

# The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 4.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS:**  
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Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

## Poetry.

*My heart is full of love,  
And thro' my veins it flows,  
To thee, my darling one,  
Who art my life and soul.*

## The Sounds of Industry.

*I love the bustling hammer,  
The whirring of the loom,  
The clanking of the mill,  
The rattling of the saw,  
The humming of the press,  
The clattering of the mill,  
The whirring of the mill,  
The clanking of the mill,  
The rattling of the saw,  
The humming of the press,  
The clattering of the mill,  
The whirring of the mill,  
The clanking of the mill,  
The rattling of the saw,  
The humming of the press,*

*I love the plowman's whistle,  
The rattle of the wheel,  
The rattle of the wheel,*

*For they tell my longing spirit  
Of the joys of life,  
How much of all its happiness,  
Come what will and when,  
Not that I am not glad to see  
The world and all its ways,  
But that I am not glad to see  
The world and all its ways,  
But that I am not glad to see  
The world and all its ways,*

## Miscellaneous.

### LOYALTY OR LOVE.

A Tale of the First Families of Virginia.

BY BENJ. FERLEY POORE.

In the autumn of 1674, the present site of Richmond was divided into two plantations, belonging to Colonel Byrd and Nathaniel Bacon, the mansion of the latter standing upon what is now called Shockoe Hill. It was one of those fine old mansions patterned after the baronial halls of England, and since unequalled upon this continent.

A spacious hall, decked with portraits, large parlors with furniture of carved oak, a dining hall with a battalioon of banquet, and a library with a bow window commanding a prospect of picturesque magnificence, especially when Autumn has touched the foliage with its magic pencil. The bright scarlet of the maple, the deep crimson of the dogwood, the mellow brown of the ash, and the lively yellow of the chestnut, contrasted strikingly with the deep evergreen of the cedar, pine, and hemlock, scattered through the forests. Below the river flowed near its rocky bed, and dotted out into a lake-like sheet, and spread with small islands, whose shadows reached far into the earth tinted tide.

Nathaniel Bacon, the master of the establishment, was a hale and handsome man, with a thick black mustache, clear black eyes and a florid complexion. Educated in England during the convulsive struggles between the throne and the parliament, he believed that popular rights were equal, at least, to the royal sway. Not so his sister, Henrietta, who had passed a winter with the governor's family at Jamestown, where she had learned to reverence "the right divine" of her sovereign. Her age at this time was about eighteen, and although her form was not what the voluptuary would have selected as a model, yet there was a winning expression in her eyes and a grace in her movements that enabled her to charm all who knew her.

At the time when our story commences, she had just opened a letter, from which a printed packet fell to the floor.

"Here, brother Nat," said she, "is one of his excellency's letters to the privy council, sent back in good London print. Will you read it?"

Bacon took the document, but as he read it a flush came over his cheek. At length he exclaimed in an angry tone:

"Hear how Governor Berkeley cloaks his account of us!"

"I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best Government God ever gave us!"

"Excellent, I declare!" said the fair loyalist.

"Excellent! Do you call that excellent, girl? Why, I have half a mind to sell my plantation and remove to the North."

"Ah, brother Nat, you would have your nose frozen off; even if you only go among the Manhattan Dutchmen, and—"

Here the laughing girl was interrupted by the entrance of a stranger, who presented a letter to Mr. Bacon. Glancing at the exterior, he introduced the new comer to his sister as Mr. Rupert Wytley, of Accomack, and breaking the seal, read the contents.

"I am happy to see you," said he, when he had perused the epistle, "and regret much to hear of the course of the governor in disbanding the volunteers. Can it be possible that at this time, when the yell of the savage resounds throughout our woods, Virginians must retire to their plantations, there to remain until they are scalped?"

"Ah, I am glad to hear you talk so," replied Rupert Wytley, "for I have come expressly to request your acceptance of the commission of general. Here it is, signed by over five hundred as brave men as there is on this continent."

"You surely are not asking my brother to take up arms against Governor Berkeley's will?" said Henrietta, with a smile.

"Nay, miss; but the country is in danger," said the young man, who already had begun to admire the fair Henrietta.

