, but her solemnity was of short duration; her mind soon reverted to the amusing scene she had so lately witnessed at the convent; and suddenly seized with a fit of laughter, she broke in upon the solemnity and stillness of the circle, by giving vent to her merriment in ringing tones of mirth.

“What now, Mary?” said Enola, looking up quite surprised.

“Pardon me;” replied Miss Glidewell, “in my wayward imagination, I yet see priest Dupin splitting the wind!”

This allusion brought an involuntary smile to the lip of every one present, who had witnessed the flight, and most unseemly plight of the terrified priest.

“He will hardly need to do penance very soon, I’m disposed to conjecture;” remarked Alonzo.

“’T is his habit to leave that for others to do;” observed Isadora Norwood.

“If I mistake not,” returned Carleton, “he took a small share of it to-night, after the fashion of flagellation; at anyrate my well platted whip-lash, has considerably changed its color since the tune it played to his forced march. He took an air-line—but as good fortune would have it, he didn’t outsail me.”

“I discovered you followed close in his wake.”

“Yes, I was practicing the waking-up system.”

It now became necessary for Carleton to relate the particulars of the whole circumstance, and to give a general account of the night's adventure, for the benefit of those who were not with them to witness the affair; he accordingly gave a highly graphic description of what had transpired, to the infinite amusement of the company. With Maria and Arabella, however, feelings of sadness, produced by thoughts of the past, too much preponderated to allow *them* to be mirthful, yet they expressed great gratitude for the interest their friends had manifested in their behalf, and that the strange spell that had bound them, was at last broken.



## CHAPTER XV.

The discomfited priest in a fume—Secret session of an ecclesiastical council in the city of New York.

WHEN Dupin had a little recovered from his panic, and began to reflect upon what had taken place, he became desperately exasperated, and kindled to such a diabolical rage that he almost exploded. Like a furious serpent, blind with excessive venom, he seemed ready to bite himself; raved and frothed, pronounced the most terrible curses on the heads of all engaged in the transaction, by which he had been so defeated and outraged!

“Be calm, Mr. Dupin, be calm,” said the Abbess, “and let me dress your wounds; there’s no use now in belching out so many words about it—they are all out of hearing.”

“I’ll pursue the reprobates—hell’s impatient for them, and cannot wait; to the very ends of the earth I’ll follow them, to glut my vengeance!”

“I incline to think you did follow them once, and came off bravely! Rather than run as you did, I would have fought till doomsday.”

“But I was surprised, and hadn’t time to pluck up my courage—and the wretch pitched into me with

such fury ; the cruel lash of his whip cracked like pistols, and he popped it to me so thick and fast, I had no time for reflection ; the very first lick, I thought both my legs were cut off, and the rest of me blowed up into the air ; I'm confident he raised me six or seven feet from the ground."

"Nonsense — you only imagine it."

"No imagination about it, for he cracked it to me three or four times, before I came down again."

"Pooh ! you were excited ; why man, you could have fallen fifty feet, before the fellow could have made three or four passes at you."

"He was quick as lightning."

"Still you intend to pursue him ? You're anxious for another licking I suppose ?"

"It's not the injury sustained by the lashing the villain gave me, that I'm fretting about ; 'tis the loss of Anna Maria's estate—not a cent of which can we now ever reach."

"I can't imagine why you trusted that Mary Glidewell so far ; 'twas she did all the mischief."

"The abominable hypocrite ! why she made me believe that in a short time, she expected to hand over several thousand dollars for the benefit of the church."

"And instead of that, has caused the loss of a hundred thousand !"

"'Tis *too* much to bear !"

To such an extent did this corrupt-hearted man give way to malicious feelings, that for months he was

bordering on absolute madness. By the advice of Bishop Constantius, he finally left the Queen City and went to New York, where he took charge of a congregation.

The next account we had of Dupin, which was several years after, he was figuring in a priestly conclave, which met in New York city, and sat several days in secret session. I will here give a few brief sketches of speeches made near the close of the session, by certain leading men in the council.

Dupin rose to reply to a member of the council, who had just taken his seat after a lengthy speech in favor of expediency, and said :

“ Why not throw off the mask ? 'tis useless longer to disguise our aims ; nothing more is to be gained by our protestations of devotion to civil and religious liberty. These, at first, were necessary as things of policy—mere expedients to gain time, and meant for nothing more. Rome has now gathered strength, and the lion may cease to speak like the lamb. The power which sits enthroned at Rome, rightfully claims the allegiance of the entire world. Catholicity aspires to, and demands, the dominion of the whole earth. Why shall this, the most formidable power on the face of the globe, be deterred by any combinations that may be formed against it ? The time has come for us boldly to assert the claims of the sovereign Pontiff, to overrule all forms of government, and to suppress by military force, whenever that force can be obtained,

all other forms of religion but the Catholic. Protestants have yet to learn, that religious toleration is incompatible with Catholicism ; their knowledge of this fact, though it may increase their opposition to us, can give them no advantage over us ; beside, we cannot appear consistent while we conceal our sentiments upon that subject.

“But first and most of all, is it needful that we bring our heaviest artillery to bear upon the State Schools. If we fail to break down, and utterly defeat this American Common School system, 'tis destined to operate greatly to our disadvantage by enlightening the masses. But it will behoove us to be exceedingly careful as to our mode and manner of attack. By an injudicious attempt to prostrate the Common Schools, we should not only miss our aim, but weaken our influence. ‘The attempt, without the deed, confounds us.’ It might be wisdom, at first, to demand only a *pro rata* division of the public school fund ; if that be granted, our success is sure—the whole superstructure will then soon topple down, and there will be a universal squabble among Protestant sects, to see who can get the largest grab at the public funds. Such a contention, you see, would unquestionably result in the destruction of the system—and that is what we want.”

Bishop Lateran, then took the floor and spoke as follows :

“Heartily do I concur in the sentiments just ex-

pressed by Dr. Dupin. Heretofore, as he has intimated, it was found necessary to use forbearance, and pursue a conciliatory course toward the enemies of our faith; but such a compromising policy is now no longer called for, nor is it expedient. At the present crisis, a manifestation of timidity on our part, would embolden Protestants, and strengthen their hands; much may be gained by a display of undaunted courage; making a flourish of trumpets, and boldly throwing the gauntlet, we shall strike terror to the hearts of our adversaries! Rest assured, there are thousands of indifferentists, who are only solicitous of being on the strong side in the contest; these thousands may be gained over to our assistance, by showing ourselves sanguine, and fearlessly entering the arena—daring Protestants to the combat. Those whom we cannot induce to love, we must compel to fear us.

“As has been already argued, it is important to our success in this country, that we either demolish, or else get control of the State Schools; if they cannot be made subservient to the interests of the mother Church, they must be put down. Should we succeed in the scheme which has been suggested, of bringing about a division of the Public School Fund, it will have the effect to introduce into the schools, sectarianism, which has been so sedulously guarded against by their founders; and when once that creeps in, the whole affair is destined to explode! Beside, a grant for such a division will give us a chance to put our hands

into the public coffers. As to the use we may choose to make of such funds, that will be our own business.

“I find there are not a few Catholics even, who incline to patronize the Common Schools; this we must at once put a stop to. Everywhere, priests and Catholic editors, should denounce the State schools as godless and immoral; corrupting to youth—dens of iniquity and pollution, fostering all manner of crime and infidelity. When we once fairly open our batteries upon the free-schools, then let our hostility be uncompromising—give them war to the hilt! At least that is my judgment.”

Next came forward Bishop Constantius—and remarked substantially as follows:

“I am an old man—have long been in the field of battle; there’s no plan of attack nor of defense, that I have not tried in warring against Protestantism. I want not to discourage you; by no means would I abate your ardor, yet allow me to say, ’tis my cool and deliberate judgment, that the time has not yet come for unmasking our designs. I’m seriously apprehensive, you under-estimate the strength of Protestantism—be not deceived, we shall encounter a formidable antagonist. But while I regard the measures you propose as premature, yet if you are unchangeably resolved upon them—I am with you.”

Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed, after this ecclesiastical body had closed its session, when an assault was made by the Romish clergy upon the Public Schools,

in the city of New York ; and then, directly a simultaneous war was waged against Common Schools, throughout the length and breadth of the land by priests, editors and bishops of the Catholic church : many of whom, laying aside all dignity and decency of language in their denunciations, indulged in raillery, billingsgate, vulgar epithets, and the vilest abuse!

## CHAPTER XVI.

Early life of Dupin — His relationship to Bedini — Their boyhood associations in Italy — Immoral habits — Colloquy between Mr and Mrs. Foresti.

If the courteous reader will indulge me in an episode, (such perhaps it may be considered,) I will here introduce a brief account of the early life of Dupin. To the critic, this may seem to break the proper connection, and mar the harmony of the narrative; and perhaps he may regard it as not very legitimately belonging to the main story which the author set out to tell; yet I am persuaded it will not be considered altogether foreign and out of place. Since this accomplished Jesuit has figured so conspicuously in the preceding pages, it is but natural that the reader should have some curiosity, and feel a desire to know more about him and learn something of his origin.

Dupin was a native of Italy; born in a suburb of the city of Rome. His father was an ignorant papist, who became a monk and forsook his family to lead a lewd and idle life, under pretense of seeking eminent piety, and being entirely devoted to religion. Of the manner in which the forsaken wife and mother ameliorated her condition, it is best not to speak. The



consequence was, this son at an early age was thrown among the baser sort, and learned to indulge in all manner of vice, debauchery and dissipation. Surrounded by such influences, and having constantly before him the very worst examples, we can scarcely think it strange that he grew up to be the artful and treacherous Jesuit we have described. An education like that would rarely produce a better man than has been portrayed in the character of Dupin. A mind and heart by nature noble and exalted, may awhile resist the influence of evil communications and vicious society, but not always. Forever in contact with that which tends to pollute the mind and lead the heart astray, an angel would hardly be secure.

I have heretofore neglected to mention that Dupin was cousin to Bedini, the bloody butcher of Bologna. The history of the former is so interwoven with the life and conduct of the latter, that it will become necessary to say something also of this inhuman monster.

Though it be no pleasing task to speak of so vile a wretch as Bedini, yet it is one I have no disposition to shun, since he has, by the most perfidious acts, rendered himself so deserving universal execration and the world's scorn. It is but proper, at least so to my mind, that the American people know more than they have yet learned of the private life and public conduct of one who has so recently been in our midst, producing civil discord wherever he went, and yet demanding of this government, with unheard-

of and impudent effrontery, an honorable reception—a tribute of national respect, and the meed of homage, because of his exalted rank in the Theocratic Hierarchy.

Dupin and Bedini being associated together, as they were, from boyhood, it is by no means strange that there should appear, in the complexion of their moral characters, a striking similarity. If any difference existed between them in this respect, Dupin was perhaps less base, brutal and unfeeling than the other. As to intellect, shrewdness and cunning, Dupin was decidedly superior to his cousin. The latter as well as the former was sadly neglected in childhood and youth, and placed in a condition well calculated to mold a character utterly destitute of every amiable quality, and work the deepest depravity of heart. Being of poor, obscure, and I might add of doubtful parentage, he was cast upon the world a ragged, filthy urchin, and went uncared for, leading an indolent, vicious, and miserable life; and by consequence grew up to manhood, worthless, ignorant and dissipated, as did Dupin, his boon companion in vice and crime.

One day, while they were yet lads, being goaded by hunger, having been unable for some days to procure, either by begging or stealing, a sufficient amount to satisfy the cravings of appetite, they together entered the house of a gentleman whose name was Foresti, a Catholic, but whose wife had no faith in the Romish religion. Dupin, leading the way, addressed the lady thus:

“Good woman, for the sake of the Holy Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus, give us food! We can obtain no employment, nor have we been able, for nearly three days, to find any one kind enough to afford us a morsel to eat.”

Mrs. Foresti was a woman of tender sympathies and unbounded benevolence. She hastened to set before the miserable-looking mendicants the best provisions in her house. Like starved hounds, they fell to work, giving better evidence by their actions than they had by words, of being hungry.

Touched with pity, the lady, aside, said to her husband:

“Mr. Foresti, can we not give employment to these poor lads?”

“I’ll venture my life on it,” replied the husband, “they have no wish for employment, unless it were to do some devilment.”

“Oh, certainly, they would gladly accept of something to do whereby they might earn their bread, and clothe themselves more decently. It will at any rate be an act of charity to give them an opportunity to improve their condition.”

“My dear,” said Mr. Foresti, a little impatiently, “I want no such reprobate, scarecrow-looking fellows about me.”

“As for that, I can soon improve their appearance; of course I wouldn’t allow them to wear such rags, and go unwashed and uncombed as they now are. Possibly we might reform their habits and teach

them decency; that, you know, would be a great thing."

"Yes, and a mighty great undertaking too; nor am I just now in the humor to set about it; I'd as soon think of taming a wild ass' colt as to attempt civilizing either one of them chaps. It's plain to be seen they're two young devils; and if they are never hanged, they'll never get justice. Notice the expression of low cunning and trickery in the eye of the older one, who calls himself Felix Dupin. I'll warrant him a snake in the grass. The other is less shrewd, but has more of the dog in him."

"True, 't is obvious they are depraved and untutored as the wild Arab; but consider they never, perhaps, in all their lives had one wholesome lesson of instruction, and maybe not a single word of good advice. What then could we expect of them?"

"Sure enough, that's what I want to know—what could we expect? I expect to have nothing to do with stragglers of whom we can nothing expect."

"But however degraded, they are not beyond the reach of hope."

"No, nor the reach of a rope."

"Wholesome influences might save them."

"I know society would be saved a deal of trouble, and experience something wholesome, if all such fellows were packed off to purgatory, where they should be."

"But they may be redeemed."

"Doubtful."

"Anyhow, its worth the trial."

“Only consider, Mrs. Foresti, how many thousands of such boys there are in this city of Rome; look at the gangs of beggars we daily meet on the streets; and it is so throughout all Italy. On every hand, we see multitudes of idle, dissipated, animalized young men and boys, who depend for subsistence on begging, stealing and robbery! You’ll have your hands full, at least, if you undertake to reform the habits, and improve the condition of all who need it.”

“The facts to which you refer, Mr. Foresti, the deplorable ignorance and consequent viciousness of the youth of this country, cause me to be astonished, that the Pope is forever taxing us here, for the purpose of building up schools and colleges in the United States—when such institutions are so much more needed in our own country.”

“You are always finding fault with the Pope, and casting slurs upon our holy religion.”

“Say not so, my dear husband; I’ve never been disposed to wound your feelings, yet I speak of things that look strange to me. I dare say, you cannot yourself be blind to the glaring inconsistency of sending so much money from this benighted land, where more than nine-tenths of the population are entirely illiterate, and have not the means nor opportunity of obtaining education, to another nation, abundantly more blessed in educational advantages, as well as in every other respect. Throughout the United States, the people are supplied with free schools; and the poor are educated as well as the rich. Were this

oppressed and down-trodden Italy favored, as is America, with public schools, we should behold less degradation, idleness, vice and misery in our midst."

"But, suppose thereby, heresy should be introduced, and millions led away from the true faith?"

"A religion that can't stand the light, ought to fall; let such a system be turned out of doors and given to the winds!"

"Yes, I've long known you'd like to have Catholicity given to the winds."

"If education, as you seem to think, makes heretics, why do the Hierarchy put forth strenuous efforts to multiply institutions of learning beyond the Atlantic?"

