

these powers would not engage in a crusade on purely religious grounds, they have, unhappily, a political interest in the subjugation of Britain. The Pope would invade us because we are a Protestant nation, and the kings because we are a free nation. The English pervert, Father Ignatius, has just accomplished a tour among the leading sovereigns, with considerable success, as he tells us in the *Tablet*, in order to enlist them in a crusade for the conversion of England.—This conversion is to be brought about “chiefly,” though not exclusively, “by prayer.” Indeed, if this fanatic had not the sword mainly in his eye, it is strange that he should go to emperors and such people. A bitter, fierce, and exasperated spirit is springing up against our country abroad. The most terrible threats have been publicly pointed against us; they have been so simultaneously in different quarters of Europe, and without disavowal. The utter extirpation of our faith and race and name, and the trampling out of the ashes of the Reformation, have been declared to be necessary before the world can have peace. In concert with these terrible mutterings from the suppressed volcano of sacerdotal wrath, there have been attacks on our rights as Britons, and on our faith as Protestants, by almost all the governments of the Continent. In Spain, they deny burial to our dead. In Austria, they expel our missionaries. In the Papal States they rob us of our Bibles. And now in Tuscany they have cast into prison a British lady for no offence but giving a copy of God’s word to a peasant. And what is to hinder these men, abandoned of God, and left to the guidance of the Pope and their own blind and raging passions, taking the last step of crossing the Channel, and by one summary blow wiping from the face of the earth a country which so deeply pains and torments them? We no more doubt that they will do so than we doubt our own existence, provided God do not divide their counsels, and find work for them somewhere else.

And how are matters at home? There are whole counties in Ireland ready to rise to a man, in the event of a foreign army appearing on our coast, and to begin the pious work of spoiling the goods and murdering the persons of Protestant heretics. There are Popish mobs in all our great cities ready to spread conflict and assassination all over the country.—While threatened in front by a Papal ar-

my, we are endangered in the rear by such overwhelming masses of infidelity and atheism as Glasgow, and Manchester, and Liverpool, and London present. These are good enough for the work of Popery, and she will marshal them under her banner, and lead them to the assault. We have thousands of nominal Protestants amongst us ready to bow the knee to any God which may be set up. What would the handful of true men be in the midst of such overwhelming odds? And then we have amongst us a “Prince of the Holy Roman empire!” What is he doing? He is forming a nation under the rule of the vatican in the heart of the British nation. He is constructing an *imperium in imperio*. Our legislators are simple enough to believe that the laws made in St. Stephen’s govern the empire. In this they are mistaken. By a considerable portion of the empire these laws are held as having no validity whatever; as being “not laws, but lies.” That portion of the empire is under canon law, and Dr. Wiseman is rendering canon law applicable to the circumstances of British Papists by the decrees of Synods held in this country. By this device he completely evades the statute which still declares it illegal to bring bulls from Rome, by getting his decrees framed in this country, and countersigned by the Pope. Thus, while we sleep, the Pope’s empire in Britain is growing. There are now two kings and two codes in the country.

But last and worst of all, the Government have it in contemplation to attach a Popish priest to every jail in the country, and a Popish chaplain to every regiment in which there are Romanists.—We have been fighting to get rid of Maynooth; but here is Maynooth about to be extended over all Scotland and England. We shall have a body of priests of six hundred and upwards salaried by the State, an inevitable precursor, as it will prove, to the endowment of the Romish priesthood throughout the empire. Humanly speaking, this measure will seal the fate of our country.—That part of the plan which relates to the army is especially formidable. Recruits are drawn mainly from Ireland; the number of Romish chaplains will of course be large in proportion. We thus behold no inconsiderable portion of the British army in course of being officered in the Pope’s behalf. Not only are untold sums being paid to Popish chaplains—men trained in the Ultramontaniam of