"It is a grave question," remarked Mr. Bacon, "and I must ponder over it; meanwhile, my sister will escort you to the falls, and to the rock where Pocahontas preserved the life of Captain Smith. At dinner time I will give you my answer."

Rupert Wytley was a wealthy young planter near Jamestown, who, with a well proportioned person and a manly countenance, possessed a noble heart and cultivated intellect. His ideas of female excellence had been formed upon an ideal model of perfection, in which he had blended the accomplishments of all the heroines of poetry and romance. Vain had been his search hitherto, but ere he had been long with Henrietta, he imagined, if her personal charms, he had, at length, found the *beau ideal* of female perfection.

Meanwhile, her brother had been sorely troubled at heart by the invitation to lead his fellow countrymen. Like every true Virginian, he felt that the country was in danger; for death was ravaging the land under the hideous frown of savage cruelty. The fierce war under Captain John Washington had proved entirely inefficient, yet the governor, instead of adding to it, had rebuked them for killing a party of chiefs, because it injured the beaver trade, of which he held a monopoly. That an armed resistance to the Indians was necessary, he did not doubt, but the thought of rising in arms against the will of the king's governor, struck staggered him.

"At any rate," said he, to Wytley, as they sat enjoying their wine after dinner, "I will go to Jamestown, and see how matters stand. Let the news reach me that a single white man has been harmed by the savages, and I will lead you on to vengeance, commission or no commission."

A long storm, at the conclusion of which the floods were impassable, detained Rupert Wytley a week with the Bacons. He well improved the time, for, ere he left, Henrietta acknowledged that she was not disinclined to treasure up the rich harvest of affection which he laid at her feet. Nay, she was rather disposed to become more republican in her feelings, and to admit that Virginians might be capable of self-government.

Weeks passed, and in vain did Nathaniel Bacon urge Governor Berkeley to abandon his scheme of detached forts, and authorize a volunteer force of riflemen. At last he left Jamestown in despair, and, ere going home, paid a visit to Henrietta, where the sharpshooters were encamped, unparalyzed by the effects of the governor's commanding them to disperse. "The men soon went back, under the command of Rupert Wytley; but ere he had heard the reports of sergeants, a horseman approached at full gallop. Riding up in front of the line, he checked his steaming steed, and shouted:

"The savages are at the falls! James River, killing and plundering! Turn out! Turn out!"

"Where are they?" asked Bacon, pale with apprehension.

"They first killed all at the mills, and then camped around Bacon's house on the hill. They say it is Pawbattan's council-ground, and no white man shall possess it."

"And Miss Bacon," eagerly inquired Wytley.

"I heard they'd got a white gal prisoner, and meant to torture her in a few days, at a grand war dance."

"Bacon," exclaimed Wytley, "do you now hesitate?"

"No! no! no! Then raising his voice until it rung in trumpet-tones over the field, he continued: Virginians, forgive my hesitation. Now, that my own home is desolate, can I ask you to follow me, to the rescue of a loved sister?"

A loud shout of "lead on!" made the hearts of Bacon and Wytley beat high again, nor was it many hours ere the force was in motion. A braver set of men never hastened to the fray.

The sun had set in clouds behind the Blue Ridge, and the woods grew dim, as the Virginians approached the house of their general. Scouts, who had been sent in advance to reconnoitre, reported that there was an encampment around the house, within which a huge owl-like fire had been lighted, and that it was evident no time was to be lost. The mounted cavaliers, under the command of Wytley, were ordered to sweep around to the right, while General Bacon led the bulk of the force directly up the hill, against the flaming, silent breastwork.

They moved, with cautious tread uncertain as to whether their coming was known to the entrenched foe. But when they were within twenty paces of the breastwork, there came along from its whole front a cloud of arrows, making many a brave man bite the dust. The scene which followed is described as one of deadly warfare, for no sooner had the Virginians reached the breastwork than a yell was given, and the rude terrace swarmed with painted warriors, each bearing in his left hand a blazing pine torch, and in his right a war club springing into the midst of their assailants, the savages dealt their murderous blows on all sides, often thrusting their burning torches into the faces of the whites, who could not use their fire-arms, so close was the encounter.