"Why, it has been found impossible to gain anything like a permanent foothold in that country, without establishing schools; the Catholic clergy could wield no influence among Americans, without showing themselves favorable to education. There they have schools connected with their nunneries; and a great many Protestants are induced to send their children to the nunneries to be educated; that affords an opportunity of teaching them the Catholic religion; and it is said, a great many are won over to the faith in that way; beside, their schools furnish employment for many of the nuns, and are sources of considerable income to the Church."

"Then you own, 'tis not for the sake of enlightening, unfolding and improving the mind, that the Catholic church is establishing schools in America — but the profit, credit and influence thus secured?"

“The object is, of course, to build up the Church ; and by whatever means that can be accomplished, they are satisfied. When the Catholic clergy of the United States get things properly into their own hands, they ’ll not want so many schools.”

“No, I reckon not ; but God forbid they ever should get things into their own hands, in that free and heaven-favored country ! I ’d weep to think that glorious land of liberty, would ever bow the neck to papal despotism !”

“You presume too much, Mrs. Foresti, on the benevolence of my nature ; I doubt if there ’s another Catholic husband in Rome, or in all Italy, to whom a wife could with impunity say as much against the Church, as you repeatedly and habitually utter in my hearing. ’T is unaccountable, that you dare speak so freely, when you know it becomes my religious duty to inform against you.”

“Such a duty, my love, I ’m well satisfied, you possess too much of ‘ the milk of human kindness ’ ever to discharge.”

“The thought of having you brought before the holy Inquisition, is heart-rending to me !”

“You ’d risk hell first, my darling !”

“Nothing so much grieves me, as the heresy and republican principles that poison your mind.”

“I own that I ’m a heretic and a republican, in the estimation of Rome ; and I rejoice in it !”

“It shocks me to hear you say so ; for lighter offenses, many have been condemned to torture and death.”

“Doubtless ! and that very thing, is a terrible argument against Popery : a religion that so hardens the heart and destroys natural affections, cannot be of heaven. Your kind forbearance toward me, as a heretic, only proves that the blinding superstition, and the vindictive and sanguinary spirit of Romanism, has not struck in upon you so deeply as upon most Catholics.”

“Say rather, that my forbearance toward you, is owing to my weakness, and want of fidelity to the Church and to the vicar of Christ.”

“I glory in such weakness and infidelity, as makes a man, a man ! rather than a beast or a demon. What, but a beast or demon, could see his wife or his child, in the merciless hands of bloody-minded and relentless inquisitors ? Yet there are in Rome, husbands and fathers, that have turned informants, and dragged their own wives and their own children, before that infernal spiritual court, to suffer chains, imprisonment, the dungeon and the rack ! Among Catholics, you are one of a thousand, whose humanity is to be trusted when Popery’s in question ; those who adopt the monstrous faith, rarely resist so long and well, its blighting and withering effects upon the generous feelings and noble impulses of the heart. But enough of this : now what about these unfortunate boys ?”

“I care not.”

“They may be susceptible at least, of some improvement.”



"Well, take them into the garden, if you choose and see if they'll work."

Ever delighted with opportunities of doing good, and of extending a helping-hand to downtrodden humanity, Mrs. Foresti hastened to inform the lads, who by this time had glutted themselves to the satisfying of their voracious appetites, that they could have employment, and a chance of earning an honorable living. The good lady was a little surprised at the apparent indifference with which the destitute creatures received the intelligence; they however followed her to the garden, and according to her directions, went to work with the implements she furnished them. Returning to the house quite elated, she said to her husband:

"I'll make men of them boys, Mr. Foresti, see if I don't."

"I'll see if you *do*: but expect to see you don't."

"They may astonish you."

"I'll be most astonished, if they do not astonish you."

"They went to work like fine fellows; depend upon it, there's a come-out in them."

"I wish it may be so, my dear, I know you are generally in the right in all matters, except religion—and it grieves me much, that you're a heretic in that."

Saying this, he stepped to a back window to take another peep at the hopeful lads, whom, he began to feel, might be more promising than he at first had imagined.

"Sure enough, Mrs. Foresti, I begin to think you hit the mark, when you said there was a come-out in them chaps, for they've come out of the garden already. Ah! look yonder, what ragged scamps are them I see going full speed down yon alley, with hoes on their shoulders? They look very like the fellows you're about to make men of."

"It can't be possible they've run away so soon!"

"Yes, my word for it, the little devils have absconded, and stolen your hoes in the bargain. Ha! ha! I reckoned on something of that sort—by no means astonished, since you're astounded. How you open your eyes, my dear! just waked up haven't you? Ah! you *would* believe they were angels—lacking only the wings!—And you'd have thought they were not altogether without wings either, had you seen their rags flying in the wind, as I did just now!"

"Poor depraved beings!" exclaimed the lady, looking sorrowful, "I pity them more than ever."

"Pity them? now that's singular! I suppose then, if they should come back, and steal a couple more hoes, you'd double your pity on them. Let me get hold of the scape-gallowses—I'll pity them with a vengeance!"

"Only consider how the unhappy mortals, have been brought up!"

"I'd rather consider how they're to be brought down."

"Think of their miserable opportunities!"

"I'm sure you gave them a most gracious oppor-

tunity; nor did they fail to improve it. Those implements they carried off, will buy whisky enough to keep them drunk a whole week. That's what you get, by trying to rob the devil of his own; 'tis no use—you might as well expect,

“—Auld Nickie-ben  
Wad take a thought,  
An' men'.”

I saw at a glance, the mark of Cain upon them!”

“It's the want of instruction—that's all. Education and discipline, are indispensable; without which, there is no salvation for children, at least none in this lower world.”

“Always harping on education—the necessity of education! As if it were *intended* for the common people—what use have such hedgehogs as you fed here just now, so bountifully, and who repaid you with treachery and theft, what use I say, have they for education?”

“A great deal of use—it would transform them!”

“Yes, from sinners to reprobates—from little devils to big ones!”

“Education has no such tendency.”

“It has not upon those for whom it is intended.”

“Heaven-intended education for all.”

“But the devil intends to be the schoolmaster of the majority.”

“No doubt, he'll educate those whom Church and State neglect. An empty, idle head, is Satan's workshop.”

"You couldn't beat education into the brains of them tarnal boys with a sledge-hammer!"

"But you might with books and kind words."

"It's no use talking—the Pope and his councils have decided, that learning is not for the masses."

"Yes, and in that, have given incontestable proof, that they themselves are asses."

"Oh horror!" exclaimed the husband, raising his hands imploringly, and starting wildly from his seat, as if shocked to the very center of his soul.

"What, a stich in your side?" said Mrs. Foresti, a little provokingly.

"Freely would I part with all I possess on earth, to have you become a true believer."

"But if I can't believe Romanism, how can I? I can't without I can — can I?"

"Many a one has been compelled to believe."

"Compelled rather, to profess belief."

"Ah, if you were once to see and feel the curling flames kindling about you, you'd be glad to believe."

"Can belief be forced by fire and fagot? 'Tis an easy matter to profess to believe what we do not; but of what account is an empty profession? it may deceive priests, but God knoweth what is in the heart. Nothing can be conceived of, more preposterous, than the idea of coercing belief, and producing faith in the mind by torturing the body."

Foresti shook his head despairingly, and turned away with downcast looks, saying to himself

"Incorrigible! incorrigible!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

**How it happened that Dupin and Bedini got to be priests—The cause of their subsequent promotion—Mrs. Foresti dragged before the Inquisition—Suffers death for reading and concealing interdicted books.**

FROM boyhood to manhood, steeped in crime—constantly devising mischief, and plotting schemes of devilment, Dupin and Bedini naturally became fit instruments for any undertaking that required a sacrifice of honor, principle and conscience. Such men readily find favor in the eyes of tyrants, when they need tools for servile and despicable purposes.

A Jesuit priest of some sagacity, by chance making the acquaintance of Dupin, about the time he had arrived at the age of manhood, thought he discovered in him admirable talent for subserving the interests of the holy order, and immediately laid before him inducements to enter the priesthood, and take the Jesuits' oath. To yield to these solicitations, Dupin's habits of idleness inclined him, so he was suddenly metamorphosed into a priest, of the Jesuit stamp. Now unwilling to be separated from his companion in wickedness, and also desiring to have a tool, while he himself, consented to become such in the hands of others, he opened the way in a very short time, fo

Bedini, to enter the priesthood and also the Society of Jesus.

That they might be the better qualified to practice the arts of Jesuitism, the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of letters, was urged upon them. This seemed an onerous task—especially to Bedini; yet in the course of a few years, they both succeeded in acquiring education enough to read and write. With these attainments, they were satisfied, as respected literature and science,

The city of Rome, and indeed the whole country, being overrun with indolent, idle and destitute priests, who received but a scanty support and precarious living, Dupin conceived the idea of rendering some signal service to the Pope, in order to gain promotion; for he found that to be a priest, without being a favorite of the sovereign Pontiff, was no great advantage.

Putting himself on the look-out to perform some feat in Jesuitical artifice, he was not long in finding a chance to try his hand. A rumor had somehow got afloat, that certain of Martin Luther's books, favorable to the reformation in the sixteenth century, were being read and circulated among a class of citizens who had some time been suspected of holding republican and Protestant principles. Seizing eagerly the opportunity, Dupin set about ferreting out the matter—and showed himself exceedingly zealous in hunting down the vile heretics, who should dare possess, and presume to read books which had been condemned and interdicted by his holiness the Pope.

Those who had in their possession the proscribed works, chanced to make the discovery, that Dupin was acting the spy : taking alarm, they collected all the interdicted books together, and concealed them in the house of a widow, whom they thought in no danger of being suspected.

This widow, it may be here observed, was the benevolent Mrs. Foresti, whose acquaintance the reader has previously made—and whose husband was now deceased.

Discovering he was regarded with suspicion, and on that account not likely to make the desired discovery, Dupin set his wits to work and conceived another stratagem, on which he thus soliloquised :

“I’ll go to Bedini, and put *him* on the track ; he’s not sharp, but I can drill him into some shrewdness. He shall go in the character of a blind beggar ; a pair of goggles over his eyes will do to indicate his blindness—but he mustn’t be totally blind ; for then it would seem too miraculous for him to travel alone—let him profess to discern objects dimly ; in that condition he may with impunity go lounging about from house to house ; and should no one suspicion him, he’ll stand a fair chance to catch some heretic reading the odious books. That I may not lose the honor of it, nor miss the reward which the Pope decrees to informants, it must be understood between us that he return immediately to me in case he gets a clue to the whereabouts of any such books, that I may stand foremost in the affair.”

In a very few days the plan was all arranged between Bedini and himself. After being properly advised and severely drilled, Bedini was suitably disguised for playing the part of a blind beggar, and set forth on his execrable mission.

Known to no one in the vicinity whither Dupin instructed him to go, and having by no means an inferior gift for dissembling, Bedini passed from house to house without the slightest suspicion being awakened as to his being other than what he seemed. Alms were freely bestowed upon him by the suspected heretics; he was kindly entertained, and allowed the privilege of tarrying at their houses as long as he chose. His efforts to discover the hated books turning out fruitless in every probable place, he at last went to the house of Mrs. Foresti, whom he readily recognized as the lady who had fed Dupin and himself when they were lads, and whose garden utensils they had stolen in return for her charity. Mrs. Foresti, however, had no recollection of him. Of course, he had no disposition to make himself known, but humbly asked liberty to tarry a few days, as he was homeless and destitute. The benevolent woman hesitated not to grant his request, and did all she could to make him comfortable.

One afternoon, throwing himself carelessly upon a lounge, he pretended to fall asleep, and began to snore, in the meantime keeping watch of his hostess. He discovered her stealthily take a book from an old chest which stood in one corner of the room where he



was lounging ; then going to a remote part of the house she sat down, turning her back upon the sleeper, or rather the spy, and opening the book began silently to peruse its pages.

Raising himself softly from his recumbent posture, Bedini crept slyly along till he was able to look over the lady's shoulder into the open book she held before her. Satisfying himself that it was one of the interdicted works, the intruder receded as stealthily as he had approached. He perhaps could not have escaped her observation had it not happened at the moment that one of her children, a little girl of three years, was fondling upon her, throwing her tiny arms about her ma's neck, and playing with her luxuriant curls ; this probably prevented the slight noise made by Bedini's approach from attracting the attention of Mrs. Foresti. Exulting in his success, the ungrateful wretch hurried to Dupin to make report of his discovery.

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The arrest of Mrs. Foresti—the manner of it—the heartless proceedings of the Inquisition—her sentence and execution, present too dark and revolting a picture to dwell upon. The reader will gladly excuse me from the painful task of minute description, and no doubt be gratified that I do not here draw aside the curtain to exhibit all the horrid features of the barbarous scene, and set forth in detail the heart-sickening tragedy. The fate of Mrs. Foresti was that of many others in papal countries, who have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Inquisitors.

With miraculous fortitude and unparalleled heroism she endured the cruel death to which she was condemned by the Spiritual Court. When led to the stake, she said :

“ To die thus is nothing to the thought of having my two precious little daughters torn away, to be cast into a convent, robbed of their innocence, and become the slaves of degraded and brutal priests !”

The heretical books found in her possession, the reading and concealing of which constituted her offense, helped to light the flames that consumed her body.

Her estate was confiscated, and became the property of the Church. The informants received their reward, and were soon after promoted : Bedini being sent Internuncio to Brazil, and Dupin a missionary to the United States.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**Bedini recalled from Brazil in disgrace — Re-establishes himself in favor with the Papal Court by acting the spy — Proves traitor to the Republic — Is guilty of the death of Ugo Basai.**

Not long was Bedini destined to wear unsullied his new honors, which sat upon him with so little grace. His secretary, Don Tintori, and every one he took with him in his suite to Brazil, abandoned him at the expiration of two months, on account of the dissoluteness of his conduct. The prelates of Brazil made such numerous and loud complaints to the Pope, of Bedini, that he was recalled in a few months, and ordered to leave immediately, without awaiting his successor. Returning to Rome, he received a subordinate appointment in the state department as a mark of punishment. It was not long, however, till he managed to re-establish himself in favor with the Papal court, and cause his vices to be overlooked. This he accomplished by again acting the spy. To pass over numerous acts of servility and intrigue which served to ingratiate him with the Pope, we will proceed to notice that of his basely proving traitor to the Republic of which he was a subject in 1849, and becoming the spy of the Pope in the city of Bologna, for which crime, according to the laws sanc-

tioned by all nations, he should have suffered an ignominious death.

There were at Bologna two regiments of Swiss, numbering about 4000, who were in the service of the Republic. Bedini took upon himself the mission of going in disguise to Bologna in order to corrupt the Swiss, and induce them to leave the service of the Republic. The Swiss proved incorruptible, and Bedini redoubled his seduction and promises; but the whole affair was soon discovered. The city was alarmed, and the surrounding towns put on their guard—for Bedini's instructions were that the Swiss should open themselves a path by force, collect by threats the most money they possibly could in the towns through which they were to pass, and carry it to the Pope.

The governor of Bologna, in his too great clemency, allowed Bedini, the infamous spy, to escape. The republican government, becoming fearful of the regiments, owing to what had passed, ordered them to be immediately disbanded. "And it is a curious circumstance," remarks an Italian, "that of all the soldiers thus set at liberty, not one returned to the service of the Pope."

But this crime in Bedini, though worthy of death, was nothing, compared with the brutality, and infernal malignity he displayed in the assassination and torture of Ugo Bassi, a man of uncommon talent and virtue, who had been taken captive, and placed as a political prisoner at the disposal of Bedini.

