

The Wars
OF THE GODLY

BY
REUBEN MAURY

ILLUSTRATED



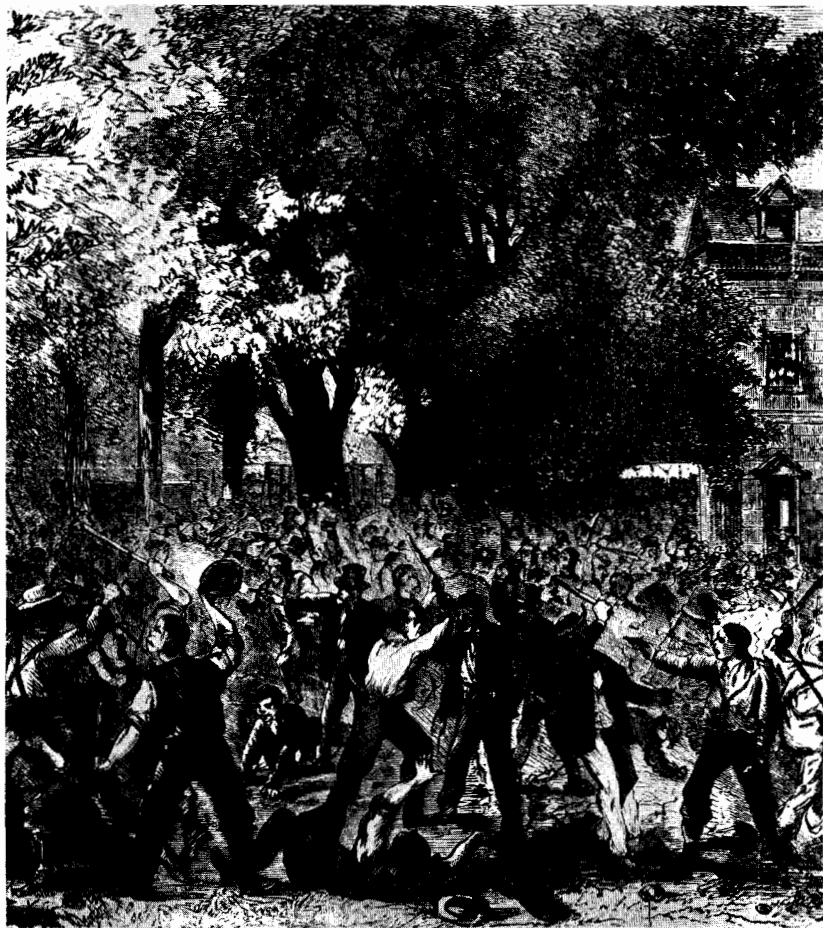
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THE WARS OF THE GODLY

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IRISH PROTESTANTS VS. IRISH CATHOLICS
ELM PARK, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 12, 1870

To
MY PARENTS

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The Wars of the Godly

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INTRODUCTORY

“ MAC ” AND “ KAP ”

RED HOT papers, wot y' readin', wot y' readin' — wot 'll it be, Mac? *Tr'boon? Noose?* Sure, here y' are.”

“ Say listen, Mac, when y' see that red light go on it means stop, see? Funny some o' you guys never get wise t' that.”

“ I do' know where this train goes to in Brooklyn. Better ask a guard, Mac.”

Mac: substitute for Sir in the brogue of democratic America; synonym to Chief and Boss and Cap'n. Mac: who among us all, of male gender, has not been called Mac at least a thousand times in his adult life? And Mac: in addition to being one of the commonest coins in the lip currency of the street, the peg whereon is hung one of the most edifying legends ever to circulate through the lodgerooms and the cigar stores of the North American Republic.

For there is a legend concerning Mac. That simple monosyllable has a dread cabalistic meaning, did you but know where to seek it and whom to ask. Provided you are not a communicant of the Roman Catholic church, or, if you are, provided you can conceal your allegiance to that faith, you may hear the tale for the asking wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of No-Popery to chant a hymn of hate.

The story goes that Mac is a password; that it is tossed from Catholic to Catholic this broad land over, in the same fashion as was the Junkers' toast to *Der Tag* in the years before *Der Tag* came up in smoke and thunder; and that this password stems from a conspiracy, black as night, to gnaw loose the foundation stones of the nation and establish the Roman Catholic church as the religion of America with the Pope set above the President in power temporal and power spiritual alike.

Wouldst know the answer to the rebus that is Mac? Then split asunder the letters composing the word, and dignify each with capital letter and period, thus: M.A.C. When you know the syllables proper to be added to each letter, the solution unwinds its mummy wrappings before your popping eyes.

Mac — so runs the legend — has but one sinister meaning; and that meaning is

MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC

When or by whom the story was first told, no one knows. It was first printed, in all probability, by *The Menace* (now *The New Menace*), an anti-Catholic weekly paper published at Aurora, Missouri, and at one time claiming a circulation of over 1,500,000 copies a week. The story whispered along the channels of lodgeroom and political district club until Ku Klux Klan was given an alleged rebirth in 1915. The Klan had been telling the story for eight years or better when these lines were written.

Shortly before this volume went to press, John Jay Chapman of New York City gave the legend a novel twist when, in an open letter to the newspapers, he charged the Knights of Columbus with possession of certain banners embroidered with the letters M.A.C., which they habitually flaunted before true and horrified American eyes in public processions of the order. Mr. Chapman submitted the allegation as one reason why Alfred E. Smith should not be elected President of the United States. The noble knights countered with a verbose resolution whose general tenor would have done credit to an old-fashioned Methodist invoker of fire and brimstone.

Thus the status of the Mac legend late in the year 1927. It is one of the most far-fetched pieces of gossip ever evolved about the Church of Rome. It is one of the most effective of those tales, because

any one can grasp its connotations in ten seconds; and for the same reason it will remain alive as a jewel of American folklore until the word Mac shall go to join "Twenty-three, skidoo!" and "O you kid!" in the junk shop of the American argot.

But stay. Shall Catholics be the only ones to own a mystic password wherewith to hearten one another till the great day comes? Shall no backfire be set up against the sputter of this alleged papal fuse beneath the keystones of state and nation? Not if your Ku Kluxers and left-wing Freemasons and assorted minor haters of Catholicity know it.

Some giant brain in one or another of these groups has worked out a counter-signal, a talisman for embattled Protestants on the walls of Zion, a charm of the tongue equal unto Mac in occult potency and beauteous simplicity. Protestants who *are* Protestants — not the "weak-kneed, lily-livered, Pope-loving, so-called Protestants" so detested of the purists who edit the anti-Catholic and Klan papers — are now greeting all that portion of the population unknown to them by name, and are signing vitriolic letters for newspaper publication in which every one from the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman to Calvin Coolidge is accused of taking orders direct from the Vatican, with the monosyllable "Kap."

Any reader who has followed with care the unscrambling of Mac should be able to dissect Kap

without much assistance. Not to prolong the suspense, it is disclosed that Kap, K.A.P., means

KEEP AMERICA PROTESTANT

Thus the battle lines are drawn; thus the watch-words, real and fanciful, gibber around the night. What does it all mean? Where did it all begin, and what, if any, will be its end?

When this was written, the United States of America was driving hell-bent into a national political fight on a religious question, so-called. It is hard to imagine Jesus Christ or Gautama Buddha or St. Francis of Assisi damning professors of creeds different from their own as idolators and traitors, or as meddling in Massachusetts politics, or as urging their governments to step on other governments because the latter had stepped on their religious partisans. The word "religious" in this volume is applied to the Catholic-Protestant fight, not because it is the proper adjective to use, but because it is the word most people do use to denote what goes forward when Christians make war on one another.

Alfred E. Smith, governor of New York, has at this writing the backing of a large section of the Democratic party for the Presidential nomination. Another section, of equal if not greater strength but equipped with a less powerful press battery, opposes him. The fight is practically co-extensive with the fight over national prohibition, Smith hav-

ing consistently disapproved that law. Smith's wetness is mentioned by many of Smith's opponents as their reason for fighting him when they do not wish to say that they are against any Roman Catholic's occupying the White House.

Roman Catholics, of whom Smith is one, believe in the God of the Christians, and the courts have declared this a Christian nation; but a Roman Catholic has never been President of the United States. Some there are who suppose the Constitution expressly forbids election of a Roman Catholic to the Presidency. It is generally conceded at this writing that Smith's religious beliefs lost him the Democratic nomination in 1924, though Col. P. H. Callahan, prominent Catholic dry of Louisville, has made the startling charge that Smith's backers in 1924 brought on the "religious" battle over the Ku Klux Klan in order to halt Smith's strongest opponent, William G. McAdoo of California.

But of the fight that rages around Alfred E. Smith, more in its proper place. It is only the largest single engagement in a war of the creeds which for years has gone on in the United States. Kate Sargent has reported in vivid detail, for the *Forum*, the political conquest of Massachusetts by Irish Catholics under the guidance of what amounts to a political-clerical machine. Texas is one continuous battleground of Klan and anti-Klan, as are Okla-

homa, Alabama, Indiana. Senator J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama keeps himself in the public eye by the simple device of charging papal windmills every time a reluctant presiding officer permits him to climb aboard the Rosinante of his eloquence. The Oregon school law, which would have killed parochial schools in that state, was sent to the mortician's from the United States Supreme Court's abattoir of freak legislation so short a time ago as mid-1925.

What does it all signify? The British colonies, the Confederation, the United States — all three — we learned in grade school, were planted on the rock of religious liberty, of non-discrimination among sects. True, our schoolbooks discreetly applied the soft pedal to such sour notes in the historical cantata as Roger Williams' flight from Puritan Massachusetts because he could not worship there as he pleased with safety to himself, or to the oppressions wrought upon Virginia and Maryland dissenters by Church of England parsons in the early eighteenth century, or to the agitations of John Jay and others for express laws against papists in many a revolutionary constitutional convention of 1776. However, these antique goings-on, if one heard of them at all, seemed accidents, out of tune with the rhythm of the New World.

But is the present “religious” conflict in the

United States a new thing? Has some bitterness entered into our twentieth-century souls which was not in the souls of our ancestors?

The answer — as most people know after listening for ten years to the epithets of “Know-Nothings! A.P.A.’s!” hurled at the Ku Klux Klan by its enemies — is that such fights have been fought in this country before now, and often, and with great ferocity. A river of religious antagonism has flowed down through our history since Protestants first penetrated the American continent and took root therein. We in 1928 merely ride the latest floodcrest of that river. The flood will subside presently, the river will growl below ground for perhaps a generation.

This volume is an attempt to trace the course the stream has followed. So far as the writer knows, there exists no connected history of “religious” conflicts in America since the beginning. There are monographs on single episodes in the long, long story. Two of these are Humphrey J. Desmond’s *The Know-Nothing Party* and *The A.P.A. Movement*, to both of which this book is heavily indebted.

An exhaustive history on the subject would fill several volumes, which could be compiled only after years of research. This is not an exhaustive history. Concededly there are omissions herein; it

is entirely possible that there are mistakes. Letters calling attention to any of the last named will be thankfully received and made use of in future editions if, as we fervently hope, there shall be any future editions.

No cure for religious prejudice is offered. The probabilities are that no cure will ever be found, so long as it shall continue axiomatic that orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy — which is to say, so long as human beings shall continue human beings.

Nor does the book seek to make a case for either the Protestant or the Catholic side. The writer happens to have been born and reared a Protestant; was even, in the bloom of his youth, inducted into University Klavern, Realm of Virginia, Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, from which he hastily deducted himself after having been urged to believe in the genuineness of the famous alleged Fourth Degree oath of the Knights of Columbus and to buy some cheap gents' haberdashery from a traveling lodge brother who wore a celluloid collar. But it is his latter-day notion that neither side in a “religious” controversy deserves any sympathy from anybody; also, that “religious” controversies ought to be encouraged rather than discouraged among us, so that we may all be saved from the horrors that

customarily ensue whenever one Christian body acquires a disproportionate amount of power in any nation under God's sun.

For various kinds of assistance rendered in the preparation of this book, thanks are hereby extended to Mr. Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal* (New York City); Mr. William Lloyd Clark, editor of the *Rail Splitter* (Milan, Ill.); Mr. H. L. Mencken; Mr. Kenneth Littauer, of *Collier's Weekly*; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Percy, of New York City; Messrs. J. A. Parker and Charles Murphy, of *The New Menace* (Aurora, Mo.); Mr. Francis M. Crowley, of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C.; Pacific & Atlantic Photos, Inc., New York City; Supreme Secretary W. J. McGinley of the Knights of Columbus; Mr. W. A. Hamlett, editor of the *Kourier* magazine (Atlanta, Ga.); the writer's father (see page 206); and Mr. Harcourt Parrish (see page 183, footnote).

And so, to the sweet story of what has happened in America every time the Cross has been drafted either to help keep the Outs out and the Ins in or to put the Outs in and the Ins out. That is really all that a "religious" conflict ever has amounted to in the history of the American commonwealth.

CHAPTER I

AMERICA: CATHOLIC FOR 115 YEARS

SICKENING as the fact may be to all of us Protestants, it is none the less a fact that the only Christian denomination to function on the North American continent for one hundred fifteen years after Columbus sailed west was the Roman Catholic. And if the assertions of the Catholics be true, that church was regnant over the souls of the Europeans who inhabited Vinland in the dim days of Leif Ericsson. America was made Catholic at the beginning. Later it was made Protestant, if political power in the hands of Protestants is the test; and if it should become once more politically Catholic, then that would be but a back-swing of the ages' pendulum.

Leif Ericsson, according to the Vinland saga of the Icelander Hauk Erlendsson, was thrown by the winds on the shores of the country he christened Vinland in the year 1000 A.D. Leif at this time, wrote Hauk, was on his way to Greenland as a missionary of the Christian church, having been lately converted to Christianity by King Olaf Tryggvason of Norway. Leif did not settle in Vin-

land. That was done three years after his accidental discovery of the new shore, by Thorfinn Karlsefni and his wife Gudrid, who led one hundred sixty people in a four-ship colonizing venture. Karlsefni appears to have been a Christian, from the Hauk book; at any rate, several Scandinavian clergymen in later times claimed to be descendants of Thorfinn and Gudrid.

The other version of the Norse discovery of America, found in the so-called Flatey saga of Iceland, credits one Biarni Heriulfsson, an Icelander, with the discovery of Vinland, and places his achievement fifteen years earlier in time than Leif Ericsson's. The Flatey saga does not say whether Biarni Heriulfsson was a Christian or not. It is presumable that he was not, if he ever existed at all. The Ericsson story is the one universally credited today. Biarni Heriulfsson's name is mentioned here chiefly for the convenience of any professional Catholic who may see a chance to work it over by some necromancy of pseudo-linguistics into, for example, Barney Harrington.

News of Vinland's having been discovered by somebody eventually reached Rome. Norway had become Christian by order of that same King Olaf who converted Lief Ericsson, and a single bishopric embraced the kingdom during all of the eleventh century. In 1112 Rome created a second see for the western Viking realms, naming it the see of

Gardar. Geographically this see included Greenland only. Its first bishop was named Eric. Little is known about the size or the activities of Eric's flock, and he himself wanders off into the mists of the sagas and the northern seas in 1121, "in search of Vinland." The see of Gardar was not discontinued, says Catholic history, until the year of Christopher Columbus' first voyage westward.

If Norse America was Christian at all, then, it was necessarily Catholic, because Vinland was discovered five hundred years before the Reformation.

Columbus, landing on San Salvador, October 12, 1492, made haste to take possession of the island in the names of their Catholic majesties Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences on the church door at Wittenberg, November 1, 1517. Thus, roughly speaking, began the Reformation. By that year, the Roman see of Santo Domingo had been five years laid out and equipped with bishop and clergy. Within fifteen years after Luther's initial punch at ecclesiastical corruption, Rome had staked out in the New World the bishoprics of Santiago de Cuba, Carolensis of Yucatan, Mexico and Florida. All of America that Europe had knowledge of was Catholic in name, and Catholic missionaries were sweating to make it Catholic in fact, by the time the Protestant Reformation became conscious of a de-

sire to get out of the ancient church rather than renovate it from within, and ninety years before the Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth. Damnation deepest of all, from the modern Anglo-Saxon pope-hater's viewpoint, the first Britisher to touch American shores, John Cabot, was but an emigrant to England from Venice, and professed the Roman Catholic faith.

The first Protestant church in America was founded at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, or one hundred fifteen years after Columbus' first voyage. "Representatives of our ancient Church of England" did the deed, and so fired the opening gun in that war of the sects for control of the American soul which is still being waged. The Pilgrims brought their non-conformist religion to Massachusetts thirteen years later.

Every Protestant coming from England to America in those years was necessarily a blood foe of Catholicity. Elizabeth's forty-five-year reign was lately over. During that period good Queen Bess had caused to be hanged, drawn and quartered one hundred eighty Catholics as traitors to the nation—which score equaled one-half the number of Protestants burned as heretics in five years under Mary Tudor, Elizabeth's Catholic sister and predecessor.

It was a life imprisonment offense in England to possess an *Agnus Dei* or a rosary, a cross or a re-

ligious picture, which the Pope or any Catholic missionary had blessed. That was but one of Elizabeth's laws against popery.

In short, the Church of England had the papists in England flat upon their backs; and its delegates to America grimly purposed to secure in the same position such Catholics as should show face in the British New World.

CHAPTER II

THE CREEDS OPEN FIRE

CATHOLICS in England, in the early 1600's, were fully as anxious to flee to America for religious liberty as were the dissenters whom the Church of England was oppressing well-nigh as heartily as it oppressed the Catholics. Every schoolboy knows of the royal grant of Maryland to Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore, in 1633, and the founding of that colony under him and his brother Leonard.

Not every one knows that George Calvert, the father of Leonard and Cecilius, had led a body of both Catholic and Protestant colonists to Newfoundland four years before the Maryland grant. George allowed his Protestants a minister and his Catholics a priest. The Protestant cleric shortly went home to England, where he complained against Calvert for allowing mass to be said in Newfoundland. Calvert started south with his followers. He attempted to settle in Virginia, but was summarily put off the premises when he declined to take the oath of Protestant supremacy at Governor Pott's demand.

Religious equality was guaranteed all Maryland

colonists in the charter issued to young Cecilius Calvert. Within thirty-five years thereafter, screams that even now have a familiar ring were going up in Maryland: that the lord proprietor meddled with elections, he used his veto power too freely, he gave the good political jobs to Roman Catholics and his own kinspeople.

The first Calverts meant well, however. The famous Maryland Act of Toleration was passed in Leonard's régime (1649), guaranteeing religious freedom to all Christians who believed in the Trinity. Anabaptists, Jews and unbelievers thus became the only classes of white people whom Maryland refused to protect from the ferocities of whatever Christian sect was strongest in number. So sweeping a renunciation by a state of the right to persecute for the glory of the authorized God had not been witnessed in the Christian world prior to that time, and the scandalized excitement stirred up by the Act of Toleration was immense.

The Act irked especially William Claiborne, new governor of the colony of Virginia to the south of Maryland. Claiborne was a staunch Church of Englander. The hated papists' nearness to his preserves galled him; and the papists bade fair to make a rich plantation state out of the land the king had given their proprietor.

Claiborne could find no pretext for violence for some time; he had to content himself with having a

law passed levying a fine of one thousand pounds of tobacco upon any "popish recusant" who should attempt to hold public office in Virginia. Some poor devils of Puritans had wandered down to Virginia from Massachusetts, and Claiborne was able to vent some of his religious sadism on them.

The chance to smite the Pope came when Puritanism hurled Oliver Cromwell into the governmental saddle in England. Claiborne jumped at the chance to turn Puritan himself, and forthwith sailed the ship *Reformation* to Kent's Island, off Maryland's eastern shore. He captured the island, and held it against an indignant attack by Calvert. From the island Claiborne leapt into Maryland itself, drove out the governor, and took over the colony in the name of the Puritan party. In charge of his government he placed his man Friday, an expirate named Thomas Ingle. For two years Ingle carried on a reign of terror in the best Mary Tudor or Francisco Pizarro style, wrecking Catholic plantations and deporting two priests to England after letting them season suitably in a Maryland jail.

Leonard Calvert then gathered a battalion of Catholics in Virginia, whence he had fled on Claiborne's invasion, and returned to Maryland to kick Ingle out.

The next move on Claiborne's part was to get himself an appointment from England as commissioner for Maryland. This was in 1652, Leonard

Calvert having died meanwhile. Claiborne overthrew the Maryland Catholic government, called an assembly from which Catholics were barred, and passed a new law which began by saying: "It is hereby enacted and declared that none who profess and exercise the Popish (commonly called the Roman Catholic) religion, can be protected in this province by the laws of England. . . ." A fierce battle on the Severn river followed Claiborne's second triumph. Claiborne's Puritan warriors won out, celebrating the victory by shooting to death four prisoners, of whom three were Catholics.

Maryland was a football of battling sects from this time off and on until the American Revolution one hundred twenty-four years later.

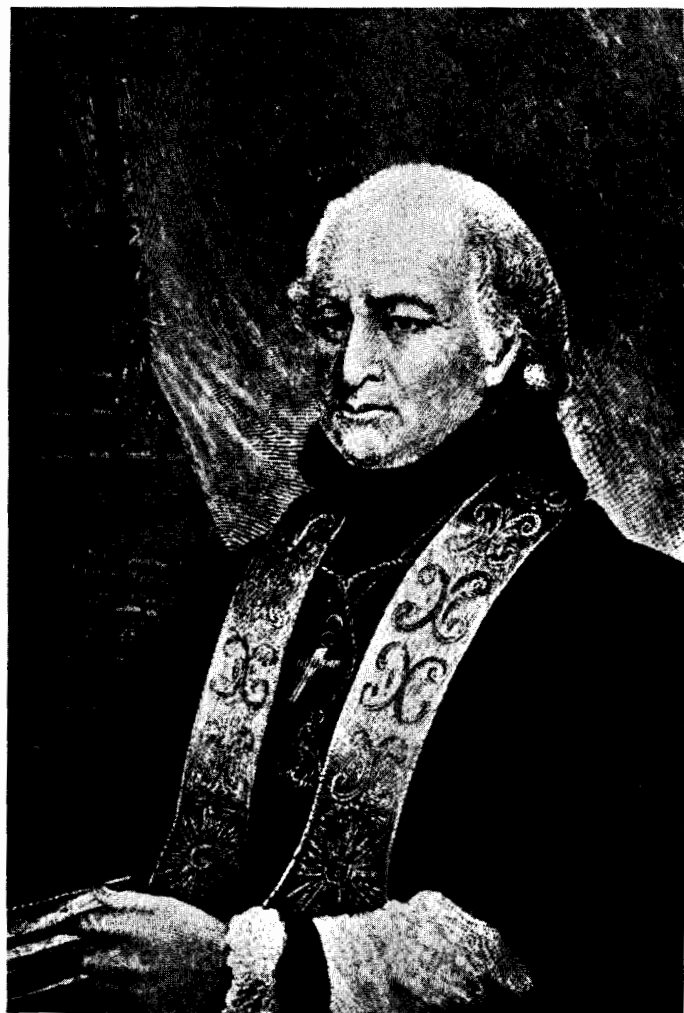
The Puritans had first seized the government from the Catholics. Then, in 1690, the Rev. Mr. Coode, a distinctly militant churchman of the Anglican communion, snatched control from both Puritan and Catholic and declared his church the state religion of Maryland. Mr. Coode levied a tax upon every one in Maryland, regardless of religious affiliation, of forty pounds of tobacco per year to finance the building of Anglican churches and the support of Anglican ministers. This tobacco tax remained in force in both Virginia and Maryland for nearly a century, with the result, as a Catholic historian acidly puts it, that "the Anglican clergy became tobacco dealers."

What probably stands champion of anti-Catholic laws for all time in America was enacted in Maryland in 1704, under Governor Seymour. On pain of penalties payable in sterling, tobacco or jail duty, Catholics were forbidden by this statute (1) to baptize any child into their church, (2) to proselyte, (3) to purchase land, (4) to inherit land, or (5) to send a child abroad for education in the Catholic faith. A sort of footnote to the law provided for collection of a twenty-pound fine from any one importing an Irish farmhand. The law quickly became a dead letter.

“From the year 1717 or 1718,” the Catholics reported later, “to the year 1751, we were undisturbed, and though deprived of our rights and privileges, we enjoyed peace and quiet.”

That conditions were even better than that for the Catholics at one time during this period is indicated by a paragraph of the Anglican historian Hawks, written in 1734:

“The papists did not fail to take advantage of the trouble in the church of which we have spoken (*i.e.*, laxity of Anglican clergy and laity). . . . They flattered themselves that they were about to acquire the ascendancy, as under the administration of Governor Calvert, many of them had been put into offices of honor and profit which they still retained. Most diligent were the priests in distributing pamphlets among the people, the object



Courtesy The Universal Knowledge Foundation

ARCHBISHOP JOHN CARROLL

of which was to maintain the Church of Rome; and in all cases when a female of the Romish communion intermarried with a Protestant, it was customary to make a previous contract that all the daughters of the marriage should be educated as papists."

The war between England and France for control of eastern America lasted from 1755 until 1763. France was a Catholic nation. Hence, anti-papal feeling flamed once more in Britain's colonies. The usual fantastics were gone through again, by both sides, to be quashed only when the American Revolution threw colonial Protestants and Catholics into the same boat of danger.

CHAPTER III

PURITAN VS. PAPIST

PLYMOUTH and Massachusetts Bay colonies were founded by Separatists who had broken with the Church of England and wanted freedom to worship God in their own way. They were no more solicitous that dissenters from Puritan beliefs should be free to worship in *their* way than is the generality of Christian sects anywhere on the same issue. They were rather less so, in fact. Their hounding of the first independent, then Baptist Roger Williams into Rhode Island is the best-known example of the Puritans' attitude toward what we call religious freedom today.

Eleven years after the Plymouth Rock episode, Massachusetts Bay colony expelled from its territory one Sir Christopher Gardner, on suspicion of being a Catholic. In the same year (1631) the General Court of the colony formally denounced the opinion, put forth by a clergyman of the accepted faith, that the Roman Catholic church might reasonably be considered a true church of Christ. Sixteen years after these incidents, Massachusetts enacted a law which forbade any Jesuit to enter the

colony on pain of banishment and decreed the foul fellow's instant death should he return after having been banished.

Early in the eighteenth century (1704) a Father Rale set up a Catholic mission for the Indians in Maine and built a church at Norridgewock, on the Kennebec river. The example set by Sir Francis Drake, in firing St. Augustine one hundred nineteen years before, was followed by an expedition from Massachusetts which burned Father Rale's church and ordered the priest to keep his contaminating fingers off the simple Indians. Rale returned to his labors and rebuilt the church.

The Massachusetts people left him in peace for seventeen years following their first sortie. Then they burned his church again, the holy father being secreted in a hollow log nearby while this Protestant *auto da fé* went forward.

New York saw its first Protestant-Catholic clash about twenty years after the deputies of James, Duke of York and Albany, persuaded Peter Stuyvesant to turn over the Dutch province of New Netherland to British rule. James was brother to King Charles II of England, and a Catholic convert. In due course he appointed a Catholic to govern New York. This ancient forerunner of Alfred E. Smith was Col. Thomas Dongan. His tenure of office lasted from 1683 to 1688, terminating in a No-Popery explosion.

The highest crime Dongan appears to have committed against Protestantism was to put two Catholic priests on the public payroll at £60 a year to minister to his spiritual needs. He saw to it that the first legislative assembly of his administration should pass a bill of rights guaranteeing absolute religious liberty to all sects (October 30, 1683).

England, since the restoration of the Covenanter-Catholic-Anglican-or-what-will-you Charles II, had been a roaring battleground of the sects. A man might go to sleep a confirmed Church of Englander, wake up to find it necessary, if he wished to preserve life and property, to hie him to the nearest Catholic priest for recantation, and be forced to turn non-conformist ere nightfall. Charles II himself, for the same sordid reasons, professed allegiance to every Christian division active in Britain at one time or another during his reign, and occasionally to two or three of them at once.

Dongan ruled New York in peace for more than four years. Charles died in that period. Much talk was made in England about the desirability of booting out Charles's successor James II and calling the Protestant King William of Holland to the British throne. The English movement, as always, had its repercussion in the colonies. William sailed for England when the conspiracy ripened; and no sooner did news of his landing reach New York than one Jacob Leisler loosed a No-Popery war-whoop and

captained a mob attack on the Dongan government. Dongan passed out of the picture, hunted like any Huguenot at St. Bartholomew. He made his escape, however, and bore out the saying that you can't beat the Irish by bobbing up some time later to succeed to the earldom of Limerick.

Upon William's successful leap to the throne of England, New York's bill of rights was promptly abolished, the Church of England was established in the colony and Catholics were barred from public office. The Earl of Bellemont's governorship (1698-1701) saw the enactment of "An Act Against Jesuits and Popish Priests" which decreed life imprisonment for any priest who should stay in New York or come in thereafter, execution of any imprisoned priest who should escape jail and be recaptured, and a fine of £250 with three days in the pillory for any one harboring such a reverend fugitive. In the following year the vote was taken away from "Papists and Popish recusants . . . henceforth and forever," in both New York and Massachusetts.

In fact, to quote C. J. Stille (*Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, Vol. IX, p. 375):

"Throughout the colonies at the beginning of the eighteenth century the man who did not conform to the established religion of the colony . . . if he were a Roman Catholic was everywhere

wholly disfranchised. For him there was not even the legal right of public worship."

The Romish priests prospered greatly among the Indians in Florida; so greatly that in 1684 the English in the Carolinas won over the Yamassee Indians and induced them to sack the Santa Catalina mission. The expedition brought back several Catholic Indians to be sold into slavery in the Carolinas.

William Penn, Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, wrote a flaming No-Popery book in his younger years. When he set up his Quaker Commonwealth in America, however, he did his best to establish religious freedom for all. Nevertheless, by 1693, or eleven years after the issuance of Penn's final charter, no public officer in the colony could hold his job without first solemnly denying the Real Presence and declaring the Roman mass idolatrous. By an act of 1730, none but Protestants were permitted to be naturalized or to hold lands whereon to build churches, schools and hospitals. Be it recorded, though, that these enactments were by order of the British crown, and that officialdom in Pennsylvania itself swiftly let them become dead letters so far as it dared.

In the southernmost British colony, Georgia, Governor Oglethorpe opened war about the middle of the eighteenth century on the Florida Spaniards. The fight was partly "religious," chiefly territorial.

Its feature number was a siege of St. Augustine, in 1740, which the Spaniards successfully fought off.

Oglethorpe's war had a curious echo in New York. He sent a letter north, in which he warned the other British colonies to be on the lookout for Spanish spies. Most of these rascals, he promised, would prove to be Roman Catholic priests.

An Anglican chapel in New York City had lately been burned, and four or five persons executed as guilty of arson. New York read Oglethorpe's letter with breathless interest, and forthwith clearly perceived that the fire had been the work of dastardly papist plotters. No Catholic priest was available for sacrifice within the city. But there was a non-juring Church of England dominie by the name of John Ury. This poor devil was seized, charged with the twin crimes of being a Roman Catholic and having led the conspiracy for which the other people already had been executed, and was hanged by the neck until dead on August 15, 1741.

Boston saw ghosts about the same time. Possibly the harsh treatment accorded the Pope's minions in this city had reduced them to a state in which they feared to speak above a whisper; but you never could be sure. On September 9, 1746, the town meeting named a committee "to take care and prevent any Danger the Town may be in from Roman Catholics residing here."

And what was the net result of this century and

a quarter of Catholic-hating and Catholic-baiting in the colonies of Britain? An editorial in the *Maryland Gazette* of September 17, 1754, reported progress in these words:

“Does Popery increase in this Province? The great number of Popish chapels, and the crowds that resort to them, as well as the great number of their youth sent this year to foreign popish seminaries for education, prove to a demonstration that it does. Moreover, many popish priests and Jesuits hold sundry large tracts of land, manors and other tenements, and in several of them have dwelling houses where they live in a collegiate manner, having public Mass-Houses, where they exercise their religious functions, etc., with the greatest industry and without controul. . . .”

CHAPTER IV

THE SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS' TRUCE

FROM a decade prior to the American Revolution until some fifteen years after our second war with Great Britain, Americans had something important to think about and sweat about almost every minute of every day. Immense decisions clamored to be made; real crises convulsed a child-nation which had to fight for its life among adult nations; men were jerked out of their selfishnesses and vanities and forced to be men or sink.

The ghostly differences, naturally, slumbered almost dreamlessly from 1763 to 1830. Yet there were nightmares of a sort throughout the period.

In 1763 Great Britain finished her war on France and the Indians in North America. Out of the two great Catholic powers, France and Spain, she wrung the Treaty of Paris of that year. This document cleared most of Louisiana — a much larger territory than the present state — of French and Spanish influence. France had quit Canada three years before, riding high on the toe of the British boot, when the Marquis de Vaudreuil capitulated at Montreal to General Lord Jeffrey Amherst Amherst of wide-sung fame.

The end of the colonial wars was a conclusive victory for the English. In colonial minds, Britain and Protestantism were safe in North America. Pressure on the colonial papists accordingly eased off immediately after the 1763 treaty. The Protestants could afford to be generous.

Further than that, Britain, with her swollen population, considered herself forced to sweat her American possessions by every conceivable species of taxation; wherefore her American possessions meditated more seriously with each new dawn the proposal to give Britain as hearty a pop in the jaw as lay within their power to deliver.

Catholic rum makers were stung in pocket no less sharply than were Protestant by the suddenly stiffened Molasses Act. A papist might hate a heretic for denying the Real Presence, but the two saw equally red when the Stamp Act was saddled on them by Parliament and an army of officials poured into the country to enforce the Act. Both could feel the injustice of taxation without representation, though neither could read the other's sacred literature and feel safe from hellfire.

The Catholics, moreover, had suffered one hundred fifty years of persecution in the colonies at the hands of Britishers. It would have been astounding if Catholics had not proved to be among the hottest of the American Revolutionists, as they did. For the sake of revenge and for economic reasons,

they had to take arms for independence. This they did in spite of the Quebec Act, which Parliament craftily passed the year before the battle of Lexington. This Act granted full civil and religious liberty to the Roman Catholic church and its communicants throughout Canada. Instantly, of course, the colonies that were to become the States envisaged a British-Roman plot to enslave the American continent. John Jay — a young New York lawyer whose public career was to end only with the Chief Justiceship of the United States Supreme Court — wrote for the Continental Congress its famous "Address to the People of Great Britain," a part of which was a red-eyed protest against the mother country's action in "establishing the Roman Catholic religion in the province of Quebec."

After the Declaration of Independence, the colonies found themselves States, at least in name, with a pressing need for constitutions wherewith to govern themselves. In New York John Jay fought Gouverneur Morris and Robert Livingston for a constitutional provision against naturalizing Catholics — and won. To disarm Catholics who had already slipped under the bar of citizenship, the oath prescribed for public officers was so worded that Catholics could not take it without renouncing their faith.

New Jersey's first constitution ruled Catholics

bluntly out of all public offices. No one who "denied the truth of the Protestant religion" could hold office in North Carolina, while South Carolina's constitution declared that "the Protestant religion is the religion of this state" and promised religious equality to all Protestant sects.

Catholics were made the equals of Protestants by the revolutionary constitutions of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland.

The United States, governed under a constitution in which religious tests for Federal office were prohibited and national laws respecting the establishment of any religion *tabu*, could boast of one state where creed controlled eligibility to office as late as the year of our Lord 1877. This state was New Hampshire. New Jersey did not rub its last religious law off the books until 1844. Massachusetts taxed Catholics for the support of Protestant churches up to 1833.

One of General Washington's early official acts as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary armies was to forbid a "Pope Day" celebration planned by some of his jolly Continentals for November 5, 1776. Pope Day was the New England incarnation of the British Guy Fawkes Day. Fawkes having headed the renowned Gunpowder Plot in 1605 against the life of King James I, and the plot having been concededly Catholic in complexion, the anniversary of his arrest was celebrated by pious

British Protestants for many a year, and indeed to this day remains a holiday.

New England's quaint custom, on November 5 of each year, was to parade effigies of the Pope through all the principal villages and towns, finally giving them to the flames in the public squares, while all present rejoiced and gave thanks. Washington, advised that his New England contingents were making ready to solemnize Pope Day in their usual fashion, announced with engaging naïveté that "we are soliciting . . . friendship and alliance of the people of Canada," and must on no account insult those people's religion.