"Sound a retreat!" shouted general Bacon; and in obedience to the brazen trumpet, his men fell back. At that moment, the cavaliers under Wytley charged through the ravages, and when they had passed, the infantry, hastily formed into line, poured in murderous volleys. Again the savages moved off a swarm of the now discomfited savages, again a storm of iron had swept through their pointed ranks, and then, with a cheer, the encirclement was stormed. At the head of those who first entered the breastwork, fighting like a very demon was Rupert Wytley, and at the door of the old mansion, as he rode up to it, with a heavy heart he saw his own Henrietta.

"Safe! safe! Thank God, she is safe!" he shouted, and in an instant he had reached her side, and she was clasped to his heart. Our limits will not permit us to portray the story of her imprisonment, as she narrated it that night around the family hearthstone. Destined for a sacrifice, she had been carefully treated, and allowed the unmolested liberty of her own room. But that night was to have witnessed her immolation. A Divine Providence had nerved her heart, though escape appeared impossible, as she was already summoned to the burning pile when a scout gave the alarm-ery. Then, by the light of the torches, she plainly witnessed the fray, imploring, upon her knees before the window, that a heavenly arm would sustain those whom she loved so well.

Morning dawned, and a horrible scene presented itself around the house. There—where St. John's Church now stands—lay mangled corpses in the stiff attitudes of death, and the stream near by was tinged with life-blood. The wounded were carried for the dead interred, and by dinner time the horrors of "prime passage war" no longer met the eye. The last council-fire of the Indian race at James River fell as extinguished, and the few surviving descendants of the tribe of Pocahontas began their funeral march towards the setting sun.

Success ensues success. Had Bacon been defeated, he would have been shot as a traitor to his king; but now the laudatory governor rewarded him, and he was hailed by the Virginians as their defender. Marching to Jamestown, where he forced the governor to adopt new laws, which were completed July the 4th 1676—one hundred years to a day before the Congress of the United States, adopting the declaration framed by a statesman of Virginia began a new era in the history of man. The eighteenth century in Virginia was the child of the seventeenth; and Bacon's rebellion, with the corresponding secess in Maryland, and Carolina, and New England, was the early harbinger of American Independence.

And where was Henrietta, that sturdy loyalist? Not in the stately saloons of the Governor, but with the sisters of her affianced lover, Rupert Wytley, who had a residence at Jamestown. Her dreams of royal protection and a noble husband had vanished during her terrible captivity, and she now bowed in homage before her heart's lord. Soon they were married, and returned to the plantation, which Nathaniel Bacon gave his sister as a dower. Some clouds darkened their pathway of life at first, but they lived many years in as perfect happiness as mortals can enjoy; nor did she ever forget in after years, in narrating to her grand children the events of her rescue, to add:

"For all that, my dear, your grandfather did not hold the king's commission. Virginians would not set for themselves."

Years rolled on. The Old Dominion became the leader in a great movement, and while the name of the Wytleys is remembered by many who visit the beautiful locality of their home—once the scene of deadly slaughter—history sounds the praise of Nathaniel Bacon, and inscribes his name, in golden letters, high upon the architecture of our National Pantheon.

**A RICH JOKE.—A SERIOUS MISTAKE.**—A staid, middle aged gentleman, the father of a large family of children, got himself into a laughable scrape a few days since. He called at the Post Office and received a letter directed to his name, which on opening he found somewhat difficult to read. His wife and daughter being excellent hands at deciphering illegible scrolls, he took the letter to his home in the Grove, and handed it to his wife to read. His astonishment may be imagined when she read without much difficulty, a letter from Fulton, Oswego Co. informing him that he "had just become the father of a fine child, weighing nine pounds without its clothes; that its food mother was better than could be expected," and earnestly requested him to visit his loving wife on the coming Saturday; and bring with him a few yards of bannel, and a number of other "baby things." The gentleman was thunderstruck, and as soon as he recovered from his astonishment, protested that the letter was intended for some one else. His wife endeavored to counterfeit hysterics, but her efforts ended in a fit of laughter, and his grown up daughter was obliged to go to her room to hide her blushes.