At that time, Bedini was Commissioner Extraordinary of the Four Legations, which post bestows sovereign power; and holding this post, Bedini was made supreme president of a council, composed of the most infamous of the Pope's police for judging political crimes.

In such high estimation was Ugo Bassi held by the citizens of Bologna, that, even Bedini's vile instruments of barbarous vengeance hesitated. But clothed as he was with sovereign power, Bedini, in person, entered the council-chamber, and ordered that sentence of death be immediately pronounced. This put the whole city in commotion, and multitudes interceded for the esteemed Bassi—among whom, was the Archbishop Oppizzoni; but Bedini proved inexorable, and cited an especial order of the Pope which he had received before Bassi was taken prisoner. The cruel monster was not satisfied with having the patriot put to death, but commanded that he first be flayed alive! Torture for political prisoners, in barbarous ages, was common; but to revive it in the nineteenth century, was only worthy of Bedini, and his master the Pope of Rome.

'T was thus Bedini rose to eminence, without talents or virtue. Wishing to hasten from the contemplation of so despicable a wretch, and his bloody deeds, I forbear further mention of him in his own country; but shall in a subsequent chapter, have occasion to speak of his visit to the United States in the character of the Pope's Nuncio.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Alonzo hesitates to renew the engagement—Successful effort in reforming an inebriate.

ALONZO CARLETON seriously hesitated in taking any steps toward renewing his engagement with Anna Maria — though he loved her still, treated her kindly, even affectionately, and greatly rejoiced to see her mind free from the shackles of superstition. He felt, keenly felt, and could not help but feel, that she had illy requited his ardent love, and been the cause of his falling into profligate and dissipated habits. He entertained too, some secret fears that the mischievous and infatuating errors of Romanism had produced a lasting deleterious effect, and left a canker in her soul, from which she might never recover. Considering himself fully released from the engagement made prior to Maria's entering the convent, Alonzo felt at perfect liberty to drop the matter if he chose, yet did not altogether make up his mind to do so.

Having thoroughly reformed his habits, and abandoned his infidel principles, the naturally benevolent disposition of his heart returned to what it once was, and led him to seek every possible opportunity of doing good.

Not many days after his return to the Queen city, he was passing down Third street, and on coming opposite the St. Charles, chanced to cast his eye round upon that sink of iniquity, when a well dressed, good-looking young man came staggering out of the door, much intoxicated. Forcibly reminded of what he himself had been, Alonzo suddenly paused, and fixing his eyes upon the youthful inebriate, silently contemplated him. The young man returned his gaze—and after a moment's pause, said :

“ Well may you stare at me, Carleton—but for you I had not been a drunkard !”

This remark struck Alonzo with surprise ; for he remembered not to have seen the inebriate before. The young man turned to walk away.

“ Stop,” said Alonzo ; “ I must know who it is that lays his sin at my door.”

“ Yes, yes,” stammered the other, “ you have forgotten the boy Allen, who accompanied you in your first spree, and whom you persuaded, against his will and mother's advice, to take the intoxicating cup.”

“ Alas ! Allen, is it you ? O, my folly ! my wickedness ! my villainy !” exclaimed Alonzo, overwhelmed with the dreadful thought of having been the ruin of the noble youth ; for such indeed he was. Approaching him, Alonzo threw his arms about his neck, and wept over him.

“ 'T is too late, Carleton, to lament my fate now—I'm lost !—but I forgive you.”

“ Forgive me not ; I don't deserve to be forgiven.”

“Say no more.” And he turned away.

‘Allen, you must go with me, I want to persuade you to leave off drinking.’

“Try to reform others—me you cannot save; the car has too deeply sunk.”

“But stop, I entreat you; go with me, we’ll talk no more now; but when you get sober I know you’ll listen to me.” Taking him by the arm, Alonzo constrained the inebriate to accompany him to his room; where he tarried till the following day.

When he became duly sober, Alonzo sat down by his side, and in the gentle tones of kindness, addressed him thus:

“My unfortunate friend, I need not allude to the evils that bestrew the path of intemperance; though yet but a young man, you perhaps know them all. Having myself trod that wretched, dark and thorny way of ruin, I’m prepared to feel for, and deeply sympathize with you. And having myself been reclaimed from the black and awful gulf of dissipation, that had well nigh swallowed up all that rendered life desirable, I have hope of you.”

“’Tis a vain hope; again and again have I tried to reform; ’tis useless to think of it, I cannot abstain from intoxicating drinks.”

“Say not so; have you nothing to live for; to hope for?”

“Almost nothing!”

“I am persuaded you do not consent to a life, all aimless and objectless!”



"I once had aims, exalted and towering—my heart was set on objects, noble and enchanting."

"And have they so soon vanished?"

"All turned to smoke—disappeared from my sight, as vapors from the eye of the sun."

"But they will return again."

"No, never; forsaken of friends, and without confidence in myself—I esteem all lost! Since no one cares for me, why should I care for myself? Once drive a man to the wall, wound his pride, tread rudely upon his sensibilities, blot out his hopes, crush his soul, and leave him helpless and abandoned—and what can you expect, other, than that he become a knave, ready to set his life upon any chance, to mend or get rid of it?"

"But *you* are not a knave, Allen Seamore."

"Trust me not; trust no man, who feels himself in the world without friends."

"You but imagine yourself friendless."

"My nearest and dearest relatives scorned and shunned me, when first I began to indulge in strong drink; I might then have been redeemed—but unkindness goaded me on; from drinking I was led to gambling, from gambling to swindling, and to tell the truth, I am plunged into the very depths of wretchedness and vice; and the treatment I am daily receiving from the hollow-hearted, is but rendering me still more reckless. Society takes great pains to make unfortunate men dishonest."

"I know the uncharitableness of friends, and the

vile blows and buffets of the world, are calculated to corrode the purest affections of the heart, and drive the noblest minds to desperation. But forget not you are a young man, and may yet make friends, and see many happy days. A reformation of life, which certainly at your age is not impossible, would directly draw around you a circle of friends, and no doubt, enable you to regain those you have lost."

"But bound as I am, by the force of habit, and accustomed to seek relief from ennui, in the intoxicating cup, it hardly seems possible for me now to effect a reformation. When I take one dram, I want another—and then still worse, I want another; and so it is, I've no control of myself any more, and yield without resistance to every temptation."

"The only safe ground, Mr. Seamore, is total abstinence; there is no security so long as we allow ourselves to touch alcoholic beverages; we must not tamper with the serpent, nor go where it is; to be out of gunshot of temptation, we must keep it clear out of sight."

"But how shall I? it presents itself on the corners, along the streets, upon the highways, and everywhere it awaits to seduce and ensnare the unwary."

"True, there, I know, from unhappy experience, the chief difficulty and great danger lies. Alas, that law should protect and uphold the evil—and alas, that the public coffers should be replenished by granting license to men, to engage in a calling so iniquitous, and so

injurious to society, as is the vending of strong drink! But allow me to recommend to you the temperance pledge; I found it of signal advantage to myself—and am sure it will be to you.”

“I ought to reform, and will perhaps, make the attempt; but incline to the opinion that total abstinence would be more difficult for me, than a reformation to moderate drinking; if I attempt to quit it, altogether, I shall be more likely to fail.”

“In that, be assured, you will find yourself mistaken: he who drinks at all, is in a position perilous to himself; and also under the influence of an evil that has a deleterious effect upon others. Moderate drinking is the road to immoderate; 'tis a down-hill way, and the lower we get the greater is the difficulty of climbing up again: keep out of the current, if you would not be swept into the whirlpool.”

“I cannot deny the correctness of your position, but feel that for me it would be an uncertain undertaking.”

“Nothing will be lost by making the effort; and if successful, you will have gained all. My friends sometimes accuse me of being actuated by too much zeal in the cause of temperance; my apology is, I have felt the withering curse; I know its ruinous power; I've seen its deep damnation! and having been rescued from the horrible pit of inebriety, I want to save others. Nor will I be satisfied, till I see the Upas of intemperance torn up by the roots,

and cast out from the earth it encumbers. Here now is the pledge, it will give me unspeakable pleasure to see you sign it."

"Well, at all events, I'll comply with your request that far, since you're kind, and take so much interest in my welfare." Taking the pen from Alonzo's hand, with trembling nerves he wrote his name.

"You've now signed the pledge, Allen, and I doubt not will keep it too."

"I'll try."

Who can estimate the result of that one simple act! Allen Seamore never drank again; became an exemplary good and virtuous citizen—an esteemed, and eminently useful man.

## CHAPTER XX.

Conversation on the propriety of forming a Protestant alliance—  
Encroachments of Popery—Priestly aggression.

DEEPLY convinced as he was of the mischievous errors, anti-republican principles, and despotic tendency of Romanism, and regarding the papal clergy as generally corrupt and intriguing, Alonzo Carleton conceived the design, and was impressed with the propriety of forming a Protestant alliance, for the purpose of promoting vigilance in guarding against priestly aggression, and resisting the encroachments of Popery.

The first movement he made in this respect, was in a select circle of his Protestant friends and acquaintances whom he had invited together to consult on the subject. Quite a variety of opinions were expressed; some approving, others disapproving of an organization. The discussion was conducted in a conversational manner, and drawn out at considerable length. Carleton remarked as follows:

“Romanists, and particularly the Jesuitical order of priests, have long been secretly, and are now openly arraying themselves against the free institu-

tions of this country. So perfectly are the sworn bands of the Vatican organized, and so rapidly is their strength accumulating in America by foreign emigration, that it is high time the friends of liberty were upon the alert, and arming themselves for the contest. I mean, of course, a moral contest—a war between truth and error—a struggle between the principles of freedom and the spirit of despotism; which it is not impossible, however, may terminate in blood—as many such contests have in former times and other countries. The American people are culpably indifferent to the menaces of an arrogant and tyrannical Hierarchy, who owe no allegiance to this government, acknowledge no respect any longer, for our institutions, yet cease to disguise their intentions to manage the helm of state, and dictate to us in governmental affairs. Such an indifference is little short of downright stupidity! Rome has ever been, and still is, tyrannical, vindictive and persecuting. Catholicism is now, what it ever has been, intolerant, and inquisitorial; the open ally and principal support of despotism; still the same adversary of reform, progress, education and science, as in the day of Galileo. Unchanged in its spirit and doctrines, Romanism comes down as a black cloud from the dark ages, to overshadow the human mind, and bind the immortal faculties of the soul with the chains of ignorance, and the fearful shackles of bigotry and superstition.

“I hold in my hand a Catholic paper, published

at St. Louis; it contains this remark, which I find in an editorial column: 'The time is not remote, when there will be an end, in this country, to religious toleration.' Surely this is a bold prediction, to be made in the nineteenth century, and in this land of liberty! beside it is most daring effrontery—coming as it does from an unnaturalized, and I might almost add, uncivilized foreigner. Had Papists the power, as they confessedly have the will, there would at once be an end, not only of religious toleration, but also of political freedom and civil liberty! Palpable as is this truth, see what apathy exists in relation to it; wrapped in quiet slumbers, and indulging sweet dreams of peace, while an armed foe and treacherous enemy is stealing upon us in the dark!"

"I cannot but regard your apprehensions, Mr. Carleton," observed a genteel, yet somewhat pompous looking man, "as almost, if not altogether groundless. For my own part, I see no cause of alarm; the tree of liberty has struck too deeply in American soil to be easily uprooted. Catholics coming to this country, become enlightened, and imbued with republican principles; and for aught I can discover to the contrary, make very good citizens. To be sure, I must admit, they **are** generally uneducated, and great numbers of them intemperate. If they have frequent rows, it is among themselves, and who cares. As for the clergy, I know, and care but little—yet certainly have no reason to doubt their sincerity."

"You speak of my groundless apprehensions, Mr

Parsons; how shall we judge of the future but by the past? What has Romanism been? What has Popery done? rather what not done to oppress and injure frail humanity, darken the heavens, and spread desolation through the earth? The history of the Church of Rome, is a history of sanguinary persecutions, revolting inhumanities, proscription, intolerance, injustice, plots, intrigues and villainy! It has ever been the aim of Rome to enslave mankind by means of cunning priestcraft; by the halter; the lash, and the dungeon; the spy, and the brutal hireling soldier: and she has welcomed the co-operation of every despot, knave, and military robber. At this very moment, wherever papacy controls the military power, religious and political despotism exist."

"Your picture is overdrawn, friend Carleton; you put on too much color. Come, be moderate—be reasonable."

"Does not the history of the world show, that wherever Popery extends its jurisdiction, and exercises a controlling influence, that there every onward movement is checked, liberal philosophy, mental freedom and development discountenanced—and an extinguisher placed upon the lamp of science? In vain is it denied, wherever Romanism sways the scepter, the reign of darkness and superstition is complete. And why should we wonder that it is so, since papists are taught abject, blind obedience to the clergy, and are led into the stupid belief, that the Church is infallible, and can never be wrong; while all Protest-



ant sects are heretical, and can never be right; that the latter are hated of God, and should be despised and persecuted by all true believers."

"Because the Pope and his Hierarchy have trampled down the masses in Europe, that is no evidence that *Americans* have anything to fear from Papal power and intrigue."

"Why not?"

"We are a great and mighty nation, feared and envied by all the world, and still a bright and glorious future opens before us."

"Yes, but if we continue, as we have been doing, tamely to yield and uncomplainingly submit to the encroachments of Romanism, and allow a bigoted priesthood to infringe our rights with impunity, disregard and trample upon constitutional law, as they are now doing in their assaults upon the common schools of this country, we may soon surrender our liberties, abandon our pretensions to national greatness, and sink back into the darkness and barbarism of the monkish ages."

"You allude to the Catholic movement against the common schools," remarked Mr. Eldridge, who up to this time had been silent. "Why have not Romanists a right to a division of the public school fund? They pay taxes as well as Protestants."

"They have the same privileges, too, that Protestants have of sending their children to the free schools."

"But they have religious scruples with regard to

that; the minds and hearts of their children, they say, might be tainted with heresy."

"Why need they have such fears? Sectarianism is not allowed in those schools; that evil has most sedulously been guarded against. No religious tenets are taught, none whatever. Beside, in the selection of teachers for these schools, they are not questioned as to their religion; they may belong to any church or to none — may be Catholic or Protestant."

"It is on that ground, perhaps, that the Romish Hierarchy denounce the common schools as Godless; and contend for connecting religious instruction with school education."

"They would, however, be very far from allowing it to be any form of Protestant religion; infinitely would they prefer none at all. But granting they are right in wanting schools for their children, in which their own peculiar religious principles are inculcated, why can they not do as other churches do, build them at their own expense, without asking to put their fists into the public treasury? When Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists or any other denomination want a sectarian school, or a school under their own particular control and regulations, they uncomplainingly go to work and build such a one. Not one half the Protestants who pay school taxes send their children to the public schools; and many who have no children to be educated, willingly are taxed to support common schools for the public good; but who makes a poor mouth about it except Papists? who but

Romish priests ask for a division of the public school funds? Protestants cheerfully submit to taxation for educational purposes, because they regard education in itself a blessing, as it unfolds and enlarges the mind; but Romanists esteem a purely intellectual education, unmixed with the mummery and gross absurdities of their religion, as worse than useless."

"Do you pretend to say Catholics attach no importance to education?"