In 1778, when the French became allies of the Revolutionists, the Tories smelled a papal plot once more. Benedict Arnold tossed the only pinch of red fire into this flareup of religious excitement; for the rest, it was a pale and feeble flicker. Arnold's contribution was a printed broadside to the Continental Army, promulgated October 20, 1780, from within the British lines where he was dodging the consequences of his treason.

"Do you know," Arnold asked the soldiers of Washington, "that the eye which guides this pen, lately saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass for the soul of a Roman Catholic in purgatory, and participating in the rites of a Church against whose anti-Christian corruptions your

pious ancestors would have witnessed with their blood? ”

But the Continentals, Catholic and Protestant and freethinker, were witnessing with their own blood against the corruptions of Great Britain, so that Arnold's fulminations drifted down the wind with the rest of the Tory propaganda.

The British attempted to raise a regiment of Roman Catholics in Philadelphia in the third year of the war. Of this, the unaffiliated historian Bancroft says, “ In Philadelphia, Howe had been able to form a regiment of Catholics,” while the official Catholic historian Shea says, “ The very reverse is true. It never existed except on paper.” Shea would seem to have the better of the argument, since the Catholics had nothing to gain from the British.

Then came Yorktown, and the surrender of Cornwallis; the Articles of Confederation, and four years wherein thirteen bled-white states tried to function as thirteen allied Great Powers. The attempt nearly killed the new nation, but it was saved in the nick of time by the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and the results of the proceedings there had.

Certain Catholic historians make no little outcry anent the intolerance of some of the Founding Fathers and the terrific fight which they assert the

Catholics had to put up for their rights while the Constitution was going the rounds of the state legislatures for ratification. Unless the scriveners who reported the legislative debates were seduced by Protestants into striking religious discussions from their transcripts, the Catholic historians exaggerate the facts.

Nor do these gentlemen throw open all stops and tread heavily on the loud pedal when — and if — discussing another Treaty of Paris: that of 1783. Under this treaty, Florida went back to Spanish rule, not to become definitely a part of the United States for thirty-five years. The Spanish government refused to guarantee religious freedom to British Protestants in Florida, and the bulk of these took wing for the north, where their own gang was in power.

The religious issue came up at the Philadelphia convention when Charles Pinckney inserted into the original draft of the Constitution the clause

“ . . . but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.”

Almost nobody questioned this clause at the Philadelphia convention. Luther Martin, bellowing enemy of the proposed constitution, reported later to the Maryland legislature that

“ there were some members so unfashionable as

to think that a belief in the existence of a Deity, and of a state of future rewards and punishments would be some security for the good conduct of the rulers, and that in a Christian country it would be at least decent to hold out some distinction between the professors of christianity, and downright infidelity or paganism."

Of all the states, Massachusetts suffered the severest gagging when requested to swallow the religious-test clause. Several Congregationalist clergymen sat in the Massachusetts convention. These gentlemen proved more tolerant toward the clause than did some of their lay brethren. Congregationalism was the next thing to an established church in Massachusetts at that time — which fact makes one wonder how broad-minded the dominies would have been could they have foreseen the Catholic ascendancy in the Massachusetts of today.

At any rate, a Major Lusk "shuddered" at the thought "that Roman Catholics, Papists, and Pagans might be introduced into office, and that Popery and the Inquisition may be established in America."

To this the Rev. Mr. Backus gave benignant reply that "nothing is more evident, both in reason, and the holy scriptures, than that religion is ever a matter between God and individuals . . .



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JOHN JAY
(From a bust by Frazee)

the imposing of religious tests hath been the greatest engine of tyranny in the world," concluding that, with the anti-test clause in the Constitution, Congress could not possibly establish "Popery, or some other tyrannical way of worship" as the religion of the United States.

The Rev. Mr. Shute went Mr. Backus one better by declaring that, as for him, he supposed, nay, he even believed, "that there are worthy characters among men of every denomination — among the Quakers — the Baptists — the Church of England —" his voice trailed off to a bemused undertone of astonishment at his own broad-mindedness — "the Papists."

In the other states, so far as disclosed by Elliott's four-volume compilation of the reported debates, the religious-test clause was treated as small matter for argument and a highly desirable insurance policy against clerics' ambitions. Certainly Rhode Island and North Carolina, which had to be blackjacked into ratification later, made no mountain of bones about this feature of the Constitution.

The new code being ratified by the necessary majority of states, the Federalist party organized the first central government. Captained by John Adams and Alexander Hamilton, it remained in power until Thomas Jefferson and his Democratic Republicans dynamited it in 1800. Where religion was concerned, the Federalists were indeed

the Native Americans, the Know-Nothings, the Ku Kluxers of their day, as Catholic writers point out with a heavy accompaniment of sobs. They distrusted Catholicity as they distrusted the French-liberal ideas of Jefferson and any other thought or institution not British-made or home-made. A good-size wing of the Federalist party would gladly have crowned Washington king; the Tories of Revolutionary days were almost all Federalists now, and nothing would have pleased them more than a return to British rule. Federalism, in short, was the party of that element which John Jay once succinctly called "the property"; anti-Federalism and Jeffersonian democracy were the haven for the Outs of all descriptions — small farmers, city and town low-castes, German and Irish immigrants on the northeast seaboard.

To say, then, that the Federalists passed the Alien and Sedition Acts and in other ways fought the foreigner's entry into this country primarily because they were anti-Catholics, is as sensible as to say that S. S. Kresge approves the prohibition law in our day because he thinks it is ordained of God and not because he believes it means more money for him. The Federalists opposed any one who threatened by his shrewdness and energy to lay hands on their money or property or political jobs; and many members of Jefferson's mobs who did so threaten happened to be Roman Catholics.

Hence, what little Catholic-baiting there was in the days of Citizen Genêt, the Whisky Insurrection, the Alien and Sedition Acts, the Porcupine papers of William Cobbett, the musical comedy war with France, the birth and howling infancy of the Society of St. Tammany in New York, Jefferson's labored climb to the Presidency.

Those were the days, too, in Ireland, of Wolfe Tone, Napper Tandy, Rowan, Reynolds and Russell, and the wild doings of their United Irishmen. Bloody rebellions against England were hatched every night in Dublin and Wexford; the French and the Dutch were sending raiding expeditions to help the Irish and so hamstringing the English; and many an Irish patriot was finding it necessary to board ship for America without farewell ceremonies. Tandy, Rowan and Reynolds spent several months in Philadelphia in 1795, where Wolfe Tone himself joined them for a brief spell. Ireland's population was swelling at a frightful rate under the spur of the potato; the great famine was yet to come, but the overflow of the human crop was either hurling itself on British cannon mouths or migrating to America.

And so, at this point, the Catholic-Protestant fight in the United States took on the complexion it wears today, and has worn since the first gutter battle between New York nativists and New York Micks in the year 1806. From Jefferson's time to

Coolidge's, it has been the *Irish* Catholic who has drawn most of the rage of the native American Protestant white Gentile, and the same Catholic who has returned most of the Protestant punches with all possible vigor.

The Irish are the extremists of all the world. If you are a person whose flesh does not creep and scalp wrinkle at sight of an Irishman, then Irishmen to you are the most lovable people that breathe. You can love an Irishman or you can hate him. You cannot think impartially about him — probably because he cannot think impartially about any person, idea or institution within his ken.

He is the prime romanticist, the champion of amour, the master of intrigue, the boldest, merriest fighter, the most deadly politician and organizer and drummer-up of mob sentiment, in all the world. In business life, he concludes his career either by being fired or being elected chairman of the board of directors. In politics, he makes the ablest statesman — *e.g.*, Alfred E. Smith; or the perfect apotheosis of the ward heeler — *e.g.*, Charles F. Murphy; or the gaudiest rascal — *e.g.*, any Irish member of Tweed's inner circle. In the Catholic hierarchy the Irishman makes the shrewdest worker for Mother Church under the sun, and in realms where Italians cannot clip his wings he flies the highest: how many American cardinals and archbishops have been non-Irishmen?

The Union's first "religious" fight of modern character broke out in New York City at Christmastide in 1806. A gang of native-born Americans gathered outside St. Peter's Roman Catholic church on Barclay Street with intent to enhance God's glory by breaking up the Christmas Eve services. But no services were held. The following night the Irish rallied at St. Peter's in force, expecting and probably hoping for trouble. The Protestants charged. When a city watchman interfered, an Irishman stabbed and killed him. To avenge this insult to law and order, the mob chased the Irish all around lower Manhattan. The Irish section would have been looted and burned but for the appearance of Mayor De Witt Clinton, who argued the natives out of their frenzy.

Tammany Hall began in 1789 as a red-hot, roughneck, native American order — though it was founded by the Irishman William Mooney. It could not remain an enemy to the Federalist aristocrats and to the immigrant at the same time, and still survive as a political club. In 1809 the first Irish Catholic ran on a Tammany-supported ticket for a New York office, when Patrick McKay was nominated for the Assembly.

In 1812, the Society of United Irishmen boasted that six Congressmen were members of the organization. Needless to state, all six voted heartily for the second war against Britain. That year, too, saw

a special appeal issued by the Democrats of New York City to the Irish voters as a bloc, beseeching them to turn out at an election and prove their gratitude to the party which had shown itself their friend.

While the War of 1812 lagged along, religious prejudice was forgotten, as it always is in wartime. De Witt Clinton, by now a city judge, handed down a decision in the second year of the war which excused Catholic priests from testifying in court to secrets revealed to them in the confessional.

The "era of good feeling" followed the peace treaty of 1815, lasting into 1825. General Andrew Jackson was making warlike passes at Spain in Florida; the Missouri Compromise was sweating its weary way through the Congress; President Monroe was meditating his Doctrine which was to fence off the western hemisphere from Europe; Lafayette visited the United States; the "Virginia-Massachusetts dynasty" at Washington was about to fall before the spoilsmen of Jackson; and in such exciting, constructive times the only outburst of a mass emotion related to religious hate was the Anti-Masonic movement of 1826-32.

Anti-Masonry has only this to do with the subject of religious conflict: its flareup must have set many minds to dreaming dreams and imagining the wind's whistling to be the keen of spirits eery and uncouth. Thus the movement played its part in pre-

paring Americans to receive the deluge of escaped nuns' confessions, ex-priests' exposures and European travelers' tales of Romish plots which was to roll over them during the thirties and forties.

William Morgan, of Batavia, New York, in 1826 announced his intention to publish a book which would contain all the secrets of Freemasonry. His book finally reached print, but Morgan himself was first arrested on a charge of debt, then taken in a closed carriage to Niagara Falls, and never seen again. A body found below the falls some days later was alleged to be Morgan's. This was never proved; and when Thurlow Weed, an Anti-Masonic leader, was later asked whether he believed the body to be that of Morgan, he replied cynically that "it was a good enough Morgan till after election."

The enemies of Masonry organized a political party which by 1830 was the strongest New York adversary of Jackson's Democrats. It nominated a Presidential ticket in 1831, but William Wirt, its candidate, carried only Vermont. The Anti-Masonic Jonah was shortly afterward swallowed up in the belly of the Whig whale.

Americans were thinking, though, of plots, secret organizations, closed carriages speeding conspirators' victims to a dreadful doom, bodies found at the crossroads. . . . The time was ripe for another wave of religious mania.

CHAPTER V

CATHOLIC INVENTORY; PROTESTANT ALARM

NATIVE Americanism, the politico-religious storm which roared through the thirties and forties and culminated in the tornado that was Know-Nothingism in the fifties, arose not solely from the Anti-Masonic furore. The Catholic church itself had no little to do with bringing down the lightnings of nativism on its timeless head.

In 1829, the Roman church in the United States looked about from the eminence of its metropolitanate at Baltimore and perceived that it was grown exceeding large. Fifty years of complete liberty under the Constitution had enabled it to become an organization big with membership, regimented by an aggressive clergy, rich in lands and buildings and money.

There were nearly 360,000 Catholics in a total population of about twelve and one-half millions. Not a town in New England but had its Catholic congregation and priest, while the rest of the country thus far settled was divided into sees and vicariates apostolic of varying degrees of prosperity. The church operated six seminaries, nine colleges

under ecclesiastical control (three of them universities), thirty-three nunneries and monasteries, and a startling number of hospitals and schools. Rome had given her no cardinal as yet, but no longer was she a mere puny offshoot from the monster tree of religion that overspread Europe and South America.

What more fitting and politic than to call a council of the hierarchy of all this North American province of the church? Archbishop John Carroll — first titular head of the Roman Catholic church in the United States and reckoned by some the greatest churchman ever seen in the land — had long dreamed of the day when such a session might be held for the proper edification of the faithful and the — if one may impute harsh motives to so saintly a man — discomfiture of American Protestants.

Carroll's successor James, Archbishop Whitfield approached the Pope as to the advisability of the meeting. Leo XII sanctioned the plan by his breve *Quo Longius*. The First Provincial Council of Catholicity in America met at Baltimore on October 1, 1829.

The spectacle must have been a gorgeous one, to any Catholic layman attending the open sessions, a terrifying one to any Protestant who could overcome his abhorrence of popery sufficiently to do likewise. Daily, the prelates in their shining robes

and towering miters convened, deliberated, distilled the essence of their wisdom — which the Catholic hierarchy possessed and possesses in generous measure — to the written page.

Besides such eminent suffragans of Baltimore as Bishop John Dubois of New York, John England of Charleston and Benedict J. Flaget of Bardstown, there were present in goodly number lesser clerical lights, theologians, vicars-general of realms outside the Baltimore metropolitanate, and even one administrator *sede vacante*.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, lone Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence, lived to be also the only surviving signer. One day in that autumn of 1829, the entire council proceeded to his estate near Baltimore, to pay its respects to the ninety-six-year-old veteran of the times that tried men's souls.

A quartet of the decrees promulgated by the council were of a nature to set Protestant teeth on edge. There were thirty-eight of these in all, most of them having to do with matters perfunctory and administrative only. But into four of the decrees the Catholic prelates managed to pack as much dynamite for Protestants to use against them and their church as could well have been encased in that number of short pronouncements.

Decree No. 9 warned Catholics to have nothing to do with "corrupt translations of the Bible" —

meaning, of course, the King James version used by the Protestants — and to stand or fall on the Catholic version.

No. 17, to quote the evasive language of the Catholic historian Shea, “regarded baptism of children of non-Catholic parents where there was a prospect of the child being brought up a Catholic.”

Nos. 34 and 35 concerned the elementary schools and the teaching therein. The former urged that, as speedily as might be, Catholic parishes should build Catholic schools “to save children, especially those of the poor, from perversion” (Shea’s language again). The latter had to do with the preparation of schoolbooks suitable to be studied by Catholic children.

Thus was marked out a new sector in the religious war in America along which the guns still bark. Many a bloody engagement has been had on that part of the fighting front, from Bishop Hughes’s sortie against the Protestant-controlled public school funds of New York City in the early forties to the Supreme Court’s slaughter of the Oregon school law in 1925.

James Harper and his Native Americans belabored against the Catholic church’s position on the education of children in the forties; Know-Nothing broadsides lambasted it in the fifties; Tom Nast cartooned priests as training cannon on the Statue of Liberty in the time of Tweed; the A.P.A. grew

fat for a season on the morsel when Bryan was in his prime, as did *The Menace* a half-generation later; the Ku Klux Klan has raved over it in our day; and as 1927 marched down its last lap, the reincarnated Menace, then functioning as *The New Menace*, had the following remarks to make about Catholicity and the common schools:

“The school issue looks us squarely in the face. We have reached the parting of the ways. Our national destiny is at stake. We must choose between the schools of Rome and those of America. The alternative is darkness or light, illiteracy or education. Latin America exemplified the former; the United States, the latter. . . .

“There is but one righteous solution of the problem before us. The public schools must continue incomparably superior to all others. Their very excellence must command the favor of all loyal citizens. No foreign government, whether civil or ecclesiastical, must be permitted further to project a rival system here or to exclude American children from American schools.”

The Catholic church made its school philosophy clearer and more positive with every provincial and plenary council in the United States after 1829. Its third and last plenary council, held at Baltimore in 1884, issued a solemn command that Cath-

olic parents send their children "to the parish or other truly Catholic schools, unless, indeed, the bishop of the diocese judge that in a particular case other provision may be permitted."

Not only had the Catholic church in America cause to rejoice, as it did, at that first council in 1829. In the same year the Catholics in Great Britain won their long fight to throw overboard the laws which held them under the Protestant toe. Britain rang with the battle for Catholic equality from 1780 to 1829.

The British No-Popery fight turned on the question of the Pope's superiority, as acknowledged by Catholics and as denied by the established Anglican church.

The position of British patriots toward Catholics was expressed in the offer: "Give up your claims for your Pope, and you can have some of our civil rights."

In 1790, some fifteen hundred Roman Catholic bishops and laymen in Britain accepted the Protestant condition. The Great Protest, signed by this group, proclaimed: "We acknowledge no infallibility in the Pope." This, of course, was long before the Vatican Council of 1870, at which the Ultramontane faction succeeded in dogmatizing the Pope's infallibility when, speaking *ex cathedra*, he pronounces any doctrine touching faith or morality to be binding on the whole church.

The Relief Act sped through Parliament on publication of the Great Protest, and the heavier disabilities were removed from the shoulders of all Catholics who would renounce the authority of the Pope in matters temporal. Ten years more, and the Catholics opened their drive to get rid of every legal difference between themselves and Protestants in Britain. This fight endured from 1800 to 1829. George III was bitterly opposed to granting the Catholics another inch, entertaining, as he did, the presentiment that they would take the proverbial mile. But George IV failed to oppose the Catholic claims, and in 1829 Parliament passed the second Catholic Relief Act, whereunder, with but the slightest exceptions, a British Catholic became as good a man as a British Protestant.

Baltimore's Catholic fiesta of the same year, plus the victory of the Catholics in Britain, focused American attention on the church which had prospered unhampered since 1763; and great was the consternation among Protestant clerics when they perceived the size to which their common enemy had grown.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST NUN ESCAPES; THE FIRST CONVENT BURNS

INTELLIGENCE, news, penetrated the American ken far more slowly in those days than it does now. It was not until two years after 1829 that Lyman Beecher, Congregationalist sire to the hell-raising Harriet Beecher Stowe and the potent Henry Ward Beecher, cut loose at his Hanover Street church in Boston a series of anti-Catholic sermons. His motive was simple and obvious: there were too many Catholics in and about Boston to suit his tastes.

In 1833 one Rebecca Reed entered the Ursuline convent at Charlestown, Massachusetts, as a probationer. She must pass six months in this status in order to become eligible for the veil, but before the time elapsed she fled the nunnery, in secret and by night. The things Rebecca told of having witnessed within the institution were interesting enough to set tongues wagging throughout Boston. All her reports came under the same head as that old Chinese proverb which gently muses: "The nunnery stands across the road from the monastery. There is nothing in that; but there may be."

Miss Reed became the pet of the more ardent Protestants of Boston, the abhorred of all the Catholics. So effective was the whispering campaign she waged single-tongued that before a month was out she had all the Protestant enthusiasts ravening for Catholic blood.

Nothing of serious nature occurred until, in the summer following, another nun in the same Ursuline convent became hysterical and imitated Rebecca Reed's secret flight. Sister Mary John, for such was this second deserter's name, speedily repented and returned to the convent under the wing of her brother. But a rumor got about to the effect that Sister Mary John was held prisoner by the silent sisters. A near-riot took place, and the Boston selectmen visited the convent and talked with Sister Mary John in person, hoping to satisfy the town that she had returned of her own free will and was not in need of salvage by brawny nativists.

Religious frenzy once aroused, however, is not to be appeased with such sops as investigation by local bigwigs. That night (it was August 11, 1834), some five or six hundred defenders of Protestantism, American womanhood and Old Glory stormed the convent, wrecked it from garret to coal bin, drove out the nuns, and burned the building to the ground.

No one was killed or injured. Harrison Grey Otis presided at a meeting in Faneuil Hall the next



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SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE

morning, and resolutions cursing the convent burners were thundered forth to be relayed over the nation. The Catholic bishop, Fenwick, forbade his followers to take any revenge. Thirteen of the rioters were tried, one convicted. Bishop Fenwick then pressed for this man's pardon, and obtained it after the man had served a decent spell in jail.

By such historians as have not slipped on their galoshes and stepped gingerly around all religious mud puddles, the burning of the Ursuline convent is set as the official opening of the Native American period in this country.

At about the same time, in New York City, Samuel Finley Breese Morse was training one of his intellect's numerous heavy guns on the Church of Rome. Morse, as every one knows, was the inventor of the telegraph. He was also an artist of genuine talent, and it was not until he turned forty that he began to nose seriously into the deeper mysteries of electricity. Further than that, Morse had a religious twist reminiscent of Sir Isaac Newton.

He had but lately returned from a three years' stay in Europe, spent in studying the Old Masters, when Rebecca Reed flew the Ursuline coop. On the homebound vessel Morse's brain had suddenly flashed him the idea for the electric telegraph, and from his lips had burst the famous remark: "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any

part of the circuit, I see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted by electricity." The moment he quit the ship at New York, he plunged into his long fight to wrest the telegraph from the grip of nature.

But during his stay in Europe, Morse had learned of the Leopold Foundation. This was a Catholic society organized at Vienna for the express purpose of aiding the expansion of the Catholic church in the United States. To the emotional side of Morse's brain, the Leopold Foundation's existence indicated a plot of the Roman hierarchy to gain control of American politics and society. The case is a curious analogue to the visions of an International Jewish Plot which in our times found their way into Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*, all unbeknownst to Mr. Ford.

Morse took time out from his labors over the telegraph to write a series of twelve letters to the New York *Observer*. He signed them with the pen name Brutus, but acknowledged the authorship later. The letters were reprinted, editorially commented upon, read from Protestant pulpits, belabored by Catholic priests and editors, and altogether made a terrific sensation. They were later published in book form, under the title *A Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the United States*, and bearing the solemn imprimatur of four New York Protestant ministers. The book galloped through multitudinous editions.

Take the word of one who knows that Morse's *Foreign Conspiracy* is bombastic, windy, a fearful bore from cover to cover. A passage is selected at random:

"Do Popish Bishops or Priests consult *the people*? Have *the people* any voice in ecclesiastical matters? Can *the people* vote their own taxes? or are they imposed upon them by irresponsible priests? Do the bishops and priests account for the manner in which they spend *the people's money*? Has Popery here adopted the American principle of RESPONSIBILITY TO THE PEOPLE; a responsibility which gives the most insignificant contributor of his money towards any object, a right to examine into the manner in which it is disbursed? No! *the people account to their priests in all cases, not the priests to the people in any case.*"

Thus Morse drooled for one hundred fifty-odd pages. But his book sold widely, and so brought in a few of the not too numerous pennies on which Morse subsisted during the years in which he was bringing the telegraph into existence and to the attention of Congress. Possibly the good Lord permitted Himself a wink in the direction of the archangel Michael when He perceived a scientist thus hacking out a bit of a living for himself at the expense of the church whose medieval managers relaxed Bruno to the secular arm and made Galileo eat the truths he had uttered.

CHAPTER VII

PAPER BOMBSHELLS

THE Catholics at this time (the early thirties) were beginning to realize the power of the press in a country where the press could say practically what it pleased.

Bishop Benedict J. Fenwick of Boston established the *Catholic Expostulator* in 1830, and in the same year certain brethren of the Society of Jesus founded the Boston *Jesuit*. The New York *Truth Teller* was long a doughty battler for Catholicity. The *Catholic Herald* was initiated at Philadelphia in 1833 by the Rev. John Hughes, later archbishop of New York, mainly to furnish Father Hughes a vehicle through which to carry on a bitter war of words with the Presbyterian clergyman Dr. John Breckinridge. Hughes's ordinary, Bishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, was earnestly opposed to the *Herald* and the aims of its founder, but Kenrick was not the last man with whom Hughes had his own way.

Perceiving that the papists were thus diligent to avail themselves of the weapon which print afforded, a group of evangelical clergymen in New

York City started a paper of their own. This organ was the *American Protestant Vindicator*, and its first issue came out on August 20, 1834.

You may boast of the anti-Roman hellfire that snorts from the nostrils of your *Fellowship Forums* or your *Rail Splitters* today; but you have not seen the *American Protestant Vindicator*. There was an anti-Catholic paper that *was* an anti-Catholic paper. Its bound volumes give off a whiff of smoke to this day, when a library attendant, with a heave and a grunt, digs them out of his more remote arcana. When those boys wished to denounce, they named names and used epithets which would have appalled Watterson or Greeley — which indicates that ministers were less fearful of libel suits in those days than in these.

The *Vindicator's* page size was nearly as large as that of the present-day *New York Times* or *Chicago Tribune*. Eight pages made up one issue, and the journal came out weekly. Immediately below the ornately lettered name of the paper rode the catchline, in smoldering black type: "Who is like unto the Beast? Who is able to make war with him? — Rev. XIII, 4."

"Romanism" was the simple title of the first issue's leading article, as it might have been the title of all articles the paper published from first to last. It had been "transmitted by a Christian Brother, whose elegant lucubrations we hope often

to insert in the *Protestant Vindicator*," and was "a masterly development of that most mischievous dogma of Jesuitism, '*the end justifies the means.*'"

Article two was an enlivening treatise on "The Grasping Character of the Romish Priesthood," while number three called attention for a column or more to "The Contrast Between Protestantism and Popery," with Protestantism winning on all points, and the front page concluded with an account of a Christian father's melancholy experiences in an attempt to educate his daughter, captioned "Popish Female Seminaries."

Page two betrayed the source of these fiery denunciations of the Beast: twelve clergymen were listed in the editorial flag as "stated contributors." All were residents of New York or Philadelphia and vicinity. They were, if it is desired to know, the Rev. Drs. Eli Baldwin, George Bowne, John Breckinridge, William C. Brownlee, Beriah Green, James Lillie, Duncan Macaulay, A. Maclay, John N. M'Leod, John G. Morris, W. Patton, A. Stark, and O. Winslow. The Boston *Jesuit* called them all Methodists in one of its equally fiery diatribes against Protestantism, but some of the gentlemen's names would suggest a group of Presbyterians on the *Vindicator* board. Certain it is that there were no Episcopalians, because the *Vindicator* consistently flattered the Episcopal church during the whole of its lifetime of nearly four years. It was

equally obsequious toward the Congregationalists, while displaying a decent contempt for such uitlanders as the Unitarians and the Perfectionists.

The paper's third issue began a serial reprint of Samuel F. B. Morse's *Foreign Conspiracy*. Other regular features for the delectation of good Protestants were frightful editorial battles with the various Catholic papers; bits of gossip about priests and nuns "reported on reliable authority," or "told to us by a gentleman lately from Georgia"; bloody oaths which Catholic priests were supposed to take on entering the company of the Beast; jokes with an anti-papal tang, such as the one about the man who saw an Irishman digging a ditch in a New York street and remarked, "Why, Pat, that pit will soon be deep enough for one of the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition," to which Pat replied, "Faith, an' thot's where we'll be putting some o' th' heretics one o' these days."

Some choice books were advertised for sale by the publishing house which printed the paper (Norwood Browne, Ira G. Wisner & Co., of 17 Ann St., later of 114 Nassau St., New York City). *The Nun*, by Mrs. Sherwood, seems to have been a favorite, as was also *Lorette, History of Louise, Daughter of a Canadian Nun* (anonymous). Of the *History of the Spanish Inquisition*, for sale at fifty cents a copy, it was said in the advertisement that "every Sunday school library ought to possess a copy, that

the boys and girls may learn the value of religious liberty and evangelical truth." Rebecca Reed's book, *Six Months in a Convent*, was going for thirty-seven cents a copy a year after its publication, but a sequel was selling like hot cakes at fifty cents. Anthony Gavin's *Master Key to Popery*, by "a gentleman who had been a Romish priest, after his conversion to Christianity," and Richard Baxter's *Jesuit Juggling — Forty Popish Frauds Detected and Disclosed* were listed as excellent purchases for the Protestant Christian in search of reading matter to hold his faith at the boiling point.

But the beat, the scoop, the seemingly immortal triumph of the *American Protestant Vindicator's* career was its ballyhooing for that enormous literary success, *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*. This book is called by some Catholic commentators the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of anti-Catholicism in America; by others the palm is handed to Rebecca Reed's *Six Months in a Convent*. Both masterpieces rolled out of the binderies within a year of each other, and in one or the other of them you can find the first telling of every convent horror tale told by every "escaped nun" who has caused rustic and small-town eyes to pop with lewd fascination from that day to this.

Rebecca's story has been told in a previous section. Maria Monk's narrative was of coarser, sterner, and hence more gorgeous stuff.

Maria was a lady of few years and lamentably doubtful virtue who was incarcerated in the Hôtel Dieu, a Catholic asylum at Montreal operated by nuns for girls of her character. The commitment was made on request of Maria's mother. After she had spent some months, first in the Congregational, or Grey, nunnery, and then in the Black, or Hôtel Dieu, nunnery, one of her gentlemen friends helped Maria to escape her holy keepers and flee from Montreal to New York City. There she fell in with one J. J. Slocum, to whom she told a weird and horrible tale.

Slocum sensed the material for a thriller. With a couple of cronies, he sequestered Maria from the efforts of a New York priest to encompass her return to Montreal, and made her repeat her story several times, since it grew better with each retelling. The result was a rich and odorous manuscript, joint product of Maria, Slocum, and Slocum's partners.

A New York publishing house, now one of the nation's largest and most highly respected, bought the book and published it through a dummy firm composed of two of its employees.

Maria's allegations were the usual ones, which any one who has listened to an "escaped nun" in this day knows by heart, but which were new and racy when first she broached them. There was one chapter devoted to the murder of a recalcitrant nun,

which Maria claimed to have seen committed by personal order of Bishop Latigne of Montreal. Another chapter averred that, on taking the veil, Maria had been advised that one of the sisterhood's secret practices was illicit intercourse with the priests of the Montreal district, all of whom were said to have access to the nunnery through an underground passageway. Maria told it as Gospel truth, too, that babies were frequently born to nuns, summarily baptized, smothered, and deposited in a lime pit in the nunnery cellar. She blamed her own baby, to whom she gave birth in Bellevue, on one of the priests.

“It was uncommon [she remarked] to find compunction expressed by any of the nuns. Habit renders us insensible to the sufferings of others, and careless about our own sins. I had become so hardened myself that I find it difficult to rid myself of many of my former false principles and views of right and wrong.”

This mephitic book outsold Rebecca Reed's by thousands of copies, its sales-record standing supreme in America until Harriet Beecher Stowe produced *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Maria made a lecture tour of the Atlantic States. She was received in the best Protestant circles as a soul snatched by a blessed miracle from the hideous grip of Rome. She wrote a sequel to her first vol-

ume, naming it *Further Disclosures of Maria Monk*. Her career came to a close when — several impartial committees and individuals having visited the Hôtel Dieu and given it a clean bill of health — she herself was taken in adultery and committed anew to a home for incorrigible girls, where she died.

The book is still to be had from various anti-Catholic publishing houses, its prevailing price per copy being fifty cents. The present-day editions are sadly botched and bear signs of repeated editings to comply with obscenity statutes. Maria was unquestionably the champion of all "escaped nuns," and the literary ghosts who concocted her book could have taught a few tricks to the ablest ghost that guides the halting pens of men of achievement today.

All this excitement in the world of impolite letters could not fail to have its influence on the politics of the middle thirties. Nor could it fail to inflame the passions of the Irish in the cities.

On March 13, 1835, the New York Protestant Association met at Broadway Hall to discuss the question, "Is Popery compatible with civil liberty?" The association having been organized "to spread the knowledge of the Gospel truth and show wherein it is inconsistent with the tenets and dogmas of Popery," it was a fairly safe bet as to what answer the body's deliberations would produce.

As if to clinch the affirmative victory by concrete demonstration, a crowd of Irish Catholics broke into the hall and mobbed the meeting. Lamps were smashed, benches splintered, more than one beaver hat perished. The Catholic clergy next morning roundly scolded the defenders of the faith; but the Native American party, till now a puny handful of immigrant-haters, had won its martyrs.

The Native Americans allied themselves with the Whigs in New York City's election soon after the March riot, but the Democrats, or Loco-focos, beat this combination. The Whig-Native American fusion at the next election recognized Samuel F. B. Morse's services to the No-Popery cause by nominating him for mayor. Again the fusion lost to the Democrats.

Two years later, however, the city was snatched from the papacy by the election of the fusion candidate Aaron Clark. But, alas! only for a fleeting moment was popery outdone. Clark, the low fellow, turned one hundred per cent Whig as soon as he was declared winner, and forgot all his nativist supporters when it came to dealing out the good city jobs.

The Native American party cut no more figure in New York politics, or in any other, for four years following Clark's apostasy.

At least two controversies between clerics of the Catholic and Protestant faiths enlivened the thir-

ties, while such books as *The Illustrations of Popery* (anonymous); *The Principles of The Churchman Stated and Explained, in Distinction from the Corruptions of the Church of Rome, and From the Errors of Certain Protestant Sects*, by John Henry Hobart, Episcopal bishop of New York; *The Church of Rome in her Primitive Purity Compared With the Church of Rome at the Present Day*, by Episcopal Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, kept the shells popping around the feet of the embattled Romanists.

The first and most intriguing of these controversies was that waged by Father John Hughes and the Presbyterian Dr. John Breckinridge, both of Philadelphia, throughout the first nine months of the year 1833.

Breckinridge began the fight by challenging the Catholic priesthood, in an article in the *Christian Advocate*, to produce some champion who would meet him, Breckinridge, "on the broad field of this important and vital discussion," *i.e.*, on the question "Is the Protestant religion the religion of Christ?"

Hughes, then a young and aggressive priest in search of ways to advancement in the hierarchy, was prompt to snatch up Breckinridge's gage of battle. The preliminaries were swiftly arranged. Breckinridge was to publish his articles in the *Philadelphia Presbyterian*, while Hughes undertook to

start a paper of his own, the *Catholic Herald*, in which to publish his contentions, as well as to reprint Breckinridge's. They agreed that the dispute was to be "conducted in the language of decorum, and in a spirit of Christian politeness."

Hughes wrote the first letter in the series, basing it on the proposition that Protestantism cannot be the religion of Christ, because its rule of faith is the Bible alone, which Christ could not have established as the guide for His church since it was not completed until at least fifty years after His death.

"In this whole controversy," Hughes further stipulated, "every inch of ground which is not disputed by you shall be looked upon as so much given up to the cause of Catholicity and truth."

In Breckinridge's rejoinder, his first of the series, he used no more un-Christian or indecorous words than "pretension," "absurd," and "most presumptuous."

Hughes came back in his second letter with the following rabbit punch, among others:

"I have read your letter carefully; and although you attempt to neutralize my reasoning by recriminations and glosses, which are ingenious enough, still I am utterly unable to discover anything, that reaches the difficulty, or approaches the character of manly argument."

The present writer has not been able to exhume the files of the *Catholic Herald* or the *Presbyterian* for those long-dead days. He has, however, unearthed the book in which the discussions were printed in full. It is a book of some five hundred pages, each of which carries over five hundred words. At page 252, these reverend gentlemen finished the preliminary argument as to what constituted Protestantism's rule of faith. They were reveling by now in such mudslinging as the following from Hughes —

“ I began this controversy to reason, but not to quarrel, with you. And whether you are pleased to represent me as ‘ the fashionable, learned, and powerful Mr. Hughes,’ or as ‘ a garrulous daw,’ is a matter of trivial importance to the question, to the public, and myself. But I would simply remark, that I have not attempted to depreciate your talents or qualifications. In fact, the way the world goes, talents and qualifications are quite unnecessary for the man who undertakes to combat the Catholic religion. The task requires only a *bold* and *irresponsible* pen.”

— and as this from Breckinridge —

“ In a word, a new era has come in our country. The American people will promptly see, ‘ who the serpent is (to use your own illustration) that stings the bosom that warms it.’ They will hence-

forth know *where* to send their children for education, and *when to contribute* in generous and abused confidence, to build the schools, and convents, and chapels, that are to train the children to call their parents *heretics*; and are arising to re-establish a religion which never did, never will, and never can, permit a free-government, or religious toleration. The people are awake or awaking; and you must change your system, or lose your prize."

For another two hundred fifty pages they battled over the question at issue. Breckinridge closed his side of the debate thus crushingly:

" . . . truth compels me to confess, that from the beginning of this controversy, to the present time, I have not for a moment had the fear of the Rev. John Hughes, nor of his '*Lord God the Pope*,' before my eyes! No, Sir, I thank my God, that the time is not yet come, and it is my grand object in this controversy to keep that day far off, when the 'THREAT' of a Roman priest can make me tremble for my reputation, my liberty, or my hopes of heaven. Even the Bulls of your master become very harmless animals, when sent to pasture on our happy soil. Your arrogant and impotent *threats* only show what you *would* do if you *could*."