A dry old fellow called one day on a member of Congress elect; the family were at breakfast; there was a vacant seat, but the old man was hardly in a plight to be invited to the table. The following conversation took place: "How do you do Mr. —?" "What is the news?" The old man said: "Nothing much, but one of my neighbors gave his child a queer name." "What was it?" "Come and eat." The name sounded so peculiar that it was repeated—"What come and eat?" "Yes, thank you," said the old man, "I don't care if I do, and drew up to the table.

The editor of the Albany Express once kissed a damsel's cheek that was covered with a patry of vermilion and chalk, and as a consequence, had the painter's colic for a week. Young men will take warning.

## Western North-Carolina Rail Road.

SALISBURY, August 30, 1855.

The Stockholders having met in Murphy's Hall, pursuant to adjournment, on motion of W. P. Caldwell, Esq., of Iredell county, Col. T. A. Allison, of Iredell, was called to the Chair; and, on motion, W. P. Caldwell and John C. Cannon were appointed Secretaries.

On motion of W. P. Caldwell, it was Resolved, That a Committee, consisting of one from each County, be appointed to inquire how much Stock was subscribed and to verify proxies.

The Chair being about to appoint the Committee, it was deferred by general consent at the request of T. R. Caldwell, Esq., of Burke, who stated that before the Convention proceeded to organize as a Convention of Stockholders, the county of Burke desired to submit a proposition, stating at the same time, that Burke county had not, as yet, subscribed to the Road.

Whereupon, W. W. Avery, Esq., offered the following Preamble and Resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has been suggested that the terminus of the first section of the Western North Carolina Rail Road may be located in the woods, at some inaccessible point, thereby subjecting the community to much inconvenience, and impairing the utility of the work; and whereas it is the deliberate opinion of this meeting that it was the wish and intention of the General Assembly in granting the Charter, that the terminus of the respective sections of said Road should be at the most prominent and public points along the line. Therefore,

Resolved, That the terminus of the first section of the Western North Carolina Rail Road should be fixed by the Board of Directors at the town of Morganton, in Burke county, and that the Directors who may be chosen at this meeting are hereby instructed to locate that terminus of said section at the point designated.

Resolved further, That the entire line of said Road from Salisbury to Morganton should be surveyed, located and the estimates made out therefor, without delay, and that the contracts for grading the line thus located, should be let out at the earliest moment, so as to have the same in the progress of construction throughout its entire length at the same time.

On motion, the Convention adjourned until 3 o'clock, P. M.

*S. O'NEAL, P. M.*

The Convention was called to order by the Chair.

E. J. Erwin, Esq., of Burke, in behalf of the General Commissioners, reported that Three Hundred Thousand Dollars had been unconditionally subscribed by the counties of Rowan, Iredell and Catawba; and that Burke was ready to subscribe one hundred thousand dollars; provided, the Resolutions offered in the forenoon, by Mr. Avery, were adopted. After a discussion of the Resolutions, they were adopted by a unanimous vote. (The Delegates from Burke not voting.)

Whereupon, E. J. Erwin, Esq., from the Board of General Commissioners, reported that the subscription of Burke of one hundred thousand dollars had been made absolute.

On motion of W. W. Avery, Esq., it was Resolved, That this Convention be organized with a Capital Stock of Four Hundred Thousand Dollars on the part of individuals.

On motion, a Committee, consisting of one Delegate from each county, was appointed to draft By-Laws for the regulation of the corporation of Stockholders. Appointed—D. A. Davis, Esq., of Rowan; J. Q. Sharpe, Esq., of Iredell; D. B. Gaither, Esq., of Catawba; W. A. Lenoir, Esq., of Caldwell.

On motion, a Committee, consisting of one Delegate from each county, was appointed to inquire the amount of Stock represented in Convention. Appointed—C. F. Fisher, Esq., of Rowan; M. L. McCorkle, Esq., of Catawba; Orho Gillespie, Esq., of Iredell; W. A. Lenoir, Esq., of Caldwell; Todd R. Caldwell, Esq., of Burke.

On motion, the Convention adjourned until 9 o'clock, A. M., to-morrow.

*Friday, August 31, 9 o'clock, A. M.*

The Convention was called to order by the Chair.