"To be educated in the doctrine, and traditions of the Romish church, they reckon highly important; and in fact, to confer such an education as that is manifestly the main design of all their schools and colleges. That the Hierarchy really stand opposed to an education that invigorates and liberalizes the mind, is evident from the general tone of Catholic journals with reference to the common schools. One of these journals, published at Chicago, Ill., recently contained the following remarks, addressed to Catholic parents: 'Rather than send your children to the state schools, let them go uneducated; better that they remain unable to read—a thousand times better! Sooner let them grow up boors, and become hewers of wood and drawers of water, than be placed in those miserable sinks of iniquity, the free schools.' Certain priests in *this* city recently held language in reference to the schools, compared with which, what I have just read you would appear decent, ever respectful."

"I grant such language is very unbecoming and

immodest, however decidedly they may be opposed to the schools."

"Were Protestant ministers of any church to pursue a similar course, they would be hissed out of community. But from some cause or other, we put up with indecency, presumption and egotism, coming from the Romish clergy, that we would by no means tolerate in anybody else."

"With regard to the common schools, we hardly know yet how they will work; for my own part, I would be better pleased with them if they had something more of a religious caste."

"In this system of popular education, as I understand it, it is intended that children be left free from all sectarian influence, and simply furnished with that knowledge which all consider essential. To my mind, it argues well for this system that it everywhere receives the hearty approval of the impartial—persons swayed by no religious prejudices. Those within the pale of no church find nothing to complain of in this admirable school system: why, then, should Catholics allege that it is but a scheme concocted by Protestant sects to take advantage of them?"

"But waiving that matter, let me ask why is it, that Romish priests, being opposed, as you maintain they are, to enlightening the masses, yet build up schools and colleges in this country? No doubt you are ready to respond, that it is to give them an opportunity of teaching Romanism. In reply to that

I'll remark that in the prospectus of one of their female institutions I find the following: 'Pupils of every religious denomination are admitted into this institution. No improper influence is ever used to bias the religious principles of young ladies, nor will any of the scholars be allowed to embrace the Catholic religion without a written or verbal permission from their parents.' It is further stated, however, 'that for the sake of order, all the boarders are required to observe the general regulations of exterior worship.'"

"Yes, but notice particularly the language used. It is not said, no influence will be exerted to bias the religious opinions of pupils, but 'no improper influence' is to be employed. What they would regard as proper the parents might consider improper, if they could at all times be present to judge. And what signifies their promise, even if it were made in good faith, which I'm inclined to doubt, that scholars will not be allowed to embrace the Catholic religion without the consent of their parents? Observe in the prospectus this clause: 'for the sake of order, all the boarders are required to observe the general regulations of exterior worship.' That is, to unite in their prayers and devotions. Who that is at all acquainted with human nature can fail to see that the tender and susceptible mind of youth must be more or less impressed in this way? And what considerate Protestant parents would think it a light matter to have the minds of their children filled with superstition, and imbued with the false and stupefying principles of Romanism ?

“ A similar regulation may be found in the prospectus of St. Gabriel’s College, Vincennes, Indiana. ‘There is no interference whatever, with the religious belief of the pupils, but for the sake of order,’ it is added, ‘they are expected to comply with the external forms of Catholic worship, which is the religion professed by the members of this college.’

“ Romanism, is a religion of pomp and show—of external rites and ceremonies ; and hence, is well calculated to favorably impress the young and unreflecting. Teachers acquire an almost unlimited influence over the minds of their pupils, and when so disposed, may do much in forming their sentiments, and molding their characters. Hence, the necessity of placing children in the hands of the right kind of instructors. The education of the young, is a matter of inestimable importance ; and to whom shall we commit this important trust ? Shall it be to a class of men, bound by the decisions and interpretations of the dark ages, who dare not freely and fully investigate the most important branches of knowledge ? Shall it be to men who hold that the perfection of virtue consists, not in discharging well the duties of life in its ordinary relations—but in fasting, celibacy, austerity, abjuring the world, and such like things ?

“ Since the establishments of the Jesuits have been broken up in France, *they* are likely to become the principal teachers in the Roman schools of our country ; and this circumstance must render it still more unsafe and unwise, for Protestants to patronize their

institutions. In addition to the usual vows taken by monks and nuns, the Jesuit takes that of unlimited submission, and unconditional obedience to the Pope. Jesuits are a class of men, whose corrupt principles lead them to become the curse of every land where they are tolerated. In consequence of their political intrigues, their immoral principles and practices, they have been expelled successively by all the governments of Europe. 'Wearied at length,' says Dr. Duff, 'and worn out by their unscrupulous rapacity and all grasping ambition, their treachery and stratagems—their seductions and briberies—their intrigues and cabals—their laxation of public morals and disturbance of social order—their fomentings and seditions, disloyalties and rebellions—their instigating massacres and parricidal cruelties, and royal assassinations—the monks and courtiers, judges and civil magistrates, churches and public schools, princes and emperors of all nations, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America—all, all, successively united their efforts in sweeping them clean away, and causing their institute to perish from off this earth, and from under these heavens!'

“Pope Clement XIV, was constrained to suppress the order in July 1773—an act which cost him his life! For in a short period he was poisoned by these, his implacable enemies. But in 1814, Pius VII, reinstated this dangerous order in all its privileges, and now it is spreading its baneful influence over the whole world.

“Romanists themselves, furnish conclusive evidence that the moral code of the order is most infamous.

“But to return to the subject of Roman schools: you have alluded to the zeal they manifest in building up institutions of learning. Let me remind you, these institutions are considerable sources of income to the church. There is a nunnery near Bardstown, Ky., located on a farm of several hundred acres, ‘the number of whose female boarders,’ says Dr. Rice, in his lectures on Romanism, ‘has averaged from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. The charges for each, including *extras*, would not be less than one hundred and fifty dollars. The annual income of the institution is not less than fifteen thousand dollars. The outlay is small, since their provisions are mainly raised on the farm. Almost the whole of this money is earned by the nuns; yet they get no part of it. Their coarse fare and clothing is all they receive. By the degradation of these poor women, the clergy are enriched; and to make slaves of them, was their object in so shamefully deluding them. Some of the nuns are employed as teachers, some are house and kitchen servants, and some labor in the fields!’

“Without murmuring, they do whatever the priests, their masters, bid them do—and that without the hope of pecuniary reward. In referring to the nunnery near Bardstown, Dr. Rice remarks: ‘I know not how others may feel, but it appears to me, that every Christian, and every American, should set his face against those prisons, where females are incarcerated



and degraded from the sphere they are destined to fill.'

"Then you perceive, there may be other motives than a wish to educate, for the sake of enlightening, that induce Romish priests, in this country, to build up schools and colleges!"

"I've heard a great deal about these nunneries, Mr. Carleton, but have been inclined to think them misrepresented; at all events, that they are not the corrupt institutions some would have the world believe."

"Gladly would I be persuaded, Mr. Eldridge, that naught but purity were to be found in them; but when I have abundant testimony to the contrary, the force of which I cannot possibly resist, I would surely sin against truth and humanity to turn away from it with indifference."

"What evidence then can be adduced, that the priests who have the supervision of such institutions, are impure men? Let us have a single instance, well authenticated."

"Well then, let me give you an instance, which created no little excitement in the State of Kentucky, a few years ago; and about which a good deal was said at the time, in the newspapers. I'll relate it to you in the language of Dr. Rice, who resided in Bardstown at the time the affair happened:

"Some twelve years ago, a nun in Kentucky, left the institution with which she was connected, and returned to her father's house, alleging as her reason, the improper conduct of the presiding priest toward

her. Her father and relatives, were ignorant and bigoted papists. They regarded her as guilty of a horrid crime, in preferring charges against one of the *holy priesthood*; and she was driven from home with threats of violence. She went to the house of a Baptist minister, a near neighbor, to whom she told her story. The report soon spread through the neighborhood, that this woman was charging the priest with immorality. A large proportion of the people were papists; and of course there arose much excitement against her. She remained a short time in the neighborhood, and was suddenly missing; and from that day to this, she has never been heard of! Dr. Rice was then editing a paper in Bardstown; he published the facts in the case. A suit for libel was instituted against him by the president of the St. Joseph's College, in behalf of the priest implicated in the affair. The damages were laid at *ten thousand dollars*. The suit was pending twelve months. The Roman clergy of Kentucky fully identified themselves with the suit. The weight of all the nunneries in that region, of which there were several, was thrown into the scales. Eminent lawyers were employed on both sides. The priest had every motive to explain the mysterious absence of the nun, and to produce her before the public. The court decided, that the defendant was bound to prove the actual guilt of the priest, and that the missing nun, was the only competent witness in the plea of justification. Much testimony was taken, and many facts not previously published,

were proved. The verdict of the jury gave the priest damages to the amount of *one cent*. The character of the jurymen was assailed by some of the friends of the priests, or the priests in disguise. In consequence of which the jurymen made a publication, stating, that but for the instructions of the court, they would have been compelled to find a verdict for the defendant (Rice). The testimony was taken down at the time, signed by the court, and filed away among the records of the Nelson County Circuit Court. A full account of the trial, with the testimony in the case, soon after was published in a small volume, as well as in several newspapers of the country.

“The fate of Milly McPherson, the lost nun, is still involved in profound mystery. Many believe, and will believe, that she was murdered to prevent further exposures of the priests and nunneries. I might give you many similar instances, but it is unnecessary.

“Since you have alluded to the pledges of Catholic institutions not to interfere with the religious opinions of Protestant children, I will here state a fact well authenticated, to show how little they regard their pledges. Dr. Rice is my author, who now resides in St. Louis, and who not long since stated what I am about to relate, in the presence of a large assembly in Cincinnati; I will give it in his own language: ‘A Protestant lady who resided in one of the southern states, several years ago, sent her adopted son to St. Mary’s college in Kentucky, an institution under the

care of the Jesuits. About twelve months after she visited her son, and was surprised and exceedingly troubled when she ascertained that he had been already received into the Romish church. She immediately removed him from the college, and placed him under my care. I afterward published the facts as she stated them to me. The President of St. Joseph's College, situated at Bardstown, made a publication in reply, in which he asserted that the boy's mother was a Roman Catholic, whose dying request to his adopted mother was, to have him trained in that faith; that he had learned this from the adopted mother herself; and that her son, a gentleman of high standing, had so directed the professors of St. Mary's college; and he even obtained from one of those Jesuits a certificate to this effect. Providentially it so happened, that while the subject was exciting public attention, the gentleman who was said to have directed the boy to be taught the Romish faith, reached the town (Bardstown), and immediately gave me a certificate that he had given no such direction; that the boy's mother was not known to have been a Roman Catholic, and had never made such a request as the President of St. Joseph's had pretended. Thus did those Rev. gentlemen abuse the confidence placed in them, and then fabricate stories to shield themselves from merited reproach."

"After all, Mr. Carleton, you will admit, that such instances, while they prove that bad men have crept

into the priesthood, do not establish the fact that, as a class, they are hypocritical and designing men."

"But such instances are so very numerous; and taken together with other circumstances, cause me to look upon Romish priests generally, as men not to be trusted."

"I must think you go too far in taking the position which you have done, that the Catholic clergy, as a class, are insincere in professing to be friends of education."

"I would like to know, if sincere, why they do not manifest some zeal in the cause of popular education in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Mexico and South America? Why do they, as respects education, utterly neglect, and leave in deplorable ignorance the countries where their faith is established? In Mexico, where no other religious influence than Popery has been felt for generations past, the masses are sunk into the condition of semi-savages, and are shockingly destitute, alike of virtue and intelligence. There are a few colleges, as they are called, in Mexico, but in this country, they would not be considered respectable primary schools. The clergy of that country are men of the worst of morals—openly engage in gambling, drinking, cock-fighting, and such like practices. Yet large sums of money are annually collected in Mexico, as well as in many other benighted Catholic countries, to build up Romish schools and nunneries in the United States. It is undeniable, that in regions where the thick darkness of l'apal ignorance and

superstition prevail, there the Roman Catholic Hierarchy seem the least concerned to afford educational advantages — this is a significant fact. Look at the present condition of Italy: the people are ignorant, poor, and degraded—and their civil government could scarcely be worse than it is. In the city of Rome the Inquisition still exists: this fact, Bishop Hughes, in a recent controversy with a Protestant, was forced to admit—yet he denied its having an existence elsewhere at the present time. Let it be remembered then, that this monstrous tribunal, at this very moment exists under the immediate eye of the Pope, and with his approbation. Rome being the fountain-head of Catholicity, shall we reckon the Papal religion to have less purity there than in the streams which flow from it? 'Tis indeed a melancholy comment on Romanism, that in the very metropolis of Christendom, as Papists consider it, the people are found more ignorant, vicious, degraded, and miserably poor, than in any other part of the earth, where pretensions are made to civilization!"

"Pray, tell me what has become of the former wealth of that country?"

"Ah, go to the splendid churches, and look at the coffers of the clergy if you would know where it has gone. A greedy and avaricious priesthood has swallowed up the wealth of the whole land. And there is Spain too, once one of the most powerful kingdoms in the world—now lying in ruins—wasted and desolated by ferocious and protracted civil war; the people

wretchedly poor, and the country overrun with banditti—revolutions and insurrections of frequent occurrence! Spain stands before the world an instructive example of the withering, ruinous and damning influence of Popery. I need not go further—casting your eye over the map of the world, you will find, that wherever Romanism has put down her foot, there misery, darkness and degradation appear. Shall the iron heel of the hideous monster be brought down upon American institutions? Most unquestionably, Romanism is seeking to make this country what Italy is. Do you doubt it? Allow me to read you a brief extract from the last bull of his Holiness the Pope, addressed to the Bishops and other clergy in America. It runs thus :

“ ‘General education promotes infidelity, and checks the progress of Catholicity; Bible Societies are engines of mischief; the freedom of the press is a most foul plague; liberty of conscience a prolific source of heresy and crime! Demolish these, and Catholicism has nothing to fear in America.’

“Do such sentiments look friendly to the institutions of this country, the principles of Republicanism and the genius of our government!”

“You, perhaps, too much overlook the fact, that Papists in the United States, particularly the Clergy, are very different from what they are in most other countries.”

“I know they are different, at least so in outward act; and wherefore? for a very good reason—they are

compelled to be. They well understand, that if outwardly and openly, they were as reckless and abandoned in this country, as priests are in Mexico, Spain or Italy, they would receive the scorn and utter contempt of the people. Yet the Catholic clergy of this country do not presume to censure the conduct of priests in Mexico, Italy or elsewhere. Were they to do so, they would thereby virtually deny the infallibility of the Church—which with Romanists, is an essential article of faith.”

“Now with regard to that doctrine of church infallibility which papists hold, they have one argument which looks plausible—it is this: ‘the Church of Rome has never suffered division, nor schism, but stood firmly united, unmarred and unshaken, amid all the mutations that have been going on around it—amid revolutions, the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires’”

“I am aware that is the boast of papists—but can you believe it?”

“I dare not dispute it.”

“Surely you have overlooked some important historical events. You have failed to acquaint yourself with the great schism, which divided the Greek and Latin churches into two bodies, between which, to this day, there is no fellowship. And again, there too, was the great Western schism, in the fourteenth century, when there were at the same time three or four rival popes, each sustained by his party, and each fulminating excommunications and anathemas at the



others, to the great dishonor of the Christian name. This schism agitated and divided the Western Church for half a century, and was terminated only by the deposition of all the popes and the election of a new one, by the council of Constance, which was effected after the See of Rome had been vacant, and the church had been without a head *two years!* And there was also, the Arian heresy, which had its rise in the fourth century, and created no little division and disturbance in the Church.

“And a question arose more recently, which had the effect to separate the Church into two parties, viz: ‘Is the Pope above a general council?—Yes, says one large party. No, says the other; he is inferior to a general council, and may be deposed by such a council.’