The threat concerned a quotation from an ancient writer which Hughes claimed Breckinridge had garbled.



AN ANTI-CATHOLIC CARTOON OF KNOW-NOTHING TIMES
"THE KING OF ENGLAND KISSING THE POPE'S TOE"

But the battle was not over, as Breckinridge had fondly supposed it to be. The *Presbyterian* reprinted a postscript to the controversy, which Hughes published in his paper. Here, after a total of more than 250,000 words had been discharged by the two knights of the Lord, Hughes recalled that the question for debate had originally been, "Is the Protestant religion the religion of Christ?" and taxed Breckinridge with having failed thus far to tell what the Protestant religion was.

Breckinridge now challenged Hughes to a public debate. Perhaps the Presbyterian divine's good right arm was threatened with writer's cramp. Hughes declined to take the stump, on the ground that Breckinridge would infallibly quote authorities that were purely imaginary, or passages purely imaginary from genuine authorities, and thus unfairly confound Hughes's sweet Christian simplicity. At this juncture Breckinridge was called away from Philadelphia, — luckily, for otherwise the controversy might have been continued interminably.

The other famous battle of clerical wits in that decade was the controversy waged in the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier* between the Rev. Dr. R. Fuller of Beaufort, Baptist, and the Catholic bishop John England of the diocese of Charleston — "Dagger John," as the Protestant papers were fond of calling him from his custom of signing himself "† John, Bishop of Charleston."

A temperance society's scrivener made a slurring comparison, in a petition to the South Carolina legislature, between the state liquor licensing system then in force and the alleged practice of the medieval Roman Chancery of selling the privilege to sin before the sin was committed. Bishop England took up the cudgels for his church, while Dr. Fuller rushed to the defense of Protestantism. The *Charleston Courier* was the only party to the fight which lost: the space was not paid for until, about midway in the argument, the paper published this melancholy note:

"The editors of the *Courier* give notice that as the correspondence is voluminous, and may be very long, they will charge for it as an advertisement if continued."

England replied to this announcement with another five-page letter, a promise to pay the bill, and a merry jest — this latter Fuller termed an appeal to the readers' baser passions.

The argument began with Fuller's citation, as authority for the temperance scribe's slur, of the *Taxe de la chancellerie Romaine, ou Boutique du Pape*, published at Lyons in 1564. England denounced the book as a forgery, with exhaustive citations and a brilliantly legalistic impeachment of the books Fuller adduced as witnesses to its

genuineness. All this the good bishop did at first in a vigorous, tolerant fashion, as befitted a comfortable old gentleman assailed on a topic near his heart but aware that the gates of hell could not prevail against his church.

Shortly the pair took to splitting hairs of doctrine, however, and hurling at each other long volleys of Latin, lifted mainly from the proceedings of the third Lateran council. They covered pretty thoroughly the favorite subjects of John Hus, the Council of Constance, the Council of Trent, Wyclif, and the Spanish Inquisition. When they reached the then state of Ireland under the Roman Catholic clergy, England became mired in a fifty-page defense of his Irish brethren and the original question was sunk without a trace.

The debate was printed in book form at Baltimore in 1839, under the title *Letters Concerning the Roman Chancery*.

James Gordon Bennett founded the New York *Herald* in 1833. Bennett was educated for the Catholic clergy in Ireland, but escaped that destiny by a last-minute bolt to the United States. The Catholic-Protestant war that was raging when he established the *Herald* was thus good grist for Bennett's mill, since he knew a thing or two about theology and realized to the full the truth of Jefferson's remark, in a letter to Elbridge Gerry,

that "the printers . . . like the clergy, live by the zeal they can kindle, and the schisms they can create."

Bennett played both ends of the religious fight against the middle, to his own profit. He was denounced one week by the *Protestant Vindicator* as a worm, a vulture and a Jesuit, hugged as a redeemed heretic the next. The Catholic *Truth Teller* was his friend when the *Vindicator* was hating him. Between the two camps, Bennett's sheet gathered in the pennies of the unregenerate mob, which then as now keenly enjoyed the fulminations of the clerics.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CATHOLIC POLITICAL PARTY

EVERY one knows that the Protestant churches, or at least many of the Evangelical clergy, dabble in politics on occasion. The Anti-Saloon league, preening itself as "the church in action against the saloon," is the most prominent case in point of our times, with the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals and the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America furnishing other striking examples.

Said the *Epworth Herald* in mid-1927, in what the Anti-Saloon League of New Jersey hailed as a "masterly editorial":

"The liquor men have made a discovery equaled only by that brilliantly sensational report that Holland has been captured by the Dutch.

"A Chicago official of the United Society of Brewers and Liquor Sellers said the other day, 'Whenever church organizations meddle with politics and assume to dictate to lawmaking bodies, they should be treated as political organizations.'

"Of course! But why grow excited about it? Have the saloon people just found out that the

church is in politics? It is, just the same as it ought to be whenever an enemy of right living and public morals gets into politics.

“A ferret worth its salt follows wherever the rats go. If the saloon had kept out of politics the church would not have gone in. But the church must follow the saloon wherever it goes, because it is a part of the church’s business to exterminate the saloon.

“So the church is not merely willing to be treated as a political organization in the fight against the saloon, but insists on being so regarded.

“Mr. Koeling will have no trouble in putting this label on the church. But he need not exert himself. The church put on that badge herself and will not take it off until the saloon as a political power is deadlier than slavery.”

The Protestant clergy in the North numbered many a red-hot Abolitionist in pre-Civil War days; even in the early years of the Union one sect was aggressive enough to call forth from Thomas Jefferson a statement to the effect that the Presbyterian church was the most arrogant and ambitious of all religious bodies.

All this being true and known to the whole public, it is equally a fact that Protestant laymen rarely admit to being in politics as church people. There is usually a righteous-sounding alibi. To one

type of mind, that is something in their favor; it signifies a regard for the decencies, if nothing more. To another, it constitutes a deplorable lack of frankness: why not admit that the organization is after secular power, and so clear the atmosphere?

To the Roman Catholic church goes the credit or the dishonor, whichever you choose to call it, of having put into an American election campaign a ticket made up of Catholics, pledged to obtain certain measures desired by Catholics and opposed by Protestants, and known without qualification as the Catholic ticket.

The event occurred a long time ago — in 1841, to be exact. There were extenuating circumstances, if such can be said to exist in a case of the sort, and the performance has never been repeated.

In the year 1840, a governor of New York first summoned the courage to say a good word in public for the lowly foreigner. The governor was William H. Seward, later Secretary of State in the war cabinet of Abraham Lincoln. Seward was a liberal of the first water, for those days. He had the unparalleled effrontery, in his message of 1840, to include a short paragraph to the effect that foreigners' children sometimes went uneducated because of certain restrictions in the school laws and the customary anemia of school appropriations, and that there was some cause for fair-minded citizens to complain at such a state of affairs.

Now, the Public School Society, a legally organized semi-public body made up entirely of Protestants, had full control of the school funds in New York City. Little acumen is required to answer the question whether the Catholics had any access whatever to these funds, but let it be stated for the sake of the record that they had not.

When Seward made his radical utterance, the Catholics leaped as if a firecracker had gone off behind them. They demanded, not requested, that a share of the school funds be allocated yearly to the parochial schools. Of course, the Public School Society fought the Catholic demand with great bitterness. Twice the demand went before the council, and twice it was turned down. The Catholics prepared to take their fight to Albany.

A mayoral election occurred in the meantime, in April of 1841. Samuel F. B. Morse was nominated once more for mayor by a crowd of anti-Catholics calling itself the Democratic American Association. Morse lost, as he did whenever he ran for office. He was one of the ablest losers that politics has known.

The summer passed with no developments in the school fight. In November, 1841, New York City had to elect two state senators and thirteen assemblymen to Albany. The school fight would move to Albany with the convening of the next legislature, and the New York City delegation would have a

powerful finger in that stew of hatred and cupidity. It behooved all factions to look alive.

When the Democratic party's nominating committee met to pick candidates, it declared itself in favor of several men known to be friendly to the Public School Society.

In the Whig party, anti-Catholic feeling was so strong that a pro-Catholic who was at first placed in nomination was later squeezed off the ticket.

Here were the Catholics, then, caught between two hostile parties. The school money-bags, which Seward's message had drawn partially open before their tantalized eyes, bade fair to be pulled shut again by the tugs of whichever party might elect its candidates to the legislature. What to do?

Bishop John Hughes, later to be Archbishop and head of the Catholic church in the United States, cogitated. Nothing could be done about the Whigs, who were anti-Irish from the ground up. But the Democrats (Tammany Hall) had been cordial to the Irish for the last thirty years, or ever since the Irish had become a political factor in New York City; and now the Democrats had double-crossed the Irish in favor of the nativists and the Protestants.

The bishop did not cogitate for long. He was a fighting Irishman, John Hughes, one of the ablest and most aggressive churchmen who ever made an American diocese sweat money and bloom stone

churches. The Democrats must be taught a lesson by the Irish, which the Democrats would not forget.

For a week Hughes acted on the theory that he could play this political game without seeming to be in politics. He would merely advise his flock how to vote.

"I wish you, therefore," he told them in one speech, "to look well to your candidates; and if they are disposed to make infidels or Protestants of your children, let them receive no vote of yours."

At length, however, Hughes saw that the passive rôle would not do for his Irishmen. They must have action, or they might flop to any extreme and leave their bishop high, dry and absurd. Very well; he would give them action, and the political parties a run for their money.

He called a mass meeting at Carroll hall. The meeting nominated candidates for the legislature as solemnly as ever did a political convention, named its campaign committee Carroll Hall, and let the city know that these men were asking, as Roman Catholics and as nothing else, for the support of the voters.

Hughes did not expect his ticket to win. He never told precisely what he did expect. But it was obvious that he wanted to show the Democrats that the Irish-Catholic faction held the balance of power in New York City politics, and that, should the Irish pull their paper props from under the Demo-

cratic nominees at the polls, those nominees would lose.

Hughes showed them. The newspapers in howling chorus damned this cleric for ignoring every American tradition of Church-State separation, accused him of trying to drill the first hole in the constitutional religious-liberty clause, cursed him for an intriguing Romanist and a flannel-mouthed chaw. An anti-Catholic ticket flew cackling into the fight a day or two after Hughes's mass meeting. But, as remarked above, Hughes taught Tammany what it could and could not do without the Irish-Catholic vote. He maintained to the last gasp of blather in that pyrotechnic campaign that he had not meddled in politics and that his skirts were clear of the least smudge of bigotry; and the vote, when counted, showed the following results:

Whigs	15,980
Democrats	15,690
Catholics	2,200
Anti-Catholics	470
Anti-Slavery party	120

Hughes had demonstrated precisely who held the balance of power when it came to deciding an election in the city of New York. Without his parishioners, the Democrats could not win. Had the Democrats been polite to the Irish, they would

have beaten the Whigs by 1,900 votes; had the Irish taken it into their heads to side with the Whigs, the Whig victory would have been 2,200 votes more saddening to the Democrats than it was. Supposing that the 470 who voted the anti-Catholic ticket were all Democrats normally, Hughes had scored in respect to them by luring them outside party fences with the bait of popery-in-politics, and so had neatly cut away the debatable sliver of a plurality which the Democrats might have had.

The Catholics got their school-funds law from the legislature. The nativists controlled their rage until the night of the next election day, in April, 1842, at which time a nativist gang rounded up all the Irish to be found on the streets and chased them about town until it tired of the sport, concluding the celebration by tossing a gross or more of cobblestones through the windows of Bishop Hughes's residence.

Tammany had learned its lesson, and has not noticeably forgotten it from that day to this. Doubtless the Catholic church also learned a lesson from its single undisguised dive into American politics, for it has not again, to the date of this writing, taken the plunge *eo nomine* into any American political campaign.

CHAPTER IX

BLOOD AND FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA

BISHOP HUGHES threw his Catholic city ticket into the New York election of November, 1841. For two years and a half after that overflow of clerical gall, the Catholic-Protestant battle front in the United States was comparatively quiet. The usual amount of blather was bandied between the two great Christian divisions, the average number of parish leaflets and memoirs of escaped nuns rolled off the presses — and an ever-increasing number of Irish and German immigrants reached the ports of New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

Then, in the spring of 1844, with a roar that echoed fully as far as the shots fired by Lexington's embattled farmers, there cut loose in Philadelphia the first of the series of "religious" riots which persisted off and on until the Civil War began.

The fight was over a school question, as so many of them have been, whether bloodless elections or battles spurting the gore of the combatants.

Part of the Philadelphia school children's daily dose of instruction was a reading from the King James version of the Holy Bible. Catholic Bishop

Francis Patrick Kenrick took it into his head to petition the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools to grant Catholic children the right to have the Catholic Bible read to them in lieu of the King James.

This was, of course, meat and drink to the fanatics among the Protestants, *i.e.*, the Native Americans. Instantly the charge was hurled that Bishop Kenrick and his papist horde wished to have the Bible excluded from the schools. The shriek was rushed into print in a boiling pamphlet by the Rev. Walter Colton, U.S.N., under the title *A Reply to the Allegations and Complaints Contained in Bishop Kenrick's Letter to the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools*. Meetings of the Native Americans were held in hall and sand lot; plans were concocted for foiling this newest onslaught of the Pope; a flock of gutter orators swooped down on the city to gobble the rich pickings which their ilk can always find where religious mania slavers.

Poor Kenrick did his best to explain his position, but he was not such a Machiavelli as was his brother Hughes of New York City. He issued a card, on March 12, 1844, carrying among others the statement that Catholics "desire that the public schools be preserved from all sectarian influence." A man who uses this phrase can be called an earnest and broad-minded Christian, or he can be called an atheist. The Native Americans did not

fail to loose several swift jabs at the jaw which Kenrick had thus exposed to them.

However, blood did not flow for almost two months after the excitement began in March. Election day was coming in May. On the 6th of that month, the Native Americans held a great mass meeting. Catholic historians scent a conspiracy behind this gathering, and even a Protestant minister (the Rev. Mr. Goodman of Baltimore, in *The Truth Unveiled*, published in Baltimore in 1844) indited this bouquet of hanging clauses denunciatory of the event:

“Perhaps no conspiracy — for it was a conspiracy, not a sudden, hasty movement on the part of those who were its prime, though secret movers — perhaps no conspiracy against not only social order, and the supremacy of our equitable and impartial laws, but against religion itself, was ever entered upon with a greater disregard to truth and justice, than that of designing injury and wrong to a particular body of Christians, through falsified representations in regard to the Divine volume.”

The speeches at the meeting of May 6 were mouthed chiefly against the Irish. Rain came on, whereat the crowd withdrew to the market-house. During this retreat the noses of several Irishers who had hung on the fringes of the crowd were poked by several Native Americans, and a gun or

two was fired into the air. No one was seriously hurt. The proceedings inside the market-house kept up till about ten in the evening, by which time the speakers were probably blaming the rain itself on the Irish.

Suddenly the Native American mob flowed outdoors. Down to Second and Franklin streets it galloped a-whoop. The Micks lived there, in wretched shanties lining the streets like the rookeries of medieval Paris. Seeing themselves outnumbered, the Micks hastily departed, leaving their houses to be wrecked and fired by the mob. A few tried to defend their dwellings, which attempt produced the riots' first killings.

"To the nunnery!" yelled some mobster, and down to Phoenix and Second streets yammered the nation's protectors. Here the minions of perfidious Rome had collected a few rifles, and a volley scattered the mob for that night.

Bishop Kenrick issued another placard the next morning, instructing his aides to post it about the city. The document sobbed the bishop's grief over the "death of several of our fellow beings," sweetly urged all participants in the previous night's exercises to humble themselves before God, conjured Catholics to avoid all excitement and all public meetings—in short, could not have been better calculated to roil nativist emotions if His Innocence had wanted it to do so.

The nativists met in the Statehouse yard that afternoon and partook of a sacrament of hate administered by several speakers. They moved thence to Kensington, where they destroyed the Hibernia fire station as a precaution preliminary to firing twenty-nine more Irish houses and the public market of the district. Several companies of militia appeared and halted the mob's fun for the day, thus enabling the fire department to put out the flames — which the department declined to do.

On the third day of the riots — May 8, 1844 — the nativists turned up in force at St. Michael's church. Here, a Captain Fairlamb, at the head of a detachment of militia, demanded the keys of the church from Father William Loughran. The militia then stood by while three members of the mob set fire to the church and the priest's residence.

St. Augustine's church next went up in smoke. Mayor Scott of Philadelphia got wind of the planned attack on this edifice, and stationed the city watch in front of it, taking up the rear himself with a posse of citizens. The nativists arrived, took in the situation at a glance, and came on with bricks and clubs. Mayor Scott himself was knocked senseless, the watchmen and the citizen guards were shooed away like so many chickens, and the First City Troop rode by at a gallop with a loud cheer for the attackers.

Everybody roared in glee when the steeple of St.

Augustine's caved in, taking the cross with it. Some firemen were present, and these busied themselves with quenching any sparks that chanced to fall on churches of other sects nearby. The Catholic church's ancient practice of burning forbidden books in the public market-place was neatly reversed by the Protestant rioters at the St. Augustine's affair: five thousand volumes in the Augustinian Fathers' library attached to the church had gone to the heaven of martyred books when the fire at last burned itself out.

To finish off that pleasurable afternoon of May 8, the mob returned to the nunnery at Second and Phoenix streets, from which it had been driven away two nights before, and burned it down.

The city authorities now awoke to the fact that there was some disorder in town, somewhere. They stationed troops to guard other Catholic churches in Philadelphia, while the priests and parishioners smuggled the vestments and sacred vessels to private residences. Bishop Kenrick suspended worship in all Catholic churches in the city on May 10, 1844; public masses went unsaid for several weeks.

A grand jury, convened specially to inquire into the riots, returned a bill whitewashing all parties concerned without mentioning a name.

Two months later, war flared again for a day. Nativists on July 5, 1844 — doubtless full of whisky and oratory from the national holiday just

preceding — wheeled a brace of cannon to St. Philip Neri's church. This time, for reasons unknown, the militia boldly defended the church, and several people were killed. Several Irish Catholics were indicted for murder and riot, and placed on trial. But the fury had spent itself for the time.

A Catholic historian, writing forty-eight years after the Philadelphia riots, makes this sweetly Christian and beautifully tolerant comment on the episode:

“ It was the last great effort of Protestantism in America to crush the Church of God by open violence; but on the blackened walls of St. Augustine's Church stood out clear and distinct, the words, ‘ The Lord seeth. ’ ” (John Gilmary Shea: *History of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1521 to 1866.*)

CHAPTER X

A FIGHTING BISHOP — AND NO FIGHT

IT has been seen how Kenrick, a well-meaning but weak bishop, failed to make Christian forbearance produce results as a riot cure in Philadelphia. Hear now what John, Bishop Hughes, of the Roman Catholic diocese of New York, did when the wave of nativist hate rolled into his jurisdiction from Kenrick's and threatened to engulf a hatful of churches and a covey of Irishmen.

This Hughes was a fighter, as witness his Carroll Hall political sortie of 1841. When the hysteria of 1844 broke on New York City, Hughes did not propose to take nativist thrusts lying down. Of the Philadelphia Catholics, he remarked:

"They should have defended their churches, since the authorities could not or would not do it for them. We might forbear from harming the intruder into *our house* until the last, but his *first* violence to our church should be promptly and decisively repelled."

The New York City excitement began with the April mayoral election, a month before the Phila-

delphia riots. The Native Americans, taking over the local Whig organization, had elected their candidate for mayor. This gentleman was James Harper, a womanly old fluff by all accounts, who cracked musty jokes in council meetings and ranted about patriotism while his fellow patriots dipped into the treasury illegally in the most approved pre-Civil-War-Tammany-Hall fashion.

On the night before the election of April, 1844, twelve hundred Native Americans carried clubs, brickbats, and a choice assortment of No-Popery banners and transparencies through the Irish wards — the sixth and fourteenth. They wanted a fight, and said so with howls and catcalls. The Irish had been advised by Bishop Hughes to avoid all election fighting, and so looked on at the parade in total silence. But a rumor was flying about town that the mob meant, after mopping up the Irish, to proceed to St. Patrick's cathedral (old, on Mulberry Street) and burn it down. Here, the fighting bishop assembled between three and four thousand Catholic men, armed with sword and derringer, and instructed them to go the limit should the Native Americans lift a finger against the cathedral.

As Hughes's official newspaper organ, the *Free-man's Journal*, reported, no attempt was made by the Native Americans to burn the edifice, "for a reason they had."

All was comparatively quiet in New York City,

then, until news came of the May battles and church burnings in Philadelphia. It was reported variously that the Catholics had begun the fight in that city, and that the Protestants had begun it. You credited whichever version favored the side to which you belonged, as you invariably do in any incident involving partisanship to a cause.

Bishop Hughes perceived that no half-hearted measures would suffice this time. A priest, escaped from the Philadelphia war zone, was begging him to placard the city with orders that Catholics were to keep the peace no matter what might happen. In answer to this pacific advice, Hughes did two things.

He consulted a lawyer as to whether New York laws provided for compensation for damage by rioters. The answer was No, they did not.

"Then," stated Hughes, "the law clearly intends that citizens shall defend their own property from rioters."

In line with this pronouncement, he inspired an editorial in the *Freeman's Journal*, which ran in part as follows:

"If, as it has already appeared in Philadelphia, it should be a part of Native Americanism to attack their [Catholics'] houses or churches, then it behooves them, in case all other protection fail, to defend both with their lives. In this, they will not

be acting against the law, but for the law. . . . But in no case let them suffer an act of outrage on their property, without repelling the aggression at all hazards."

Hughes's second step toward letting all and sundry know he was not bluffing was to say, in the hearing of the reporters, "If a single Catholic church is burned in New York, the city will become a second Moscow" — the reference to Napoleon's mishaps in that flaming city being as trenchant an allusion in 1844 as is mention of Louvain today.

Now came word from Philadelphia that a Native American delegation had left for New York bearing an American flag which, in the fighting, had been "trampled on by savage foreigners." The Native Americans called a monster mass meeting for the following day in City Hall park, where it was planned to hold a wailing orgy over the desecrated banner and so refresh nativist hatreds for the Pope and his representatives in the United States.

Robert H. Morris, outgoing mayor, sent a frantic plea to Bishop Hughes to put the snaffle bit of a public *verboden* on his rearing Irish, who would surely raid the nativist gathering at City Hall if allowed to follow their own inclinations.

"I have not the power," replied Hughes. "You must take care that they are not provoked."

He caused the *Freeman's Journal* to get out an extra, in which the Irish were warned to avoid public meetings, but

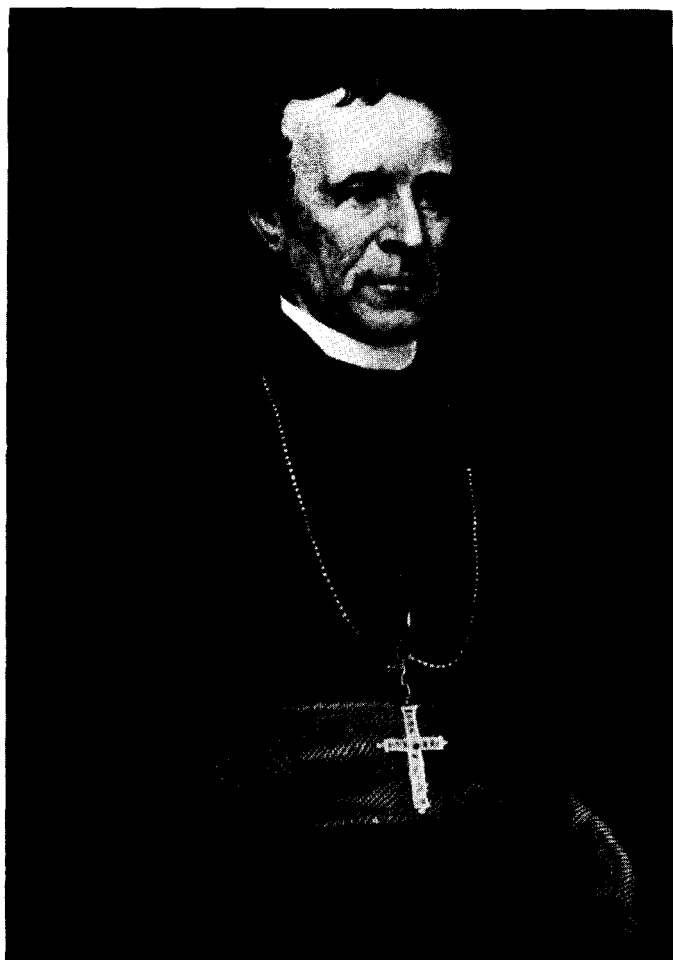
“ . . . we know the nature of a mob, especially a mob of church burners, convent sackers, and grave robbers; that with it a firm front is the best peace-maker. . . .”

By way of establishing that firm front, the bishop stationed in every Catholic church in the city a garrison of not less than a thousand men, heavily armed and grimly “ resolved, after taking as many lives as they could in defense of their property, to give up, if necessary, their own lives for the same cause.”

Then Hughes called on Mayor Morris in person. J. R. G. Hassard, official biographer of Hughes, thus reports the conversation which passed between the two in the mayor's office:

MORRIS: “ Are you afraid some of your churches will be burned? ”

HUGHES: “ No, sir, but I am afraid some of *yours* will be burned. We can protect our own. . . . I did not come to tell you what to do . . . but if I were the mayor, I would examine the laws of the State, and see if there were not attached to the police force a battery of artillery, and a company or so of infantry, and a squadron of horse; and I



From "Life of the Most Reverend John Hughes," by J. R. G. Hassard—reprinted by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton and Company, New York
ARCHBISHOP JOHN HUGHES OF NEW YORK (1797-1864)



think I should find that there were; and if so, I should call them out. . . .”

The Native Americans next became frightened over the prospect of a bloody argument with the arming Catholics, and rushed to Mayor Morris in their turn, imploring protection from the fiends of the Pope. Morris placarded the city with posters forbidding the City Hall assemblage.

No mass meeting was held. The garrisons left the Catholic churches, and Catholic householders put away the loco-foco matches wherewith they had planned to fire their own homes if necessary and so bring down whole sections of the city in flames about the Native American ears.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST SONG OF THE NATIVE-BORN

THE Declaration of Independence, as many people know, was signed July 4, 1776. Exactly sixty-nine years later, to a day, was promulgated the most succinct, the least flatulent statement of the case for nativism and anti-Catholicism that those Siamese twins in the American side-show of prejudices ever were made beneficiaries of, before or since.

Native Americanism, as an organized political force, blustered along inside states where foreigners and Catholics were plentiful, for a decade or so following the first official formation of a Native American politico-religious bloc in New York City in 1835. The Philadelphia riots of 1844, and the near-riots in New York on which Bishop Hughes planted a hobnailed episcopal boot, stirred up intense excitement among those Americans who had been born in the United States. Hence the assembling at Philadelphia in the early days of July, 1845, of the first national Native American conclave, and hence, in the fullness of time, the issuance of the pronunciamiento aforesaid.

The complete title of the document was "Address of the Delegates of the Native American National Convention, Assembled at Philadelphia July 4, 1845, to the Citizens of the United States."

Its sonorous preamble declared that, as the United States was in grave danger,

"a large portion of the native citizens of these United States have felt it to be their most solemn and imperative duty to associate and pledge themselves one to another, for the purpose of awakening their countrymen to a sense of the evils already experienced from foreign intrusion and usurpation, and the imminent danger to which all they love and venerate as Native Americans is momentarily exposed from foreign influence."

Next came a long Declaration which related how even George Washington, "in the very dawn of American Liberty," had sensed the danger to the Republic of foreign influences; how his nightmares were now coming true because transatlantic travel had grown frightfully cheap and America a much pleasanter place to which to emigrate than it once was, and how "the madness of partisan legislation in removing all effective guards against the open prostitution of the right of citizenship, had converted the slender current of naturalization into a torrent threatening to overwhelm the influence of the natives of the land."

“ ‘ *How*, [next bawled the Declaration in italics and an extra brace of quotes] *shall the institutions of the country be preserved from the blight of foreign influence, insanely legalized through the conflicts of domestic parties?* ’ ”

Not only had we let the Hunyak and the papist come in and sit by our fire; we had invited each to cut himself a piece of cake:

“ The whole body of foreign citizens, invited to our shores under a constitutional provision adapted to other times and other political conditions of the world, has been endowed by American hospitality with gratuitous privileges unnecessary to the enjoyment of those inalienable rights of men — *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness* — privileges wisely reserved to the Natives of the soil, by the governments of all other civilized nations.”

And they were grabbing the government jobs:

“ . . . for the last twenty years, the road to civil preferment and participation in the legislative and executive government of the land, has been laid broadly open, alike to the ignorant, the vicious and the criminal . . . worst and most degraded of the European population . . . ”

The discussion of the foreigner ended with this horror of horrors:

“ The almshouses of Europe are emptied upon our coast, *and this by our own invitation* . . . lives

of our citizens have been attempted in the streets of our capital cities by madmen, just liberated from European hospitals, upon the express condition that they should be transported to America."

Cannily, the Native American convention did not name the Catholic church by name in its Address. The church was tagged unmistakably, however, in the Declaration paragraphs which followed the polishing off of the foreigner, as "a body, armed with political power, in a country of whose system it is ignorant, and of whose institutions it feels little interest, except for the purpose of personal advancement."

A dozen or more bloody doings were laid at the door of this body, chief among which were

(1) That it had formed and encouraged associations under foreign names;

(2) That it introduced foreign emblems in civic processions, causing riot and murder;

(3) It armed and equipped militia companies wearing costumes and insignia of foreign description, with words of command given in a foreign tongue;

(4) Had gone into elections as a separate political organization avowedly made up of foreigners;

(5) Had "encouraged political combinations for the purpose of effecting sectarian measures";

(6) Fostered the organization and arming of

"*foreign banditti*," which "repeatedly threatened, assaulted and temporarily dispersed lawful political meetings of native citizens in various places";

(7) "Emboldened by the often-tested weakness of the constituted authorities, resulting, as we solemnly believe, from the ascendancy of the foreign influence at the polls, a host of these foreign assassins at length proceeded to redden the gutters of the second city of the Union with the blood of unarmed native citizens, without even the semblance of provocation, and with the avowed determination to prevent any political assemblage of the natives of the soil within the limits of one of the political divisions of a sovereign American state."

That last was the climax of all the charges the Native Americans had to hurl at the Catholics. The city whose gutters had been so foully reddened was none other than Philadelphia, and the reference was to the riots of the preceding year, in which it is at least established that the Irish for once tried to avoid a fight. Not daunted by facts, the Declaration thundered on about the Philadelphia riots:

"Prostrated in this attempt by the ungovernable fury of an outraged community, moving in mass, to avenge such insult to the flag of their country, trampled and torn beneath the feet of the very refuse of Europe — these ruffians and their abettors have since fomented extensive riot and open

insurrection; and, uniting with their prejudiced fellow-countrymen, together with domestic demagogues of various political creeds, have striven unceasingly, to fasten upon the victims of their treasonable and murderous proceedings, the odium of crimes originating with themselves."

The third grand division of the Address, following the preamble and the Declaration, was a set of Principles heralded as those by which true Native Americans lived and had their being. These rehashed the denunciations of foreigner and Catholic, but added this ripe thought: that no foreigner can forget his fatherland completely, and hence no foreigner can possibly become a voter to be trusted. 'Twere better, averred the Principles, to limit the franchise to the native-born without qualification or exception, but because of the previous policies of the United States Government

" . . . we are willing, at present, to extend as a boon, to all peaceful and well disposed strangers hereafter settling among us, not only every security enjoyed by the native in the protection of person, property and the legal pursuit of happiness, but also the right of suffrage, UPON THE SAME TERMS AS THOSE IMPOSED UPON THE NATIVES, namely, a legally authenticated residence of at least twenty-one years within the limits of the country."

Lest it should have escaped any reader that the Roman Catholic church had been alluded to in the Declaration, that sect was further identified and denounced in the Principles in this language, loaded with anti-papal dynamite to a Bible-conning generation:

“ We recommend to the Native Americans of the several States, in their systems of education, a full recognition of the Bible as divine authority for the rights of man, as well as for the separation of Church and State, on which depends so essentially the pursuit of happiness and freedom of conscience. To the Bible we are indebted for the wand that broke the sceptre of tyrants, and crumbled to atoms the Church and State despotisms of those potentates who associate religion with their political systems — who degrade the people in order to rule them, and interdict education and knowledge among the masses, lest intelligence should inform them of their rights, instruct them how to break asunder their bonds, and rise to the true dignity of God-created freedom.

“ When the ambition of kings projected the slavery of the people, they locked up the Bible, and invested themselves with the attributes of Divinity. A divine right to enslave was admitted when the human right was denied. Hence, in all arbitrary governments, the State is incorporated with the Church under the monstrous paradox, that man, in

the possession of his natural rights, is incompetent to self-government. The reading of the Bible among the people exploded this doctrine, and the Native Americans defend it, and will continue to defend it, against all foreign aggression, as necessary to freedom of conscience, and the equal rights of man."

In five words, "To hell with the Pope."

The Resolutions, fourth and last grand subdivision of the Native American blast, repeated and summarized the first three, and the production closed with the signatures of the one hundred forty-two delegates to the Philadelphia convention. H. A. S. Dearborne, of Massachusetts, was listed as president of the party. Five vice-presidents signed below Dearborne: L. D. Chapin, New York; Charles Sexton, New Jersey; Thomas D. Grover, Pennsylvania; William N. Haldeman, Kentucky; and Joseph K. Burtis, Missouri.

Some of the delegates' names furnish a variety of footnotes on the one hundred per cent Americanism of the party. Most of them, indeed, were such home-grown names as Thomas R. Whitney, Jesse Ford, C. J. Fountain, or George F. Penrose. But the gruesome fact remains that the first delegate's signature appended to the document was that of L. C. Levin . . . while farther along in the list, brigaded demurely with names of stainless Anglo-Saxon derivation, there was to be discerned

the signature of a James Griffiths; and that of a Thomas McCorkel; and that of a Thomas Hogan.

Thus, eighty-two years ago, the entire nativist and anti-Catholic philosophy as preached today was crystallized in this Native American platform. No new thought has ever been evolved on the subject; hardly a phrase in the jargon of bombast commonly talked by nativists but is to be found in this pæan of hate that was sung in the middle forties.

The same group convened again in 1847 at New York City, whence they adjourned to Philadelphia. Essentially the same platform was adopted. Zachary Taylor, Mexican war hero, was recommended as the choice of all right thinkers and patriots in the coming Presidential election of 1848, with H. A. S. Dearborne as the party's choice for Vice-President. It was the Whigs, however, who elected Taylor. The Native Americans made no national campaign.

CHAPTER XII

TEN YEARS' *Mal de Mer*

NATIVE Americanism drew its life from the wellsprings of Federalist anti-Catholicism and anti-alienism. So, the Know-Nothing, or American, party was the legitimate child of Native Americanism. The Native Americans contented themselves chiefly with the issuing of books of the *Maria Monk* type and the promulgation of party manifestos against all foreigners and Catholics wherever found within the United States, spicing these peaceable endeavors with the riots of 1844 previously described.

But sterner exigencies called for sterner, more thoroughgoing measures to protect haters in their pet hatreds.

The Irish famine of 1845 shoveled thousands of Irishmen into their graves. But it hurled tens of thousands of them into the United States, along with their wives and children. The men made good Democrats as fast as they became citizens, while the women devoted themselves to the production of little Irishmen, little Catholics, with true Genesis 9:1 zeal.

Irishmen have ever been the heartiest battlers for Mother Church. You may call Irishmen of a certain type in this country, without exaggeration, a Ku Klux Klan of Romish persuasion. The shanty Irish are here indicated, of course, and not the large contingent of high-class Irish. Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, the Michael Williams of the forties and fifties, described the former crew accurately when, in his Boston *Quarterly Review*, he observed:

“ The great majority of them [Roman Catholics in the United States] are quiet, modest and peaceful and loyal citizens adorning religion by their faith and piety and enriching the country by their successful trade or their productive industry. But it cannot be denied that hanging loosely on to their skirts is a miserable rabble unlike anything which the country has ever known of native growth — a noisy, drinking and brawling rabble, who have after all a great deal of influence with their countrymen, who are usually taken to represent the whole Irish Catholic body, and who actually do compromise it to an extent much greater than good Catholics, attentive to their own business, commonly suspect or can easily be made to believe.”