D. A. Davis, Esq., from the Committee to draft By-Laws, reported a series of Articles and Rules.

On motion of W. W. Avery, Esq., it was Resolved, That the Treasurer of the Company have 700 copies of the Charter and By-Laws of the Western North Carolina Rail Road Company and the proceedings of this meeting be printed together, for distribution among the Stockholders.

Mr. Fisher reported that there were 3484 shares represented in this Convention, as follows:

Burke,	988 Shares.
Catawba,	801 "
Iredell,	674 "
Rowan,	654 "
Caldwell,	74 "
Total,	3484 "

A majority of Stock being represented it was Resolved, That this Convention proceed to the election of Directors.

On motion, N. S. Fleming and J. F. Ford were appointed to superintend the balloting, who reported that John W. Ellis, of Rowan, M. L. McCorkle, of Catawba, R. E. Simon, of Iredell, and Thomas G. Walton, of Burke, had received a majority of the votes cast.

On motion of W. W. Avery, the Director living nearest Raleigh, appointed by the Governor, is requested to notify the other Directors immediately after their appointment of the time and place of their next meeting.

On motion of Todd R. Caldwell, Esq., of Burke, it was Resolved, That the resolution offered in the informal meeting on yesterday, by Mr. Avery, of Burke, fixing Morganton as the terminus of the first section of the Road, be ratified and adopted by this Convention, and that the same be spread upon the minutes at full length and published with the Charter, By-Laws and Proceedings of this Convention.

On motion of W. W. Avery, Esq., it was Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to the Chairman for the dignity, ability and impartiality with which he has presided over its deliberations.

On motion of T. G. Walton, Esq., it was Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to the Chairman for the dignity, ability and impartiality with which he has presided over its deliberations.

On motion, the Chairman declared the meeting adjourned sine die.

T. A. ALLISON, Chairman.  
W. P. CALDWELL, Secretary.  
J. C. CANNON, Secretary.

## NEGRO DISTURBANCE IN MISSISSIPPI.

The Marion (Miss.) Republican of the 21st instant, (Tuesday morning) gives the following:

Judge Watts informs us that a serious and extensive combination or organization has been discovered among the negroes near Garlandville Jasper county. It seems that an old negro about 65 years old was at the head of it; he sustains the reputation of being a conjurer, and the negroes were in the habit of applying to him as a great physician or conjurer who could cure all kinds of disease. The facts, so far as developed, are briefly as follows:

A trust-worthy negro on a neighboring plantation, after having received pledges of secrecy, revealed the existence of a conspiracy to an overseer and requested him to repair to a certain place in the midst of a dark and unfrequented swamp, and see for himself. The overseer did not go, but the next morning he took with him some friends and went to the spot designated by the faithful negro. There they saw every indication of a large crowd having been assembled; horses had been tied up, fires kindled, and, from appearances they calculated that upwards of one hundred negroes had there assembled on the preceding night. They left the spot and the neighborhood alarmed. Several negroes were taken up, and among them the leader, or old conjurer. The greatest excitement was prevailing in the country; a council was held, and it was decided that the negroes should be hung immediately; ropes were procured, and the sentence of the council was about to be executed, when the crowd relented, fearing lest the innocent should perish with the guilty.

The negroes were then severely whipped, and they confessed that the conspiracy extended throughout a large section of country, that their object was to organize in sufficient force, and march, increasing their force as they went, to a free State.

No arms or ammunition of any kind could be discovered; but the negroes confessed that they were to meet at Garlandville next Saturday night, to make a start. When asked why they selected that place as a rendezvous they would give no reason, and the presumption is they intended to seek the place and murder the inhabitants. Two white men, they say, have been among them, but their names were not known to the negroes, nor was any thing developed which could identify them. Arms and ammunition are probably concealed somewhere, as such a scheme would never have been attempted without them.

It is supposed that such an organization "school" exists near Chuckleville, in this county, and we recommend that a vigilant system of patrol be at once adopted throughout the county. Suspicious characters and known abolitionists exist among them, and we cannot be too vigilant in watching over our slaves, and thereby protecting them from the vile influences which are known to exist in our country.