“History records no facts better authenticated, than the frequent and terrible schisms, that in different ages rent the Catholic Church.

“But aside from this, we have ample refutation of the pretended infallibility of the church, in the single fact that she has erred in science. The Roman pontiffs and councils unanimously pronounced against the motion of the earth; and but for very shame, would in all probability do so yet. Galileo, for the crime of discovering that the earth revolved round the sun, was imprisoned in the Inquisition. To escape the fate of Galileo, an eminent mathematician, who feared being suspected of holding the same heresy, took the precaution to state in his book: ‘I declare my sub-

mission to the decrees of the Roman pontiffs against the motion of the earth.' Such language as this, contrary to their inward convictions, learned men were compelled to adopt in Catholic countries, no longer ago than 1742, for fear of being overwhelmed by the anathemas of an ignorant clergy.

"But why speak of what Romish priests have been? let us rather talk of what they now are. They yet make religion and morals forbidden subjects of investigation by the laity, even in this country."

"Mr. Carleton, I must say that I am a little incredulous as to the representations Protestants give of the proscriptive spirit and intolerance of the priesthood."

"Well now, sir, I happen to have in my hand a genuine Catholic book; and here I find in it an account of the fourth general council of Lateran, assembled in Rome, A. D. 1215. I will read a brief extract from a document passed by that council; 'We excommunicate and anathematize every heresy extolling itself against the holy orthodox, Catholic faith, which we before expounded, condemning all heretics, by whatsoever name called, having indeed different faces, but having their tails bound together by a common agreement in falsehood, one with another. And being condemned, let them be left to the secular powers present or their bailiffs, to be punished with due animadversion; if clergymen let them first be degraded from their orders, so that the goods of persons thus condemned, if of the laity, may be confiscated; if of the clergy, they may be devoted to

the churches from which they have received their stipends. \* \* \* \* And let the secular powers be warned and induced, and if need be, condemned by ecclesiastical censures, what offices soever they are in; that as they desire to be reputed and taken for believers, so they publicly take an oath for the defense of the faith; that they will study in good earnest to exterminate to their utmost power, from the land subject to their jurisdiction, all heretics, condemned by the church, so that every one that is henceforth taken unto any power, either spiritual or temporal, shall be bound to confirm this chapter by an oath. But if the temporal lord, required and warned by the church, shall neglect to rid his territory of heretics, let him by the metropolitan and the provincial bishops, be tied by the bond of excommunication; and if he scorn to satisfy within a year, let that be signified to the Pope, that he may denounce his vassals thenceforth absolved from his fidelity, and expose his country to be seized by Catholics, who, exterminating the heretics, may possess it without any contradiction, and may keep it in the purity of the faith. And those Catholics that, taking the badge of the Cross, shall gird themselves for the extermination of heretics, shall enjoy that indulgence, and be fortified with that holy privilege, which is granted to those that go to the help of the holy land.'

“That is, those who engage zealously in the bloody work of exterminating heretics, were to wear the badge of the cross and have granted to them indul-

gences, such as were granted to the Crusaders. Bishop Hughes says: 'It was not a doctrine, but only an opinion of the Church, that the civil powers ought to punish incorrigible heretics by death.' But civil magistrates were compelled to obey the bloody decrees of the Pope and council, or forfeit their crowns, and meet the thunders of the Vatican.

"Allow me to read another extract from this Catholic work; here I find the creed of Pope Pius IV., published after the meeting of the Council of Trent, and which was designed to embody the doctrines of the council. The following professions are required of all who join the Church: 'I acknowledge the holy Catholic and Apostolical Roman Church, *the mother and mistress of all churches*; and I promise and swear true obedience to the Roman Bishop, the successor of St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles and Vicar of Jesus Christ. I most truly admit and embrace apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, and all other constitutions and observances of the same Church. I also admit the sacred Scriptures according to the sense which the holy mother church has held and does hold—to whom it belongs, to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Scriptures; nor will I ever take or interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the fathers.'

"You then may here discover, that the Church claims to be the only divinely appointed expounder of God's revelation to man, and forbids, under severe penalty, any one to understand that revelation other-

wise than as she directs. I will once more read from this Romish book; listen then if you please to the first canon of the Council of Trent on transubstantiation: 'Whoever shall deny, that in the most holy sacrament of the eucharist there are truly, really and substantially contained, the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, together with his soul and divinity, and, consequently Christ entire, but shall affirm that he is present therein only as a sign, or figure, or by his power—*let him be accursed.*'

"When this council was about to adjourn, according to an account given by a Protestant writer, the presiding cardinal, the Pope's Legate, exclaimed: 'Anathema to all heretics!' and the Bishops responded, 'Anathema! anathema!'

"But I'm aware of the fact, that he who ventures to unvail the hideousness of Romanism, or even expose half the deformities of the system, will be accused of calumny: not by Papists alone, but also by a large class of Protestants, who have never taken the trouble to inform themselves what Romanism is. Without knowing anything of the enormities justly chargeable upon Popery and priestcraft in other countries, and ignorant of their plottings and deep-laid schemes in this, they are ever ready, in behalf of Papists, to join the cry of PERSECUTION! Such accusations were hurled at Washington and Jefferson, men who had at heart the honor and safety of their country; and who even then, foresaw the perils that would one day overhang this great Republic, through the stratagems and

treachery of Romanists. They predicted that if our glorious system of government should ever be overthrown, that priestcraft would be the cause. Mark this circumstance, it is not the timid, unread and illiterate, but men of sagacity, observation and experience that look with distrust upon the Roman Hierarchy, and are most ready to sound the alarm when the priesthood manifest a disposition to usurp temporal or spiritual authority. When we look at the immense crowds of foreigners that perpetually flow into this country—the large majority of whom are ignorant and degraded—having been taught little else than implicit, servile and blind obedience to their clergy, it cannot be thought strange that we should apprehend danger to the civil and religious liberties we enjoy and so highly prize.”

“What, then, pray tell me, do you propose doing with the Catholic community? Shall they be driven from our shores, and shut out from ‘the land of the free, and the home of the brave?’”

“By no means; let them not be disturbed. But at the same time let them not disturb us. I only insist that Americans promptly resist priestly rule, dictation and usurpation in our governmental affairs, and give no countenance to the arrogant and presumptuous pretensions of the Hierarchy to spiritual and temporal authority. It is time Americans should begin to understand the treacherous policy and ambitious aims of the priesthood. When we fully comprehend the nature and tendency of Romanism, and

the hidden motives that actuate the clergy, we shall regard them in a very different light from what we now do ; but it may then be too late to disentangle our feet from the snare."

"If Romanism be indeed all you imagine—anti-republican, intolerant and proscriptive—I see not what can be done toward rendering our institutions and liberties more secure than they are."

"We should achieve much by calling forth a bold and decided expression of public sentiment in this country against foreign interference in our domestic institutions. The immortal Washington said: 'Against the insidious wiles of foreign interference, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake.'"

Though a good deal discouraged in his first attempt, Carleton eventually succeeded in effecting an organization, the chief object of which was, to encourage the building up and improvement of female schools and seminaries—convinced that the great want among Protestants of the right kind of institutions for the education of young ladies, was the chief cause of nunneries being patronized.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Bedini Nuncio to America—Finale of Dupin.

BEFORE returning to bring forward the more interesting and the principal characters in our story, it may be well to dispose of Bedini and Dupin after some further notice of them.

HAVING in a previous chapter, in connection with the early history of Dupin, given an account of the scandalous life of Bedini in Italy, and the shocking inhumanity he displayed toward the republicans who were so unfortunate as to fall into his brutal hands at the suppression of the Italian Revolution in '49, we are now to speak of him as Papal Nuncio to America.

Upon his arrival in this country Bedini was received by the Catholic clergy with great eclat. Very naturally, curiosity was awakened in the minds of the American people, who observed the parade, to know who the distinguished stranger was on whom Papists were bestowing such fulsome flattery and unwonted adulation. Those who made inquiry concerning his mission, were told by Bedini and his friends, that he was Nuncio to Brazil, and was but on his way thither. This was said by some very respectable and intelligent Italian gentlemen, then in New York, to be a



fabrication, and made for certain sinister motives, and the disguising of his real mission.

That these Italians did not entertain groundless suspicions upon the subject, subsequent events fully proved; for when, to avoid further exposure, Bedini ran away from this country, he took a vessel directly for Europe, instead of going to Brazil.

About the time he cowardly skulked away from our shores, it was ascertained that the Pope of Rome had sent him to the United States for two objects, viz: the organization of a secret order of Catholics, called SANFEDESTI; and to wrest from the hands of certain disaffected Catholics in Philadelphia and Buffalo church property which was their own; but who, contrary to the usage of the Romish Church, held the property instead of giving it up to the priesthood.

In the first object, that of setting on foot the Sanfedesti order, this agent of the Roman Pontiff succeeded; in the second, he utterly failed.

The Italian exiles in New York, and certain disaffected German Catholics in Philadelphia, say that the Sanfedesti is a more dangerous order to civil and religious liberty than even the Jesuits. At anyrate, in Italy, so far, they out-herod Herod, and out-jesuit the Jesuits!

Upon his arrival at New York, Bedini took up his quarters with Dupin, his kinsman and old associate, from whom he had many years been separated.

While conversing together relative to Bedini's mission, Dupin remarked:

"Devil take the apostate Gavazzi! I doubt not he'll blow on you all over this country; and these Italian exiles will corroborate his testimony."

"I'm afraid so," responded Bedini, "I wish they were all hanged, or had shared Bassi's fate."

"Gavazzi deserves no better treatment than you awarded that reprobate. You took ample vengeance upon Bassi."

"Ay, did I; it was a triumph—long had I hated him."

"With free good-will, no doubt, you signed his death-warrant."

"But that was not my greatest pleasure, to have him disconsecrated, and see him writhe as he was flayed alive, was my exultation!"

"He must have suffered no less than if you had burnt him at the stake."

"I intended it should be no less a punishment than burning alive; but now-a-days, burning creates too much sympathy among the people—it's not safe to undertake it, even in Rome."

"Was there much feeling awakened in Bologna for Bassi?"

"A vast deal; I greatly feared a popular outbreak in his favor; if he had been tortured publicly, there would have been—nothing could have kept it down."

"When this thing is charged upon you, which it certainly will be, for Gavazzi knows it all, and so do these exiles, you must sternly deny it, and lustily cry

out PERSECUTION! if you don't, they'll take your hide off like as not. The cry of persecution has wonderful effect on Americans; beside, there are gangs of office-seekers in all parts of the country, who stand ready to join in any cry that's popular, and most of them are becoming anxious to get in favor with Catholics, since they are growing strong, and will readily seize upon any pretext to wring in with us. And they know they can defend Catholics who are persecuted without giving offense to Protestants. So when you're attacked, you only have to raise the cry—persecution, and these fellows will 'pitch in;' not but what they had as lief you'd go to the devil as any other way, just as soon as you've answered their purpose; at the same time, they will be doing you good service by changing the current of popular feeling and indignation. I foresee just how the thing will work: especially will those men who have an itching to be president, seize with avidity such an opportunity to make fair weather with Catholic voters. Should my prediction turn out true, and a popular excitement kindle fiercely against you, it will be well for you to make immediately for Washington; and you'll find that some of the would-be presidents will 'pitch in' for you neck and heels; and they will get Congress to pass some resolutions in your favor; then after that you'll have fair sailing—become a lion! be toasted by all the great men of the nation, and may be, travel at the expense of the government—and if need be, have an

escort of office-seekers, who will be proud to traverse the whole country with you, carrying a pocket full of rocks to keep off the mob."

"Not a bad suggestion Dr.—if occasion require, I shall try to profit by it."

"Well now about this secret society, the Sanfedesti; tell me more; think you, it can effect greater things than Jesuitism is able to accomplish?"

"Most assuredly; 'twas the Sanfedesti that overthrew the Roman Republic."

"With the help of the French and Austrian soldiers."

"But you should know that French interference was brought about through the instrumentality of the order."

"Do you say so?"

"Indeed I do."

"Perhaps then it's just the thing we want in this country; for I learn there is now springing up here in New York, a secret society, which has for its chief object, to oppose the ecclesiastical, and political power and influence of the Catholic church; and it makes Bishop Hughes fairly shake in his shoes; he quakes with fear, and says if we don't look sharp, they'll get us down before we know what we're about."

"In heaven's name, what kind of a society is it?"

"That's what we'd like to know—they call themselves Know-Nothings; and that's all we know."

"Know-Nothings! what a name! And you don't know what the Know-Nothings are?"

"No, but we're certain they *do* something, while they know nothing."

"What do they do?"

"They shoot us through the liver, and we can't tell where the arrow comes from."

"And does it hurt?"

"It makes the gall overflow rather freely."

"'T is very curious."

"So it is — and that's what confounds us. If a man has a drop of Catholic blood in his veins, he stands no earthly chance, where these Know-Nothings are, of being elected to any office whatever."

"Zounds! Is it so anywhere else than in New York?"

"It is said, they are spreading rapidly in all directions."

"Blast their eyes! how do they manage it?"

"Don't know."

"But try to find out."

"It seems there's nothing to find out only that we get licked; and that we learn sooner than we care about knowing."

"Is there no way to catch them?"

"There's nothing to catch but a licking."

"That beats the Sanfedesti."

"Oh, they beat the very devil!"

"This is a *wicked* world!"

"So it is. Come, consin, let us take another dram; we were boys together!"

"So we were; this brandy goes well!"

"I always keep the best article."

"I'm afraid you take it too freely, Dr.—you look a little bloated."

"I'm obliged to stimulate constantly, for I've so much to perplex me, and I'm getting old and frail."

"Long and faithfully have you served the Church; and now heaven is waiting to receive you."

"I suppose so; but for all, I'd a little rather stay in this world, Cousin Bedini."

"That's natural."

"I hardly know why, but it has always seemed to me, that heaven must be rather a dry place."

"So it has appeared to me; I'd like to have some assurance, they kept something to take up there."

"For fear of a drought in that country, I guess we'd better keep whetting our whistles while we have a chance."

"Well, Dr., you spoke of an upper room in this house of yours, which may be suitable for the Sanfedesti to meet in; it must be a very secure and secret place."

"Let us go up and take a look at it."

"Agreed."

"But first we'll let on a little more steam, for that stairway is steep and long."

"Be careful, however, that you do not take too much, you might fall and break your neck."

"My neck is not one of the breaky sort—else it would have been cracked many a day ago."

"I suppose it was pretty well tried, when that crazy

girl flung you out of the convent window at Cincinnati?"

"I think it was too."

"Truly that was a narrow escape."

"No escape at all, as I consider it; for I lost one eye, and had my brain-pan fractured."

"Lead the way now, Dr., I'll follow. Upon my word you stagger."

"Never fear—I can describe a bee-line."

"This is hard climbing."

When they had nearly reached the top of the long, winding stairs, Dupin, growing rather top-heavy, staggered back, and fell heels over head! Bedini was behind him, but thought only of saving himself; sliding out of the way, he let his luckless cousin have the track, and a chance to tumble without obstruction; so one somerset followed another; and the further he went, the faster—first one end up, and then the other; at last, with one tremendous, frightful bound, he was precipitated like an avalanche to the foot of the stairway—and lighting on his head—broke his neck. It may not be uncharitable to conjecture that his frightened ghost went to join the majority.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bedini had not figured long in the country, till his character was made known to the American people, by that excellent man, Father Gavazzi, who denounced the Papal Nuncio, as the butcher of Bologna, and guilty of the death of Ugo Bassi.