In latter-day support of which acute delineation of character may be cited the actions of Irish policemen when the Ku Klux Klan attempted to

join the Memorial Day parade at Jamaica, Long Island, in May of 1927.

Not only were the Irish boiling as never before into this country, flooding the cities at a horrid rate of speed, but the country itself was a-boil within as the shouting, fighting, sweating and even a little thinking pre-Civil War decade opened in 1850.

Something ailed the United States of America. Every one knew that much. Every one whose cerebral cortex was composed of any material more potent than pith had an explanation to offer for the national *mal de mer*.

The Anti-Nebraska men said the trouble lay in Stephen A. Douglas's plan to split the northwest country into two territories the people of which should pass upon the question Slave or Free. Some of the Democrats thought the same. The Anti-Nebraska men split off from their party, the northern Whig, and went into secret session with the anti-Douglas Democrats, to emerge presently bearing the anti-slavery infant which today, as the great Republican party, says nothing about prohibition and the crippling of strikes by injunction.

"Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Men and Frémont!" was the self-explanatory war-cry of the Free Soil party in the presidential campaign of 1856.

The Whig party, another of the precursors to the present Republican party, was notorious at the

opening of this thundering decade for its anxiety to keep slavery out of politics as an issue deserving of any consideration. This party's shilly-shallying on the slavery question had long been as pathetic as, in our day, has been the milk-and-water slobbering of both Democratic and Republican parties on the subject of prohibition. Thousands of Whigs, particularly in the North, yearned for some new organization wherewith to give the decadent party the swift kick which they believed it to deserve.

In this general wild-eyed cerebration of the ten years before Sumter, then, it was but natural that the Native American philosophy should bounce on deck with its same old solution for the mystery of what ailed the nation. What could it be but that His Holiness the Pope had practically completed arrangements for moving on Washington, taking possession of the White House, and reducing His Excellency the President to the rank of second, if not third, assistant secretary to the Assessor of the Consistorial Congregation?

Hence the inception, hence the rise to a position of ascendancy in the political skies like unto that of a skyrocket, and hence the equally rocketlike flop, of the National Council of the United States, *alias* the Supreme Order of the Star Spangled Banner, *alias* the American party, *alias* the Know-Nothing party, *alias* Young Sam, *alias* plain Sam. By one or another of this set of ringing titles was

the child of the Native American spirit known at various times during its career, which began in 1852 and blew up officially in 1856.

And what was the Catholic explanation for the bellyache which griped the United States? Doubtless it was the then regrettably slow, in fact the not perceptible, breakup of Protestantism in this country. But the Catholic hierarchs, as always, met with more success than did the Protestant autonomists in the endeavor to prevent the jackasses within the fold from organizing political parties or seizing pen and writing down their whole church a body of frantic fools.

CHAPTER XIII

A KNOW-NOTHING WIZARD

HISTORIANS differ as to who was the true founder of the Know-Nothing party. The party records were burned after the party collapsed. There were four nativist fraternal orders in the northeastern states which seem to have wanted only a strong leader to throw them into politics. These were the United American Mechanics, the Sons of America, the American Protestant Association (a lodge of Orangemen), and the Order of United Americans. The last named was the strongest of them all, and its headquarters were in New York City.

One Charles B. Allen organized, at New York in the spring of 1850, a fifth lodge, christening it the Sons of the Sires. According to one historian, Allen was the official founder of the Know-Nothing party, since it is related that the United Americans joined the Sons of the Sires in 1852 and the merger at once jumped into politics. Whatever the details, the net result was that these five orders disappeared in the whalelike belly of Know-Nothingism.

Another mogul, an archbishop if not a cardinal, of Know-Nothingism, was James W. Barker, who

began as a dry-goods merchant in New York City, won a reputation as the party's ablest organizer, and went back to the lingerie when the movement burst. These two men, Allen and Barker, are credited by some writers with the formation of the party.

Others give the credit to Edward Z. C. Judson. As no first-hand information is available, we choose to regard Judson as the true and legitimate sire of Know-Nothingism. Our chief reason for the choice is that no better understanding of the nature of the sap which coursed through the Know-Nothing party's eventually far-reaching veins — and through those of all American anti-Catholic orders before or since — can be secured than from a brief survey of the life and deeds of this man.

Edward Z. C. Judson was born in Philadelphia on August 16, 1822. Research has failed to disclose what the Z. C. stood for, as it has failed to clear up several longish stretches in Judson's span of years. But his known career and deeds were colorfully crazy enough to satisfy anybody.

He ran away to sea at the age of eleven years. By the time he was thirteen, he was an apprentice seaman on an American man-o'-war. His thirteenth was his lucky year, for it was at that age that Judson rescued the crew of a boat which had been rammed by a ferry on the East river between New York City and Brooklyn. This heroism moved

President Martin Van Buren to commission the young sailor a midshipman in the United States navy.

The boy is thus seen to have been a rather adequate prototype in his own person of the members of that Younger Generation which, six or seven years ago, was about to set our world ablaze and which, at last report, was still striking the matches.

Judson was, indeed, in his early years, a prototype of a good many of the stock characters that adorn the American gallery of heroes.

He was the ideal prototype of the Poor-But-Proud lad who finally comes into his own. After his midshipman's commission came down from Washington, the other midshipmen on Judson's vessel refused to mess with him. He had been a common sailor, said they, and hence their company was a mite too rich for his blood. Judson is claimed to have fought seven duels with various of his shipmates on this account, and to have won all seven.

At sixteen, he became a prototype of three or four beloved American lay figures by a single feat. He wrote a story called "The Captain," sold it to the *Knickerbocker* magazine, and with it made so resounding a hit that he became editor forthwith of a weekly fiction paper known as *Ned Buntline's Own*. Thus Edward Z. C. Judson, at one fell swoop and a very tender age, found himself (a) a Self-Made Man, (b) the Boy Who Showed 'Em All

Up, (c) a Virile Editor, and (d) an Author Who Has Lived His Stories.

We may be sure he realized the magnitude of his own achievements to the fullest extent, and beyond. What boy of sixteen, with such mighty deeds behind him, would not begin grooming himself for the Presidency at the least?

Unfortunately, as some one remarked, a great name too early won is among earth's most grievous burdens. The young Judson undoubtedly felt his name to be greater than it actually was. He put in many a year in New York City, and recorded history resounds with no echo from any deed of his during the period. They must have been stale, flat, unprofitable years; years wherein, rising young journalist though all the evidence showed him to be, he yet failed somehow to add to his literary stature.

"The Captain," hit of Judson's nonage, was published in 1838. We do not hear of him again until 1849, the year in which Edgar Allan Poe died. Then he appears as author of an inflammatory article which helped to bring out the mobs of lower New York with ripe eggs and seasoned shillalahs against the tragedian William Macready, playing a rival Macbeth to that of Edwin Forrest. In this, the second Astor Place riot, twenty or more mobsters lost their lives, while Judson was tried and sentenced to do a year in jail and pay a fine of \$250.

Judson used his magazine's ghost-name of Ned Buntline as his own nom de plume, and thereunder committed during the period of his editorship the appalling number of four hundred serial novels. One likes to imagine the plots of these masterworks, though one has fortunately read none of them. Wouldn't each and every one of Ned Buntline's novels have echoed the early life and deeds of their heroic author? In all of them, one feels, a hero must have appeared who was originally Poor but consistently Proud. In ninety per cent of them, this stock hero must have run away to sea in his blooming youth, there to perform some deed which won him his elders' instant acclaim. Eighty per cent, or three hundred twenty, of the productions must have had as an incident material to the plot's unfolding the confounding by the hero of some rich or socially exalted low-lifer or group of the same, preferably by force of his bare hands; while it goes without saying that in all four hundred of the Judson books the hero was a one hundred per cent American, tracing his ancestry to remotest colonial days.

Thus Judson, up to the time of the parturition by some one versed in the midwifery of lodges of the National Council of the United States of America, *alias* the Supreme Order of the — but see the preceding chapter. He was a quantity dealer in the English language, and hence it is fair to pre-

sume that to him was given the task of writing the oath of the order. This could have taken him no more than a half-day. He must, indeed, have dictated the oath to an amanuensis between that chapter in which Hero No. 235 saved the ravishing beauty's honor from the entire fo'c's'le gang and the chapter in which the beauty rebuked the hero for a fancied presumption on his heroism which he hadn't meant her to take in that way at all at all.

If, after eight years of national prohibition, any doubt remains that anti-alcoholic fanaticism is oftener than not linked with anti-Catholic fanaticism — though the New York Know-Nothings in their heyday were wets — be it here recorded as one more shred of evidence that Judson died a temperance lecturer in 1886.

Before that melancholy event, however, he had served his country as chief of scouts among the Indians during the Civil War, sustaining twenty wounds and acquiring a colonelcy. He was a Republican until James G. Blaine's nomination for the Presidency. Thereupon, perhaps believing that the Pope was again plotting a White House raid, Judson transferred his support to Grover Cleveland and died in the bosom of the Democracy.

This was the type of man who was able to lure one and one-half million adult Americans into a political organization founded on religious hatred. Judson's whole background, the totality of his

earthly experience so far as recorded, could have made him nothing but a man from whom a full, round viewpoint was regrettably absent. All the Know-Nothing captains-general — Barker, Allen, Erastus Brooks, Sam Houston, Parson Brownlow of Tennessee — were of a piece with Judson. And all were of a piece with many a Ku Klux Klan satrap of today. The two sets of fakers and high-binders, in their turn, are together classifiable with the professional Catholic whom we have always with us, but who is not often allowed by his clerical nurses to open his mouth and bray a battle-call to the hate which smolders in the bottom layers of his sect as in those of all other Christian divisions.

CHAPTER XIV

AMATEUR SALESMEN OF HATE

THOUGH the records of the Know-Nothing party were burned soon after its demise, the oaths and the rituals survive. Doubtless these were sold in the first instance by some mercenary lodge brother to a pressman in search of a sensation, and by the pressman perpetuated, in much the same manner as the New York *World* obtained for publication in 1921 the oaths of the twentieth-century Ku Klux Klan.

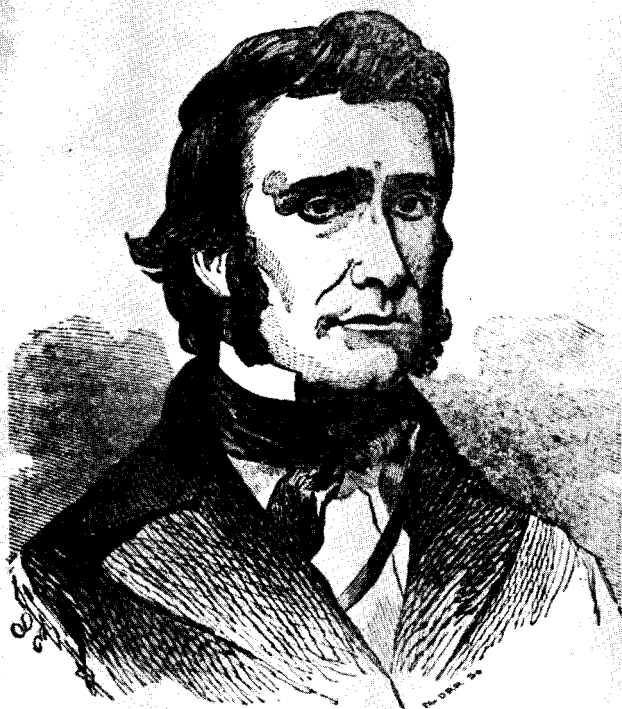
And not before in history, nor after, until the night in which William Joseph Simmons launched the modern Klan atop Stone Mountain near Atlanta, Georgia, was ever such a rump cut taken from the raw carcass of the English language as Judson, or whoever wrote the Know-Nothing oath, sliced off and prescribed as a prerequisite to entry into the new lodge.

Here is a sample bite from the piece:

“ In the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses, you do solemnly promise and swear that you will never betray any of the secrets of this society, nor communicate them even to proper candi-

dates except within a lawful council of the order; that you will never permit any of the secrets of this society to be written, or in any other manner made legible, except for the purpose of official instruction; that you will not vote, nor give your influence for any man for any office in the gift of the people, unless he be an American born citizen, in favor of Americans ruling America, nor if he be a Roman Catholic . . . that you will not, under any circumstances, expose the name of any member of this order nor reveal the existence of such an association; that you will answer an imperative notice issued by the proper authority; obey the command of the State council, president or his deputy, while assembled by such notice, and respond to the claim of a sign or cry of the order unless it be physically impossible. . . .”

It was from the oath of secrecy that the custom of the Know-Nothings arose which gave them their nickname and brought them into the contempt of Catholics and calmer Protestants alike. This was their policy of answering, “I don’t know,” whenever any question concerning the order was put to them by an outsider. One can imagine the superior smirk which must have mantled many a rustic countenance as the mouth uttered this formula. He was on the inside, by jiminy; he knew things not everybody knew!



Erastus Brooks.

THE HONORABLE ERASTUS BROOKS, whose portrait is herewith presented to our readers, has long enjoyed an enviable reputation as a journalist of fine talents, and his recent controversial encounter with † Archbishop Hughes has only added fresh laurels to the wreath that encircles his brow.

At a nominating convention held in September last, Mr. Brooks was defeated by the action of the Seward "Republicans," as a punishment for having exposed the character of Mr. Seward's "*friend*," † Bishop Hughes, but the true Whigs, of the Clay and

Webster school, met and repudiated the revengeful course of the Horsey and Seward "Republicans," by nominating Mr. Brooks as their candidate from their Senatorial District. The American party's convention also nominated Mr. Brooks by acclamation. The Seward and Hughes party calling themselves "Republican" have their candidate, while the patriotic Americans have chosen Mr. Brooks, and, since the "Republicans" have raised the issue, Protestants and Romanists will vote accordingly, the latter aided by the political influence of † John

PAGE FROM "KNOW-NOTHING ALMANAC" OF 1856
WITH PEN PORTRAIT OF ERASTUS BROOKS, A NEW YORK
KNOW-NOTHING LEADER

Sam's published ritual proposed, among other worthy objectives, to accomplish the following:

" . . . protect every American citizen in the legal and proper exercise of all his civil and religious rights and privileges; to resist the insidious policy of the Church of Rome and all other foreign influence against our republican institutions in all lawful ways; to place in all offices of honour, trust or profit in the gift of the people or by appointment none but Native American Protestant citizens. . . ."

Catholics and foreigners were to be kept in their place, *i.e.*, under Protestant and American thumbs. Pope Pius IX, at that time tremulously relying on French bayonets to preserve for him the temporal power in a nauseated Italy, and probably but perfunctorily concerned with what went forward in North America or any other foreign land, was to be thwarted in any attempt he might make to move into the White House. Above all, if one reads the Know-Nothing oaths and rituals in the light of immigration statistics for the period, the tide of newcomers from Ireland was to be checked by any means at hand. The property and the political offices which were slipping from native-born hands were to be snatched back to those hands by law.

Sam said nothing about the boycotting of Catholics in business, or about the hiring of none but

Protestants to do one's washing or gardening or policing of cows. It is, nevertheless, a safe bet that Sam's adherents practised these measures against their Catholic neighbors, and *vice versa*, exactly as Kluxers and K.C.'s practise them against one another in small-town America today.

The five fraternal orders which merged to make up the Know-Nothing party were listed in a previous chapter. Three of these bore the magic word American in their official titles, while one of the names by which the new order went was the American party. Thus we perceive that had these granddads of today's Ku Kluxers and Klanswomen been given to reckoning their Americanism in percentages after the fashion inaugurated by Theodore Roosevelt *père*, and could names confer that quality of rightness with God, they would have been entitled to call themselves, not mere one hundred per cent Americans, but four hundred per cent Americans at the least. Thus do we degenerate; not one of us can be above 100-proof in these sorry days.

But in another respect the modern Klan overshadows the Know-Nothings, showing that the law of compensation, like God, is not mocked. Know-Nothingism named specifically the Roman Catholic church and foreigners as its enemies. The Klan confines itself pretty strictly in official utterances to the damning of only such shadowy and indefin-

able foes as "persons owing allegiance to any foreign potentate," "persons not of the white race," "non-Nordics," etc., etc. The Klan is thus forehanded with a sales talk wherewith to market whatever brand of hate is most popular with the dominant faction in any locality it enters. It can sell anti-Semitism in New Jersey and on Long Island, anti-Catholicism in any city of the first class above the Mason-Dixon line, anti-Afroamericanism anywhere down South, straight anti-alienism in New York and the mill towns of New England. The Know-Nothings were cramped in the harvesting of one of their choicest possible fields, the South, by their lack of foresight to condemn the humble negro, and were forced to resort in those parts to a play upon a hatred of Germans which possessed some Southerners.

CHAPTER XV

FOR PRESIDENT: DANIEL WEBSTER

IN the Presidential election of 1852, the first in which it took part, the Know-Nothing party pushed but few tremors along the ganglia of the American body politic. It did its infantile best, however, to shake the nation's eyes awake to the perils of popery, and if the nation did not choose to respond, that was no funeral of the new crusaders'.

The first national convention took place at Trenton, New Jersey, in July of 1852. Present were thirty-one delegates from nine states — Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia and Georgia.

These thirty-one gentlemen placed in nomination for the Presidency none other than Daniel Webster, then in his seventy-first year and looking back upon a long and spectacular career as statesman and lawyer. For Vice-President, they proposed George C. Washington, of Montgomery county, Maryland. Both nominations were plainly the moves of peanut politicians desiring great names as antidote for their organization's smallness.

Neither nominee remained on the ticket until election day in the November following.

Washington fell a victim to that self-respect which a politician, if he would be a successful politician, should carefully throttle at its first birth-cry, and declined the nomination. He does not appear again on the fair page of American history, though it may well be that he enjoyed the respect of his neighbors in Montgomery county, Maryland.

Webster neither accepted nor declined his nomination by any written word, or by any spoken so far as can be learned. One wonders why. Webster was a former Federalist, and the Federalists had been the hundred percenters of their day. He was an old man when the Know-Nothing nomination was proffered him, and had been several times disappointed in his hope for a Presidential nomination from the powerful parties to which he had belonged in his best years. Yet Webster was a statesman-lawyer of the first caliber, as any law student fresh from the Dartmouth College or the Girard Will case can advise you; and he had more than once sacrificed his personal interests to those of nation or party.

Why, then, did this generally admirable man, when proffered the Know-Nothing nomination, exhibit the nervous reticence of, say, a corn-state Senator of our day when charged with being a member of the Ku Klux Klan? Why did Webster not flatly refuse to give the aid and comfort of his name to a bloc dedicated to the political capitalization of

racial and religious hate? He was passing into his last illness, but he did not die until four months after the Know-Nothing convention. It seems fair to presume that Webster was trimming his sails to any breeze that might be whispering over the political sea, with a hurricane conceivably buttoned up in its hip pocket.

At any rate, Daniel Webster died ten days before the election of 1852. Three days later, the Know-Nothings placed at the head of their ticket one Jacob Broom, a Philadelphian. Dr. Reynell Coates, of Camden, New Jersey, had been chosen as kite tail to Webster when George C. Washington declined.

The week-long campaign of Broom and Coates was an affair of the most astonishing humor. Coates made a jest which must have tickled that type of mind which relishes camp-meeting pre-hysterics wit, by calling the Broom-Coates combination the "kangaroo ticket" and denominating himself the shorter legs thereof. Adherents of the two candidates evolved a pretty conceit from their leaders' names, and displayed brooms and old coats on the stump and in the campaign literature. As all are agreed, the olden days in America were notable for their shrewd and salty humorists.

But when election day at last rolled around, something happened to the Know-Nothing ticket: something serious. In many a state not a Know-

Nothing vote was recorded. Doubtless many more votes were cast for Broom and Coates than ever attained the dignity of official tabulation, particularly in city precincts where Catholics sat as judges of election. Is it not one's bounden duty to battle for one's faith against the heretic? Shall not he be blessed in the sight of his Lord who chucks a sly batch of heretic ballots down a manhole (or whatever passes for a manhole when the year is 1852), while comrades debauch the heretic checkers in a nearby boozing ken and the loyal Gaelic copper on the corner turns discreetly away?

Broom and Coates went swirling down that dark sewer which yawns for the politician who can neither deliver the goods nor intimidate the majority party. The election of 1852 passed without a hint of the Know-Nothing convulsions which were to seize the country in the next four years.

CHAPTER XVI

SECOND WIND

YOUNG SAM — as the Know-Nothing tracts and almanacs were presently calling the party — was down but he was not out. He had just begun to fight. Roman Catholics were too numerous, too prolific, and, one suspects, too quietly aggressive on their own side, for the peace of mind of the lowlier bred native American.

Also, the slavery issue was darkening all the skies. The Know-Nothings had a rich field to plow in that vast body of Americans, growing vaster as time goes on, who love to excite themselves over any issue save the real one. The trouble with the United States in the fifties was slavery, as the trouble with it today is federal prohibition. But it was so much more exciting to believe that the trouble was located in an Old World city where a wicked wizard sat on the papal throne and plotted the subjugation of the United States.

Horace Greeley wrote in his *Recollections*:

“ The fact that almost every Know-Nothing was at heart either a Whig or a Democrat, a champion

or an opponent of slavery, and felt a stronger, deeper interest in other issues than in those which affiliated him with the 'Order,' rendered its disruption and abandonment not a question of years, but of months."

We crave the liberty to disagree with the ghost of Greeley on this point. We think — and present the notion gratis to the present heirs and assigns of Know-Nothingism — that had the Know-Nothing party pounded steadfastly away on its anti-papal tom-tom, had it refused to be sucked into any traffic with ideas essential to the Union's survival, and hence too tough for romance-loving minds to masticate, it could have kept its clientele intact and itself unshorn of potency as a political factor up to the day of the firing on Fort Sumter.

Nay, more: it might even, by such adherence to first principles, have averted the Civil War. The unspeakable Bolsheviki claim that religion keeps the proletariat doped and divided, and that the smart fellows rule largely in consequence thereof. If any merit resides in this Bolshevik dogma, does any less reside in the proposition that religious hatreds offer a splendid escape valve for emotions which threaten to blow off in the direction of something really important, and so do serious damage? But we anticipate.

During 1853 and '54 the new party devoted its

energies to a furtive whitening of the fields to harvest. Judson, Barker, Allen and their disciples worked away in New York City. Low-spoken evangels of hate carried the new revelation west and south from New York until councils of the order dotted the land like an attack of hives. The policy was that of boring from within the established parties, the technique the same as that worked out in our time by Communist William Z. Foster for the sapping of the orthodox labor unions. The members were sworn to say nothing of their new affiliations to anybody. Thus the Know-Nothing party got away to a running start before the professional politicians had an inkling of what was going on.

By May 1, 1853, New York City and adjacent counties had fifty-four Know-Nothing lodges in active practice. Here is a chart of the spread of the party in those years when it furtively prepared for the killing it yearned after:

April to December, 1853: New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio.

January to April, 1854: Washington, D. C., New Hampshire, Indiana, Rhode Island, Maine.

May to September, 1854: Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin.

October to December, 1854: Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Mis-

souri, Tennessee, Virginia, Delaware, Mississippi, Texas, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, California, Oregon.

May, 1855: Minnesota, New Mexico, Kansas, Nebraska.

Thus, within three years after Judson and Barker and Allen launched the venture, one and one-half million legal and qualified voters were roped in and marked with the unseen Know-Nothing brand. The sweep of the party's organization march followed the route of any new idea that comes to the United States; that is, it was snapped up eagerly by the northeastern states, it marched thence into New England and out to the middle west, and finally it penetrated the south.

Who were some of the converts to the war against popery and the immigrant? Few of them admitted ever having joined up when once the tornado had blown around on its own tail, but the story did get out on a handful of them.

Easily the most famous Know-Nothing was Ulysses S. Grant. He was a tobacco-chewing store-keeper near St. Louis in the fifties, and did not dream that he was one day to command the armies in the field of the United States and another day to sit in the White House. He tells the Know-Nothing story on himself in his *Memoirs* (Vol. 1, p. 169), which is more than many another suspect saw fit to do. Grant relates that he went to one

meeting of the nearest Know-Nothing lodge in his green-grocer days, was initiated, heard preached the word of Judson and Barker, and never went back.

Sam Houston, of Alamo fame, was another Catholic-hater who found a haven in the Know-Nothing party. Houston served its interests gallantly in the United States Senate, putting up as brave a fight against Rome as is currently waged by the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin (Dem.), of Alabama.

Other Know-Nothings whose names in their brief day could make the nation pause at the hearing of them were Humphrey Marshall, of Louisville (Congress, 1855); Henry Winter Davis, of Baltimore (Congress 1856-58); Dr. Jerome Crownshield Smith (mayor of Boston, 1854); N. P. Banks (Speaker of the House, 1855, and Union general in the Civil War); United States Senators John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, John Bell of Tennessee, Anthony Kennedy of Maryland, Henry Wilson of Massachusetts. The last named became Vice-President under Rutherford B. Hayes.

CHAPTER XVII

FIRST FRUITS

IT was in the spring of 1854 that the Know-Nothing party harvested its first crop of water-melons.

The most notable victories were in the municipal elections in Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia. Philadelphia saw the boring-from-within strategy produce its most horrifying result when Conrad, elected mayor as a Democrat, confessed to being a Know-Nothing on the morning after his election was certified. Conrad went further than that. To prove himself a sterling nativist, he saw fit to insult every Irishman since Brian Boru by asserting that all policemen ought to be Americans born.

Several Massachusetts towns rolled into the Know-Nothing basket — the largest being Worcester and Salem — and at least forty Congressmen from half a dozen states wore Sam's badge on their souls, though not on their waistcoats. In the Congressional elections of 1854 the Know-Nothings, in all states where they were organized, supported any candidate whom they could bull-doze, *à la* Anti-Saloon League, into secret pledges of eternal

enmity toward the Pope and foreigners. Whigs, Republicans, Anti-Nebraska men, all looked alike to the nativist crusaders, so long as they entertained "American ideas."

"The majority of the Banks men [Republican supporters of N. P. Banks for Speaker in the Congress of 1855]," wrote Horace Greeley to Charles A. Dana when Congress convened a year later, "are now members of Know-Nothing councils, and some twenty or thirty of them actually believe in that swindle. Half the Massachusetts delegation, two-thirds that of Ohio, and nearly all that of Pennsylvania, are Know-Nothings this day. We shall get them gradually detached."

From the mere carrying of metropolitan elections in the spring, the new party leaped to the eminence of swinging the state of Massachusetts in the fall of 1854. Henry J. Gardner — whom all accounts portray as a broken-down politician of the most revolting type — was chosen governor of the proud old commonwealth by a plurality of 50,000 votes, while both houses of the legislature turned up almost one hundred per cent Know-Nothing in composition when the ballots had all been counted.

Delaware elected various Know-Nothing candidates to state offices, though the gubernatorial nominee was lost in the shuffle.

Protestant upstate New York rose up against the

— even then — Babylon of Manhattan island, and presented an absolutely unknown Know-Nothing candidate with 122,000 votes out of a total of 435,000 polled.

The astonishment that rocked the nation was terrific. An unseen force, an undertow in politics, had wrought this amazing chain of victories, had thrown political hacks and clowns into the seats where the mighty had rested and thought themselves secure. Northern Whigs and anti-slavery Democrats alike were scrambling into the new Republican party, formally organized and christened at Jackson, Michigan, in the previous July; and it had been prayerfully supposed by the politicians that from no other quarter was a serious storm to be looked for. Then along had come this interloper, this secret cabal of whose extent and strength none could now form an estimate, and had given the ruling powers in three important states a staggering blow.

Pathetic is no fit word to describe the epileptic seizures which laid hold on the professional politicians. Nor is mob-like adequate to point up the ensuing rush on the part of office-holders past, present and hoping-to-be to join the American party. The membership rolls went kiting. Four months after the Massachusetts, Delaware and New York landslides James W. Barker reported that 960 Know-Nothing councils were now meeting and plotting in the state of New York alone.

The Worcester (Mass.) *Evening Journal* displayed a bit of that uncanny knack for guessing wrong on politics which so many newspapers have preserved into this present: it predicted a national victory for Know-Nothingism in the elections two years ahead. That the new party would sweep the North, said the respected sheet, was a foregone conclusion, while its chances were declared golden for mopping up enough electoral votes in the South to put whatever lodge brother it might nominate into the White House.

James Gordon Bennett's New York *Herald* made a similar prophecy — tacking thereto, however, the saving "out" which no editorial writer who boasts of more than a bowing acquaintance with the tricks of his trade ever omits from a discussion of political probabilities. The *Herald's* "out" consisted of a proviso that the Know-Nothing party could shake off the anti-slavery aroma which was already clinging about its garments. Happily for the *Herald*, this turned out to be the case, though not in the manner anticipated by it or any other political snake doctor functioning in 1854.

Horace Greeley, in the matter of the Know-Nothing furore as in most other matters political, was the best prophet of them all. He wrote:

"It [Know-Nothingism] would seem as devoid of the elements of persistence as an anti-cholera or anti-potato rot party."



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AN ANTI-CATHOLIC CARTOON OF THE SEVENTIES

CHAPTER XVIII

STICKS, STONES, TAR AND FEATHERS

RELIGIOUS mania makes men see a deeper shade of red than does any other form of hysteria. Probably this is because with most of us the emotion traces back to the lessons taught us earliest by our mothers and hence most deeply cut on the tablets of our minds. It was no more than natural, then, that clubs and tar buckets should ride the surge of religious mania blown up by Know-Nothingism, or that these implements should come ever more widely into play as the movement swelled toward its peak.

A list of the major to-do's which punctuated the years 1853 to 1856 is appended at the end of this chapter. They were all of a kind, differing only in numbers of people wounded or killed and value of property destroyed.

Of the common, ordinary riots, Bloody Monday in Louisville, Kentucky, was easily the premier. This celebration was held in observance of election day, its date being August 5, 1855. Festivities commenced early in the morning and lasted well into the night. When the smoke cleared off, the

Louisville cathedral was found to have been entered (though not damaged) by a roaring Know-Nothing mob, while about twenty-five Irishmen had gone to glory in one of the grandest running street wars ever fought in the United States.

Bishop Spalding, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Bardstown, wrote to Bishop Kenrick, who had piloted the Philadelphia Catholics through the riots of 1844, that "the city authorities, all Know-Nothings, looked calmly on, and they are now endeavoring to lay the blame on the Catholics."

What the Protestants had to say has not been exhumed by the present chronicler. It is a safe guess that any Protestant remarks to reach paper were couched by way of whitewash for the Protestant faction. It would be even safer to venture the statement that, as matter of fact, both parties welcomed election morn with huzzas of joy at the brewing up of a fine fight.

The truly picturesque and thought-provoking event in the string of religious riots which bedecked the fifties was something else.

In 1853 the United States was agitated by the presence within its borders, for seven exhilarating months, of the Most Reverend Cajetan Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes and Papal Nuncio to the Court of Brazil. Bedini's tour of the nation was a continuous riot. Wherever he went, nativism boiled over the rim of one caldron of hate, Catholicity

over the other, and between them the harmless prelate was all but scalded in half a dozen cities.

Bedini came to the United States because several German Catholic parishes in Philadelphia and Buffalo had got themselves into a state bordering on open schism over the question of legal title to church property. It was a phase of the "trusteeism" dispute which excited the Catholic church during much of the last century. The Holy Father at Rome, having named Bedini nuncio to Brazil, instructed him to stop off in the United States and do what he could to cool the Germanic passions. To smooth Bedini's path, the Pope gave him a personal letter, couched in terms of the most ceremonious friendliness, to President Franklin Pierce of the American Republic.

This, if the historians do not lie — and no reason presents itself why they should — was the sole and entire scenery of fact before which was staged Archbishop Bedini's American visit in the second year of the Know-Nothing party's existence. The United States had a minister to the Vatican, by the way, and this gentleman likewise furnished the archbishop with a letter to the President, in which it was explained that Bedini was not to be regarded as an advance post of the Papal Guard nor yet as a Jesuit scout.

Yet what a flurry Bedini's coming caused in this country; what sweatings of diplomats; what flesh-

crawlings of politicians fearful of anti-Catholic votes; what writhings and twistings inside the flannels of all official Washington, confronted as it was with the necessity of pleasing the powerful Catholic minority by appearing to welcome Bedini while placating the Protestant majority by seeming to give him the cold shoulder.

To Know-Nothing minds legalistically inclined, it was plain that for the President formally to receive Bedini, to shake him by the hand, and mayhap to have him in to dinner at the White House, would constitute official encouragement of the highest kind for Rome. Secretary of State Marcy gets the credit for having reasoned thus brilliantly in face of the fact that we already had a duly portfolioed diplomatic representative at the Vatican. Marcy is likewise credited by Catholic writers with having so carefully mislaid the letter from minister at Rome to the President that it was never seen again.

While the tremors were dancing along Washington's ever sensitive nerves, a group in the hinterland was whittling another stick to thrust into the archiepiscopal chariot wheels. The band was composed of sundry German and Italian revolutionists and anti-clericals whom the European uproars of 1848 had blown across the Atlantic, and it was led by an apostate priest named Gavazzi. Bedini had once been commissary of the papal legation at

Bologna. Troublous times had set in, and in true Romanist style Bedini had not hesitated to clap a few upstarts into jail and decree a shooting or two. Out of these facts, Gavazzi and his pals cooked up the appetizing tale that Bedini, while an officer at Bologna, had put to death a rebel priest named Ugo Bassi, having first seen to it that Bassi was skinned alive.

Several English and Continental newspapers (the London *Quarterly Review*, for one) later investigated the yarn at their leisure, and cleared Bedini. Catholics in America, however, were caught without proofs pro or con. Bedini paid no attention to the story, which was meat for the haters of Catholicity in the United States. Know-Nothing knives flashed out all over the country the moment the visitor left Washington for the interior.

His progress was a mixture of triumphal tour and martyr's parade, with the stake barely evaded several times. Bedini was the highest Catholic dignitary exhibited in person in the United States up to that time, and hence the Catholics strutted their gaudiest paraphernalia for him wherever he went. By the same token the anti-Catholics forgot their local hatreds and fixed their most earnest attention on this sky-filling menace from beyond sea.

A conspiracy to assassinate the nuncio was

uncovered and choked by the police in New York City. He was fêted by his friends, called every known variety of dog and dog's progeny by his enemies, in Pittsburgh. Cincinnati's welcome consisted of (a) a huge special service inside the local cathedral in the archbishop's honor, and (b) the swift collecting outside the cathedral of a Know-Nothing mob howlfully desirous of making him guest of honor at a lynching party. The police wounded several of the would-be lynchers.

For seven turbulent months Bedini remained in the United States. His hated presence had no little to do with inflaming the passions of potential Know-Nothings and so making converts to that mushrooming party. Conversely, this presence in the United States of one who had seen and talked with the Pope himself heated many a Catholic's faith to the fighting point, not to mention the number of hesitating heretics it induced to climb into the Roman fold.

Bedini at length completed his labors among the German hagglers. He left the United States by way of New York — in secret, to escape a Know-Nothing mob athirst for his blood. Subsequently he advised the Pope that he had found the Catholic church in the United States flourishing, and "confronting a decaying and disintegrating Protestantism, strong only in prejudice." Which, of course, is a commentary on just how forgiving and just

how Christlike any Christian official of any sect is or can reasonably be expected to be.

As promised, we give here a list of the more important Know-Nothing-Catholic fights of the period.

1853 —

The Bedini riots — Boston, Baltimore, Wheeling, St. Louis, Cincinnati.

1854 —

Gang of Know-Nothings and Ulstermen from New York City raided St. Mary's Catholic church, Newark; one Irishman shot and killed; some statutory destroyed.

St. Anne's church, Manchester, N. H., raided in Fourth of July outburst of patriotism.

Father John Bapst, S. J., tarred, feathered, ridden around Ellsworth, Me., on a rail.

Catholic church burned at Bath, Me.

Churches at Dorchester, Mass., and Sidney, Ohio, blown up with gunpowder by persons unknown.

Catholic church burned at Massillon, Ohio.

Attempt made to burn Ursuline convent, Galveston, Texas.

Fire started in Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, Brooklyn, N. Y. Numerous fights in New York City between young Irish gangs and the "Wide-

awakes," young nativists wearing wide-brimmed felt hats as insignia.

Convent of Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R. I., threatened by Know-Nothing mob, but saved by Catholics rallying under Bishop O'Reilly, who warned that any Know-Nothing setting foot on convent ground would be shot.

Riot at St. Louis, ten killed.

Ducking party at Washington, Know-Nothing mob officiating; guest of honor, a marble slab sent by the Pope for inclusion in the then building Washington monument; scene of festivities, the banks of the Potomac river.