## [From the Dallas Newspaper.]

### PAY ATTENTION.

Too little attention is paid to the yards and gardens of farmers generally. A few hours would often improve both materially. Some farmers show very little taste in the arrangement of either, seeming to think that the best number of vegetables that could be cultivated on a certain spot, is appropriate; they neglect the garden, the better it would be, so matter at all about system in planting, and as to rose-bushes and such things in general, they would be a nuisance not to be tolerated. I suppose such farmers would be pleased with the sight of chips, bits of boards, pieces of broken earthenware, bleached bones, woolen rags enough to buy all the paper he would use in a year, with all the kitchen refuse, lying pell-mell in his yard.

I never desire to have a peep inside the parlor, or wash-room, in order to determine on the tidiness of their occupants, for the yard is a sure index of what might be seen inside the mansion. What looks more tidy and inviting than a grass-grown yard, interspersed with flowering shrubs and plants, the pretty green grass growing up to the next stone steps.

Miss Murray, ex-Maid of Honor to Queen Victoria, is now in New York. It is said her ladyship is looking up.

## [From the Wilmington Herald.]

### ANOTHER VIEW OF POPERY.

MR. EDITOR: What is the term popery on the tongue of an impostor Romanist, as applied to his love of this country and her institutions? Is it a truth? or is it a mockery? I offer these interrogations in order to the introduction of a few remarks which may not have presented themselves to the minds of many of your readers.

The imported Popist will coolly declare that he is as good and perfect an American patriot as you are. This is like asserting, that a piece of cloth woven at Manchester, from wool grown in Ireland, and imported into America, becomes an American cloth, the simple act of importation. Would such an assertion be truth? I presume not; nor can it be any more true that a Popist, manufactured in a foreign land, is metamorphosed into the condition of an American patriot, by the act of importation, or any other act.

If we take the lexiconographers of the day for authority, we find that the term popery signifies a love for one's own country; not a love for one's adopted country; and, therefore, the regard of the imported Popist for America and her institutions, is not worthy of much confidence. For my own part, I love more than other places, the little natal spot upon which my eyes were first opened to the light of heaven; and it is natural for the human heart to cling, with particular affection, to the spot upon which its possessor felt its first pulsation.

That the imported Romanist desires to possess our country, as warmly as he dislikes the American Protestant people, I am ready to admit; and hence his daily and hourly efforts to gain predominance influence over the American mind, and place it under the imperious dominion of the self-styled successor of St. Peter.

If the term popery could be used in application to any other than one's own native country, each Popist would be a Romanist, and not an American patriot, since his first allegiance is to the Roman Pontiff, for whose aggrandizement in this, or any other Protestant country, he would sacrifice himself and all else that ought to be dear to the human heart—his family, friends, truth, honor, fortune and liberty. And yet, shame and disgrace, though it be, while the fact should be repeated every day, a thousand times, we have the humiliating, mortifying spectacle of native-born Americans calling themselves Democrats and patriots (!) leagued in alliance with such a band of determined enemies to American Protestant liberty! Patriots indeed; just such as Lucifer and his angels, who loved heaven so intensely, as to make them battle with its omnipotent Creator, for the possession of its crown-ornament.

My countrymen, have you ever asked yourselves the question why, or for what purpose the confessional was instituted by the Papal hierarchy? and if you did, did you ever answer the question satisfactorily to yourselves? You are aware that from the early days of the Romish organization, the Popes have sought for and held temporal sway in distant nations; and that where they had the influence, they have governed each individual mind through the agency of superstition imposed upon it by their arrogation of high-priestly powers and associations to which they knew they had as much claim as the Italian lazarous. The Pope, priest and all, know that they possess no more actual power or right to offer absolution from sin, or indulgences to keep their blighted followers in perpetual darkness, by commanding them never to read the New Testament, which would make them freemen in thought, conscience and action.