When this came out, the people in many places,

thought proper to give an expression of their abhorrence of his enormous crimes, and the scorn and contempt they felt toward the blood-stained wretch. Consequently in various cities which we visited, he was burnt in effigy—but always in a quiet and peaceable manner, without any attempt at personal violence.

It may be here observed, that Bedini did not receive the scorn and contempt heaped upon him in this country, because he was a foreigner; nor because he was a Catholic priest; neither because he held anti-republican and despotic principles, but because he was proven to be a brutal murderer! The indignation of the people was kindled against him, not only on account of the part he acted in the apprehension, and summary punishment of so many republicans, and his signing the death warrant of Ugo Bassi, but mainly for that most inhuman act of *torturing* the noble hearted patriot.

It was certainly nothing new in this country for the people to express their disapprobation and feelings of abhorrence, by burning effigies. Have not our own native-born Americans sometimes been treated in the same way? Even honest John Tyler, merely for a political measure, which awakened a burst of popular indignation, was burnt in effigy in many parts of the Union. At Nashville, Tenn., the citizens, not content with hanging and burning poor John's effigy, compelled a negro slave to give it first a severe cowhiding.

But who made a fuss about that? was it denounced in the United States Senate? were the citizens of



Nashville, or elsewhere, berated as heathenish? Did political demagogues in any part of the country lift up their hands in holy horror? But when it comes to giving an expression of popular sentiment in a similar manner, against a Romish priest, who makes his appearance in our midst with his hands stained with the blood of patriots; whose only offense was, a brave struggle for liberty, the people must be denounced as persecutors, outlaws, and vile calumniators—and that in the Senate of the United States!

Bedini, not forgetting the advice of Dupin, his dead cousin, turned his steps toward the Capitol; and sure enough, he found the would-be presidents all eager to “pitch in”—each hoping to get a feather for his cap.

The day following Bedini's arrival at Washington City, a certain northern Senator, (*not* the lean Cassius, whom a Cæsar might fear) was proceeding pompously toward the Capitol, wrapped in deep meditation, as well as a thick skin, and a superfluity of flesh and blood, for though lean of brain, sure his belly was fat! Thus he soliloquised:

“Now's my time to gather plumes; this Bedini affair will furnish me an excuse for saying something to please Catholics; and Protestants will justify me, if I only succeed in convincing them that the fellow is really persecuted. It goes somewhat against the grain—I've got to stretch what little conscience I have left—for this Bedini, without any doubt, deserves to be hanged. he looks the villain—and his own

countrymen, who ought to know, say he is—and the very basest of villains! Yet I must become his apologist, and make him out an angel if I can. There is no honesty in politics anyhow; so it's not worth while to be squeamish; I'm in for it, and now I'll go the whole figure—if it sends me to the devil. I'm bound to be President, cost what it will! My chance is growing fair—the track is almost clear; Clay and Webster, thank God, have gone to heaven! But now I must manage this Bedini excitement just right—for as trifling a thing as it may seem in itself, yet it might turn a current in my favor sufficient to carry me high and dry! But confound it, I'm afraid too many asses will 'pitch in' to share the honor with me; if it so turns out, that will spoil the whole thing! Wouldn't it be a God-send for me, if some three or four more senators that I could think of, should shortly go to kingdom come? What harm can there be in wishing our fellow-men in heaven; 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!'"

On entering the Senate-chamber, he found Bedini already there *tete-a-tete* with several members around him; fearing some one would get ahead of him in the matter, he hastened to prepare and submit a resolution with regard to the mission of the Papal Nuncio.

"He's taking time by the fore-lock;" whispered one southern member to another, "I intended to have led off in that affair, myself."

The northern Senator went on to speak at some length of the accusations hurled at the innocent head

of the distinguished stranger. He pronounced him guiltless as an angel; pure in heart as the driven snow, and spotless as the purple light of heaven; declared that his hands were as free from the blood of Ugo Bassi as his own; denounced with exceeding bitterness and severity, all who had taken part in treating him with scorn and derision.

Several members of the Senate chimed in, uttering similar sentiments—denouncing in unmeasured terms those who had taken a hand in burning the holy man in effigy, and otherwise offering insult, and treating with contempt, so illustrious a divine

By this time, Bedini had swelled up like a toad, and began to feel himself of more than considerable consequence. The fulsome flattery, and excessive compliments lavished upon him, inflated the fellow almost to bursting. But his reverence was timely saved from explosion by a few counteracting remarks offered by a California Senator, near the close of the discussion, who delivered himself substantially as follows:

“I can see no good that will likely grow out of the resolution. The expression of public opinion cannot be put down, whatever the Senate may say or do. If Bedini is guilty of only one-half of what he is charged with by his own countrymen, then the people are right in what they are doing.”

These remarks drew forth loud applause in the galleries. A sudden revulsion was produced in the feelings of the Nuncio; he put on a grim and fiendish

expression, contracted his brow and grated his teeth. And the Senators who had spoken in his favor, hung their heads and looked decidedly blank.

This debate in the Senate, caused the Italian Exiles in the city of New York, to publish an address concerning Bedini. They charged him with having been a party to all the cruelties and executions which grew out of the suppression of the Italian Revolution in '49, and they gave the names of a number of Republicans who were executed, imprisoned and sent to the gallows, for the part they took in the revolution, by his direction.

The address is signed by seventy-seven Italians now residing in New York, who are excellent citizens and truthful men.

At the public meeting, called for the purpose of preparing the document, and also in order formally, and in a body, to declare their opinions as to the private and public character of Bedini, several speeches were made by men of sterling moral worth and eminent talents, who had been compelled to leave their country on account of their connection with the revolutionary movements of 1848.

Mr. Foresti was appointed president of the meeting, and on taking the chair, made an appropriate, eloquent, and deeply-convincing speech—from which I give the following extract:

“After Bedini had received the lamentable order of the Pope to enter the Four Legations as Commis-

sioner Extraordinary invested with sovereign power, I received numerous letters from the Romagna, and several public journals. In these were to be found the feelings and opinions of the various parties either in favor or opposed to the papal government and the declining Roman Republic. Well, these writers all agreed in this—that the appearance of Bedini was marked with blood and with sorrow. It was dreaded by the people as the appearance of a comet was regarded by our simple ancestors—as the ill-omened token of some great calamity.

“ And it was so. The Four Legations of Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna and Forli, are the most populous, productive and progressive portion of the Pontifical domain. There the Roman Republic was proclaimed and welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm; thence were furnished in the greatest numbers the brave volunteers who fought at Vicenza and Treviso, and who defended so heroically Rome and Venice. There the hatred to the despotism of papacy is traditional and ancient. The papal government knew this well, and vowed at Gaeta to take an exemplary vengeance. To render it terrible and complete, it was necessary to find a man by nature insensible to the voice of pity; a stranger to Christian love; decided and inexorable. Such terrible men are never wanting to Sovereigns. The Emperor of Austria found one in France; the Pope, another in Bedini. But the first was at least a man of arms and war, which had rendered his heart

callous to the sense of tender emotions. The other was a priest, educated in the mild doctrines of Christ ; he was therefore worse than the first.

“Bedini accepted the odious office. It was the plain duty of a true minister of God to refuse it.—Bedini marched toward the walls of Bologna, containing seventy thousand persons, with a division of Austrian Croats, well equipped with abundant means of death and destruction. Eight days of desperate strife—the burning of houses, the death of numerous citizens ; famine at last put an end to the tragedy. Bedini entered the conquered city with his Croats. He, clothed with perfect sovereign power, proclaimed martial law throughout all the territory of the Four Legations. By this brutal law are suspended at once all other laws, preservative of order and justice ; customary forms of procedure abolished ; judges are constituted from soldiers of rank, and sentence is summarily passed, by tap of drum, to death, to the galleys, to exile, to the bastinado. This law was enforced by a priest—by Bedini. It came not, it could not come from the Austrian General. To make or abrogate laws is an attribute of sovereignty, and this attribute had been delegated by the Pope to Bedini, and not to the General. But this law was a terrible instrument of vengeance in the hands of Bedini, and he made use of it without mercy. We defy the apologists of Bedini to deny it. Let them read all the journals in the pay of the government at that accursed epoch. They will see that in Bologna, in other cities,

in the towns or villages of the Four Legations, there were published numerous sentences of death, of imprisonment, or of exile. They may find in these journals the names of the victims, and the day of their sacrifice.

“They will see that the police of Bedini, like hungry wild beasts, hunted after and ferreted out the Republicans. On every side, families had some of their members under interdiction from leaving the house under severe penalties; others suffering domiciliary perquisitions for suspected papers; at the Post-office the sacredness of sealed letters was violated; persons were summarily banished, without form of trial, for the slightest doubtful expression or even word—for the slightest suspicion were awarded prison and persecution. The Government of Bedini was in short a real *reign of terror*.

“Bedini, say his apologists, had not the right or the power to check or modify the evils arising from the existence of martial law in the provinces. But I ask, who could and who did proclaim this *martial law*? The Sovereign alone, the Pope. Who represented the Pope in the Four Legations? Bedini. What was the position of the Austrian General in Bologna? Simply that of a General, called and paid, together with his troops, to reconquer for the Pope, the Romagna from the power of the republicans. The spirit and the will was Bedini—the corporeal part of the compound was the Austrian General. Who collected and put into judicial form, the evidence and

witnesses to condemn the patriots? The local police. Who arrested the persons suspected? Who assigned their prisons? Who directed their administration? Who named the Italian *Concillire* of the Court Martial? Who caused the accused to be brought before the Court Martial? The local police. Who was it that directed this police? **BEDINI.**

“For these reasons, the populations of the Romagna do not curse so much the Court Martial, but *Bedini.*”

“Had such a service been undertaken by a military officer, he would, like Haynau, have lost every particle of reputation for humanity. But what shall we say of a priest, a minister of God, a preacher of the gospel, a messenger of peace, who can undertake such an office!”

Mr. G. Gajani followed, in a highly interesting speech, from which I take the following:

“When Bassi and our other compatriots were assassinated and during the commissionership of Bedini, I was not in America, I was in Italy, and but a few miles distant from the theater of such terrible iniquity and barbarity, and in Bologna, where many of you know I have relations and friends. I can, therefore, relate events to you as they actually took place. After having placed in safety my brothers who were seriously wounded, I escaped with difficulty into the territory of the little republic of San Marino, where I was detained a few days in consequence of a slight wound and an attack of gastric fever. On this



occasion I saw Ugo Bassi with Garibaldi, whose chaplain he was. We dined together, and upon leaving, Bassi manifested the presentiment which he had of his approaching end. I tried to persuade him to remain, but in vain; this was but forty hours before his execution. He embarked at Cesenatico with Garibaldi, Forbes, and two hundred and fifty others to go to Venice, but their little boats were partly taken and partly sunk by the Austrians. Col. Forbes with many others were taken prisoners. Garibaldi and his wife landed and hid themselves in a little pine wood, La Pinita di Ravenna, where she died of fatigue. Ugo Bassi had also landed and was seeking an asylum in the same wood, when he was taken and made prisoner of war; the body of troops who captured him was commanded by Prince Ernest, son of the Archduke Rassinini, who sent Bassi with the other prisoners to Bologna, to be placed at the disposition of the 'Extraordinary Commissioner of the Four Legations.'

"Bedini, who felt against Bassi malignity of caste and the hatred of the vile against the great and virtuous, sent him to the Commission, with orders to condemn him to death.

"To persons of good sense, I wish to make a simple observation. It is now seven or eight months since this question was first agitated, and it was for Bedini's interest to clear himself from the accusation. There are still at Bologna the Members of the Military Commission, and all others who took part in public affairs. General Gorzkowski is still in Italy. Why

did not Bedini send for the proofs of the innocences which his defenders allege? It would have been an easy thing to do so, because the deed was no secret, and in fifteen days a letter can reach here from Bologna. I received the news of the condemnation and death of Bassi at San Marino, which is about seventy miles distant. All cursed Bedini for this execution. A few days after, I succeeded in taking refuge in Piedmont. Here the papers were full of the event; the liberal ones accused Bedini, the Reactionary, which are *il Catolici* of Genoa *l'Armonia* and *lo Smascheratore* of Turin, defended him; they did not deny the fact, but lauded him for having slain Bassi, whom they loaded with calumny. I wrote at that time, some articles upon the subject for a Genoese paper, called *Italia*, but I was notified by the police, that being an emigre, I had no right to the liberty of the press, and I abandoned the controversy. I then went to Turin, and remained there until last February. The persons who came from Bologna and the Piedmontese papers, even the most moderate, always spoke against the wicked actions of Bedini. He had revived torture for political prisoners; he denied passports to wives who wished to rejoin their exiled husbands; and forbade the return of souls who went to visit their banished parents. It would take too long to recount all his misdeeds. I have proved two of the gravest, and am sufficiently repaid in being able to give the lie to the praises lavished upon him by the deluded. But the American people have shown themselves

more sensible than the men in authority. Bedini has finished by making himself a sign of universal execration. His arrival in certain cities was signalized, like that of a wild beast. Gavazzi, who first denounced him to an American public, received great honors, and when he left, was accompanied to the steamer by hosts of friends. His stateroom was filled with flowers and other parting gifts, and six cheers rent the air as he receded from sight! Bedini fled in secret like a malefactor. This finale to the first Nuncio sent by the Pope of Rome to the United States of America, is worthy of the Jesuitical imposture and baseness into which papacy has fallen. This terrible institution is near its end.—Pius the IXth will be the last Pope; Gaetano Bedini, the first and last Nuncio to America.”

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Before dismissing this dignitary, it may be well to notice, very briefly, some unhappy events that grew out of his visit to Cincinnati. This, perhaps, I cannot do to better advantage than by relating the following conversation, which was overheard at a late hour on Christmas-night, soon after the police-riot.

“What is the excitement, Mr. Allen?” said a female voice, addressing a gentlemen who had just entered the drawing-room where she was seated.

“A riot,” replied he in a tone and manner that betrayed the agitated state of his mind.

“Surely our city police do not do their duty.”

“That is a clear case, madam.”

"Did they make no attempt to suppress the riotous proceedings?"

"They were *themselves* the rioters, madam."

"What, the police guilty of a riot?"

"Yes, and most outrageous, inhuman and disgraceful conduct."

"Can it be possible? 'T is indeed a sad thing, when the men whose duty it is to preserve the peace should be the readiest to violate it."

"Order-loving and law-abiding citizens no longer compose the Cincinnati police."

"The officers who control the police forces must be incompetent, or else exceedingly remiss."

"They are both; yet quite competent to instigate difficulty among citizens, and blow the slightest spark of dissension up to a destructive conflagration."

"But how did this difficulty happen, and from what did it spring?"

"Why, this Papal Nuncio, who recently arrived in the city, and over whom the Romish clergy here are making so much ado, it seems, has been the occasion of it."

"Bedini?"

"That's what they call him, I believe, and a stupid, thick-skinned looking fellow he is."

"How did they manage to get up a riot about him?"

"There is in the city a society called 'Freemen,' as, perhaps, you are aware, composed chiefly of Germans—a very orderly, intelligent and respectable class

of citizens. Being well informed with regard to the Italian Revolution, and the overthrow of the Roman Republic, and not ignorant of the part Bedini had acted in the tragedies of '49, and cherishing as they do a profound hatred for tyrants, and abhorring every form and species of despotism, and now, seeing this Papal Nuncio flattered and caressed in a land of freedom, after having murdered an apostle of liberty in his own country, and having helped to assassinate so many patriots, they could not forego an expression of their indignation, and resolved to show their contempt and deep-felt scorn for the despicable wretch in the most public manner possible—yet to proceed about it in a quiet and peaceable way.”