1855 —

Bloody Monday, Louisville, Ky., as described in the text.

1856 —

Election riots between Know-Nothings and Irish Democrats in Baltimore. For Baltimore's Know-Nothing experiences, see a later chapter.

CHAPTER XIX

SLAUGHTER IN VIRGINIA

IT has been related how the Know-Nothings elected one governor and a sackful of Congressmen and legislators in 1854, and how their prospects for a national sweep in 1856 were pronounced more than bright by full many a diagnostician of political symptoms.

Now comes the great battle between Democrats and Know-Nothings which filled with smoke and screams of agony the Virginia spring of 1855, and incidentally snapped the lumbar vertebræ of Know-Nothingism as a national power. It is indeed Virginia, boasting its religious liberty statute as heritage from Thomas Jefferson, which has the distinction of having served as religious fanaticism's fiercest battleground during the Know-Nothing period.

The first Know-Nothing council in Virginia was organized in Jefferson's own home town of Charlottesville. The happy event took place in the summer of 1854. There were few Roman Catholics in Virginia, but it was noted throughout the South that Catholic immigrants were rapidly filling up

the northern free states and pushing the doctrines of negro freedom into the western territories, all of which meant an ever heavier balance in Congress against the South.

At any rate, the order spread throughout Virginia with the same prairie-fire speed it had exhibited at the north. The Whig party was moribund, the Republican party was forming state organizations but had yet to hold its first national convention. The Whigs hated the principles of Jefferson, and hence would not join the Democratic party; but even that, to southern Whigs, was preferable to the Republican party, which was against slavery. Hence, the success of the Know-Nothing organizers in the South. They gathered in grateful Whigs by the shoal.

Winchester was the scene of the first Virginia Know-Nothing convention, called to order in March of 1855. The delegates were registered at the hotels under false names, and no record remains to show who they were. They nominated for governor a fine old ex-Whig and able politician-lawyer, one Thomas Stanhope Flournoy of Halifax county. James M. H. Beale of Mason was put up for lieutenant-governor, John M. Patton of Richmond for attorney-general. The first families of Virginia, old style, were represented on that ticket, because the county squires had all been Whigs and were leaping into the Know-Nothing boat as their own sank

under their feet. John Syme, one of this alienated old guard, used, when asked if a Democrat was a gentleman, to reply: "He is apt not to be; but if he is, he is in damned bad company."

Four months prior to the Know-Nothing convention, the Virginia Democrats had held theirs, meeting decorously in the Methodist church at Staunton. On the second ballot, they nominated Henry A. Wise for governor.

Wise was also a lawyer, and a personal friend of Flournoy, the Know-Nothing candidate. He was a speaker to whom William Jennings Bryan or Billy Sunday might well have gone for pointers on how to lash mob passions, and a politician who would have delighted the heart of Alfred E. Smith. Added to that, the man had ideas and was a fighter. He believed in the Democratic party as sired by Jefferson, he felt that slavery's elimination was a thing for time, not fire-breathing abolitionists prophesying war, to accomplish, and he decided that if he was to win this election he must fight like the very devil.

Wise fought. Expecting the nomination, he took occasion to slap down his cards on the table long before the Democratic convention met. The Norfolk council of Know-Nothings sent him a question about his attitude toward Catholics and aliens, in tone rather like the questionnaires with which the modern Anti-Saloon League habitually torments

all candidates for offices higher than dog-catcher-ships. Wise made reply in this fashion:

“ I belong to a secret society, but for no political purpose. I am a native *Virginian*; *intus et in cute*, a Virginian; my ancestors on both sides for two hundred years were citizens of this country and this State — half English, half Scotch. I am a Protestant by birth, by baptism, by intellectual belief, by education, by adoption. I am an American in every fibre, and in every feeling an American; yet in every character, in every relation, in every sense, with all my head and with all my heart and with all my might, I protest against this secret organization of native Americans, and of Protestants to proscribe Roman Catholics and naturalized citizens! ”

Once in the fight, Wise fought as if he had meant every word of that crashing salvo of English. He charged up and down Virginia, from Alexandria to Danville. He filled the town churches, the cross-roads court-houses and meeting-houses, with his voice of brass and thunder.

There was cunning in his roaring. Thus craftily he played on the Southern hatred of everything Yankee, as summed up in the prevailing Yankee religion:

“ Gentlemen, but a short time back, New England — Massachusetts especially — had but one

ism within her limits, and that was Puritanism, the religion of the old Covenanters and Congregationalists — Puritanism, full of vitality, full of spirituality — Puritanism that made even the barren rock of Plymouth to fructify, that made the New Englanders a strong people, that made them a rich people, that made them a learned people.

“ But since they have waxed fat, since they have begun to build churches by lottery, begun to moralize mankind by legislation, begun to play petty Providences for the people, begun to be Protestant Popes over the consciences of men, begun to preach ‘ Christian Politics,’ such as you have heard — Puritanism has disappeared. And we have in place of it Unitarianism, Universalism, Fourierism, Millerism, Mormonism — all the other odds and ends of isms — until at last you have a grand fusion of all those odds and ends of isms in the *omnium gatherum* of isms called Know-Nothingism! ”

And thus cunningly he hitched Old Glory and the Bill of Rights to the Pope, causing the two to paint the third in colors barely distinguishable from the Red, White and Blue:

“ You tell the people that Catholics never gave aid to civil liberty; that they never yet struck a blow for the freedom of mankind.

“ Who gave you alliance against the King of England? Who but that Catholic King, Louis XVI?

He sent you from the court of Versailles the boy of Washington's camp, a foreigner who never was naturalized, but bled at the redoubt of Yorktown. . . .

"And not only that. In that intense moment when the Declaration of our Independence was brought into Carpenter's hall by Rutledge and Franklin and Jefferson, and laid upon the table — that holy paper, which not only pledged life and honor but fortune too . . . at length one spare, palefaced man arose and went and dipped the pen into ink and signed 'Charles Carroll' . . . a Catholic representative from a Catholic colony."

Lest there be murmurs that all these are modern instances and the Inquisition and St. Bartholomew's remain without an alibi, let's pour a little aged-in-the-wood history into mouths that by now are gaping wide:

"And sir, six hundred and forty years ago, on the 16th of June, 1214, there was another scene enacted on the face of the globe, when the general character of all charters of freedom was gained — when one man — a man called Stephen Langton — swore the barons of England, for the people, against the orders of the Pope and against the power of the King — swore the barons on the high altar of the Catholic church at St. Edmondsbury, that they would have Magna Carta or die for it

. . . and if you Know-Nothings don't know who Stephen Langton was, you know nothing sure enough. He was a Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury."

The familiar Bryan trick of leading the actual aggressors to a weeping bout for that they were being themselves trodden upon, Wise played with his endlessly repeated and hammered home slogan, "Save the Protestant churches from the pollution of party politics! "

He was a master politician, this Virginian, a boldly piratical fighter, a tactician of the first caliber, and as generally admirable a man as a politician can be.

His roarings filled the land. Newspapers as far away as St. Louis carried columns about his campaign. Know-Nothingism had met some one who miraculously was not afraid of it; a politician had arisen who could summon the courage to take religious prejudice by both horns and try to twist its neck. Excitement rose like an unseen wave as Wise boiled up and down the Dominion. Stacks of bills, notes and cheques wagered on the outcome swelled the safes of stakeholders.

Flournoy, by the way, did practically no campaigning. He seems to have been swept off his feet by the fury of Wise's attack; or perhaps his heart was not with the party which had chosen him. He

let the escaped nuns and the ex-priests, the whisperers and the blackmailers, do his electioneering.

On May 24, 1855, Wise, having traveled more than three thousand miles in the primitive conveyances of the day and having made innumerable speeches, galloped down the track to a victory of 83,424 votes against Flournoy's 73,244.

"I have met the Black Knight with his visor down," he trumpeted to his constituents, "and his shield and lance are broken."

They were, and more thoroughly than Wise supposed. This joust had had a nation for an audience, and that audience could never again look upon the Black Knight with its erstwhile awe. Worse, the Knight, within the month, was fated to fall off the horse he had ridden to so many conquests with such notable results. Wise could not know it, but the days of Know-Nothingism were numbered from the night in which his plurality was totted up on Virginia's election records.

CHAPTER XX

SAM FORGETS THE POPE

THE second body blow to Sam's national prestige as a political party came less than one month after the Virginia election of May, 1855, in which Wise had scored his triumph. This thrust, Sam delivered to himself. The occasion was the national council of the party held at Philadelphia in June of that year, and the exact nature of the dig was that the party, with rashness unsurpassed, determined to take politics seriously. That is to say, it permitted itself to roll an eye in the direction of the one truly important national issue of that day: negro slavery.

No jest is intended here.

Know-Nothingism's success up to this time was founded on the fact that you can interest more people more quickly with a false issue than you can with a real one. The average person hates to think. Slavery was the institution whose economic and humanitarian implications really harried the nation. Popery was the issue to which brains that shrank from thought could flee and, fleeing, exhale the long sigh of content that comes from rationalization achieved.

Had the Know-Nothings, then, let the frightful and fundamental and bitterly depressing question of slavery severely alone, had they kept waving their own original gorgeously colored and wind-bloated Chinese paper fish of an issue in the eyes of the suckers and the lame-brains, their power should have persisted and grown. All the flock wished to do was to keep up the pleasant pastime of cutting Catholics and foreigners out of business; all it wished to graze upon was the ever widening acreage of anti-Catholic literature with which the Know-Nothing presses were sowing the country. But no. James Barker, Erastus Brooks, Sam Houston and the other leaders must needs call a council of all the state organizations to regiment the faithful into some definite attitude toward the thing that mattered.

After some haggling, a committee on resolutions was named and this group went into secret session. They remained secluded for three whole days, while the delegates jabbered and swapped chewing tobacco in the taverns of old Philadelphia. The nation's eyes were upon that council, and well the solemn, self-conscious bigwigs of Know-Nothingism knew it.

When at last the resolutions committee emerged from the secret chambers, it carried a monster in its arms — the monster that in due time was to rise and slay the party that bore it. The slavery resolu-

tions, as presented to the national council for ratification, (1) urged Congress not to prohibit slavery in any territory belonging to the United States, and (2) told Congress that in it resided no power to keep any territory from entering the Union as a state on the ground that that territory's constitution recognized slavery as lawful.

This, as every one knows, was the position held by the Southern States, and by them fought for from Sumter to Appomattox. Should the resolution be adopted as the sense of the Philadelphia gathering, the Know-Nothing party would stand committed to the views of the slaveholders of the South, and opposed to the shrieking abolitionists and the multitude of calm foes of slavery in the North.

The fight raged for three days in the open council. The northern Know-Nothings saw their chances slipping, the Southerners forgot national possibilities and battled to line up the party for slavery, which they regarded as their section's economic lifeblood.

In the scrimmage, the official head of the national president himself, James W. Barker of New York City, was chopped off, and E. B. Bartlett of Kentucky reigned in Barker's stead. Barker's downfall presaged the outcome of the struggle. On the third day after the committee reported, the Southern view prevailed, and the Know-Nothing party declared for slavery by a vote of 80 to 59.

So terrible was the effect of having tackled the real issue that, immediately the ballots were counted, a frightful schism rent the party in twain. Twelve states bolted the council — Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin. These delegations repudiated the slavery plank, while the southern Know-Nothings went home in glee to make ready for the fall campaigns in their respective states with the pro-slavery plank nailed into the platform.

The Know-Nothing party was fated henceforth to be nothing more than a congeries of statewide and section-wide factions, knit only by the tenuous threads of a common name and a common ritual. Only a miracle could have rewelded it into a national party. The miracle never happened.

CHAPTER XXI

POP!

THE politicians of rival parties read the signs of breakup which the Virginia election and the Philadelphia council had unrolled, and lay low. State elections were coming up in the fall of that fateful year of 1855, and no cautious politician would commit himself until they were over.

We have been able to dredge from the records the names and specific utterances of only three nationally known politicians who, prior to Know-Nothingism's Waterloo year, had the courage openly to defy the order. These were Henry A. Wise, who had been elected governor of Virginia; Stephen A. Douglas, of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, no less, who put a solemn curse upon Know-Nothingism during a Fourth of July oration at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in 1854; and Charles Allen of Massachusetts. Allen informed the world, in a political speech just before the election of 1854 in Worcester, Massachusetts:

"Perhaps I am speaking too boldly, but I learned to speak boldly a long time ago. I will speak my sentiments in the face of any organization; or, if

it does not show its face, though its secret mines are beneath my feet, and unseen hands ready to apply the match, I will declare those sentiments that a freeman is bound to utter."

And the fall elections of 1855 proved that the discreet politicians were wise in their generation. The Know-Nothings elected governors and legislative majorities that year in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. New York voted for minor officials only, but the Know-Nothings harvested most of these. Know-Nothing governors were elected in Kentucky and in far-off California. Texas put a few Know-Nothings into lesser state jobs, while the Democrats were barely able to beat the meteor party in their southern citadels of Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia and Mississippi.

Following these elections, singly and in groups, the politicians began to crawl out of their hurricane cellars. The land presently filled with a mighty shouting. Know-Nothingism and all its works were being denounced. It became the fashion to thunder anathema against the party.

The new Republican party, in its New York state convention of December, 1855, allowed Horace Greeley to write the platform and to swing his right arm elbow-free on the topic of Know-Nothingism. The Democrats in the congress which

convened that same month passed solemn resolutions damning poor Sam. Both parties, by the time their national conventions assembled in the following year, were perfectly sure of their ground on this subject, and both nailed anti-Know-Nothing planks into their national platforms. The new party had split on the rock of slavery, and rapid was its sinking.

From the first faulting along the Mason-Dixon line, the step was but natural to a multitude of intrastate cleavages into rival bodies, each of which claimed to have a monopoly of the one true anti-papal and anti-foreigner faith. In Illinois, for example, the once tough and homogeneous American party divided to become the Sams and the Jonathans. In New York City, Charles B. Allen, who had brought his lodge, the Sons of the Sires, into the original party in 1852, pulled them out again in 1855. Before long, at least three nativist, anti-Catholic orders were blooming wanly in New York City where once the giant orchid of Know-Nothingism had smelled supreme. These were the Know-Somethings, the North Americans and the Mountain Sweets, not to mention Allen's crowd of disaffected members.

In such a state of active disintegration the party convened at Philadelphia on Washington's birthday, 1856, to put a Presidential ticket in the field. An amateur political correspondent could have

foretold the outcome. There was an orgy of bellowing, and eventually, no one quite knew how, Millard Fillmore was nominated for President.

Fillmore had been President once, succeeding Zachary Taylor from the Vice-Presidency when Taylor died in office. He had begun his political life as an anti-Andrew Jackson Democrat; later he had become a Whig. An opportunist and a middle-of-the-roader in all respects, Fillmore was seized upon by the Know-Nothings as a man likely to take any road that seemed to lead back to the White House, and the Know-Nothing judgment proved correct. Fillmore's nomination was later endorsed by what remained of the Whig party.

The Republicans put up John Charles Frémont, of California and Indian fighting fame, as their nominee for President. The story was circulated about Frémont that he was a Catholic. As a matter of fact, he was by birth and baptism a Protestant Episcopalian, though he and his wife had been married, after an elopement, by a Roman Catholic priest.

To a bloc of extreme pope-haters in the Know-Nothing party the nomination of Millard Fillmore was not agreeable. These bolted the convention, and offered a Presidential nomination of their own to N. P. Banks, whom in brighter days the Know-Nothing delegation in Congress had elected Speaker of the House after a two-month fight. Banks refused to run; whereupon, a majority of

the schismatics flopped to — of all candidates — the Republicans' allegedly Catholic nominee, Frémont. The balance of them nominated R. F. Stockton of New Jersey, doubtless more with a view to letting the world know they would never stomach Frémont than with any hope of electing their man.

The campaign of 1856 was the wildest jamboree since the Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-too circus of sixteen years before, and then some. Frémont was the very captain-general of the Pope to those nativists who believed him a Catholic; the star of negro freedom and banner bearer of a great new party to his worshipers in the North; an unspeakable nigger lover down South. Fillmore was to some the man who would keep the Pope where he belonged and the Catholic and alien out of the good political jobs, while others saw him as a mere straw man kicked along at the head of a procession of trimmers and religious fanatics. James Buchanan, who led the Democratic parade, symbolized the slaveholding South and its obnoxious aristocrats to the Northerners; he was the savior of all that was right and productive of profits to the voters down South.

Buchanan was elected President. Frémont ran a good second, evidencing a lasting vigor in the new Republican party. Poor Fillmore was lost in the shuffle, but was dug up some days later and found to hold, tightly clutched in his fist, the electoral vote of the state of Maryland.

CHAPTER XXII

DEATH RATTLES

KNOW-NOTHINGISM never seriously threatened to carry a national election after 1856. Following that election, there was but one city of the first class which did not promptly forget the Pope and resume with increased intensity the chattering and fretting about the negro and what could be done for him that finally brought on the Civil War. This city was Baltimore. The cow and corn and cotton states of Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland and Tennessee continued sufficiently agitated over the Romish menace to send a scattering of Know-Nothing congressmen to Washington until the year 1859.

Baltimore's Know-Nothing adventure furnishes a splendid picture of what is to be expected whenever sectarianism lays hands on the political steering wheel.

The Know-Nothings captured the city in 1854, and held on until 1860. Once in power, they promptly forgot their pre-election promises of fair play for all and busied themselves with constructing a political machine designed to keep Baltimore

forever in the hands of Protestants. The Know-Nothing district clubs became gangs organized for the sole purpose of patrolling the election booths and keeping Catholic voters at home.

Some of these gangs were named the Tigers, the Black Snakes, the Rip Raps, the Blood Tubs, the Plug Uglies. The Blood Tubs, who were butchers by trade, conceived the plan of carrying hogsheads of beef blood to the polls and splashing it merrily on any Catholic who turned up with a view to exercising his constitutional right to the ballot. Kidnapping whole battalions of Catholic voters and sequestering them in cellars and warehouses until the polls closed was another device of the Baltimore Know-Nothing gangs.

For a time the Catholics fought, but the going became too rough for them. They maintained a few gangs of their own in the first year or two after the Know-Nothing sweep, some of these bearing the appellations of Bloody Eights, Bloats, Buttenders.

The Catholics, or Democrats, were at length able to recapture Baltimore only through the good offices of the state legislature. The Know-Nothings owned the metropolitan police body and soul. Having built up a majority in the legislature from districts outside Baltimore, the Democrats in 1860 procured passage of a law which snatched the Baltimore police from local control and placed the force under a legislative commission.

Thereupon, an allegedly fair election was held. The Democrats cleaned the Know-Nothings out of the political machine-gun nests, and proceeded to give Baltimore a brace of administrations which equaled anything the Know-Nothings had achieved in the line of crookedness and corruption.

The Massachusetts "smelling committee" furnishes material for a paragraph or two. Massachusetts' Know-Nothing legislature (1855) gave ear and action to a favorite cry of anti-Catholic agitators everywhere: the demand for state inspection of convents. A committee was named to perform this task which would have tickled the soul of Elmer Gantry, and under the leadership of a bawdy rascal named Hiss it set forth on its snooping tour of the Massachusetts nunneries. The story of the committee's trip is full of fetid details having to do with the plundering of nuns' wardrobes, and so forth. The legislature was finally compelled to appoint a committee to investigate the smelling committee, then a committee to investigate the investigating committee, next a committee to investigate — but why go on with this?

Two paper battles of unusual ferocity occurred during the Know-Nothing party's period of glory followed by débâcle. One was the Archbishop Hughes-Senator Brooks controversy, the other an astonishing tilt between the Episcopal bishop of Vermont and the Catholic archbishop of Baltimore.

Archbishop Hughes (New York) was stung into a resumption of his ancient habit of writing to the newspapers by a remark made in the legislature by Erastus Brooks, a Know-Nothing state Senator and party mogul. The Church Property Bill, a pet Know-Nothing measure, was before the Senate for discussion. This bill called for the taking of legal title to church property away from clerics and giving it to trustees of each congregation. Said Brooks:

“I suppose its [the property standing in the name of John Hughes as archbishop] value to be, in New York alone, not much short of \$5,000,000.”

The fighting archbishop instantly wrote one of his most biting letters to the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. He expressed pleased surprise at the discovery of his hitherto unsuspected wealth, and went on to say that, while much had been done of recent years toward spreading knowledge through the world, Brooks's speech showed that much remained to be done. Hence, promised Hughes, he would put away a portion of his riches for his old age, and with the rest he would erect a huge public library in New York City, and name it after Erastus Brooks, if Brooks would but point out a tract of land acquired by the archbishop from any church trustees whatsoever, whereon to place the library.

Brooks dug up a multitude of conveyances from the city records, published ten of them verbatim in

the long-suffering *Courier and Enquirer*, and solemnly demanded that construction of the library commence forthwith. Hughes demonstrated that many of Brooks's finds were leases (albeit one was a 999-year lease at one cent a year), that others were duplications, and so on. The discussion grew exceeding windy and abusive. Of course the whole quibble was on Hughes's powers as holder of naked legal titles.

At length, Brooks having named certain properties as belonging to the archbishop, to which Hughes in fact had not legal title, Hughes sat up late one night to cut the following gem with the acid that flowed from his pen:

"When Mr. Brooks wrote this, he knew as well as I do, that I am not the owner of a solitary square inch of ground on 50th or 51st street; and, with this knowledge in his mind, Mr. Erastus Brooks has exhibited himself in the light of a man who has no regard for veracity, and who is, therefore, utterly unworthy of notice. I take him, consequently, with covered hands, to the nearest open sash of a window, and send him forth, with the single mental observation — 'Go hence, wretched and vile insect: the world has space for you as well as for me.'"

Brooks got the decision from a majority of the press, but the archbishop did not build the library.

The legislature passed the Church Property Bill, which remained law to the great harassment of the Catholic church in New York until 1863 — when, as a Catholic historian remarks, the New York regiments needed Catholic soldiers.

The Vermont *vs.* Maryland conflict arose from a classic exhibition of gall by the Most Reverend Francis Patrick Kenrick, archbishop of Baltimore. Kenrick had been greatly impressed by a reading of *The End of Controversy*, by the Vicar Apostolic to Great Britain, Milner. Laying down this work, Kenrick proceeded to circularize all the Protestant Episcopal bishops in the United States with a letter wherein they were advised to return immediately to the Church of Rome lest all their flocks should leave them overnight.

Bishop John H. Hopkins (Episcopal) of Vermont took pen in hand. He was already an anti-Catholic crusader of some repute, having written several books with such workaday titles as *The Church of Rome in her Primitive Purity Compared with the Church of Rome at the Present Day* and *An Humble Address to the Bishops, Clergy and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, on the Tolerating Among Our Ministry of the Doctrines of the Church of Rome*. But here was an opportunity to do some real battling for the faith of the extreme anti-papal Low Churchman.

Hopkins produced a two-volume rebuke to Kenrick, under the title "*The End of Controversy*" *Controverted*. In this masterpiece, he went back to the moment when the first speculative leer in the direction of Anne Boleyn began to form on the face of Henry VIII, and scoured church history thenceforward to the day before his book went to press, with the single aim of proving Milner a liar and Kenrick an intriguing scoundrel.

One quotation from Hopkins must suffice. The book was wheezy with purple writing, of which this is a sample:

" . . . since the nod of the reigning pontiff can place the Cardinal of Rome amongst the princes of the earth, and open to him the road to the lofty throne of Papal supremacy, where he may be revered as a king of kings, and have his feet kissed by the noblest lips of Europe, and fancy himself authorized to wield the vicarial sceptre of the omnipotent Son of God! "

The Know-Nothing movement in the cities generally devoluted to its first status, splitting up into a half-dozen feeble and uninteresting lodges whose members passed many a resolution in the tenor of those promulgated by Big Bill Thompson's America First Foundation, and accomplished as little toward realizing their cloudy aims as Big Bill's lodge promises to accomplish at this writing. Bar-

ker and Judson and Brooks, from the mighty men they had been, dropped to the estates for which nature had designed them from birth.

Like rats swarming over the side of a sinking ship, the politicians who had beamed on the American party in its lusty youth, who had even patronizingly joined the party when that had seemed the sensible thing to do, now deserted it by the baker's dozen, by the carload. The favorite alibi ran as follows: (a) that these fearless fellows had never meant their Know-Nothing pledges at all; (b) that they had subscribed to Sam's flatulent oaths with their fingers crossed; (c) that what they had actually been about all along was the clubbing to death of the Whig party, which had betrayed both North and South by its miserable equivocating on slavery; and (d) that, Whiggery being now dispatched, these paragons were returning to the parties which backed worthy candidates and embraced essential doctrines.

The sweet story was told with especial effect and pathos in Massachusetts. Senator G. F. Hoar of that state related the incident thus amiably in his *Autobiography of Seventy Years*:

"But a good many anti-slavery men who thought the party feeling of the Whigs and Democrats was a great obstacle to their cause, joined the movement simply in order that they might get rid

of the old parties, and prepare the state as with a subsoil plow for a new one. They had no belief in the proscriptive doctrines, and were willing that men of foreign births and Catholics should have their just rights, and expected to destroy the Know-Nothing party in its turn when it had destroyed Whiggery and Democracy.

“Of these was Henry Wilson, who owed his first election to the Senate to the Know-Nothing legislature; and Eli Thayer, who had been the organizer of the Emigrant Aid society and the movement for the deliverance of Kansas and Nebraska.”

Catholicity lifted its bloody head again, to go about the business of building churches and making proselytes and solidifying against the infidel and heretic the battlements of what Catholics are pleased to call the One True Faith.

The Civil War was imminent. God was in His heaven, and practically everything was wrong with the United States and growing worse. But the Pope remained in Rome, praise be, and the President sat secure in the White House. The nation had been saved from papal overlordship, at least. Judson, Barker, Allen *et al.* — a million and a half *alios* — had not sweated in vain.

CHAPTER XXIII

SKIRMISHES

SEVERAL items in the story of church conflict from the Civil War's beginning to the A.P.A. join onto no movement but deserve sketchy narration. Some of these are merely exciting and not a little romantic. One of them, at least, echoes into this present like a fairy-tale of old time which many a child mind in an adult body still believes.

There is the question of the dread rôle played by the Catholic church, and particularly by the Jesuits, in the War Between the States. Many an evangelical chair smasher in the jungles of Indiana or Arkansas has electrified his audiences with the assertion that the Union was threatened, not by the Confederates alone, but also, in fact chiefly when you come right down to it, by emissaries of ambitious Rome at work on the waxen wills of Jefferson Davis and his coterie. Anti-papal books can be procured today in which this claim is proved so completely that not a doubt of its truth remains in the minds of the books' authors.

Some research and even a little thought led the present writer to conclude that the story is ground-

less, and that it is kept alive by two influences only. One of these is the ever-flaming hatred of the more forthright among the evangelical clergy for the Roman Catholic church. The other is the same degree of hatred, embalmed in a book, of a priest of the last century who was kicked out of the Catholic church and who rounded out the frightful span of ninety years upon this earth.

The Civil War split several evangelical churches in twain. The Baptists divided for missionary work both home and foreign. The Northern and Southern Methodist churches frown like a two-headed monster on liquor, tobacco and petting parties to-day. Presbyterianism was blasted into ten or more fighting fragments. Even the suave, genteel and elastic Protestant Episcopal church split into northern and southern factions, though it snapped back to unity immediately after the war.

The Roman Catholic church in the United States, of course, did not divide on the rock of war. A nation is but a secular, worldly division in the worldwide spiritual domain of the Pope as alleged vicar of God. Catholic chaplains could with perfect anesthesia of conscience march and starve and pray with the armies of both Union and Confederacy, even as Catholic communicants could and did battle in large numbers on either side. A priest or a parson who cannot discern the presence of God on his own side of the firing line is commonly held sub-

normal and must suffer the consequences. But these phenomena do not affect the universality of the Roman Catholic church.

What more natural than that the doctors of those churches which did divide, and so vitally weaken themselves, should have been able with extreme ease to draw implications of treason from the unbroken unity of the Catholic church? It was easier to charge the Jesuits, those mysterious soldiers of Rome, with treasonous intentions than it was to charge any other body of Catholics.

The Knights of the Golden Circle, a secret society formed by the anti-war Democrats of the North in the hope of forcing an end to the war, was thought by many to be officered by Jesuits. It was, as a matter of almost but not quite established fact, chieftained by Fernando Wood, war mayor of New York. Its membership comprised from 200,000 to 300,000 pacifistic Northern Democrats. These were intent on hamstringing a war-harried Republican administration for the benefit of the Democrats, not that of the Church of Rome. The fact that many Catholics happened then, as now, to be Democrats, added richness to the Jesuit odor wished upon the Knights of the Golden Circle.

The Vatican's diplomacy down the ages has been consistently not of a stupid variety. What could have been more stupid than for the Catholic hierarchy to have intrigued for either side in the Amer-

ican Civil War? The Protestant denominations were rent and confounded by the struggle. The war could not last forever. The obvious policy for Catholicity, plain enough to have penetrated even the thickish skull of Pius IX, was to step lightly and be polite to everybody so long as the war should last, in preparation for a clean-up in souls following the conclusion of a treaty of peace.

There is the logic underlying the answer to the question whether Catholicity was in any way disloyal in the Civil War. The evidence of disloyalty adduced by the Catholic-haters is detailed and interesting, but too voluminous to introduce here. If you can believe in the truth of either the evidence or the facts it is claimed to prove, you can believe in astrology or the sincerity of the average cow-town evangelist.

Reference has been made to the books of Rebecca Reed and Maria Monk, which share the honor of being known to Catholic historians as the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of anti-Romanism in the United States. The third masterwork in the nineteenth century's trilogy of hate, and the last really epic volume against Catholicism to have been produced thus far in America, is now before us for brief consideration.

The title of this 832-page champion among books is *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome*, and the

genius who wrote it — for he was a genius — was a gentleman blessed with the tinkling name of Charles Pascal Télésphore Chiniquy.

Chiniquy was born in 1809 and did not depart this life until 1899. He began his clerical career in 1833, as a Catholic priest in a French-Canadian parish. He was a turbulent soul, and was several times called on the carpet by his ordinary. At length he removed to Illinois, to take charge of a congregation of French-Canadian colonists at St. Anne, in Kankakee county, where it was hoped he would be a good boy. He was formally welcomed into the diocese of Chicago.

But presently Chiniquy was on the loose again, and Bishop Anthony O'Regan withdrew his faculties. Chiniquy quit the Catholic church and formed a sect of his own, which he named the Christian Catholic. It had no connection with the Christian Catholic organization established a generation later at Zion City, Illinois, by John Alexander Dowie.

Chiniquy got himself entangled with the law — through the villainies of Rome, of course — and it was in this period of anguish that his acquaintanceship among the great of our nation was formed. Hauled up for trial at Urbana, Illinois, in May of 1856, he relates that his defense was conducted by Abraham Lincoln and two other lawyers. The two unnamed counsel charged him a thousand dollars

for their services, while Lincoln refused to accept more than a pittance as fee, though it was his "awful and superhuman eloquent denunciation" of the Catholics' "infamy, diabolical malice and total want of Christian and human principle" which had won the case for Chiniquy.

As Lincoln was signing the due-bill, Chiniquy burst into tears.

When Lincoln inquired the reason, Chiniquy claims to have sobbed: "Mr. Lincoln, there were in the [courtroom] crowd not less than ten or twelve Jesuits from Chicago and St. Louis, who came to hear my sentence of condemnation to the penitentiary. . . . Nothing can be compared to the expression of their rage against you, when you wrenched me from their cruel hands. . . . What troubles my soul just now and draws my tears is that it seems to me that I have read your sentence of death in their bloody eyes."

Now we know who killed Lincoln, and why. Or, if we do not, we can find out in the remaining six or seven hundred pages of *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome*. The anti-Catholics in rural America have known for years. They got their information from this same book, either directly or by garbled quotations and extracts. Often enough they did not know where the quotations came from, but they knew the thing must be true because the parson or the anti-Catholic weeklies told them it was.

Chiniquy claimed to have called on Lincoln three times while the latter was President of the United States. On one of these occasions Lincoln was too busy to do more than shake hands, but on the others Chiniquy's "noble friend" ushered him into his private office to hear the latest inside stuff on the Jesuits.

"I am so glad to meet you again," Lincoln babbled happily at their first reunion in 1861. ". . . I will not let you go before telling you that a few days ago I saw Mr. Morse, the learned inventor of electric telegraphy; he told me that when he was in Rome, not long ago [only 30 years — R. M.], he found out the proofs of a most formidable conspiracy against this country and all its institutions. It is evident that it is to the intrigues and emissaries of the Pope that we owe, in great part, the horrible Civil War which is threatening to cover the country with blood and ruins."

Chiniquy called on the President again the next day. He repeated his warning that the Jesuits were even then hunting for some one possessed of the devil's courage to assassinate Lincoln. The President countered with these words, among numerous others:

"I may add, today, that I have a presentiment that God will call me to Him through the hand of an assassin. Let His will, and not mine, be done!

. . . I will be forever grateful for the warning words you have addressed to me about the dangers. . . .

“ I feel more and more every day, that it is not against the Americans of the South alone that I am fighting; it is more against the Pope of Rome, his perfidious Jesuits, and their blind and bloodthirsty slaves, than against the real American Protestants, that we have to defend ourselves.”

The delver into the literature of American anti-Catholicism will find the last paragraph quoted in numberless books of A.P.A. and Ku Klux days and the years between. It is frequently garbled and decorated to suit the editor's fancy. No one else heard the conversation, for the matters which Chiniquy had to impart to President Lincoln were too important for other ears. This ex-priest was as secretive about his revelations as was the angel Moroni in making Joseph Smith privy to the existence of the golden Book of Mormon in the bowels of the hill Cumorah.

When Chiniquy called for the last time on the President, “ on the morning of June 8th, 1864,” or ten months before Lincoln was shot, “ the President listened to my words with breathless attention.”

The words were as before, but multiplied. Lincoln's chief contributions to the chitchat were a

tip, given Chiniquy in strictest confidence, that General Meade had been tricked by a Jesuit out of a remorseless pursuit of his victory at Gettysburg, and the following remark, which can likewise be found in volumes unnumbered of anti-Catholic literature as a verified utterance of Abraham Lincoln:

“ I do not pretend to be a prophet. But though not a prophet, I see a very dark cloud on our horizon. And that dark cloud is coming from Rome. It is filled with tears of blood. It will rise and increase till its flanks will be torn by a flash of lightning followed by a fearful peal of thunder. Then a cyclone such as the world has never seen will pass over the country, spreading ruin and desolation from north to south. After it is over there will be long days of peace and prosperity, for popery with its merciless inquisition will have been forever swept away from our country. Neither I nor you, but our children, will see those things.”

The man who thus, according to Chiniquy, shoveled his adjectives into palpitating heaps and grossly overworked his conjunctions and dependent clauses, was the man who also was able to produce that model of clipped English rhetoric, the Gettysburg address.

Chiniquy proceeds in the latter part of his book to build up a huge edifice of proof that Lincoln's assassination was the result of a Jesuit plot hatched

in the home of John Surratt, a Catholic. Surratt was indeed a Catholic, and his wife was undeniably among those hanged for the murder. And Surratt, the jury in his trial for murder having disagreed, did indeed wander off and eventually enlist in the Papal Zouaves. But the story that the Catholic church, working through the Jesuits, plotted and carried through the assassination of Lincoln was long since blown into a cocked hat — except in the minds of no one knows how many people resident on farms and in small towns of the midwest and southern states.

Against Chiniquy's fearful rot, the Catholics have little from Lincoln's verified utterances to quote. He was about as religious a man as was the late Warren G. Harding, and he made far less pretense to religiosity, while he had all the politician's horror of being tricked into an argument even remotely connected with religion.

Lincoln once did, however, deliver himself on the subject of the Know-Nothing party. This isolated utterance is one of the most beloved in the arsenal of American Catholic propagandists. Contained in a letter from Lincoln to Joshua Speed, dated August 24, 1855, it reads as follows:

“ I am not a Know-Nothing, that is certain. How could I be? How can any man who abhors the oppression of negroes be in favor of degrading classes

of white people? Our progress in degeneracy appears to me pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' We now practically read it, 'all men are created equal, except negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control it will read, 'all men are created equal, except negroes and foreigners and Catholics.'

"When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."

The Fenian movement, of which Sinn Fein is said to be the legitimate heir, can be disposed of in a few brief sentences so far as concerns the Catholic-Protestant fight in America. Starting off in 1858 under John O'Mahony as Head Centre, Fenianism was an Irish revolutionary surge of the greatest imaginable gaudiness and pomposity, but of no religious significance whatever.