The confessional was instituted, not for spiritual, but for temporal purposes—to lead out through their soul-bound creatures of imposed superstition, and the political doings and tendencies amongst the people, in order to subvert them, if at all of importance to the permanency of Papal rule. It has been through the confessional that the Popes, the priests and their minions of fortune, leashed particulars which enabled them to lay hands upon, and lead millions on millions of conscientious Protestants to the torture, and to painful and lingering deaths, by the Inquisition—some to have their bones crushed by infernal machines; some their brains dashed out; some to be left in bleak dungeons to perish; and others to terminate wretched existences in various other ways. Just such an Inquisition would the Papal hierarchy now introduce among the free-soled sons and daughters of Protestant America, if they had the power to do so—a power, after which they are already stretching forth their long arms through our ballot boxes! And shall we, sons of the United States, whose first infant breathings were from the air of liberty, continue to augment the number of Popist voters in our country? An unscrupulous portion of the native born Democracy (!) may labor to do so; but the American born patriot, who regards the honor, union, and safety of his country, will scorn the thought of participation in any such suicidal measure—any such dark ingratitude to the memory of those who fought with their blood, and left to us, the glorious patrimony we possess in our great and beloved country and her god-like institutions.

Do you suppose, my countrymen, that there is employed in any Protestant family, a Roman Catholic servant who does not report to the priest, at the confessional, every thing that occurs in the family, which he would like to know? The omnipotent countryman, and the man who knows but little of the over-estimated and unimpaired spirit of Popistry, will say, no, no;—not so had as that;—and before they know where they are, they will have paid themselves into the hands of a relentless priest-hood whose influence in our midst, for evil, is already fearful, while it is increasing with every day of the year, as it appears in our Northern and Middle States.

There is another danger which requires the attention and weighty reflection of every Protestant in the land. It consists in the plan of sending out, to our villages and rural population, highly educated male and female Jesuits, who worm themselves into favor, get up schools, and, before we are

aware of any effort for evil, poison the minds of our children with the Romish superstition which never can be fully eradicated. This I know, from sad and painful experience. By such poisoning the hearts of children (and estranged from parents) for the Romanist, even through a son or daughter, never can sympathize with a Protestant.

The chord of religious sympathy between the parent and child is strangled by the Jesuit teachers, and the parent is punished for his want of foresight, after the great mischief is done.

I have connected the names of Jesuit and Romanist because most of the higher order of Roman priests, in this country, are of the order of Jesuits; as you might learn if you were to extract the truth from Mr. President Eider, of the Georgetown (D. C.) Jesuit College, a most learned man and honorable, who, like Amadiffus Sless, knows well the difference between stating what is not, and not stating what is!

It is true for Protestants, throughout the broad extent of our country, to awake from lethargy and call upon each other to be on the alert, and to watch with increasing, never tiring vigilance, against the awful, gentle worming of Jesuit teachers, and thereby preserve the ties of religious sympathy between parents and children. There are Protestant institutions enough, and accomplished Protestant teachers enough in this country, to instruct our children and prevent them from going to Jesuits for literary and theological instruction. And now, a few words on the Pope's arrogation of power not only to forgive sins, but to "grant indulgences" for the commission of sins, to any extent.

When, a few years ago, famine prevailed among the Roman Catholics of Ireland, the Pope issued a bull which was published in Mr. John Hughes' organ, "The Freeman's Journal" (Providence protect the name of New York), and in that bull, I find the following language directed to the Romish priesthood:

"We" (the Pope) "authorize you all that in your dioceses, or in those districts subject to your jurisdiction, as has been done in Rome, you will appoint public prayers to be offered up for three days, in the churches. \* \* \* And that these things may be done with the greatest alacrity" (!) "We" (the Pope) "grant an indulgence of seven years to those who shall be present on any one occasion of these prayers; but to those who shall be present \* \* \* during the entire triduum, and who wish in a week of the triduum, being purified in the Sacrament of Penance shall receive the most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist; We" (the Pope) "by our apostolic authority, hereby grant a plenary indulgence." That, however, venerable brethren, which we for the most part, leave with your own charity, &c. &c.

Here is a beautiful piece of contemptible stuff to be put forth, in a public print, before the common sense understanding of a people who have been enlightened by their own readings of God's Christian dispensation to man. First, certain privileges to get drunk, fight, or do any thing else, are offered as inducements to go, one day, to a Mass-house with "sacraments," and as a bribe for three days attendance, with the "Sacrament of Penance," &c., the Popist has a plenary indulgence.

Now, what does the term plenary mean? You answer "full, complete, entire." And what means the word indulgence? You reply "gratification, remission of punishment." Here then, we see the Pope of Rome offering to citizens of America, a full indulgence for life, in the commission of any crime or crimes;