“But why did they select the Sabbath for such a demonstration?”

“They regretted to do so; but having learned that Bedini was to leave early on Monday morning, they thought it better not to miss the chance of letting him know in what estimation he was held by the friends of liberty. They, however, waited till about ten o'clock at night, that they might not disturb any worshiping assemblies by their proceedings. At that hour, having prepared an effigy of Bedini, which was surmounted by a miter or pontifical crown, they formed a procession, and proceeded toward the public market-space on Fifth street, where they intended burning the effigy. The chief of the police went in company with the procession until he ascertained to

what point they were directing their course; then quitting their ranks, hastened to where his armed forces were in waiting for further orders."

"But did he not admonish the leaders in the procession that the city authorities were about to interfere and put a stop to their proceedings?"

"No; said not a word, nor gave them the slightest hint that the police would in any way oppose what they contemplated doing, but led his men on to the corner of Plum and Ninth streets, where, in ambuscade, they awaited the approach of the procession, which consisted of unarmed men, women and children, whom they surprised and furiously assailed with guns, pistols, knives and clubs."

"Can it be possible? Surely the police did not know there were women and children in the procession?"

"How could they help knowing it? they had their spies out watching the movements of the 'Freemen's Society,' who made all their arrangements openly, and without any attempt to conceal their intentions; and the chief of the police was himself a spy among them but a few minutes before he led on the brutal attack."

"Were many hurt?"

"One man was killed, and some sixteen or more wounded, and some very seriously, if not mortally."

"Shocking! most shocking! Do you suppose they really aimed to kill, or only to frighten the Freemen, and break up the procession?"

“As to the intentions of the police in that respect, you can judge for yourself—they just pitched in, shooting, stabbing and knocking down! The poor fellow that lost his life was surrounded by several policemen, some kicking, some striking, and others shooting him.”

“Can it really be possible they were so dastardly and inhuman?”

“I saw the whole transaction with my own eyes. The first shot he received staggered him, then he was struck on the head with a mace, which felled him to the ground, and after he was down they shot him three or four times.”

“What horrid brutality! Had he no weapons to defend himself!”

“None—he made no resistance; yet the remorseless and heartless assassins could not be satisfied with anything short of Indian barbarity.”

“Could *you* render him no assistance?”

“How was it possible? I had nothing to fight with; the procession didn’t stand to give battle; not dreaming of being molested, they were without weapons of defense. What could any number of unarmed men have done in resisting a hundred policemen, who most unexpectedly sallied forth from ambush, attacking them with deadly weapons of every description, and disposed to show no quarter to the vanquished?”

“Such an outrage was never before heard tell of!”

“I presume never—at all events, in no civilized

country. But the outrage did not end there. Sixty-four persons, including the wounded, were dragged to the watch-house, and with blows and curses crowded into suffocating cells, so closely that they had neither room to lie nor sit down; and there the wounded and bleeding, without aid of any kind, were compelled to stand upon their feet till morning. *I* insisted on the windows being opened to give them fresh air, for which the chief of police and other ruffians cursed and threatened me."

"In the name of humanity what kind of men are they?"

"Not *men*—but *fiends*! If you had heard the obscene language, and horrid oaths of the vulgar wretches, and witnessed their worse than brutal conduct, you wouldn't call them men."

"Where on earth was the Mayor and Police judge?"

"They made it convenient to be absent, in order I suppose, to avoid responsibility; yet 'tis evident they counseled the policemen to proceed in the affair as they did."

"What could have been their motives for such conduct, and unheard of cruelty?"

"Why, in the first place, devilment is their natural element. Secondly, they imagine there is something to be gained by servility to Romanists, and obsequiously becoming the tools of the clergy. They, no doubt, now expect great honor from the priesthood, for resenting in their behalf, so bravely, the insult



which the Freemen and Freewomen, had the temerity to offer the Nuncio."

"Think you, the Society of Freemen intended no violence?"

"If they contemplated anything rash, they would certainly have left their women and children at home; and they say, they had not the most remote thought of injuring any one, either in person or property. Indeed, there is no reason whatever, to suppose they intended anything more than to exhibit publicly their contempt for Bedini, the atrocious assassin of Ugo Bassi. And *that*, they had the unquestionable right to do if they chose."

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The Romish clergy of this country, finding that Bedini was getting in worse repute among the American people, the longer he stayed, and that such developments were being made with regard to his scandalous life, as to bring reproach upon themselves, advised him to hasten away. The charges preferred against him by Father Gavazzi and the Italian exiles in New York, being fully substantiated, however, before he was able to get out of the country, the guilty wretch became dreadfully terror-stricken, and concealed himself several days in New York, guarded by Irishmen and the Police. He finally sailed for Europe, on board the steamer Atlantic. Upon his exit, the Louisville Pioneer, a German paper, comments in the following style: "It thus appears that the mission to Brazil was either an impudent fabrica-

tion or that he feared being welcomed in South America in the manner of his reception here."

But as a suitable climax to the history of Bedini's mission to this country, we may add, that soon after his return to Italy, he took it into his head to convince the American people that he was verily a saint, notwithstanding their unfavorable opinions of him: so he writes to this country, stating, not only on his own veracity, but also on the veracity of the Pope, that during his commissionership, and the enacting of bloody scenes at Bologna, a miracle was wrought to evince God's approval of his conduct. Which miracle, was the moving of the eyes in the Virgin Mary's picture.

The enlightened people of this country, want weightier testimony than the say-so of Bedini, and his master, the Pope, that such a miracle ever happened; and for one, if convinced that the wonder really occurred, I should certainly be disinclined to regard it as a sign of heaven's approval of the inhuman deeds of the monster, Bedini—but the reverse. If anything could start the eyes of the blessed Virgin's picture, and make the senseless colors stare upon the canvas, it would be such horrid butcheries. Had they told us the picture *wept*, shedding tears of blood, the story would have been almost plausible.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Anna Maria, Isadora and others on a pleasure excursion to the Far West—Perils—They visit the Hermit of Wildwood-vale—Return to the Queen City—Connubial.

WE now return to take up the broken thread of our narrative.

Anna Maria Gerard and Enola Glenn, on a summer evening, when the sun was low, were leisurely promenading the garden walks together, with arms gently encircling each other's delicate waists, when the following conversation occurred between them:

"Enola, hath Alonzo yet made known to Isadora, that her father is not dead, as she has long supposed, but lives a hermit, away beyond the Mississippi?"

"He hath not."

"For what reason, think you, does he delay making the disclosure to her?"

"He fears it might have an unhappy effect upon her mind—and possibly cause a return of her insanity."

"I am aware she is very nervous, and easily excited—but I have not of late perceived any symptoms of an unbalanced state of mind."

“Nor I; yet as she has not the means, nor opportunity of visiting him, it is perhaps better she be left still with the impression that he sleeps in the quiet grave. The thought of his living alone, and so far away, amid wild solitudes, would doubtless affect her much.”

“Means need not be wanting while I have plenty. As good fortune would have it, that hypocritical priest, with all his jesuitical schemes and trickery, didn't quite compass his perfidious designs in getting my estate into his hands.”

“That the plotting reprobate was baffled and disappointed in that, as well as in some other ends he aimed at, gratified me exceedingly. Alonzo told me, with respect to Isadora, that so soon as his own pecuniary circumstances would justify it, he intended again to visit the hermit, and persuade him, if he could, to leave his solitary abode, and return to Cincinnati.”

“No doubt, he would now be easily prevailed upon to do so, since his daughter has abandoned the cloister.”

“So I think.”

“Let me tell you, Enola, what kind of an *entèrprise* I have, for the last few days, been contemplating—you'll think it visionary, I dare say——”

“No matter—let me hear it, Anna.”

“Autumn is now near at hand, which, you know, is a pleasant season for traveling.”

“Yes.”

“I’ve had a singular desire to see those wild regions in the far-off west, ever since I heard Alouzo speak of his travels thither. The glowing descriptions he has given me of the blooming prairies, enchanting groves, and the herds of untamed animals that rove over the plains, have filled my mind with romantic visions, and kindled within me a spirit of adventure. Now why could we not make up a little party, equip ourselves for a kind of gipsy life, and take a pleasure excursion—visit Wildwood-vale, and bring the hermit home with us?”

“O, it would be delightful!”

“Do you suppose Alonzo would willingly accompany us?”

“Beyond a doubt he would—nothing would please him better. Are you really in good earnest, Anna?”

“Most assuredly I am.”

“Indeed it would be charming! The very thought of it transports me!”

“I’ll freely be at all the expense for an outfit, and pay whatever charges may accrue till we return; and if *you* are in for it, Enola, the matter is at once settled, and we will immediately make preparations.”

“In for it? certainly, heart and soul!”

“So far then, the thing is decided upon; we are to make a pleasure excursion. Now whom shall we invite to accompany us?”

“Whom do *you* say?”

“Well, I’d like to have Alonzo for one. I need not, however, have told you *that*.”

"I could, perhaps, have conjectured as much."

"And we shall want, of course, Isadora, Arabella, and Mary Glidewell along."

"Yes; and it will be necessary to have more than one gentleman; two at least, beside Alonzo."

"Whom shall they be?"

"I hardly know. O, there comes Mary Glidewell now!"

"So she is; I'm right glad of it."

"Let us leave it with her, as to what other gentlemen shall be selected."

"Agreed!"

"Happy to see you, Mary! Hope your ideas are bright as usual; we have something to submit to you for a judicious decision."

"Please not to devolve any weighty responsibilities on me;" responded Miss Glidewell, as she entered the garden, "for my thoughts to-day, are dull as lead."

"We have something to tell you that will sharpen them up, and make them shine and sparkle like morning sunbeams."

"Good! just what I stand in need of, for I'm dying of ennui."

"Hear then, what Anna proposes."

"Something good, I'll warrant."

"I know you'll think so."

"Tell it in few words, Enola, for you've now got curiosity on tip-toe, and my expectations already sit in air."

“Well, this it is: Anna proposes to get up a party of about eight, for the purpose of making an excursion through the prairie regions of the west, away out toward sundown; and on our route, kidnap the hermit of Wildwood-vale, and bring him to a land of civilization; so that he may receive Christian burial, when his time comes, and stand some chance of being found in the day of resurrection.”

“I see, now, you’re just disposed to quiz me.”

“No, upon honor.”

“Do you say on honor? Enola is then in earnest.”

“We are in earnest, Mary, about going on a pleasure excursion, and we expect to bring Mr. Norwood home with us.”

Mary now clapped her hands in ecstasy, and skipped about as if she were going wild.

“We have agreed to let *you* decide, Mary,” said Anna, “what gentlemen, beside Alonzo, shall be invited to accompany us. Three gentlemen will be enough; that will make a company of eight; you know, of course, who the five ladies are?”

“It wouldn’t take me long to guess.”

“Now pick out two gentlemen, whom you would be pleased to have with us.”

“Well, I’ll suggest, Lyman Burbanks and Will Wimple.”

“Ho! ho! what on earth induces you to make such a choice as that? I’m sure you do not admire either of them.”

‘I select Burbanks for being a wit, and Wimple for being a fool.’

“A wit we might sometimes need to enliven us; but what use have we for a fool?”

“The wit can’t shine without a fool to help him.”

“Now that’s strange logic; we’d like to have the rationale of it.”

“Can you light a match without something to rub it against?”

“Friction of course is requisite, that it may ignite.”

“So is friction requisite, that wit may kindle and sparkle.”

“Then your wit must have an obtuse brain to light his matches on?”

“Beside that, his blunders will now and then furnish us with something to laugh at; which will not be amiss by the way. Then he is so duck-legged, and looks so much like a china-pig! his appearance is sufficient to keep up our risibilities.”

“I’m disposed to make no objection to the choice, but am rather afraid your dunce will turn out a bore.”

“If he should, we’ll trade him off to the Indians for a pappoose.”

“Now, let us decide what will be needful for an outfit; we must be furnished and equipped with everything necessary to our comfort and convenience during our long excursion.”

“As *you* propose paying charges and meeting all expenses, Anna, we must leave it for you to say what the outlay shall be.”



“We will want a large vehicle — something after the style of an omnibus, perhaps — and four good horses to draw it; beside, we must have two or three saddle-horses, for change and variety; a pack of hounds; several guns, pistols, cooking-utensils, provisions; a movable canvas tent, blankets, traveling apparel, etc.”

So the whole plan was agreed upon in the same hour that the novel adventure was first suggested. Preparations were accordingly made. The persons whose names have already been mentioned formed the party; and in less than a fortnight from the evening on which Anna proposed the excursion, all things were in readiness, and the romantic expedition commenced. In great glee, and overflowing with hilarity, the party set out from the Queen City on the first of September, an autumnal-looking day, the redness of the sun and smokiness of the atmosphere indicating the setting in of an Indian summer.

As it is intended to note only the leading incidents and most prominent events of the excursion, we will pass over several days' travel, till we come to where the tourists take their first view of the Grand Prairie, and make a descent upon an arm of it from Pine Ridge, in the north-western part of Indiana.

'T was a lovely morning; the golden sun had risen in a cloudless sky; the party had pitched their tent the night previous in a pine-wood, about an hour's ride from the edge of the prairie. Having breakfasted at dawn of day, they were upon the travel by

sunrise. Anna Maria and Alonzo led the way, mounted on noble horses, elegantly caparisoned; Miss Glidewell followed, riding a very tall horse, and alongside her rode Will Wimple, perched on a little pony talking with all his might, and nearly breaking his neck to look up at his lady companion, which required him to throw back his head as if gazing at the stars; and his pony being a clumsy, rough trotter, bounced the little man upon his seat like a ball, to the no little amusement of the facetious Mary. The rest of the company were in the four-horse vehicle, bringing up the rear. Emerging from a deeply-shaded forest to an eminence thinly covered with pine-trees, the immense prairie suddenly burst upon their view, with all its resplendence and surpassing grandeur.

Instinctively, Maria and Alonzo at the same instant reined up their horses, and all came to a halt, and for some moments, in profound silence, contemplated the imposing scene outstretched before them. It was an uninhabited region, and had never been marred by the hand of civilization. Flowers of the richest hue, in endless variety, enameled the vast extended plain; and the distant groves, dotting it here and there, appeared like emerald isles floating in a sea of glory.

All gazed with rapture upon the magnificent prospect except Wimple and the hounds — he was whistling to them, and they were wagging their tails to him. Even the horses pricked up their ears, and proudly lifting their heads aloft, looked out with evident admiration on the wide wide prairie!

"What think you of the grandeur of the Grand Prairie, Anna?" said Alonzo, turning a glance upon the lovely girl by his side, who sat absorbed and lost in contemplation.

"Oh, 'tis ineffably sublime!" she exclaimed. "How inspiring! how enrapturing! and how condemnatory of the cloistered life! Within the gloomy walls of the convent I was a stranger to the delicious sentiments that now fill my mind while gazing upon this display of the wisdom, infinitude and glory of God!"

"False must be the theology that would veil from our eyes the beauties and sublimities of nature."

"Mr. Wimple," observed Mary, "how does the glowing prospect here unfolded to mortal vision affect *you*?"

"Rather straining on my eyes, Miss Glidewell, I declare."

"But how does it affect the eyes of your mind?"

"I never knew before that the mind had any eyes."