O'Mahony set up his comic opera government in the City of New York—his government of Ireland, be it understood. Nine hundred shanty Irish invaded Canada via Buffalo in June, 1867. The Toronto volunteers, fourteen hundred in number, speedily kicked them back across the Niagara river, and they were as swiftly arrested *en masse* by a United States marshal on the Buffalo shore.

The Fenians' second invasion of Canada, in 1870, was repulsed, and several of their leaders were arrested by Canadian authorities.

Any anti-Catholic writer who tries to add Fenianism to his list of Catholicity's crimes in the United States puts the cart before the horse, and the wrong cart at that. The Fenians were Catholics because they were south-Irelanders; and they expressly banned from their meetings all discussion of religion or of American politics.

It is interesting, though not pertinent to this volume, to note that the United States government looked with a mild eye on the Fenians' gestures of hostility toward Canada, and even hired counsel to defend sundry arrested Fenians — because it was trying to force Great Britain to settle the *Alabama* claims that grew out of the Civil War.

A number of physical battles between Catholics and Protestants enlivened the otherwise dull period — religiously speaking — from the Civil war to the blooming of the A. P. A.

The bloodiest of these was a massacre of Irish Catholics by New York militiamen in New York City on July 12, 1871. July 12 is, by virtue of a confusion of old and new calendars, held to be the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, the great day in Protestant Irish history. It was therefore the day on which, in years past and wild, anything could

happen in a community which harbored delegations of both Orangemen and Hibernians. Generally whatever did happen was by way of revenge for what had occurred on the previous St. Patrick's Day.

On this particular Boyne day, one hundred Orangemen determined to conduct a parade in New York City. Several thousand Catholic Irishmen determined that no such dirty thing should take place. The Orangemen paraded. They were chaperoned by five companies of militia. In due course — at Twenty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue — the parade was rushed by the Catholics.

The militia fired one volley. Fifty-one of the attackers and three of the militiamen were shipped to the burying grounds. What the good Lord, Who was not consulted beforehand, thought of this affair is not of human record.

This massacre took place one year to the day after the Elm Park riot in New York City. Two thousand five hundred Orangemen, their wives and families, picnicked in Elm Park on Boyne day, 1870. Some weeks prior to the happy event, one Florence Scannel had died. Scannel was a twenty-three-year-old Democratic alderman, and he had been shot in a drunken brawl. He died some months later, and his funeral was brilliant enough to satisfy the heart of a modern Chicago gangster. Aldermen, city officials, even a judge or two, followed

Florence to his final resting-place, and a glorious time was enjoyed by all. The Catholics, of whom he was one, swore revenge upon the Orangemen, who were thought to have caused his death.

On Boyne day, then, six hundred Catholic Irishmen rushed the two thousand five hundred Orangemen at picnic in Elm Park. Several on both sides were killed and many others wounded. Florence Scannel was avenged. *Harper's Weekly* commented editorially:

"The Democratic political managers govern the City of New York by means of such rioters who vote for such magistrates as Florence Scannel."

These fights were not religious in character or motive; they were echoes of Ireland's unending internal strife. But they were meat for the haters of Catholicity, as have been a hundred such clashes before and since.

William Hale ("Big Bill") Thompson, at this writing mayor of Chicago, has at least one precedent in American history for his campaign against the teaching to school-children of any historical fact that tends to dim the luster of America's puissance.

The Catholics of Boston discovered, A.D. 1886, that a footnote in Swinton's *General History*, then used in the Boston public schools, mentioned the Catholic church's medieval practice of selling

indulgences as one cause of the Protestant Reformation.

Everybody knows that is true; but a delegation of pious Catholics visited the publishers of the book and "persuaded" them to delete the footnote. A bitter political battle ensued, resulting in the election of a Protestant school-board and the triumphant restoration of the footnote — which doubtless the publishers had cynically kept in type against just such an eventuality.

A reasonably watertight analogy can be drawn between the twentieth-century Ku Klux Klan of highly Protestant complexion and the Molly Maguires,¹ who flourished in the Pennsylvania anthracite regions from 1854 to 1877, and all of whom were Irish Catholics.

The modern Klan is intensely nativist — "America for Americans!" The Mollies' motto might as well have been "Coal mine jobs for the Irish!" Klan tactics here and there have included the use of intimidation, blackmail, thuggery, boycott, and other well-known means of extralegal suasion. The Mollies carried the system to its logical develop-

¹ For most of the research on which this treatment of the Molly Maguires is based, I am indebted to Mr. Harcourt Parrish, of New York City. Mr. Parrish was to have collaborated in the production of this book, but was forced by pressure of other business to abandon the project after completing his inquiries into the history of the Molly Maguires. — Author.

ment by simply murdering any one against whom a member filed a complaint with the body-master of his lodge. The Klan has from time to time been damned roundly by high prelates of the Methodist and Baptist churches — from which it draws the bulk of its membership — but many a rural and small-town minister of these denominations has been tracked to the local klavern. The Molly Maguires were under the official ban of the Roman Catholic church. While it is not certain that any parish priests belonged, many of them approved the order. Both orders were oath-bound, secret-membership societies devoted to the aim of getting everything possible in the way of jobs and preferments for themselves.

English, German and Welsh miners, mine bosses and foremen were the objects of the Molly Maguires' particular hatred. All these groups happened to be chiefly Protestant in creed, which made them doubly hateful to the fire-eating Irish Catholics who composed the Mollies; but the primary cause of Molly vengefulness and the scores of murders it produced was that the English, Welsh and Germans were making off with the jobs which the Irish considered their own by God's decree. One achievement of the Mollies was the further exacerbation of anti-Catholic prejudice throughout the country.

The order was organized in 1854, as an inner

lodge of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It stole its name from a secret society that grew up in County Monaghan, Ireland, beginning in 1843, and having as its object the beating up of process-servers and the tormenting of landlords. No connection between the bands in Ireland and America was ever discovered.

One of the Molly Maguires' early activities was to wage a fight on enlistments and drafts in the Civil War. This fact contributed its bit to the legend that the Catholic church intrigued against the Union during that conflict. The reason for it was that the draft laws included the dynamite-laden provision for purchase of a substitute by any draftee who had \$300, and that few Molly Maguires had ever seen \$300. Their membership in the Catholic church had nothing to do with their earnest objection to being shot at while the Rotten Rich stayed at home. The same consideration, among others, threw frenzied Irishmen into the bloody draft riots of 1863 in New York City, and helped to win for that place its present reputation among Catholic haters as a hopeless papal citadel planted on American soil.

The campaign of secret murder in the coal fields went on unchecked for years. At length, in 1873, Franklin B. Gowen sent James McParlan into the district next door to those bituminous fields which, in the year of grace 1927, the *New York Daily*

News called "hell in Pennsylvania" by reason of the appalling strike going on there at the time.

McParlan was an Irish Catholic himself. He was also a Pinkerton detective. Gowen was president of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. McParlan's instructions were to "get" the Molly Maguires if he could.

This man had been teamster, deck swab, coachman, policeman, and proprietor of a liquor store. He knew the ways of such men as composed the Molly Maguires.

The story of McParlan's worming into the inner councils of the Shenandoah division of the Molly Maguires, and his eventual bringing of nineteen murderers to the gallows, would make glorious reading if there were space for its inclusion here. So would the doings of Jack Kehoe, Major Brothers, Father O'Connor, Body-master James Kerrigan of the Tamaqua division; the killing of Policeman Yost by McGehan, who said afterward: "I dislike to draw Irish blood, but I want no better sport than to shoot such men as Yost. When he was shot he hollered like a panther"; the stories circulated about McParlan that he *was* a detective who could "hang half the people in Schuylkill county," and McParlan's dauntless demand to be tried on the charge by a council of body-masters of the Molly Maguires. . . .

The order died in 1877 under the bludgeonings

of McParlan and the rope swinging of the courts. McParlan himself lived long enough to play a leading part in the Idaho labor-and-capital drama of Governor Steunenberg, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.

Most of us have heard the catch-phrase " Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." It was the last century's synonym of the " Jew, Jug and Jesuit " tag which Klansmen strove to hang upon Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama in 1924. And " Rum, Romanism and Rebellion " likewise played a part in interring a man beneath the political sod, though in different fashion.

The occasion of its coinage was the Presidential campaign of 1884, when Grover Cleveland, Democrat, won over James G. Blaine, Republican. Blaine on a speaking tour received a bevy of Protestant clergymen at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City. There was much billing and cooing and shaking of hands, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Burchard delivered a welcoming address to the Republican candidate.

It was during the course of his remarks that Burchard told what he thought of the Democratic party, *in toto*. That party, in the estimation of Burchard, had always been and was still the " party of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

Blaine did not hear the phrase when it was

uttered, or if he did he failed to make any repudiation of it. Buchard's masterpiece echoed in the New York newspaper offices in less time than it takes to tell it, and sang over the wires even faster than that. Before nightfall of the next day Blaine was being credited the country over with having himself made the quip, and Democratic politicians were welcoming outraged Catholics into the fold with the pleased obsequiousness of so many headwaiters.

New York state was normally Republican. New York's percentage of Catholic voters was then, as now, very high. Blaine lost New York to Cleveland by 1047 votes — and New York's defection lost Blaine the Presidency.

CHAPTER XXIV

SCHOOL WARS

IN an acute chapter of his *Our Times: America Finding Herself*, Mark Sullivan resurrects the forgotten fact that the Protestant churches are the parents of the American public school system as it exists, functions and blots up billions in taxes to-day.

Whatever sect was most powerful in any given part of the British colonies educated most of the children of that section. The Church of England taught the bulk of the little Southerners to read, through its Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The Puritan denomination conferred the same boon on the children who were unlucky enough to have been born in New England while Calvinism held happiness under total eclipse.

It was only in the last days of the colonies and the early years of the Republic that the state began to take over the business of instructing the youth.

Whereas, nowadays, Catholics and Protestants alike educate their children in the hope that they will all own Pierce-Arrows and die wealthy, or that they will enjoy the splendors of this world with the

maximum of relish, the Protestants used to educate them with an eye solely to their salvation in the world to come. The Bible was the Word of God delivered unto man; any one unable to read the Bible stood in grave danger of hellfire. Hence, all the popular education there was, for generation after generation, in the Protestant British colonies.

When the state began the taking over of public mass education, the Roman Catholic church was just commencing its long march to immensity and power in this country. The clergy of that sect did not welcome the state's invasion. They have never since then been able to stomach the state as an educator without gagging.

"The operation of the common school system," said Bishop (later Archbishop) Hughes of New York in 1840, "as the same is now administered, is a violation of our civil and religious rights."

"The Church in our country is obliged, for the sake of principle," declared the pastoral letter of the archbishops and bishops of the United States, assembled at Washington in September, 1919, under the chairmanship of Cardinal Gibbons, "to maintain a system of education distinct and separate from other systems. It is supported by the voluntary contributions of Catholics who, at the same time, contribute as required by law to the maintenance of the public schools."

Education, to the hierarchy yesterday, today

and presumably forever, is a sacred prerogative of the church, as it was to the Protestant clergymen who really ruled this country of old time. The fathers reason that character is a composite of physical, intellectual and moral qualities, and that it is the business of education to develop all these faculties symmetrically. To handle the physical and intellectual development of the children, the state is adequately equipped, but only the home and the church can nurture the frail flower of morality to sturdy maturity — thus reasons the priesthood.

One looks about, beholds the goodly number of one's Catholic friends and acquaintances who are not sending their children to the parochial schools, and conceives a doubt that the Catholic laity is as hot for churchly education of its offspring as its clerics wish it were.

Two subjects for red-hot debate naturally flow from the two theories of Church education and State education.

One is whether or not Catholics should be taxed for the support of the public schools; and, if they are to be so taxed, whether or not the parochial schools ought to come in for a share of that money. The orthodox, though by no means unanimous Catholic answer to the questions, of course, is that Catholics should not be taxed for public school support in the first place, but that since they are so taxed their schools should share in the levies. The

Protestant answer, as embodied in the constitutions of forty states,¹ is that every taxpayer, regardless of creed, shall chip in to support the common schools and that state funds shall not go to any sectarian schools whatever.

The other line of cleavage between the two educational theories runs along the character of religious or moral instruction which may legitimately be given in an elementary school. The Catholics object to the reading of the King James version of the Bible, or any other Protestant version, within earshot of Catholic school-children. Protestants as vigorously oppose the Catholic version. Debates have been many and heated.

Catholicism's position was carried out to the ultimate limit of beauteous absurdity in 1870 by the Rev. Father Thomas Preston, of St. Ann's Roman Catholic church, New York City. Father Preston blandly told a Protestant audience that (a) a public school where the Bible is read, even without comment, must necessarily inculcate some form of religious belief in the children, while (b) "if they taught no religion whatever, and were studiously to avoid the name of God or of Jesus Christ our Redeemer, they would in our sense be sectarian,

¹ Exceptions: Arkansas, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, and West Virginia; also the District of Columbia. (Courtesy of United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.)

for they would teach immorality, and so sap the foundations of our creed."

Thus the two great school issues which have agitated Christians in the United States. Honors in the conflict were even at the time of going to press, with the financial victory perched on the banners of Protestantism.

Yet, eager as Catholic clergymen have chronically been to lay hands on the public school funds, the question of any religious sect's right so to do was first decided by a state, so far as we have been able to learn, as a consequence of an overt act by a Protestant church.

In 1805, the legislature of New York incorporated the Public School Society of the State of New York. Its duty was "to educate poor children in a free school, who do not belong to, or who are not provided for, by any religious society." By this act, all sectarian schools were expressly cut off from the charity-school funds.

The society's name was changed in 1808 to that of the Free School Society of New York, while its powers were enlarged to allow it "to extend a free education to all children who are the subjects of gratuitous education."

In 1813, permission was granted for funds to be paid to "incorporated religious societies" which then or thereafter supported charity schools in New

York. Any religious society, it is to be noted, could obtain money on application to the Free School Society by showing that it did maintain or had organized a charity school.

For fully nine years after the passage of this law, all the sects confined themselves to strict observance of the same. That they forbore to overstep its limitations for that length of time is a testimonial to the self-control of the godly in those days — if it is not a witness to their timidity.

But in 1822 the inevitable happened. A too amiable legislature handed Bethel Baptist church of New York City a dipping from the Free School Society's surplus funds for the *building* of a school for poor children, said school to be operated by the church, *not* for the maintenance or enlargement of a school already built. It was a plain case of state subsidy of a church enterprise, and heaven alone knew to what it might lead. The consequent uproar was doubly tremendous, since it was pumped up not only by public leaders but by dominies of other churches which had not been so forehanded in the legislative halls as had Bethel Baptist.

The New York legislature presently repealed the law of 1813 which gave churches a call on free-school funds.

Control of the public schools of New York City then passed into the hands of a new body known as the Public School Society. Theoretically this group

administered the schools and the school funds in the interest of the whole public. Actually its members were all Protestant for many years. Protestant doctrines were drilled into the public-school pupils' heads, Protestant history was taught them, and every possible measure was taken for their protection against the ever multiplying papists of New York City.

All this led to Bishop Hughes's attack on the Public School Society in 1840, the first organized American Catholic drive toward the sequestration of a share of public tax monies for Catholic schools. The story of that fight is told in more detail in an earlier chapter ("A Catholic Political Party"), but brief mention of one or two of its incidents will not be amiss here.

Said the bishop, in addition to his dictum quoted earlier in the present chapter, "If they [the public schools] do not exclude sectarianism, they are no more entitled to the school funds than your petitioners or any other denomination of professing Christians; if they do exclude sectarianism, then your petitioners contend that they exclude Christianity."

The Public School Society offered to expunge from the school and library books all matter offensive to Catholics, and to try to persuade the teachers to say no word which might wound Catholic sensibilities. That was not enough for Hughes.

In exchange for placing the parochial schools under the Public School Society's control, he demanded a veto power for the Catholics in the selection of textbooks and the appointment of teachers — which obviously meant that Hughes wanted to give nothing for the money.

Said the committee of the City Council, throwing up its hands at the end of the bitter fight, "The unwillingness of the petitioners [Catholics] to agree to any terms which did not recognize the distinctive character of their schools, or which would exclude sectarian supervision from them entirely, was the obstacle to compromise which could not be overcome."

New York City's schools remained non-sectarian in theory and Protestant in fact. At the present time (1928) complaints are almost never heard of improper sectarian influences at work in the New York schools. When a teacher is ousted nowadays, it is usually on grounds of undue flirtation with Bolshevism or the doctrines of Judge Ben B. Lindsey.

Nothing further of serious moment occurred in the New York school fight until the year 1869. At that time, "Boss" Tweed and his Ring, of deathless fame, were ruling the city and gutting the public money chests.

A scantily written about, practically forgotten piece of Tweed scandal which awaits the patient searcher of records is Tweed's bid for clerical sup-

port, and particularly Catholic clerical support, with public school funds.

The Ring first tried to buy up the clergy by introducing in the legislature of 1869 a bill whose first section read as follows:

“Whenever there shall be, or has been established or maintained, in any city of this State, any free school or schools, in which not less than 200 children have been or are taught and educated gratuitously, it shall be the duty of such city, or of the Board of Supervisors of the county of which such city is a whole or a part, to make provision from year to year for the expenses of such school or schools.”

Had this law passed the legislature, every denominational free school of any size in New York would instantly have landed on all fours in the public treasury with mouth unmuzzled. No one was deceived as to Tweed's intentions in proposing the law, and after a vicious fight the bill was defeated.

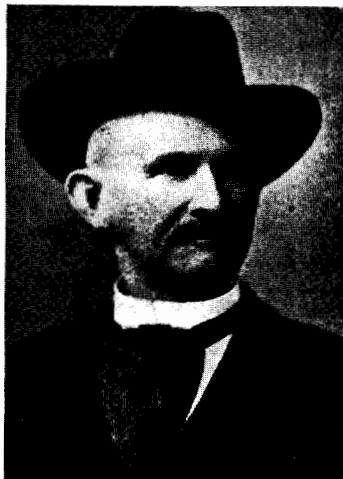
But a legislative setback never yet daunted a New York City politician bent on helping his old friends or buying new ones. Tweed proceeded to dip into the city revenues for the salving of the denominational schools. He turned the trick by means of a special clause inserted in the city tax levy of 1869.

"The result is," bawled a *Harper's Weekly* editorial in the following year, "that \$214,987 have been taken from the city money and given to 53 sectarian schools. Of this sum 25 Roman Catholic schools receive \$153,880, and 28 Protestant schools receive \$61,107."

The *Weekly* was as bitterly anti-Catholic in those times as it was anti-Tammany and anti-Tweed. It went on to say of the Tweed clerical subsidy:

"The words of the clause authorizing the sectarian distribution imply that the provision is made for children whom the public schools cannot receive. But careful investigation shows that proper care would even now make room for all children, while it is notorious that this grant of money for special sectarian schools is part of the plan of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics to break down the system of public schools in the State."

Discount the *Weekly's* anti-papal bias. Grant that it is not of record that any Protestant minister roared for Tweed's blood on account of this sectarian steal, or refused the money for any schools under his wing. The fact stands that there was much more than a scintilla of truth in the last statement quoted above from the *Harper's Weekly* editorial.



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FOUR LEADERS OF THE A. P. A.

(Top, left to right) HENRY F. BOWERS, Founder and First Supreme President; OCEOLA B. JACKMAN, Supreme Secretary of State
(Bottom, left to right) E. H. DUNBAR, Supreme Sergeant at Arms; DR. J. F. FRYAR, Superior President

What evidence remains printed on dry and crackling pages out of those years goes to show that the Catholic priesthood hoped more boldly and schemed more ambitiously to win state support for parochial schools during the seventies than in any other period of our history.

Father Thomas Preston used his rare logical gifts in a campaign for state aid from the pulpit and rectory of St. Ann's church, New York. Father I. T. Hecker bawled for it in his *Catholic World* (New York). Other priestly roars resounded from Cleveland, Michigan, St. Louis.

Doubtless the chief force behind this aggressiveness on the part of the clergy was the Ecumenical Council of the Roman Catholic church which was held at Rome in 1870. There the Ultramontane faction of the church had railroaded the doctrine of papal infallibility into the body of Catholic dogma, over the writhing cadaver of a last-ditch opposition. Catholicism, though its knees shook, at least knew where it was supposed to stand; *i.e.*, on the rock of the Pope's infallibility when speaking *ex cathedra* on any doctrine touching faith or morality. Then, as now, the hierarchy took the announced dogmas of the church far more literally than did the laity, and not a few bright-eyed bishops and monsignori talked and wrote as if they intended to conquer Protestantism and the American State.

The net result was one to make the Puritan and Episcopal czars of ancient days turn over in their graves. James G. Blaine proposed to amend the first clause of the Federal Constitution's first amendment to read as follows:

"No state shall make any law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by school taxation in any state, for the support of public schools, or derived from any public land therefor, nor any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect; nor shall any money so raised, or land so devoted, be divided among religious sects or denominations."

Blaine introduced the amendment by way of echo to a remark of President Ulysses S. Grant in his message to Congress in 1875. Grant cautiously acknowledged that such an amendment might be desirable, without going into entangling details as to why he thought so.

To Grant the *Catholic Review* made this startling answer:

"We seek no contest, but one will be forced upon us; we warn our fellow Catholics that this is certain to come, and we retort upon the instigator of this new internecine war, that the Catholics of the United States will 'fight it out on that line if it

takes,' not one season, but another century of our beloved country's existence." (Quoted from an apparently accurate, as to facts, anti-Catholic article in *Harper's Weekly* for January 1, 1876.)

Yet the situation was possibly not so alarming from a patriot's point of view as the Pope's haters supposed. A Catholic layman, annoyed by the accusations of popish plots, dropped a line to *Harper's Weekly* in the year of Blaine's agitation for the amendment above quoted. This gentleman said that nine out of ten Catholics had no respect whatever for the clergy's judgment in regard to the schools and did not want the state to contribute to the support of the parochial schools.

What Protestants thought of the clerical drive on the school funds was best summarized in a cartoon by Thomas Nast which appeared early in the seventies. The picture was a three-deck affair. Its topmost level exhibited a ring of little Americans, Chinese, Jews, Scots and negroes dancing in front of a public school. Their happy childish voices were caroling — as who has not heard them do at recess? — "No Sect! No Caste! Free to All!"

Deck number two depicted several villainous-looking priests of Rome running away with sackfuls of tax money, while a starved public school principal peered wistfully into his wilted moneybags.

The bottom tier of Nast's cartoon showed what might be expected should the state go in for supporting sectarian schools. Schools bearing the signs Methodist, Episcopal, Low Church, High Church, Jewish, Catholic, African and Chinese were marshaled side by side along a city street. In the foreground a little colored boy was pulling a Chinese lad's pigtail, while a Cro-Magnon child with a rosary slung from one arm and a Douai Bible squeezed under the other was brandishing a shillalah in the face of a little Jew.

Blaine's proposed amendment kicked around Congress for years. In 1888, it was stated by Senator Blair that the amendment had been killed by the machinations of the Jesuits, details of the slaughter not given. Our fathers were wiser in the handling of this question than were we in answering the liquor question: they left the matter to the states to decide. The result is that forty states now bar sectarian schools by constitutional enactment from participation in public funds.

Compromises were arranged here and there, as at Poughkeepsie, New York, in 1873, and at Faribault, Minnesota, in 1891. The Faribault plan, worked out chiefly by the late Archbishop Ireland, achieved considerable fame and was adopted in a number of cities of the West and Middle West.

In all these instances, the financial concessions consistently came from the Protestant side. The school-boards of the towns rented the Catholic

school buildings at a nominal sum, and dubbed them public schools. Catholic religious instruction went right on, imparted by the same teachers, while the school-boards paid the teachers and kept the buildings in order. At Faribault, the Protestants scored a victory in that religious instruction was scheduled outside school hours.

When the A.P.A. was at the height of its power, in 1893, the *Independent* queried twenty-nine Roman Catholic D.D.'s of the greatest eminence, beginning with Archbishop Ireland, on the subject of the schools. The question put to each was whether he would at that time sanction a movement for a division of school funds.

Twenty-five of the prelates answered "No," with varying words of qualification which indicate to a lay mind that the good doctors wished to preserve for themselves the well-known "out" in case of a sudden shift in the political or educational wind. Four answered "Yes," with analogous negatives pregnant subjoined.

The four die-hards were Bishops Durier, Haid, Ludden and Verdaquer. Some of the most prominent recanters were Archbishops Ireland, Katzer, J. J. Keane, Bourgade and Janssen, and Bishops McQuaid and Horstmann.

Possibly the most acute piece of political rhetoric ever uttered on the public school fund issue was given voice by Theodore Roosevelt in a speech at Boston in 1893. We reproduce the gem below, and

commend it to the earnest study of any politician who wishes to become proficient in the art of feigning a fight with everybody but in reality tickling everybody's most precious prejudice.

“ Because [said Roosevelt] we are unqualifiedly and without reservation against any system of denominational schools, maintained by the adherents of any creed with the help of state aid, therefore we as strenuously insist that the public schools shall be free from sectarian influences, and, above all, free from any attitude of hostility to the adherents of any particular creed; and we denounce as the worst foes of the public schools those who, under the pretense of friendship for them, stir up hostility toward them by seeking to discriminate in their name against those people who hold a given religious belief.

“ Exactly as we welcome to them alike the children of Jew and Gentile, of Catholic and Protestant, so we insist that in their management no one creed shall have any special jurisdiction, but the professors of all creeds be treated alike, in order that every American citizen, without regard to what his own private religious belief may be, shall feel that he has an equal voice therein.”

New York's supreme court declared the Poughkeepsie scheme unconstitutional in 1901. A few towns here and there operate under the Faribault

system, but the school fight is about at an end to all appearances at the time this is written.

The Protestants have won the fight over the money; the Catholics have seen a principle carried to victory. "As the result of the joint campaign, waged by papists and Jews against the Word of God," to use the forceful language of one anti-Catholic writer, Bible-reading in the public schools has been forbidden or made optional in thirty-seven states. It is required only in Alabama, Georgia, Delaware, Indiana, Kentucky, Maine, New Jersey, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee.

There the matter bids fair to stand — though in religious conflict nothing is certain — for decades to come, let the Klan rave as it may about the appalling number of public school teachers who profess the Roman Catholic religion, let the Catholic clerics raise as may please them the ancient shriek of "Taxation without representation!"

The United States Supreme Court put the Oregon school law to the sword a couple of years after its passage. From that time to this the anti-Catholics have done little of a specific nature toward removing the alleged cancer of parochialism from the body politic, though their howlers have delivered the customary yardage of magniloquence anent the Little Red Schoolhouse and the menaced minds of our precious children.

CHAPTER XXV

THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

THE writer's father, Mr. H. Lowndes Maury of Butte, Montana, has been good enough to commit to paper the eyewitness story which constitutes this volume's opening chapter on what was unquestionably the gaudiest, brassiest and most picturesque anti-Catholic movement in the nation's history.

Mr. Maury's narrative concerns a series of glorious free-for-alls staged by Protestants and Catholics at Butte on the 119th birthday of the independence of the United States as a land of freedom for all, religious freedom being included by express stipulation of the Federal Constitution.

The story follows:

On the morning of July 4, 1894, I was sitting at the window of the office where I worked as a law clerk, at 17 West Broadway, Butte. I had come to Butte some three weeks before from Charlottesville, Virginia; had never heard of the American Protective Association. Across the street were the Columbia saloon, and a saloon known as Tommy & Teddy's Place.

A crowd of twenty-five or thirty young Irishmen came up the street. Some of them were under the influence of liquor and some were not. One pointed at some American flags draped to form the letters A.P.A. over the saloons above-mentioned. They stood muttering for some moments.

Suddenly another crowd of men rushed from the Columbia saloon and a general fight commenced, all kinds of weapons being brought into play. One man from the saloon had what I then called, in Virginian parlance, a "horse pistol," though I soon learned to call it a gun. It was a long-barreled pistol.

This man picked out a large Irishman, who had a rock in a sock as his weapon. He shot the Irishman from a distance of four or five feet, striking him on the forehead. When the Irishman fell I thought he was dead. It developed later that the bullet had glanced and struck another man in the groin. The man whose forehead had been hit was up and fighting again in two or three minutes, while the man with the groin wound died some ten days later.

The crowd increased for about an hour. I do not recall any police interference. The police force of the city were chiefly Irishmen, as was Mayor E. O. Duggan. The county sheriff, S. J. Reynolds, sympathized with the other faction, though I do not believe he was ever a member of the A.P.A.

An enormous crowd of Catholics had gathered by noon in front of the Columbia saloon, and there were cries from them that they would tear down the flags. These men were perfectly fearless, and were organized for attack on the building. But as they moved to storm the Columbia, two deputy sheriffs appeared from within and showed their badges. Several of the crowd attempted to enter the saloon, but the deputies repulsed them without firing any shots. The crowd showed, in spite of its anger, a willingness to obey constituted authority. The street in this block was crowded with men until about three in the afternoon.

Another saloon in the same block, called the Sazerac, also displayed the American flag draped to form the letters A.P.A. I was standing in the crowd in front of this saloon about three P.M. that day when one "Cap" Lyons, a local character — I think he was neither A.P.A. nor Catholic, but simply crazed by the general excitement — ran up to the Sazerac and fired six revolver shots through the front window.

The men inside returned Lyons's fire, with rifles as I learned afterward. The bullet-holes in the building across the street were numerous enough, and remained visible for many years, but, strange to say, no one inside this building was hit. Lyons was known to be half crazy, so that when he commenced firing the crowd scattered as fast as it

could. Having emptied his pistol, Lyons himself took to his heels.

Another half-hour, and the crowd had massed once more before the Sazerac saloon. One Daly, evidently a Catholic, drew a revolver and started for the flag-draped saloon, saying in dramatic fashion, "I will tear them down or bite the dust." As the words left his mouth, a man in front of the saloon said, "Bite the dust" — and shot him twice in the region of the heart. Daly died almost instantly.

John J. McHatton, a devout Catholic and district judge, now entered the Sazerac by the back door. With the owners' permission, he stood up in a second-story window and addressed the crowd. As the highest officer of the law in the county, he earnestly asked them to disperse, out of respect for property rights and regard for their own personal safety, whether they were A.P.A.'s or Catholics.

This speech had no effect on any of us. Some stayed from curiosity, as I did, and some stayed to fight and argue.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the mayor ordered out the fire department, which played hoses on the crowd and soon scattered it.

Fist fights were going on throughout the city of Butte that day from ten in the morning to three-thirty P.M. There was fighting of every variety that night in the Butte saloons. Men at that time

outnumbered women in Butte by at least two to one.

In the Pine Tree saloon a Cornishman was trampled to death. In another saloon a man in no way connected, so far as could be learned, with either faction was shot. The bullet lodged in the heart; I was informed, in the aorta. To the astonishment of medical men, he lived seven and one-half days; or at least so the press reported.

No prosecutions were ever instituted against any of the rioters.

Many people who were not Catholics were supposed by the Catholics to be members of the A.P.A. The organization's membership was thought to be much larger than it actually was. It was said on reliable authority, after the society became moribund, that in Butte, a town then of 35,000 people, there were never more than 300 A.P.A.'s.

In the West of those days fraternal lines were not drawn so tightly as they are now. The head of the firm for which I worked, then Montana's leading law firm, was a devoted Freemason and likewise a devout Roman Catholic.

The A.P.A. chapter in Butte was composed chiefly of men born outside the United States. Some were from Canada, some from Cornwall, some from Wales. The bitterness between the organization known as the Sons of St. George¹ and the

¹ A national fraternal order composed of men of English birth or descent. Membership (1928) 50,000.

Irish Catholics was almost as intense as was that between the A.P.A. and the Irish Catholics. This fact was always a fair indication to me of what nationality probably made up the bulk of the local A.P.A.

“I was never in any way identified or allied with either faction,” Mr. Maury wrote later; and, by way of reflective postscript: “The hatred engendered by that day’s work was from ten to twenty years in dying out.”

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW THE A.P.A. BEGAN

THUS did Americans buffet one another in the name of religion when Bryanism was flowering in Nebraska and Cleveland sat in the White House striving to massage away the black eye which the panic of 1893 had given his administration.

The Butte incident is no lone and isolated case picked out of those times to point a moral. Such things were going on all over the northern and western states — for be it noted that A.P.A'ism gained scarce a foothold in the South.

Stores and offices were closing in Saginaw, Michigan, because Catholics and Protestants were boycotting one another. J. K. Gosper told the Unity club of Los Angeles, at a banquet in that year, that he knew five hundred stand of arms were at that moment stacked under the Roman Catholic cathedral; whereupon uprose D. F. Donegan, contractor, and exhibited a \$1,000-bill which he asserted could be heard calling Gosper a liar.

Ex-priest Slattery precipitated a bloody riot at Keokuk, Iowa. Bishop McNamara, of a pocket cult owned by himself and Ann O'Delia Dis Debar, brought on a similar uproar at Kansas City.

But all these events took place when the order was six years old. What of its birth and infancy?

Henry F. Bowers founded the American Protective Association on March 13, 1887, at Clinton, Iowa. Bowers at the time was sixty years of age and a respected member of the Clinton bar. He seems to have been a worthy sort personally, obsessed with a strong but not violent dislike of the Roman Catholic church. Certainly if length of days is any index to character, Bowers qualified as among earth's noblest: born in 1827, he lived into the year 1911.

He was, of course, the Association's first supreme president. This office he held until the A.P.A.'s blossom-time in 1894-96, when he was succeeded by W. J. H. Traynor of Detroit. In 1898, when the A.P.A. was well on the way toward becoming but a memory, Bowers was re-elected to his old post by his crumbling legions, and held it until he died.

Almost nothing in the way of active proselyting was done by the Bowers fraternity during its first six years. Yet by 1893 it had 70,000 members. Most of its chapters — or councils, as they were technically called — were in towns of the northern Mississippi valley. It was organized in twenty states by the early part of 1893, and the Catholics were beginning to grumble about the "new Know-Nothingism," while the press customarily referred

to the northern territory from Ohio to Nebraska as the "A.P.A. belt."

These facts constitute a splendid business index for any salesman of hate who wishes to know how large a potential market exists for him in the Middle West, and to gauge the probable amount of advertising he will have to do in order to win a modest degree of success. Bowers rounded up his first 70,000 by little more than a word-of-mouth campaign.

One principle, and no more, marked off the A.P.A. from the Native Americans, the Know-Nothings and the twentieth-century Ku Klux Klan. This was that native-born Americans were not the only people who could qualify for membership in the order.

Foreigners were admitted without question, so long as they possessed the qualities of "good Americans," which by the A.P.A. were held to consist chiefly of hate for anything Roman Catholic, plus sound sentiments on immigration. Thus — facts to make the present-day Ku Kluxer sweat with shame for his immediate spiritual forebears — the Germans and Norwegians ran the A.P.A. council in Milwaukee, the Swedes in Minneapolis, the Anglo-Canadians in southeast Michigan.

Bowers, or whoever wrote the A.P.A. oath, was not the master of English that was Judson, or whoever wrote the oath of the Know-Nothings. Nor

did he possess the rhetoric of him who wove the vocal ties that bind the Klansmen of today. But to the connoisseur of hatreds expressed in neo-formal language, the A.P.A. oath is of interest.

Follows Oath Number 4 of the A.P.A., as published by the St. Paul *Globe* in its exposure of the order, and also as read into the Congressional Record of October 31, 1893, when H. M. Youmans was battling to unseat William S. Linton, A.P.A. Congressman from Michigan.

“ I do most solemnly promise and swear that I will always, to the utmost of my ability, labor, plead and wage a continuous warfare against ignorance and fanaticism; that I will use my utmost power to strike the shackles and chains of blind obedience to the Roman Catholic church from the hampered and bound consciences of a priest-ridden and church-oppressed people; that I will never allow any one, a member of the Roman Catholic church, to become a member of this order, I knowing him to be such; that I will use my influence to promote the interest of all Protestants everywhere in the world that I may be; that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity if I can procure the services of a Protestant.

“ I furthermore promise and swear that I will not aid in building or maintaining, by my resources, any Roman Catholic church or institution of their sect

or creed whatsoever, but will do all in my power to retard and break down the power of the Pope, in this country or any other; that I will not enter into any controversy with a Roman Catholic upon the subject of this order, nor will I enter into any agreement with a Roman Catholic to strike or create a disturbance whereby the Catholic employes may undermine and substitute their Protestant co-workers; that in all grievances I will seek only Protestants and counsel with them to the exclusion of all Roman Catholics, and will not make known to them anything of any nature matured at such conferences.

