

dare not even write the language, it is so profane, so palpably a violation of the third commandment. We think, however, the person must have reference to St. Peter. But the profane use of the name of our Lord and the Holy Spirit savors too much of the ignorant and

profane babbling of the man known by the name of Elder Knapp, who recently disgraced the intelligence of the city of St. John. We mean the babbling of the pamphlet referred to could only be equalled by that of Mr. Jacob Knapp.

SATAN'S CONCLAVE,

OR

AN ADDRESS OF THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL TO THEIR PATRON

“To Pandemonium, Herald, and declare
That I shall hold a solemn conclave there;”
Thus satan spake, the dammed in millions meet,
He soon arrived attended by his suite,
Popes with their Nuncio's in the van appear,
And popish priests in crowds bring up the rear;
His guard of honor was composed of these,
And each pope bore what he called Peter's keys.
Priests tell mankind these keys from heaven fell;
Unluckily they prove the keys of Hell!
The same key opens satan's massive gate
That unlocks that of Babylon the great;
The popish sire in all parts tells his son,
Their population is as eight to one
Of Protestants; however this appear,
On earth above, I'm sure it is so here;
But to the point; the president ascends
His sulphurous throne, and every demon bends,
His knee to him that strikes each breast with awe,
And untold horror on their vitals gnaw;
Then satan cast his glaring eyeballs 'round,
And spoke, while Hell re-echoed with the sound;
“What means this scant supply, what means this dearth,
Of papists now, what has occurred on earth!
To cheat mankind on earth I built a church,
And for materials hell's domain I search.
In each part perfect, and complete the whole,
I formed this fabric to destroy the soul;
This mighty engine of satanic craft,
In satan's quiver the most poisonous shaft,
And who has dared to stand against its force,