"'Tis not every mind that has."

"Well, I guess my mind is one of that sort."

"I shouldn't wonder; but say, have you no admiration of this sublime scenery?"

"Certainly; I think it pretty."

"Pretty, do you say? That is by no means an appropriate word to represent such magnificence."

"Why, don't *you* say it's pretty?"

"A great deal more than pretty."

"What a place for raising sheep!"

"I fear there's but little poetry in your soul, Mr. Wimple."

"I subsist on something more substantial."

"Corn-beef and sour-crout, I imagine?"

"They relish enough sight better to my taste than poetry."

"Well, every one to his taste."

"As the lady said when she kissed her calf."

"She kissed you did she?"

"I'm no calf, I thank you."

"Seen too many summers, I dare say?"

"Yes, he's a full-grown bullock," remarked Burbanks; "but I'm sorry he happens to be of the scrub-breed sort."

"Now which way are we going to travel, Mr. Carleton?" inquired Mary.

"Right through the prairie—a westerly direction."

"What, without any road?"

"We need none. Do you see yon largest grove, off to the right?"

"Yes; and it looks as if it might be inhabited by fairies?"

"We'll steer for that, through this sea of flowers and waving verdure."

"How far do you reckon it?"

"About fifteen or twenty miles."

"So distant?—it seems nearer. I should have guessed not more than three or four miles—five at the outside."

“These prairies greatly deceive the eyes, you’ll find.”

Again they moved forward—dashing down upon the dewy plain in a sweeping trot—all full of life and animation. But not far had they advanced, when Wimple’s pony unluckily struck his foot against a goffer-hill, and fell down, tumbling his rider off, heels over-head! The soft, matted grass, however, prevented him from getting hurt. Gathering himself up amid the shouts and laughter of his companions, he soon gave signs of being ruffled, and pitched at his pony to give it a chastising; but having no whip, and being in the prairie where there were no clubs, he concluded to use his feet, and so commenced kicking his poor animal furiously; his legs, however, proved rather short to effect much, and finally making a miss-lick, he lost the center of gravity, and fell backward on his head. This gave fresh occasion for merriment; Burbanks cried “bravo!” and the whole company laughed immoderately. Now still more enraged by the second mishap, and the merriment which was at his expense, he again made a terrible assault upon the little horse, both with curses and blows; but this time used his fist instead of his foot, and managed to hurt himself a great deal worse than he did pony. Getting out of breath, he at last desisted, and again mounted, saying, as he did so: “I guess now I’ve beat some sense into you, and taught you a morsel of decency.”

“If sense and decency,” remarked Burbanks, “can be pounded in with the fist, it would most undoubt-

edly prove a blessing to the rider, if some one should condescend to maul him a while."

Being too angry to ride in company, Wimple now hung in the rear some distance, looking very sulky.

After traveling a number of miles, they came to undulating prairie, the surface lying in waves, resembling much the billows of the ocean, when tossed by a heavy gale. Occasionally, among these waves was to be seen a basin—that is, a depression in the earth, forming a small valley two or three acres in extent—and generally, perfectly round; these basins sometimes become lakes; but usually, the water sinks below the surface, in the summer season, and then luxuriant grass, and the tall flag spring up, entirely concealing the mud and mire at the bottom.

Alonzo, taking his spyglass from his pocket and pointing it in various directions, at length, chanced to discover a gang of wolves, some distance off. Immediately announcing the fact, all became eager for the sport of giving them chase. Those in the vehicle, unwilling to lose any share of the fun, immediately unharnessed their horses, and in a few minutes, women and men were mounted, and ready for the wolf-chase. Wimple, however, still lingered behind, looking very morose.

"Now," said Carleton, "when we start them, they will probably make for yon large basin which lies upon our left; and when once ensconced in that high grass, they will be out of our reach; for the surface,

although beautiful and green, is a perfect quagmire, perhaps five or six feet deep; so it will be expedient for two out of our number, to go and station themselves between the basin and the wolves; and as Mr. Burbanks is a first-rate marksman, I suggest that he be one for that post."

"Very well, replied Burbanks;" "you proceed with the ladies and the hounds, and start the wild animals in the direction of the basin, and I will wait here till Wimple comes up, whom I'll put in a good humor by telling him what a good marksman he is; then we will go with our rifles and take the position you have suggested."

"Agreed!"

And away went Alonzo, Maria, Isadora, Arabella, Enola, and Mary, wild with excitement! and after them the hounds, no less excited, and snuffing the breeze as they went, eager to catch the tainted air.

"A chance now for rare sport, Mr. Wimple!" said Burbanks, as the former came up, "we have discovered a gang of wolves, which they have gone to start: it was unanimously decided, that you and I are the closest shooters; so it is agreed upon, that we station ourselves off here to the left, near yon little vale, where you see that high grass; they are to drive the wolves in that direction, and when they come within gunshot, we're to pepper them with our rifles. Here's your gun; let us be expeditious."

Wimple was directly in a fine humor, and began

to boast of what marvelous shots he had made on various occasions. And they hastened to take their position, about forty rods from the basin.

"I'll depend upon you, Mr. Wimple," remarked Burbanks, "for a sure shot."

"I can knock a wolf's eye out, at a hundred yards, every crack!" responded Wimple, boastingly, "if I can't, then bury me alive!"

"But let me admonish you, Mr. Wimple," said Burbanks, "these Grand-prairie wolves are fearful animals to encounter; if there should be many in the gang, you'll hardly be safe on that little pony; they might eat you and your little horse up before we could possibly rescue you from their voracious jaws: but I'll tell you what you can do in case of danger; just put spurs to your pony, and dash into that basin down there, and conceal yourself among the tall grass; wolves never go into such places."

Now the hounds began to bellow, and the sound of horses' feet were heard in the distance; soon they came thundering on like a tempest, making the solid earth tremble before them! Directly the pursued and pursuers were in full view; the dismayed wolves flying to the basin for refuge; the bellowing hounds just behind; and at their heels, the riders, all hallooing at the top of their voices.

"They'll be on us in a moment!" exclaimed Burbanks, "there's vengeance in them wolves—see, their eyes look like balls of fire!"



Wimple was seized with a panic, and faced about toward the spot which Burbanks had recommended as a place of safety; and as he began to put spurs to his pony, he cried out to the hounds—"Catch 'em Towser! sic'em, puppy!" And in full speed, made tracks for the basin. 'Discretion is the better part of valor;' soliloquized the terror-stricken fellow, as he pressed forward to a hiding-place; "I didn't esteem it prudent this time to '*pitch in*,'" said he, just as pony leaped into the horrid quagmire. Plash! went the water and mud, flying twenty or thirty feet high. Then followed such floundering, and plunging, as perhaps, never before was witnessed. The wolves and hounds, in a few seconds followed suit, pitching in to the basin, pell-mell!

Pony was not long getting rid of his rider, whom he left up to his neck in mire. The sporting company directly rode up to the edge of the basin, to witness the dire confusion: "A rare show!" exclaimed Burbanks, as he beheld dogs, wolves, bullfrogs, Wimple and pony all together, performing rare feats and most astounding exploits. By a tremendous effort, Wimple extricated himself from the hole into which he was first precipitated, and perched upon a tuft of grass, barely sufficient to sustain his weight above the water; but the poor fellow was not destined long to enjoy his enviable position—the enraged wolves and dogs in a tussle, came rudely against him, tumbling him head foremost into the mire again. The ladies, now moved

with compassion, shouted to him to make for dry land : encouraged by their voices, he put forth all his energies, and after a brief struggle, dragged himself out more scared than hurt. Pony too, after prodigious floundering, made good his escape ; the dogs soon growing weary of their battle-ground, abandoned the fight, and retired from the muddy scene in disgust, for which they received the hearty thanks of the bull-frogs, who were quite unaccustomed to such pugilistic visitors ; and Major Bullfrog, the chief dignitary, among the inhabitants of the basin, declared after all was over, that he had been quite frightened out of his wits, and wondered in his soul where such pugnacious barbarians could have sprung from, as had just raised such a rumpus in their peaceful domain !

Wimple received the condolence of the ladies, which soon pacified him ; and after a plentiful application of water, which, they had the good fortune to find near-by, the little man and his pony, were thoroughly cleansed from the filth of the mire ; and directly the company again took up their line of march across the prairie.

Near sunset, they reached a beautiful grove, through which flowed a clear, running brook ; there they pitched their tent, kindled a bright fire and cooked a delicious supper. Alonzo, having luckily killed a fine deer within a short distance of the grove, fresh venison furnished a rarity for their table that night. And they had a delightful time, talking of the day's adventure, and the romance of their journey. Wimple

becoming fully appeased over his warm coffee and smoking venison, laughed heartily as the rest, at mention of his immortal leap into the frog-pond.

\* \* \* \* \*

Each successive day brought with it some novelty, and such romantic scenes and incidents as kept up an unabating and lively interest in the minds of our excursionists, until they had crossed the Mississippi, and penetrated into a wilderness region of Missouri, where, unfortunately, falling into the hands of a clan of marauding Indians, they were made prisoners. This sad and fearful stroke, seemed at once and forever, to cut off all their delightful anticipations, and to leave them without a single ray of hope. The savages who surprised and captured them, were more than double their number—and came upon them unlooked for, and at a moment when they were least prepared to offer resistance. The party would not, however, have tamely surrendered, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they were placed, had it not been for false pretensions of friendship, made by a treacherous white man, who accompanied the red men, and was their chosen leader and chief. Disclaiming everything like hostile intentions, upon their first approach, the marauders quieted the apprehensions of Alonzo and his companions, until they were fully within their power, and it was utterly out of the question to make a defense.

The prisoners, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of their condition, manifested great courage

and remarkable firmness, with, however, a single exception, poor Wimple, he boo-hooed! Stouter hearts than his have oft given way to despair, and that too under lighter trials. The chief sternly refused to give them any other satisfaction as to what would likely be their fate, than to inform them, they were bound for Red river.

The marauders proceeded with their captives and their booty about a half day's journey, when calling a halt, they encamped for the night.

Fortunately for the prisoners, Burbanks was something of a dare devil as well as a wit. Conceiving it possible to take advantage of the ignorance and superstition of their captors, and possessing, as he did, more than ordinary magnetic power, he approached the chief unexpectedly, and in a bold, resolute manner slapping him on the shoulder, then looking him sternly in the eye, said: "Villain, do you know that I'm in compact with the devil, and possess the power of witchcraft? You're a fugitive from justice, and to escape the gallows have fled civilization. Look up; face me, I tell you; there now, you are bewitched, and can move neither hand nor foot!"

And sure enough, the fellow stood powerless, and was at once subjected, mentally and bodily, to complete mesmeric control. After causing him to go through a variety of singular maneuvers, to the great amazement of the Indians, the magnetizer commanded him to speak to the savages in their own tongue, and tell them of the infernal power he was master of; and

that unless they consented to fall down and worship him, he'd cause the earth to yawn and swallow them up. The magnetized chief instantly obeyed; seized with sudden fear, the aborigines prostrated themselves before the supposed demon. While they did so, the prisoners neglected not to secure their weapons. The captors then became the captives. Wimple now laughed as heartily as he had cried, and insisted upon shooting every one of the clan; Burbanks, too, was rather in favor of summary vengeance, but was dissuaded from it by the young ladies. Throwing the magnetic influence off the chief, that he might have a proper sense of his defeat, Burbanks said to him: "We are now about to part, and for acquaintance sake I'll just take one of your ears. Should you ever visit the Queen City, Mr. Chief, you can have the pleasure of seeing it in the Museum, by paying a quarter of a dollar." Saying which, he drew a keen blade and clipped his right ear off; then pointing toward Red river, assisted him with his boot in making a start on his journey. The Indians he served in the same manner—who were all glad to get off on terms so easy, after being, as they confidently believed, in the hands of the devil.

With lighter hearts, the tourists retraced their steps, and in a few hours returned to where they had been captured.

On the following day they reached Wildwood-vale. The sun was sinking in the west, while yet his lingering beams tipped with gold the tree-tops that

gently waved their branches o'er the hermit's domicile, and the aged man, who was lord of the vale, sat at the door of his cottage in silent, solemn meditation.

Isadora had yet been kept in the dark with regard to the chief object of the excursion; and knew not still but that her father had long been numbered with the dead. She, with the other four young ladies, having become tired of riding, had dismounted, and were walking a few rods in advance of the horses and vehicle. As they began to descend the green slope in view of the hermitage, Isadora exclaimed:

"Sure as I live, there's a human habitation."

"So there is—away here in this wilderness!" responded Enola, as if she too was but that moment apprised of its existence.

"And see," exclaimed Isadora again, "there sits at the door a man!—a lone man, with snowy locks."

"True!" observed Anna, "how solitary he looks!"

"Some sorrow-stricken one, it may be," remarked Isadora, in a plaintive tone, "whose cup of life has been imbittered."

"He has discovered us," observed Mary Glidewell, "and is rising to his feet."

"No doubt, he's much astonished," said Arabella.

"How much he looks like my father!" exclaimed Isadora, as they drew near. "If he were not in his grave," continued she, "I'd say—"

Leaving the sentence unfinished, she suddenly paused, turning deadly pale, and riveting her eyes upon the hermit, who stood motionless, regarding

his fair visitors with amazement, and after a moment, said, with much stress of utterance, "how *very* like my father!"

"'Tis Isadora's voice," said the trembling sire, in a tone loud enough to be heard, and recognized by his daughter.

"My father! my father!" she cried—and rushed into his arms. Tears of joy were shed—joy unutterable; and every heart was touched, and softened by the affecting scene.

\* \* \* Morning came—'twas a golden morn, and nature wore a smile, even in the wilderness. The sun had scarcely exhaled the dewdrops that gemmed the forest leaves, when the excursionists turned their faces toward the Queen City, joined by Norwood, the hermit, who cheerfully bade farewell to his solitary abode.

\* \* \* \* \*  
On the last day of autumn, all improved in health of body and mind, the pleasure-party safely returned home—where a smiling welcome greeted them. At Squire Glenn's, a magnificent supper was given them on the same evening of their arrival. And to crown the feast, Anna Maria Gerard was made a bride—and Alonzo Carleton was the bridegroom.

THE END.

## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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*Danger in the Dark* is a book for the times, and should have general circulation; we predict for it a rapid sale.—*Cin. Daily Times*.

The Author draws a vivid picture. While the book will amuse many readers, it will also instruct them.—*West. Christian Advocate*.

The Author has succeeded admirably in depicting the evils of priestcraft, and that, too, in a most pleasing style—such as will insure a perusal from all into whose hands it may fall.—*Cin. Enquirer*

The incidents of the book are thrilling fictions, the dialogues spirited, the language strong and well-constructed.—*Cin. Commercial*.

*Danger in the Dark* is a rich and rare production. In style it is seldom equaled; in truthfulness never excelled. It must immortalize the name of its gifted author, and be read by millions when he lies silent in the grave.—*Jeffersonville Republic*.

In style this work may be rather florid, and, perhaps, too humorous for us old folks, but it is certainly well calculated to please and profit the young.—*Brookville American*.

Here is a true picture and faithful delineation of Jesuitism, and the infernal schemes, treacherous policy, and anti-republican movements of the Romish Hierarchy.—*Seventy-Six*.

*Danger in the Dark* is truly a work of genius; and we are happy to find that it is so generally appreciated and eagerly sought for. The first edition is already nearly exhausted, and the second is soon to be issued. It cannot fail to delight every class of readers, and accomplish much good.—*Jeffersonville Republican*.



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