“ I furthermore promise and swear that I will not countenance the nomination, in any caucus or convention, of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of the American people, and that I will not vote for, or counsel others to vote for, any Roman Catholic, but will vote only for a Protestant, so far as may lie in my power. Should there be two Roman Catholics on opposite tickets, I will erase the name of the ticket I vote; that I will at all times, endeavor to place the political positions of this government in the hands of Protestants, to the entire exclusion of the Roman Catholic church, of the members thereof, and the mandate of the Pope.

“ To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear, so help me God. Amen, amen, amen.”

The principles which guided these patriots were the usual nativist dogmas. As promulgated by the Supreme Council of the American Protective Association of the World, held at Des Moines in 1894, they were twelve in number. This codification was simply an ordered arrangement of the beliefs and aims which had guided the fraternity from its birth.

Loyalty to "true Americanism" led all the rest, followed in lockstep by a denial that the A.P.A. was politically partisan in any respect. Next came a denunciation of any ecclesiastical power that acknowledged an overlord higher than the United States government. The constitution of the United States was then conceded to guarantee religious liberty, but such liberty was construed as not including the right in any ecclesiastical power of "absolute control over the education of children growing up under the Stars and Stripes."

Catholic teachers in the public schools were put under the order's official ban by Principle 5, and so were Catholics as members of school-boards. The customary blast against use of public monies for sectarian schools followed. Church property was to be taxed like any other realty or personalty if the A.P.A. should have its way.

No one not a citizen was to be allowed to enlist in army, navy or militia — a proposal, says the historian Humphrey J. Desmond, which "was cheerfully waived when, in 1898, war was declared

against Spain." Immigration was to be restricted and the naturalization period lengthened to seven years. The courts were to be told that they must be less free and easy about admitting applicants to citizenship. Lastly, all hospitals, charitable institutions and convents were to be thrown open to state inspection.

Thus the professions and aspirations of the order which the Rev. Father J. J. Tighe tastefully called, in his book on the A.P.A., "that hydra-headed monster, this secret, fractious, licentious and hell-founded organization which seeks to strike the baneful roots of its confederacy into the heart of this Republic."¹

Among the thirteen minor anti-Catholic and nativist orders formed between 1872 and 1895 — which the A.P.A. absorbed — were the Order of the American Union, the Templars of Liberty, the National Order of Videttes, and the Crescents.

¹ Father Tighe's book was published in New York City, 1894, by D. P. Murphy, Jr. We offer its full title here, as a fair sample of the blather in which both sides indulged during the A.P.A. excitement. The book was called:

The A.P.A. — Its Origin and Growth — Its Principles — Its Methods — Causes of its Extension — To What Extent Catholics Have Contributed to the A.P.A. Uprising. The A.P.A. and the School Agitation — the A.P.A. and the Liberal Catholic Party — the A.P.A. and the Catholic Claim to Religious Liberty in the United States. The A.P.A. Stone Catholic Procession — the A.P.A. Charge Catholics With Murder! They Extinguish Electric Light in Public Hall, to Incite Riot and Create Panic. Narrative Founded on Personal Experience and Observation East and West.

The A.P.A. itself, as a consequence of the East Boston riot in 1895, gave birth to a child, which took the highly nativist and anti-papal name of the Order of the Little Red School House.

What gave the A.P.A. so horrible a mien in the eyes of good Catholics? Its principles and pretensions, at the beginning, were identical with those of the National League for the Protection of American Institutions. Yet the latter order, founded at Saratoga, New York, in 1889 by James M. King, John Jay III and others, never drew from the Catholics any blast more withering than an occasional sneer of "Bigotry!" or snarl of "Misguided heretics!" tossed out of the corner of the mouth.

CHAPTER XXVII

SATOLLI; COXE; PANIC; PAGEANT; FORGERY

CREDIT for the A.P.A.'s sudden burst into national eminence and million-headed membership after six years of insignificance goes in about equal measure to the items listed in the title. A sixth factor was of considerable importance — another flareup in the long fight over the schools.

Satolli's full name and title were His Excellency, Francis Archbishop Satolli, titular of Lepanto, sometime papal commissioner to the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, and first apostolic delegate to the United States. He later became a cardinal.

This prelate's first visit to the United States occurred in 1892. The Catholics had lately won some local victories in their drive to put parochial schools on a fiscal par with public schools, notably at Fari-bault, Minnesota, and Poughkeepsie, New York. But the Rev. Father Thomas Bouquillon, a professor at the Catholic University, Washington, had stirred up a fight in the hierarchy by his pamphlet *Education: To Whom Does It Belong?* Bouquillon had flown in the face of most Catholic priestly educational philosophy by declaring:



P. & A. Photo.

WILLIAM, CARDINAL O'CONNELL, ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON

“ Education belongs to men taken individually and collectively in legitimate association, to the family, to the state, to the church, to all four together, and not to any one of these four factors separately.”

A furious debate ensued, of such import as to necessitate a council of archbishops at New York City in the following year, 1892. Monsignor Satolli (he was but a monsignor at that time) was asked to advise the agitated clerics.

Satolli cast into fourteen formal propositions what he considered the proper attitude for his church to take in matters educational, and submitted the document to the archbishops. Nothing came of that. The battle was not resolved until Pope Leo XIII, using Cardinal Gibbons as mouth-piece, in 1893 peremptorily ordered the church in America to look to the decrees of its third plenary Baltimore council for guidance on the subject and nowhere else.

But Satolli returned to the United States as apostolic delegate in 1893, and set up offices at Washington like any ambassador. He proceeded to deliver numerous lectures in all the principal American cities; nor did the well-meaning prelate, fresh from Italy, fail to tell Americans precisely how they ought to conduct themselves under numerous and varied circumstances.

No wild applause cheered to the echo these addresses by the delegate. Americans have never craved advice from outsiders. This time the outsider happened also to be a Roman Catholic prelate, and the reaction was strong. Yet Satolli was not mobbed, nor was his life conspired against as had been Bedini's forty years before him. He simply made himself unpopular and increased the nativist distrust of his denomination.

The ranking plumed knight in the paper fight on Satolli was the Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, Protestant Episcopal bishop of western New York. Dr. Coxe was at this time an aged man, and, if his photographs prove anything, a very pompous and opinionated one. Probably he dreamed of duplicating the rhetorical triumphs of Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, whose controversial genius was in flower when Coxe was a young clergyman. At any rate, the bishop addressed a series of open letters to Satolli, in which he insulted the apostolic delegate as thoroughly as possible and said as little of a concrete nature as could well have been drawn out to 35,000 words of abuse. The A.P.A. seized on Coxe's outpourings with great glee, and the American Citizen Publishing Company of Boston issued them in a book which ran through several editions.

Another influence that drove its tens of thousands into the A.P.A. was the panic of 1893. Grover Cleveland had beaten Benjamin Harrison to the

Presidency in 1892, and immediately thereafter times had gone to the bad. Strikes crippled industries and railroads, money froze in the banks, breadlines festooned the cities like drab necklaces of woe, there were no jobs for the underdog.

The nation blamed Cleveland, as it would have blamed any President ensconced in the White House at the time though his virtues outshone those of Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson combined. Many a Republican who had voted the Democratic ticket saw red, mistook the A.P.A.'s numerous municipal victories for signs of approaching national power, and rushed into the A.P.A. So did many a Democrat. All of them wanted to have a finger-hold on the biggest available club wherewith to brain the Cleveland administration when next the chance should offer.

Catholicity itself had no little to do with the sudden blooming of the A.P.A. out of weedhood into red and purple inflorescence.

The year 1892 was the four hundredth anniversary of America's discovery by Christopher Columbus. What more appropriate than that Catholicity all over the land should celebrate — even though base libels were already in circulation to the effect that Columbus was no Catholic but a Genoese Jew? Catholicity did celebrate. Parochial schools and Catholic societies paraded and corner-stoned and dedicated with an industry scarce par-

alleled in American history. Catholic laymen wrote long and boresome panegyrics of Columbus to the newspapers. Archbishops and bishops verbally volleyed and thundered.

Such a year-long jubilee, reaching its apex of rapture on October 12, was more than enough to terrify that excitable portion of the American public which sees sinister intentions beneath any display of Catholic fervor. From this source, too, the A.P.A. drummed up its share of legionaries.

And, lastly, some enterprising person within the order itself decided that the time was gone by for mere passive recruiting. Something big must be done, something that would impress and affright.

Early in 1893, two alleged official documents of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States began to circulate through midwestern America.

The first of these was entitled "Instructions to Catholics." The second purported to be a bull of Pope Leo XIII, hot from the Vatican. To the "Instructions" were appended the names of eight American archbishops, with the name of James, Cardinal Gibbons himself, primate of his church in the United States, bringing up the rear by way of countersignature.

"We view with alarm [the prelates were quoted as saying in the body of this vicious lampoon], the rapid spread of educated intelligence, knowing well

that wherever the people are intelligent, the priest and prince cannot hope to live on the labor of the masses whose brains have been fertilized with our holy catechism. That in order to restore the order of things that made the reign of Gregory VII, of holy memory, so glorious, the people must not think; that is a privilege that belongs only to the pope, who by divine right is the only person appointed by God to do the political and religious thinking of this world."

Another evil beset this province of the church militant:

"We view with alarm the rapid diffusion of the English language. It stands before the world as the tongue which has for 300 years ever been opposed to our holy church, and those who speak it have been foremost in assailing the holy see."

As to schools:

"We are opposed to any system of schools that teaches the youth more than the Roman catechism, or that teaches the youth to think — it is unnecessary, a waste of time and money, when the holy father has been appointed by God, especially at the Vatican council in 1870, to do the thinking of this world. Therefore we call upon our subjects to do all they can to break down and destroy the free public schools of this protestant nation, which has

compelled us to set up and maintain at great expense parochial schools to defend our faith, thus lessening the incomes of the clergy."

The remedy prescribed for these manifold evils:

"In order to find employment for the many thousands of the faithful who are coming daily to swell the ranks of our Catholic army, which will in due time possess this land, we must secure control of all the cities, railways, manufactories, mines, steam and sailing vessels — above all the press — in fact, every enterprise requiring labor, in order to furnish our newcomers employment; this will render it necessary to remove or crowd out the American heretics who are now employed.

"You need not hesitate; it is your duty to do so. You must not stop at anything to accomplish this end. There are many ways to consult your father confessor, but 'be careful to do nothing that will create scandal.'"

The "Instructions" were, of course, forged, a malevolent fake from beginning to end, as the merest high school student of grammar and English composition could have divined. In what A.P.A. newspaper they were first published is not known. Within a month after their first publication every one of the sixty-odd A.P.A. papers in the United States was printing them over and over. Some held

the "Instructions" in type for use as emergency space filler whenever the supply of fresh scandal ran short. A few of these sheets qualified the libel's baldness with a footnote to the effect that "the essence of this pronouncement is to be found in the writings of so-called American Romish bishops and letters of the Pope," but the general practice was to present the forgery as a genuine utterance from the hierarchy's upper circle.

About the same time — April 8, 1893, to be exact — the Detroit *Patriotic American*, an A.P.A. journal, published the false encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. This screed was not so lengthy as the "Instructions," but it carried a far heavier charge of dynamite. Whereas the "Instructions" merely deplored and suggested, the false bull issued a command of most horrific import. The meat of the encyclical was contained in this paragraph:

"We proclaim the people of the United States to have forfeited all right to rule said republic, and also all dominion, dignity and privileges appertaining to it. We likewise declare that all subjects of every rank and condition in the United States, and every individual who has taken any oath of loyalty to the United States in any way whatever, may be absolved from said oath, as from all other duty, fidelity, or obedience on or about the fifth of September, 1893, when the Catholic congress shall

convene at Chicago, Illinois, as we shall exonerate them from all engagements, and on or about the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, in the year of our Lord 1893, it will be the duty of the faithful to exterminate all heretics found within the jurisdiction of the United States of America."

When this second blast of buncombe got about the country, as it did with almost the speed of lightning, panic closed its icy fingers around many a Protestant heart. The farmers in the Middle West were the worst affected by the encyclical.

Elbert Hubbard wrote for the *Arena* magazine an account of a trip he made through the jungles of rural Illinois in the spring of 1893. Many of the farmers had made their wills and their peace with God, had stocked Winchesters and ammunition, and were prepared to sell their lives for as many Catholic lives as the Lord might vouchsafe them when the feast day of St. Ignatius Loyola (July 31) should roll around.

Of a Presbyterian and a Methodist minister whom he visited in an Illinois village at this time, Hubbard reported that "both were full of fear and hate toward the Catholics, with a little left over for each other." The excitement was often particularly high in counties where not a Roman Catholic resided.

A group of Protestant ministers in Columbus,

Ohio, being appealed to for help in calming the rustic fears, applied this decent and manly febrifuge:

“ We are not in sympathy with Roman Catholicism, as a system. Doctrinally and ecclesiastically, we are Protestants in our deepest convictions; it is because we are Protestants that we are ashamed and humiliated by the kind of warfare described in this letter.”

The proclamation, which was printed throughout Ohio, went on to declare both the “ Instructions to Catholics ” and the encyclical to be forgeries, and stupid forgeries at that.

But they were not so stupid. They were adjusted with beautiful accuracy to the norm of intelligence of the clientele they were planned to reach, and they drove panic-ridden people bleating into the A.P.A. in herds. In June of 1893, the order is thought to have had about 100,000 members. There were those who believed that by that year's end it could count one and one-half millions of members. Three years later, Supreme President W. J. H. Traynor boasted in the *North American Review* that 2,500,000 American citizens and residents were A.P.A.'s.

Desmond grants the order 1,000,000 members at the peak. But in this case, as in those of the Know-Nothings and the twentieth-century Ku Klux Klan, one guess is as good as another. Cer-

tain it is that this order frightened the politicians even as the Know-Nothings had done in the time of their glory and as the Ku Klux Klan was to do in the third decade of the twentieth century.

St. Ignatius Loyola's day came and went. So did September 5, 1893, and the Catholic congress set for that date at Chicago. Having been fooled once, the gullible yearned to be fooled again; they kept their powder dry and their gun barrels oiled throughout that summer.

When the second day of doom failed to produce a national conflagration, an explanation seemed to be in order from the councils of the A.P.A. To the *American Citizen*, Boston A.P.A. paper, went the honor of evolving the most classical of the several alibis advanced.

This paper, the *Citizen* advised its readers, had steadfastly believed the false papal bull to be a forgery, even in the times when every rustic evangelical Protestant north and west had nightly expected to be done to death by papists while he slept. But "a favorite scheme of the Jesuit is to cry 'wolf' when there is no wolf; and then, when off their guard [*sic*], the wolf comes." Hence it was plain, to the *Citizen's* divining eye, that the Jesuits themselves must have forged the bull and put it in circulation; and it was equally plain that Protestants must be more than ever on guard.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN ELEPHANT SWALLOWS A LION

ALMOST overnight then, the six-year-old mouse became a lion; a lion of the dark-browed, blood-thirsty Lord worshiped by many rural Protestant clergymen and their disciples in America. Fusing with Republican local organizations it wrested away in 1892 and/or 1893 the Democratic strongholds of Toledo, Keokuk, Peoria, Saginaw and South Omaha. It gained the balance of power in many a state.

Denver and Detroit went under its spatulate thumb, as did Duluth, Kansas City, Louisville, Omaha proper, Rockford (Illinois) and St. Louis. It was a veiled terror in Buffalo and Rochester, New York; it owned the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island. There were nearly two hundred A.P.A. councils in Massachusetts, comprising 75,000 members.

One Congressman — William S. Linton of Michigan — admitted that he belonged to the A.P.A., as did Governor William O. Bradley of Kentucky. Supreme President Traynor asserted in 1896 that the order had twenty members in congress, in

addition to one hundred others whom it had "elected, but who had gone back on it."

The "Instructions to Catholics" and the forged encyclical of Leo XIII were not the only pumps of terror used by the A.P.A. to bloat its membership rolls. They were the most effective; but a good second was the beloved old story about arms stored in Catholic churches. This legend was circulated with telling effect by the Know-Nothings. The A.P.A. gave it new life. Gosper's clash with Donegan in Los Angeles has been described. Catholic churches were searched for arms in West Toledo, Saginaw, Grand Rapids and several other cities. None were ever found, but it was felt by the best minds of the A.P.A. that the papists always managed to get advance notice of the searches, and thus the story gained in effectiveness rather than lost.

Never before or since the A.P.A. have the ex-priests fallen on times so prosperous as the years 1893 to 1896 inclusive, nor the escaped nuns. And right nobly did these two battalions of anti-Catholicism react to the sun of plenty.

Charles Pascal Télesphore Chiniquy, for instance, now eighty-four years old and presumably entitled to a release from his labors, suffered a resurgence of his ancient fire and went forth to battle like a warhorse primed with turpentine.

". . . Chiniquy," says the Rev. J. J. Tighe in one of his blasts against the A.P.A., "who stood

upon a barrel head in the public street, and blasphemously performing the consecratory act, scattered the particles to the winds of heaven, crying out with fiendish glee, ' Behold the God whom Catholics adore! ' ”

Father Tighe's spirit of Christian forbearance for this act of a senile fool was expressed in these choice words:

“ When the multitudinous spirits of the damned are marching on to the valley of eternal woe, that the despairing cry of Chiniquy's lost soul may not sound loud and shrill above that million-voiced shriek of the hopeless reprobate, is the prayer we put forth from a shocked and lacerated spirit. But the Almighty blasteth often the vine in its flower.”

Another ex-priest of national fame during the A.P.A. furore was D. George P. Rudolph. Rudolph imprudently married his housekeeper in 1881, and was summarily suspended from the priestly functions by Bishop Gilmore of Ohio. The pickings were slim for him and his bride in the twelve years that passed before the A.P.A. took him up and hurled him to a brief fame.

The outstanding escaped nun of the time was Margaret L. Shepherd. She wrote *My Life in a Convent*, an echo of Maria Monk which may be had at this writing from at least two anti-Catholic publishing houses, price fifty cents the copy.

"Buy this book above all others," reads the blurb of one of these concerns. "One of the saddest narratives ever written. Wronged by a priest through the confessional when but a young girl, married to a priest, thrust into a convent with her baby and abandoned by the priestly brute who had promised to stand by her. It will hold you in its grip until through tears and heart throbs you have read the last line."

Some perverse Catholics cruelly dug up evidence going to show not only that Miss Shepherd had never belonged to any Catholic order of nuns but that she had a police record into the bargain. Yet her book goes marching on.

The ex-priests after a time became so importunate and offensive that even the A.P.A. in some quarters could stomach them no longer.

Said President Jackman of the Iowa council: "The average ex-priest is simply a leech sucking the lifeblood of the councils for his own enrichment."

The Iowa and Wisconsin state councils of the A.P.A. determined to hire no more ex-priests as lecturers; whereat the latter set up a loud cackling of "Traitors! Cowards! Pope lovers! "

Against the A.P.A. the Catholics turned a goodly quantity of its own brands of fire. Catholic papers pounded the order with a never-pausing barrage of

denunciation. Anti-A.P.A. booklets were distributed by the carload, anti-A.P.A. lectures held throughout the regions where the order's strength lay.

Catholics even went so far as to spy upon A.P.A. meetings, or to insinuate themselves into councils of the order, or to collect and publicly circulate lists of members' names.

"The less defensible methods," says the historian Humphrey J. Desmond, from whose book on the A.P.A. was gleaned many a fact herein displayed, "of breaking into A.P.A. councils and obtaining the records, and attempting to mob or interfere with ex-priest and anti-Catholic lecturers, were also episodes of the counter-movement in a few localities."

Several Catholics formed, at New York City in January, 1896, the American Order of United Catholics, for the express purpose of fighting the A.P.A. This society's supreme council issued a confidential circular in which its purposes were set forth. The circular amounted to a rewriting and condensation of the A.P.A. oaths, with the terms Protestant and Catholic used in reverse order. A part of the announcement ran as follows:

"To unite fraternally all practical Catholics of every profession, business, and occupation; to give all possible aid in its power to members of the organization by encouraging each other in business,

and by assisting each other to obtain employment; to uphold and defend the Catholic faith, clergy, and institutions, against naturalized foreigners, who, aided and abetted by said class of native Americans, have gained great strength and power in our legislatures."

Little was ever done by, or heard of, the United Catholics. The well-established Ancient Order of Hibernians and the growing Knights of Columbus were delivering practically all the blather and vilification that were needed on the Catholic side.

But a doom was preparing for the A.P.A. in a quarter having little to do with Catholicity and less to do with religion. The noble order was, though it did not know it, about to be done to death by its own political ambitions.

Republican politicians in the cities had early ascertained that many an A.P.A. council chief could be tempted sorely with the bait of public office. How dear the A.P.A. held this perquisite of good lodge brothers and party workers is perhaps best illustrated by the treatment the Denver council meted out to Mayor Van Horn of that city, whom it elected to office.

Van Horn took the A.P.A. oath before his election, though he asserted afterward that he misunderstood the nature of his act when he did so. To show that his renunciation of A.P.A. tendencies

was complete, on his first day in office Van Horn named a Roman Catholic as chief of Denver police. The A.P.A. demanded that the appointee be dismissed. Van Horn refused. His ex-comrades then ordered hung in their council chamber a photograph of the mayor, draped with black and captioned "Perjurer and Traitor." A set of resolutions was passed, solemnly decreeing:

"that all communication with said traitor and perjurer do now forever cease,"

and that

"wherever his carcass repose in the arms of Mother Earth, in whatsoever land, an unknown committee, duly appointed, shall perform its last rite in the name of this council, by marking the place, that all may know, 'Here lies a traitor.'"

Having taken note of this thirst for political power, local Republican organizations in many cities filtered into the A.P.A. councils, at first singly, then in pairs, then by dozens and hundreds. The semi-public nuptials of Republicanism and A.P.A'ism became so notorious that the Cheyenne (Wyo.) *Leader* was moved to remark, "The kite is labelled A.P.A. — the tail, G.O.P."

The Democratic party early shook itself free of any suspicion of A.P.A. affiliations. Local Democratic platforms damned the order from the mo-

ment of its rise to national prominence in mid-1893. State conventions did likewise, and so did individual Democratic leaders. Governor Altgeld of Illinois thundered against the order, as did Governor Peck of Wisconsin and Senators Vilas, Hill and Vest.

The A.P.A. was not the schism breeder for the Democracy that federal prohibition and Alfred E. Smith's religion are at this writing, for the reason that the A.P.A. had no foothold in the South save in parts of Georgia, Texas, Tennessee and Kentucky. Hence, the Democrats of the North could repudiate the order without treading over-heavily on southern anti-Catholic prejudices, and so make themselves popular with Catholics and "weak-kneed, lily-livered, Pope-loving" Protestants everywhere.

Chicago gave the A.P.A. its first serious defeat in any election. Calling itself the Independent American Citizens' party, the Association threw a ticket into the Chicago municipal election of November, 1894. Its bosses predicted a ballot of not less than 40,000 for their candidates, and a probable victory. Out of 233,579 votes cast, the anti-Catholic ticket drew 917; and Chicago was saved for its latter-day inheritance by the gunmen and Big Bill Thompson.

In the following April the order lost two of its strongholds: Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Bradford, Massachusetts. The Presidential year of '96

rolled in, and the Michigan A.P.A. was unable to return its member William S. Linton to Congress. Bryan's golden voice wooed the votes from under the Nebraska councils in the same year. The last large A.P.A. city to fall was Toledo, Ohio, which "Golden Rule" Jones snatched from the professional Protestants in 1897.

But the man destined to give the A.P.A. its death-blow as a national power was William McKinley. What though McKinley did perform that obvious straddle at a Kansas City political rally in 1894? A heckler inquired: "What is the matter with the A.P.A.?" McKinley countered with, "The question with us is, What is the matter with the country?" The time had not come for the Republicans to swallow this lion of the left-wing Protestants' Lord, nor had Mark Hanna made up his mind to push McKinley into the White House.

Hanna came to that decision early in 1895. Besides Governor McKinley of Ohio there were many aspirants for the Republican Presidential nomination. Most prominent of these were Allison of Iowa, Quay of Pennsylvania, Cullom of Illinois, Kentucky's A.P.A. governor Bradley, ex-President Benjamin Harrison.

One J. B. Clarkson, Republican national committeeman from Iowa, conceived one of two ideas; which of the two, was never definitely made known. Both, however, involved the sweetening of sundry

A.P.A. leaders with Republican campaign funds which Clarkson procured. One story has it that Clarkson wanted to swing the A.P.A. against McKinley and for Quay of Pennsylvania. The other is that the A.P.A. leaders merely accepted the Clarkson money as so much unlooked-for manna from on high, they having already determined if possible to pledge a large delegation to Bradley and Linton for use as a club to bludgeon promises of patronage out of whomever the Republican convention might nominate for President in June. At all events, the A.P.A. opened fire on McKinley in April, 1896.

The master effort of the executive board, or Zodiac, of the A.P.A. in this battle was a circular containing these statements:

“The Roman Catholic hierarchy, seeing no probability of electing one of its cowardly tools to the presidency on any ticket other than the Republican, has through its leaders and followers massed its strength and resources to the support of Major McKinley.

“As an unanswerable evidence of this statement it is sufficient to say that Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, the most Jesuitical and dangerous Papal leader in this country; Bishop Watterson of Ohio, for years the intimate and confidential friend and advisor of Major McKinley, and the most influential factor in McKinley’s administration as gov-

ernor of Ohio; Tom Carter of Montana, Steve Elkins of West Virginia, whose daughter was married to a Papist by Archbishop Corrigan, and whose sympathies were publicly announced in the United States Senate when he fought the passage of the Indian Appropriation bill as amended on motion of Congressman Linton in the house, and passed by that body; and every other prominent as well as obscure Papist claiming to be a Republican; last, but not least of one, Richard Kerens of Missouri, who in his private car a few months ago entertained as his guests Archbishops Satolli and Corrigan and other celebrities of the Roman Hierarchy, in a transcontinental trip to Arizona and return, his car decorated with the American colors, and the Papal colors above them, are each and all ardently advocating the nomination of McKinley and using every means to accomplish that end." (Copied from quotation in *The A.P.A. Movement*, by H. J. Desmond.)

A whispering campaign echoed the paper drive upon McKinley, its most exquisite development occurring when Mark Hanna was forced to make public denial that his protégé, a lifelong Methodist, belonged to the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Hanna himself did not escape the all-seeing eye of the Association.

"Hanna is a Romanist," proclaimed President

A. D. Hubbard of the Kansas A.P.A., "and I know it, and so does every other A.P.A."

But McKinley's strength grew. When the A.P.A. met in national convention that spring, it felt itself obliged to call off its war on Mark Hanna's white knight and restore his name to its list of eligibles for the Republican nomination, albeit at the bottom of the list. What if McKinley should be nominated and elected? Where would the A.P.A. hopes of patronage be then?

The Association's convention met at Washington on May 12, 1896. Two days later a band of emissaries therefrom waited upon McKinley at Canton, Ohio, to question him as to his opinion of the order. The emissaries reported that he expressed himself as heartily in accord with A.P.A. doctrine. To the press, McKinley denied that he ever saw the committee from Washington.

This conflict of claims brought on the great schism which took most of the awesomeness out of the American Protective Association and greased the ways for its rapid slide into oblivion. Die-hards from some twenty states waited until the convention had adjourned, then called a rump convention of their own. The supreme council meanwhile had not been idle. What occurred was told as clearly as it was ever to be — and not very clearly at that — by a Whereas in the resolutions which the die-hards passed; to-wit:

“Whereas, the members of the supreme council have, during its session, been handled and badgered by a large McKinley lobby composed of members and non-members of the order that has used the most disreputable blackmailing methods to discredit the advisory board and to turn the supreme council into a McKinley ratification meeting, and having signally failed to clear McKinley of the consequences of his pro-papal political record, today, after two-thirds of the delegates had started for home, attempted to take revenge by abolishing the National Advisory board and accomplished the same by a vote of 30 to 29.”

Whatever occult proceedings these words report, the upshot of the after-convention convention was the election of a new set of officers of the A.P.A.: president, J. W. Echols, of Atlanta; vice-president, Henry S. Williams, of Boston; secretary of state, H. P. J. Swaine, of California; chaplain, W. H. Gotwold, of Washington; secretary, W. J. Palmer, of Butte; treasurer, C. C. Campbell, of Minneapolis.

Could the A.P.A., with its moguls at one another's throats, wield much power in the coming Republican national convention? That question, among many others roaring for answer in the question-shot year of '96, agitated the nation for a month. Could the order — would it try to — block

McKinley's nomination? Would it wreck the Republican party if McKinley or any one else it disliked were chosen? Would it have a hand in nailing together the planks of the Republican platform? Was the A.P.A. giant or bogey man, lion in the flesh or werewolf of legend?

The Republican convention duly assembled at St. Louis in June. At once it became known that the A.P.A. would not oppose McKinley. But surely it would sit in at the platform committee meetings? An old gentleman by name and title Colonel Sellers — Christian name undiscovered by this writer — was puttering about the convention hall and the hotel rooms. He wanted the platform to carry a declaration against use of public funds for sectarian institutions. Somebody learned that he represented, officially, the A.P.A. Nay, more: Colonel Sellers claimed that the plank's adoption had been promised him by Senator Gear of Iowa. But the promise, if it was ever made, had slipped Gear's mind.

Mastication and digestion of the A.P.A. was, in fact, practically accomplished by the Republican party. Colonel Sellers received the blandly silent treatment in making his rounds of the delegations, and when the platform was at last drawn up the A.P.A.'s pet plank was not there.

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul took this occasion to demonstrate that Americans need not fear Cath-

olic clerical meddling with politics by sending the following telegram to St. Louis:

"St. Paul, Minn., June 17, 1896.—To Hon. Thomas H. Carter, national committeeman, St. Louis, Mo.: The clause in the proposed platform opposing the use of public money for sectarian purposes and union of church and state is unnecessary and uncalled for. It is urged by the A.P.A. Its adoption will be taken as a concession to them; will awaken religious animosities in the country and do much harm. The Republican party should not lower itself to recognize, directly or indirectly, the A.P.A. I hope the clause, or anything like it, will not be adopted. JOHN IRELAND."

If any document could have been more nicely calculated than that one to breathe back life into the corpse of the A.P.A., it has not passed beneath these eyes.

But the telegram had no such revivifying effect. Colonel Sellers lugged his school plank to the Democratic convention at Chicago, where he was refused a hearing. He returned to St. Louis for the Populist convention, only to receive the same treatment. Then he went home, and ninety-five per cent of the A.P.A. membership went back to its old political affiliations.

McKinley defeated Bryan in the following November. He signalized his contempt for the A.P.A.

— now that he was safely over the hurdle — by appointing a Catholic to his first cabinet, making the Catholic Terrence V. Powderly commissioner of immigration, and giving the Catholic Bellamy Storer a responsible diplomatic post.

CHAPTER XXIX

BEGGETTERS OF THE KLAN

THE A.P.A. sank beneath the surface of the public consciousness in 1900. Its last election of national officers was held in that year. The order re-elected Henry F. Bowers supreme president, as was now its annual habit, but it never convened to consider the state of the Republic again. Bowers lived until 1911, retaining his office and the slender perquisites thereof until his death.

For some years the land had surcease from struggles between Catholic and Protestant. The flood of anti-Catholicism sank back into the storage reservoirs where it customarily reposes between periods of overflow; namely, the Junior Order, United American Mechanics, the lower intellectual levels of Masonry, and numerous minor fraternal orders.

Local flurries blew up here and there, generally over schools, but for a considerable time the business of baiting the Catholics was fallen on evil days.

"I started in the early days of the old A.P.A. movement of thirty years ago," says that dauntless

scourge of the Pope, William Lloyd Clark of Milan, Illinois, in the section of his autobiography which deals with this melancholy interlude.

"That order was wrecked and assassinated by corrupt politicians who tried to use it for their own selfish ends.

"Then midnight came. No Protestant or patriotic organization with which to work. The Protestant preachers and churches were as dead as the mummies of Egypt. No pulpit open. No money with which to rent halls. Not a friendly hand extended anywhere. No one interested even to the extent of buying a book when I tried to peddle literature. Railroad fare and hotel bills to meet and a wife and children depending on me for the necessities of life. Twenty years of that kind of thing."

Little incidents in the everyday life of a Midwest crusader may prove of interest at this point. Under the heading "On the Skirmish Line," the above-named Mr. Clark has gathered some thirty or more brief reports of battles in which he played a not inconspicuous or even unheroic part. They give a splendid picture of the trials and triumphs that make an anti-papal warrior's life worth the living. For example:

"Upper Alton, Ill. — I lectured for two weeks in the auditorium of Shurtleff College. Romanist

cut the electric wires leading to the building and left the speaker and audience in total darkness. Another night the rowdies filled the radiators with cayenne pepper which created a panic by causing the people to sneeze their heads almost off."

But worse was to come:

"Anna, Ill.—I was assaulted by a papal thug who knocked me down and pounded me almost to death, fracturing my jaw bone. The hotel in this city was burned to punish the landlord for entertaining a patriotic speaker."

Sometimes, however, the Lord remembereth His handmaiden:

"Shelbyville, Ill.—Just before time to lecture mob destroys my platform and lamps. In breaking up a torch a Roman Catholic Irishman splashes gasoline over his clothes, which ignite, giving him a little forecast of purgatory."

Nor are quite all the people in the great state of Illinois completely anesthetized by popish propaganda:

"Farmington, Ill.—The speaker's life is threatened and special police protection is necessary to guard him to and from his hotel. The citizens purchase costly Colt's revolver by popular subscrip-

tion and present it to the speaker in public mass meeting."

Surely the hand of the Lord was visible here:

"Winona, Minn.—Pelted with rotten fruit and stale eggs while on way to hotel after delivering a lecture in the open air. The enemy endeavors to break into my room in the hotel and I fire on the leader of the mob with a 45 caliber Colt's revolver, missing, but sending the mob panic stricken into the streets."

Having related which incidents and many more of the same complexion, Mr. Clark inquires:

"What think ye of an institution that claims to be the only true church out of which there is no salvation and yet seeks to redden its hands by shedding the blood of every man brave enough to tell the truth about her deeds of darkness?"

But such sufferings could not go on forever. The climax came when, penniless and disheartened in "a little Protestant town" twelve miles out of Dixon, Illinois, this crusader was taken to the home of "a good man" who fed him and spoke kindly to him, "the first real encouragement I had received for many months."

"It seemed to be the turning of the tide. Then came in a few years the Guardians of Liberty, the

Knights of Luther and the Pathfinders, all of which gave co-operation and opened a field for new labor."

The World War and America's participation therein were to intervene between this dawn and the day of glory's high noontide, but faith was to be at last triumphantly vindicated:

"The other night I stood under the light of the Fiery Cross and looked into the faces of 50,000 loyal men and my heart was glad and my eyes filled with tears."

Reference is had here to a Ku Klux klonvocation sometime in 1924 or earlier. Said Mr. Clark in a letter to the writer dated January 10, 1928:

"I campaigned for the Klan in Missouri, Okla. Ind, Ill. and other states. Many thousands of men signed their petitions for the order during my lectures. I withdrew from the order three years ago because of its criminal methods, the un-American nature of its constitution, and the immorality and criminal nature of many of its prominent leaders."

Mr. Clark mentions the Guardians of Liberty, the Knights of Luther and the Pathfinders. These orders, with a fourth named the Covenanters, were the most powerful organizations which kept alight the fires of anti-Catholic prejudice from 1911 until America's entry into the war.

But the caldron of hate was first set boiling anew in a really big way by one man. He was Thomas E. Watson, sometime United States Senator from Georgia, editor and owner of *The Jeffersonian*, prohibitionist, reformer, student of ancient history, foe of foreign missions, "sage of Hickory Hill."

Watson burst upon the world as a crusader against popery in the editorial column of his magazine for August, 1910. He captioned the announcement of his resolve to drive Catholicity from these shores with the words "THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY: THE DEADLIEST MENACE TO OUR LIBERTIES AND OUR CIVILIZATION." The editorial contained the usual disavowal of hostility toward individual Catholics and the usual philippics against the Catholic priesthood. When the time came for Watson to explain why he, more than any other man, should feel called upon to go forth to this battle, he blushed a modest blush and wrung this paragraph from the editorial typewriter:

"Emerson predicted that a Thinker would arise among us, some day, and that when he did, there would be a convulsion and readjustment. There are those who rate Emerson himself as a Thinker, but the revolution has not materialized. Perhaps he was too much of a generalizer, without the nerve or the faculty to lay his dynamite underneath anything in particular. He was of the Erasmus

type, willing to lay eggs, but not to raise chickens: willing to dream and write, but not to march and fight."

Watson's publications carried on a campaign against Romanism with varying ferocity from the opening gun until the death of Georgia's champion hell raiser in September, 1922.

The United States government, doubtless at the behest of the Vatican, leapt upon Watson in 1913 with a charge that he had sent obscene matter through the mails. A defect in the indictment forced dismissal of the first prosecution, but with un-Christian malevolence the federal district attorney at Augusta, Georgia, obtained a second bill and brought Watson to his trial. The jury disagreed. Still the hounds of government bayed upon his trail. His long persecution ceased when, in November, 1916, a jury acquitted him and left him free to beard the Pope unhampered by the petty whims of federal officials.

Dying, Watson requested that upon his headstone be graved the simple epitaph, "Here lies the enemy of the Bourbons, the Jesuits and the Inasmuches."

The organization known as the Guardians of Liberty was the pet of the old age of that famous Civil War and Indian fighter, Lieut.-Gen. Nelson Appleton Miles, U. S. A. Captor of the Nez Percé

chief Joseph, conqueror of Geronimo's Apaches, terror of the western plains in the seventies and of the Chicago railway strikers in 1894, General Miles was one of four men who organized the Guardians of Liberty at Washington in June, 1911. The others were Ex-Congressman Charles D. Haines of New York; Charles B. Skinner, ex-superintendent of public instruction of New York state; and Thomas E. Watson himself.

Principles announced as controlling the order were those with which attentive readers of the present volume are by this time wearily familiar — immigration restriction, no domination by foreign ecclesiasticism, America First, America Forever. The Church of Rome was not named in the constitution and by-laws adopted by the order.

In fact, a strong anti-Catholic complexion was not given the Guardians of Liberty until Watson made up his mind to publicize it as an anti-Catholic society. This he did early in 1912. General Miles at first opposed Watson's wishes.

"It is," he averred, "purely a patriotic order."

The Catholics preferred to believe Watson's forthright exposition of what the Guardians of Liberty stood for. On March 10, 1912, Cardinal Gibbons loosed this thunderbolt from his palace at Baltimore:

"This order is plainly nothing more than an attempt to revive the bigotry of the A.P.A., which

was presumed to have died of inanition. Surely no sensible man will be misled by the thin and threadbare arguments of such people."

Asked whether the Baltimore ukase was approved at Rome, Cardinal Merry Del Val, Secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office and Archbishop of the Vatican Basilica, admitted to American press correspondents that he had passed upon and authorized the document in behalf of the Pope himself.

General Horatio C. King, whom Miles had persuaded to join the new lodge, resigned a day or two after Gibbons thundered; and so did Major-Gen. D. E. Sickles. Charles B. Skinner denied having authorized the use of his name on the Guardians' stationary. Miles was left with Watson to carry on the new crusade. He was swiftly won over to the Watson view that the Guardians should function as watchmen on the walls of Pope-threatened Zion.

Why Miles became alarmed at this time it would be difficult to say with assurance. Apparently he himself did not know the reason.

"The Guardians of Liberty simply believe," he told the press by way of retort to Cardinal Gibbons, "in the adage: 'In time of peace prepare for war.' We are asked what specific thing the Catholic church has done to call for action. I answer by say-

ing that the United States is building battleships, although no foreign nation is hostile toward us."

And, in very truth, one never knows where or how the hierarchy may strike next. It was noted, and duly commented upon by the *Guardians* in justification of their alarm, that in November, 1911, President William Howard Taft and family attended Thanksgiving services at St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church in Washington. A patriot could not tell but that Mr. Taft's true nature was coming out at last, after all these years in which the nation had supposed him to be a staunch Unitarian — which was bad enough.

In August, 1912, the *Guardians of Liberty*, claiming 126,000 members, absorbed the Immigration Restriction League, membership of the latter not stated in the articles of capitulation.

Miles was now a full-fledged battler against the Pope, and had added scars from this warfare to the collection he had gleaned in the Civil and Indian wars. He was denied the use of the Odeon lecture hall in St. Louis on May 24, 1912, where he was scheduled to deliver his lecture on "America's Danger." Rescission of the contract for the hall was executed on demand of several prominent St. Louis Catholics.

The general toured the country, happy in repeating his speech, shaking hands with his multi-

tudes of admirers, passing out copies of *The Menace* and similar anti-Catholic papers. No doubt, though his tongue named Roman Catholics as the quarry of his twentieth-century Excalibur, the old gentleman was slaughtering Indians and Johnny Rebs in his mind.

So far as disclosed by available newspaper clippings of the time, the Guardians of Liberty made only two noticeable dents in the national consciousness. Most of their abounding energy went into such melancholy tasks as that of protesting to the New York City board of estimate against expenditure of city funds for field masses in the Brooklyn navy yard, or tracking down the Roman Catholic affiliations of teachers in public schools here and there.

But when William Sulzer was impeached and ousted as governor of New York in 1913, the Guardians bade fair to prove a useful weapon for his drive to regain power at the next election. The Buffalo and Rochester Courts — as the Guardians' chapters were called — gave promise of swinging many a vote to Sulzer in the election of 1914. Sulzer, Whitman and Martin H. Glynn were waging three-cornered war for the governorship that fall, with Sulzer bellowing that Tammany had merged forces with the Pope to get his official scalp. Alton B. Parker, who ran against Theodore Roosevelt for president in 1904, was moved on this

occasion to join with Roosevelt in denouncing the Guardians as "pinheads."

Yet Sulzer did not receive the Guardians' support after all. They, and a mysterious offshoot of theirs known in New York only as the P's¹ and extremely secretive as to membership, quit the Sulzer camp shortly before the election.

The explanation unearthed by the newspapers was that all had gone well until the state organizer of the P's, an ex-undertaker from Albany, demanded \$10,000 from Sulzer for the two organizations' support of his candidacy, which Sulzer indignantly refused to pay. For this cause among several, he was not elected.

Fourteen months passed before the Guardians won to the columns of the New York dailies again. They appeared in 1916 as the enemies of the Gary system which the board of education of New York City yearned to introduce into the New York schools.

General Miles and his comrades divined that the Pope had a hand in this agitation. A news story of January 21, 1916, relates how Miles and the Rev. Drs. William Milton Hess, Paul Buffa and Amadeo M. D. Riggio filled Cooper Union with an anti-Gary system mass meeting. The story goes on to say that every speaker, in his anxiety to leave no

¹ The New York *World* eventually discovered that P stood for Pathfinders.

Catholic hair unsinged, forgot completely to explain what the Gary system was.

When the United States declared war on the Imperial German government in April, 1917, the Guardians of Liberty were promptly forgotten. The Kaiser usurped the place of the Pope as Antichrist in the American demonology, and reigned in his stead for nigh four years, or until Edward Young Clarke pulmotored the Klan out of bankruptcy. With the Guardians sank out of sight the Knights of Luther, the Covenanters and the American Pathfinders.

The anti-papal gadfly which stung the Catholics deepest in those days, however, was none of these lodges. It was a newspaper that went by the name of *The Menace*.

Hardly any one who attained his or her majority prior to 1925 but will remember the smudgy little four-page firebrand that issued weekly out of Aurora, Missouri, hissing with every species of accusation against Catholicity. Freight cars paraded the hobo-chalked legend "Read *The Menace*" up and down the nation. Baptist and Methodist pastors in many a rural kirk were wont to read the paper from their pulpits in lieu of sermons. It was frowned upon publicly by conservative Protestants, but some of these told one another in private that it was doing a worthy work.

Catholics bellowed against the little sheet in pul-

pit and market-place. Knights of Columbus went through its every issue with magnifying glasses in search of grounds for libel actions. The Catholic press screamed anathema. *The Menace* gyrated and bawled unchecked.

The paper hurtled thus freely through its career by virtue of what many ardent churchmen consider a flaw in the law of libel, but for whose existence thoughtful citizens thank whatever gods may be. The alleged weakness consists in the fact — here stated generally, and subject to exceptions — that an individual or corporation may with impunity publish any sort of defamation of a part of a *class*, such as Roman Catholics, Knights of Columbus, nuns, prohibitionists or Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Baptists, so long as no special damage can be proved by an *individual* belonging to the part of the class so libeled.

Catholics made many an effort to have the libel laws remolded nearer to their hearts' desire to kill off *The Menace*, but without success. Father Rossman, a West Virginia divine, recovered a judgment of \$1,500 against *The Menace* for libel, but it is believed that this was the lone drop of blood drawn from the paper during its lusty life. One of the attorneys for the defense in Father Rossman's case argued that *The Menace's* reputation was so notorious as to render harmless anything it might say about anybody.

The paper was established at Aurora, Missouri, in 1911. Its senior editor, first and last, was the Rev. Dr. Theodore Walker, a Congregationalist minister. During most of its life its managing editor was Marvin Brown, its business manager Wilbur F. Phelps, its plant superintendent Bruce Malcolm Phelps. This quadrumvirate built up the paper from nothing to an octopus of the press boasting — and conceded by its bitterest enemies — a circulation of over 1,500,000 copies per week.

Its aims and ambitions, from which it immediately departed and remained away during its entire career, were thus set forth in Dr. Walker's maiden editorial:

“*The Menace* was not begun in a captious spirit, far from it, but with a profound conviction that a very grave and portentous menace confronts the American people, that needs to be given publicity.

“*The Menace* has no fight with the Roman religion for those who like it, as it relates to salvation and the future life.

“The threatening danger to American institutions, a free church, a free press, a free school, the right of private judgment in the matter of conscience — these the Roman church subordinates to the authority of its hierarchy.

“The private, humble communicant in the Catholic church has no choice what he is to believe — it is for him to obey the voice of the church.

"*The Menace* takes issue with this voice and not with the communicant; with the authorities that direct, and not the man or woman who feels compelled to obey.

"*The Menace*, therefore, enters a legitimate field of criticism open to all whether he be Catholic, Protestant, Greek or Jew, Mohammedan or Free-thinker.

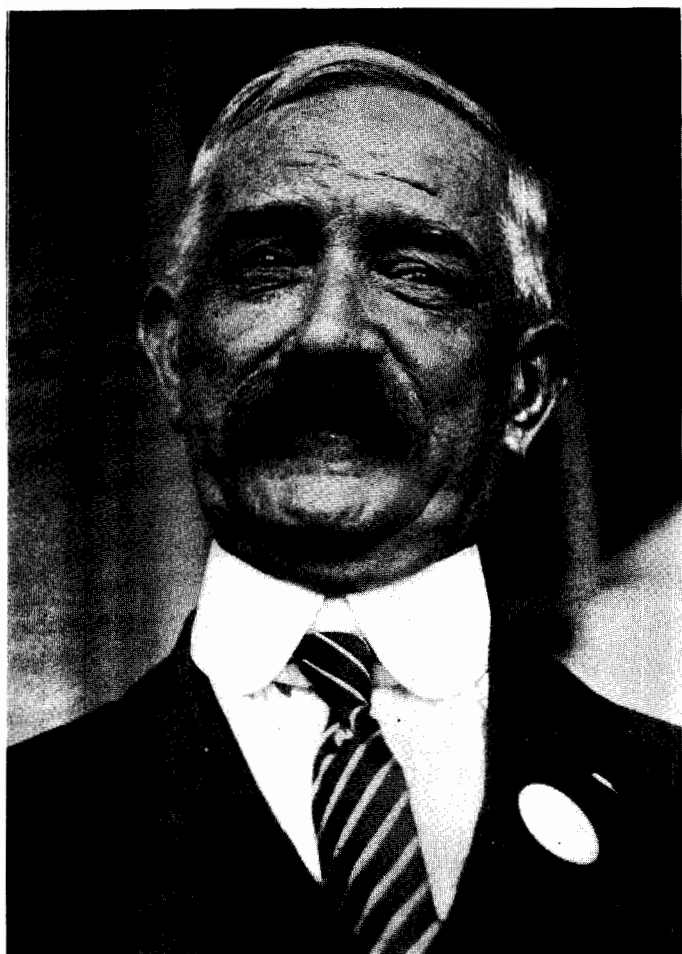
"If the Catholic church is a menace to American liberty and free institutions, the people ought to know it, especially the Catholic members.

"The only freedom that is worth having at all is that which the Christ announced when he said, 'and the truth shall make you free.'

"It is not a question of who utters condemnation against priestcraft and ecclesiastical interference in things belonging exclusively to the state; but, is the charge true?

"To assail the editor of *The Menace* or its publishers will avail nothing. The hierarchy must meet the impending crisis which *The Menace* believes is at hand or be driven from the field as in France, Germany, Spain and every great nation of modern times."

From its establishment through the first half of 1915, the paper took in a total in excess of \$3,000,000. Its circulation topped 1,400,000 copies per week within three years after the first issue appeared. Upton Sinclair might have concocted a



P. & A. Photo.

JAMES J. FLAHERTY
EX-SUPREME KNIGHT OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

sour footnote for his "The Profits of Religion" from the fact, unearthed by the Knights of Columbus and by them duly lamented, that in the first six months of 1914 *The Menace* earned \$500 on each \$100 share of stock.

Canada's postmaster-general barred the paper from the Dominion mails in April, 1914—which action pumped several thousand new subscriptions into the Aurora business office's maw.

A similar effect was produced by the prosecution of the paper's four sponsors on a charge of using the mails for the shipment of printed obscenities. The *Menace* trial was a direct result of activities of the Knights of Columbus. One Sir Knight Paul Bakewell, of Missouri, wrote a fiery letter to United States Postmaster-General Albert S. Burleson, demanding action against the paper. Landry Harwood, head of the Catholic order in Missouri, caused the letter to be printed and widely circulated. Pressure on the federal officials at Joplin became unendurable, and a federal grand jury in that city presently indicted Messrs. Walker, Brown, Phelps and Phelps.

The prosecution was based on two items: (1) a story published in *The Menace* of the alleged seduction of a young girl by a Roman Catholic priest, and (2) a book of ex-priest Jeremiah J. Crowley's, published by the *Menace* book concern and containing obscene questions alleged to have been pre-

scribed by St. Alphonsus Liguori in his *Moral Theology* as proper to be asked of young girls in the confessional — an old favorite of the anti-Catholic pamphleteers'.

It developed at the trial that Harwood, for the Knights, and E. V. Schneiderhahn for the American Federation of Catholic Societies, had been collecting files of *The Menace* for the two years last past, preparatory to this leap at the publication's brass-lined throat. The tide of battle raged up and down Judge Arba S. Van Valkenburgh's courtroom for four long and bloody days. Burning speeches were made to a befuddled jury by District Attorney Francis M. Wilson for the government and Messrs. J. L. McNatt and J. I. Sheppard for the defense. Later on, B. O. Flower wrote a book about the trial, wherein he compared the town of Joplin favorably with Harper's Ferry, Marathon, Salamis, Runnymede, Independence Hall and the Alamo. Through all the smoke and flame and cusswords *The Menace* staff won to an acquittal; and we are told that great was the rejoicing thereat in Joplin.

For the subsequent history of *The Menace*, we must turn to the masthead of *The New Menace*, which, at least until January 25, 1928, was issuing from Aurora, Missouri, as a weekly anti-Catholic paper whose chief pets were Senator J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama and William H. Anderson, late of Sing Sing and at this writing chieftain of the

American Protestant Alliance. The sheriff was on the trail of *The New Menace* with papers from the bank, "because so-called patriots fooled us with bad accounts," and a forced sale was threatened if \$2,500 were not paid by the date above named.

"Until the disastrous incendiary fire in December of 1919," says the masthead, "when its plant was destroyed (laying the groundwork for a long-drawn-out court battle), it (*The Menace*) carried on valiantly against political Romanism. In April of 1920 *The New Menace* rose from the ashes. . . ."

What did the Catholics do in these years by way of returning the Protestant hot shot? The Catholics were not long idle. They wrung hands and shrieked persecution for a space, then determined to gird on the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

On February 10, 1915, the supreme governing body of the Knights of Columbus appropriated \$50,000 to finance an investigation of the reasons for and sources of the various latter-day anti-Catholic movements. The committee appointed to conduct the probe comprised five eminent Knights: Col. P. H. Callahan, of Louisville, chairman; Joseph C. Pelletier, of Boston; Joseph Scott, of Los Angeles; Thomas A. Lawler, of Lansing, Michigan; and A. G. Bagley, of Vancouver, B. C.

This file of sappers and miners did a huge amount of interviewing and letter writing and

sifting of evidence. In August it turned in its first report.

"An anti-Catholic feeling, more or less excited," the committee had learned, "existed in every section of the country and practically in every community."

Which was no news at all to anybody. Nor was it exactly a discovery that the anti-Catholic feeling was "most conspicuous in political circles," though it was by no means absent from the business and social domains. The committee did produce an acute bit of analysis, however, in its paragraphs devoted to the classes of people from which most of the attacks on American Catholicity came:

"First: those who fail to appreciate the constitutional provision regarding freedom of religious worship or to understand the belief of those professing a religion other than their own.

"Secondly: those whose purpose is to destroy not only the Catholic religion, but all religion and all duly constituted government.

"Thirdly: perhaps the worst class comprises those who, despite their expressed motives of high purpose, are actuated solely by sordid mercenary considerations."

The chief objections entertained by Protestants to Catholics, the committee found, were two in number: first, that the Catholics were supposed to

be resolved to gain control of the public schools, and, secondly, that they were thought to owe civil allegiance to the Pope. Both of these charges the committee noisily denied.

It was when the committee worked around to a narration of its own activities against anti-Catholicism that its report grew interesting. Several California Masons, for example, had been induced to read the Knights of Columbus ritual from beginning to end, and had proclaimed it a noble document. The once bitterly anti-papal *Harper's Weekly* had been prevailed upon to publish a debate on Catholicism, Father Francis Kelly of the Catholic Extension handling the pen for the Catholics against W. W. Prescott of the *Protestant Magazine*. These were the major love feasts and manly facings of the issue which the committee had brought about and now reported with just pride.

The higher blather had been called to the committee's aid on several occasions, and the more exquisite samples were set down at length in the report. For instance, a Baptist journal having remarked editorially that "it is the belief of Catholics that we are a nation of adulterers," Colonel Callahan's trusty apologists for the faith acidly replied:

"It is the belief of Catholics that marriages of Protestants are valid regardless of who officiates;

indeed, we feel that we have a greater regard for the validity of these marriages than many Protestants, since we consider them binding until death."

Inquired the same Baptist paper some time afterward: "Why does President Wilson have a Catholic secretary?" to which Colonel Callahan retorted:

"A similar question could be asked of me: 'Why does Mr. Callahan have a Baptist secretary?' and the same answer would apply, namely, secretaries and other assistants are selected not on account of their religion, but on their merits, as they should be."

The Callahan committee never failed to send a grateful letter to any non-Catholic clergyman or editorial writer whenever such an individual gave utterance to a sentiment friendly to the Catholic church. The committee's report handed formal accolades to Dr. Washington Gladden, Congregationalist; Methodist Bishop Williams; the Rev. J. Faville, Congregationalist; Dr. W. M. Walker, Baptist; Dr. D. M. Milner, Presbyterian; and the Rev. George A. Carstenson, Protestant Episcopalian; also to the *Hartford Courant*, *Louisville Evening Post*, *St. Louis Republic*, *Dallas News*, *New York American*, and *Chicago Examiner*.

Many Catholics felt that the Associated Press

was discriminating against them in its treatment of news dispatches. Colonel Callahan told in the committee report of an interview he had with Edgar T. Cutter, assistant manager of the A.P., who had very kindly agreed to see that no cause for complaint on this score should arise in future. Mr. Cutter seems to have told the colonel that the trouble lay with the churchmen themselves, who appeared, like many other people, to believe the press services and newspapers got their tips from the Ouija board and gathered their facts by telepathy. Colonel Callahan warned all his co-religionists to be diligent in reporting to the press every church function from a sodality meeting to a eucharistic congress.

The committee's second report, submitted a year after the first, contained more of the same, coupled with a recommendation that the committee's life be prolonged and its funds increased. Unfortunately for this hope, however, the compilers of the report included therein the news that *The Menace's* circulation had dropped from 1,500,000 to 500,000 copies per week in the year just past. The latest Armageddon was patently entering its last stage. The Callahan committee was thanked by the Knights and returned to the ranks. This occurred in August of 1916.

And, indeed, the mild storm was about over. The World War was raging in Europe; the *Lusita-*

nia had been sunk by a German U-boat having no discoverable connection with the Pope; the nation was filled with the bellowings of pro-ally and pro-German sympathizers; our feet were tapping in rhythm with the war drums and would soon go marching to those drums; the time had come again to forget religious hatreds for hatreds that had some basis in reason.

But the Ku Klux Klan of the twentieth century had been begotten, nevertheless. It was the fruit of the crossing of Guardians of Liberty, *Menace*, Knights of Luther, with Knights of Columbus and Catholic clerics. Its parturition could afford to await the war's ending; for elephantine was to be that birth.

CHAPTER XXX

THE ERA OF THE KLAN

THE story of religious hates in this country here enters its latest chapter; not its last chapter, for there will be wars of the sects in the future as in the past — and a good thing, too — but its latest.

Largest and loudest of the agencies for the propagation of envy, hatred and malice amongst Christians in the United States after our armies' triumphant return from the World War was the order known as the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. For this reason the history of the wars of the so-called godly in America from 1919 into 1928 is for all practical purposes the history of the Klan.

There would have been a Protestant-Catholic conflict following the war in any event. The Klan simply was first in the field with a sales talk appealing to the various forms of hatred that stirred in bosoms on the Tiber's farther side.

We were demobilizing in 1919. Millions of us had acquired the military state of mind, which prefers direct and hard-boiled action to orderly and legal procedures. We had lost but little blood in the

war, comparatively speaking. Many of us would have been overjoyed to go on fighting.

The Protestant — meaning the evangelical — churches had lately won their greatest political victory: the enactment of the eighteenth amendment to the United States Constitution by a Congress cowering under the bludgeons of the Anti-Saloon League. Wartime prohibition had been in force for a considerable time previous to the amendment's taking effect.

American evangelicalism's insatiable desire to compel people to be good was bearing its inevitable fruit: more and more Americans were kicking over the social and sexual conventions, going in for a good time on this earth and devil take the hereafter, and turning up at church only for christenings, weddings and funerals. The Catholic church, on the other hand, was hauling in converts by the netful every day, gathering to itself more and more lands and buildings and schools and printing presses, and, most important of all, filling every one of its churches at every mass, high or low. Had Protestants not gone forth to battle, then justly could it have been said that the blood of the Covenanters and Orangemen was run thin into degenerate days.

Into this crackling field of social forces projected himself William Joseph Simmons.

As every one now knows, Simmons gathered a few choice comrades together atop Stone Moun-

tain, near Atlanta, Georgia, on Thanksgiving night in 1915, and in the eery light of the Fiery Cross, symbol of the order, administered to them the oath of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

Simmons dreamed of a mighty and militant lodge which should in some manner repeat and outdo the noble deeds of the Ku Klux Klan of 1866, organized by southern white men to blackjack the carpet-bagger into decency and frighten fool Yankee notions of equality out of the head of the negro. Simmons himself had been a Methodist camp-meeting shouter, a lodge organizer, a lodge joiner, traveling salesman, and whatnot besides. His personal habits were unimpeachable, which was more than could be said of some of the queer fish who eventually wormed their way into the Imperial Kloncilium and deposed him. His idealism was so profound as to insure the new lodge's complete impotency for so long a time as he should remain in supreme control of the aulic of the Imperial Wizard at the Imperial City of Atlanta.

The Klan's first five years equaled those of the A.P.A. for innocuousness and obscurity. The dreamy ex-divine, armed with all the pulling power inherent in his order's weird-titled hierarchy of Goblins and Giants, Klokards and Cyclops and Kligrapps, was able to enroll not more than five thousand members between 1915 and 1920,

while his followers did nothing more spectacular in that period than to burn five negro churches in the state of Georgia.

Growth began when William Joseph Simmons met Edward Young Clarke. Clarke was an experienced lodge organizer; he knew the deep love which the average American bears for a uniform; he perceived that, properly worked, Simmons's fraternity of the white sheets and the peaked masks could be made a gold mine. Better still, Simmons as if by inspiration had made provision for practically every hate an American white Protestant Gentile can feel and had nailed them all into the following single paragraph of the Klan oath:

"I swear that I will most zealously and valiantly shield and preserve, by any and all justifiable means and methods, the sacred constitutional rights and privileges of free public schools, free speech, free press, separation of church and state, liberty, white supremacy, just laws, and the pursuit of happiness, against any encroachment, of any nature, by any person or persons, political party or parties, religious sect or people, native, naturalized, or foreign of any race, color, creed, lineage, or tongue whatsoever."

Bound by this oath a Klansman could hate the negroes if he lived down south, the Catholics in all the cities, the foreigners in the industrial towns,

the I.W.W. in the West, the Jews in New York, and the bootleggers and harlots of whom he was not a personal friend anywhere.

Clarke speedily entered into a written contract with Simmons. The instrument was dated June 7, 1920. It made Clarke Imperial Kleagle, subject to the orders of Imperial Wizard Simmons; but out of every \$10 initiation fee garnered from the patriots about to be herded into the klaverns Clarke was to receive \$8, while Simmons was to draw a flat salary of \$75 a week. The panther, in a word, took pie crust and gravy and meat, while the owl got the spoon as his share of the treat. Clarke did agree to stand the home offices' running expenses.

Immediately Clarke fired up his engines of lodge organization and grapevine publicity, the Klan sprang to life. Silent, menacing parades of hooded and robed men became the order of the night in southern towns. The negroes of Jacksonville, Florida, were warned against lawlessness at the polls by one of these processions on October 30, 1920, the Clarke-Simmons contract being then but four and one-half months old. Anonymous and dreadfully worded warnings of an impending crusade against bootleggers and roadside petters appeared in Anniston, Alabama, in December of that year. A Ku Klux parade admonished the loafers of Columbus, Georgia, on — of all occasions — Christmas day, 1920.

The Klan was not pre-eminently anti-Catholic in the early stages of its rise to power. For this the obvious reason was that it spread first through the South, where there were few Catholics to hate. Even so, it did what it could in its humble way with the materials at hand by circulating a story that the Catholics were secretly arming the negroes for an eventual revolt against southern white supremacy.

When the Klan came to New York in 1921, Mayor John F. Hylan went forth to give it battle. Hylan's first crusade against the Klan was not waged on any issue of religious complexion, but because Hylan said New York had no room for an organization which fostered racial antagonisms. Incidentally, negroes are notoriously Republican in politics — there were at that time about 90,000 negroes in New York City — and Hylan was a Democratic mayor.

The Klan was by this time attaining to the dignity of a National Menace in the eyes of many excellent people. The New York *World* published its famous exposure of the order in the spring of 1921. One Henry P. Fry, who had joined the Klan in Tennessee, had resigned and turned over his knowledge of the inner circles to the *World*. The Klan oaths were published, its hatreds for negro, Jew, Catholic and foreigner broadcast in screaming front-page spreads, several of its officials charged with lewdness or lightness of finger. Every

searchlight available to the *World* was turned on the smoke screens hurriedly thrown up by Simmons, Clarke, and Clarke's lady friend, the Empress Elizabeth Tyler. Net results of the exposure were a circulation jump of 100,000 copies a day for the *World* and a huge increase in membership for the Klan, which made so much money that it was able to take over Lanier University in Atlanta and to build what it called an Imperial Palace for the Wizard and his go-getting King Kleagle.

Whenever the Klan penetrated a community where Roman Catholics were numerous, its hatred turned upon them. And as Catholics were by now numerous in every state except the traditionally southern ones, nine-tenths of the Klan's political fights and riots in the North and West were over the religious issue. The arguments were of the good old orthodox anti-papal variety, without a new one to break the monotony or make a historian's task interesting.

The Catholics were not slow to return the Klansmen's fire. To Patrick, Cardinal (then Archbishop) Hayes of New York appears to have fallen the honor of hurling the first formal Catholic denunciation at the new dragon's head. This he did on October 16, 1921, at a meeting held by the Catholic Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Services. Archbishop Sebastian G. Messmer of Milwaukee, however, was already agog, having begun an in-

quiry into the Klan's progress in his domain late in the previous month.

Congress was investigating the Klan by the time Archbishop Hayes thundered. Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty had caused Detective William J. Burns to gather evidence in regard to the Klan, which Daugherty laid before President Harding in September, 1921. The House Committee on Resolutions conducted hearings during October, Simmons being the most prominent of the numerous witnesses who testified. It was decided that the hearings should be discontinued when the information was gleaned that the Klan had 126,000 paid-up members, more than \$1,000,000, and a good chance of sweeping the country as Know-Nothingism and the A.P.A. had done aforetime.

Revolt against Clarke and Simmons began in the fall of that year. Grand Goblin H. B. Terrell yearned for the official head of Clarke. Clarke captured Terrell's head instead; there were suits and countersuits; the upshot was a meeting at Philadelphia in December for the formation of an independent Klan, which was seldom heard from afterward.

In August, 1922, the national board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians decided that all good lodge brothers must fight the Klan — as if they were not already doing so by press and ballot and boycott. The same summer saw the Knights of Co-



P. & A. Photo.

DR. HIRAM WESLEY EVANS
IMPERIAL WIZARD, KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

lumbus begin an organized anti-Klan campaign of publicity and propaganda.

And some time in the late fall of 1922, Hiram Wesley Evans of Dallas, Texas, became Imperial Wizard. Simmons was retired with the title of Emperor For Life.

Under Evans's leadership the Klan entered into the third, and at this writing apparently the last, phase of its earthly career. Simmons dreamed of leading a band of twentieth-century American knights, without fear and without reproach. Clarke rounded up a crew of negro haters, harlot floggers, Methodist and Baptist pastors, anti-Catholic monomaniacs, bootleggers, peanut politicians, dry agents and an indeterminate number of honest people. Evans, dentist, thirty-second degree Mason, he-man, go-getter, dealer in polysyllabic English, led the order into state and national politics.

That the Klan was in politics, Evans for long somewhat vehemently denied. He drew this fine distinction in an article which the *World's Work* published in January, 1928:

"We do not maintain any shadow of a political organization such as is able to get out the vote; we do not attempt to elect our members to office; we never ask our members to vote in any particular way or for any particular men, and much less do we attempt to 'deliver' a vote. If the Klan vote is cast

solidly, as often happens, it is because we have proved certain things to our members. We do not even attempt to influence legislation, except on points that indisputably fall under the principles outlined.

"In other words, we are not 'in politics.' Our only political activity is to inform and educate our members about measures or the character of candidates, and to show them in what way the fundamental principles of Americanism bear on any particular situation."

Of a man who can thus pithily describe the Catholicizing of the Protestant mind in matters secular, apparently without knowing what he is describing, one naturally desires to know more. Perhaps the most luminous character sketch of Dr. Evans in print is to be found in the Klan's official magazine, the *Kourier*, for September, 1926, under the title "The Man Every American Should Know: An Appreciation by the Editor." In this short but masterly article, Dr. Evans is compared, in breathtaking succession and quite favorably, with Jesus the Christ, the prophets Moses and Jeremiah, Savonarola, Abraham Lincoln and the apostle Paul, and is in addition termed "the most average man in America."

"His faith," the reader is advised, "is vocal, being alive. His faith is virile. It is idealistic; there-

fore, unselfish. He wears himself out in body, and deprives himself of that intense desire of all active minds — the chance to study — for the purpose of being a voice crying in the wilderness.”

As if this were not enough to fill one man’s every earthly day,

“He is vitality personified, subjecting his body to ordeals that would kill a man not made of iron, and subjecting his brain to feats that would cause mental fatigue in many another. He can wear out a dozen men in a day. . . .”

All of which is no more fulsome or inept than the things a parish priest with a couple of glasses of wine under his belt will tell you about his ordinary, or the printed encomiums a Catholic diocesan paper will heap upon an archbishop or a visiting cardinal.

Evans began his much touted cleanup of the graft-ridden Imperial Klondike immediately upon his accession to power. A good deal of money was diverted from the pockets of Giants and Goblins to publicity and proselyting activities. Evans began to write long articles and make long speeches. These utterances were published by the Klan under such titles as “The Klan Spiritual,” “The Public School Problem in America,” “The Menace of Modern Immigration,” “The Attitude of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan Toward the Roman

Catholic Hierarchy," and so on. One and all present the spectacle of what happens when the high-powered rationalizations of Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, *et al.*, are passed through the low-powered but acquisitive mind of a Dallas hundred per cent American. We forbear to quote from them here. None contains a single political thought that was not expressed in the Native American party's Philadelphia Address of 1845, digested in a previous chapter. Modern instances are injected, and the ancient nativist ideas are retold in the high-flown and sloppy style beloved of people who enjoy the sound of words which they cannot understand and hence do not feel themselves obligated to ponder upon.

These endeavors of the Klan to become as respectable as Rotary International or the Knights of Columbus were handicapped somewhat by the Mer Rouge, Louisiana, murders which shocked the nation in the late fall of 1922. The story of the kidnaping, torturing to death and sinking in Lake La Fourche of two village cut-ups, by persons alleged to have belonged to the Morehouse Klan, has been told with infinite detail by a well-nigh infinite number of other writers. Religion did not enter particularly into this double murder. No one was hanged, and a Jew eventually became sheriff of Morehouse.

In the same period the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton of Calvary Baptist church, the fundamen-

talist Vatican at New York City, was accused of making his church a Klan recruiting station. Straton had permitted the Rev. Oscar Haywood, a strolling evangelist, to use Calvary Baptist as his headquarters. Haywood was later found to be National Klokard (lecturer) of the Klan. Mayor Hylan again ordered war on the organization, whereupon Straton ordered Haywood elsewhere. Announcement that any city employee found to be a Klansman would lose his job was the administration's chief contribution, aside from sky-splitting volumes of wind, to this battle. A correspondent signing himself Fair Play wrote to the *New York Times* to demand an investigation of the Knights of Columbus — which was not held.

The Catholic hierarchy again became vocal against the Klan in that winter of 1922-23. Archbishop Curley denounced it from Baltimore, Monsignor F. H. Wall besought the Knights of Columbus anew to fight the reincarnation of the A.P.A. Other prelates and priests trundled the big guns of oratory into the field, and were still firing at intervals when this volume went to press.

Herrin, Illinois, may as well be mentioned here as at any other point in this chapter. The little coal town, peopled by descendants of the pioneers who settled Illinois and rotten with traditions out of feudist times in America, was a damn-your-enemy, kill-him-first hamlet from the beginning. Prohibition made it a bootlegging center in addi-

tion to the several species of unsavory place it already was. Many Christians in Herrin, both Catholic and Protestant, were of the most militant type and quick on the draw. Shootings were periodical and almost invariably fatal in Herrin. The most noteworthy death was the violent one suffered by S. Glenn Young, a dry crusader and gunman hired by the Klan to reform Herrin. This widely acclaimed event took place on January 24, 1925.

In the spring of 1923 State Senator James J. Walker, later mayor of New York City, presented his anti-Klan bill to the New York legislature, which passed it after considerable debate. The bill, which Governor Smith promptly signed, called for the yearly filing by unincorporated associations of their membership lists, by-laws and oaths. As the Klan still technically kept its membership rolls a dark secret, though every politician in the land could name almost every Kluxer in his district, the order was greatly excited and insulted by the passage of the Walker law. It evaded the enactment with an agility worthy of a Roman Catholic archbishop attempting to explain to a Protestant just how it is that his sect does and yet does not regard the marriage of a Catholic to a Protestant as valid. In the course of its twistings and dodgings the Klan became known in New York as Alpha Pi Sigma, an incorporated fraternity and hence not amenable to the Walker law.

Hearst's International magazine exposed the Klan in the spring and summer of 1923, publishing documents stolen by a Klan employee from the Atlanta offices. The chief bit of shame flung out to the breeze in this series of articles was evidence of a vast and nonsensical Ku Klux plan to take over the United States government bag and baggage and operate the same for the benefit of white Protestant native American Gentiles. The Klan tried by injunction to stop publication of the exposures, but lost the suit.

November, 1923, saw the removal of Klan national headquarters from Atlanta to Indianapolis, where "Old Man" D. C. Stephenson ruled supreme as master of the Klan in the state of Indiana. The order returned to the old home some years later. On February 13, 1928, it was reported that the Klan had leased a house, to be used as its national headquarters, at 1723 Rhode Island Avenue, W., Washington, D. C., as close as might be to the lordly Dupont Circle.

At about the same time (November, 1923) Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama imprudently declared himself opposed to the Klan and everything it stood for, with the result that the outraged Methodists and Baptists of Alabama retired him to private life after his Presidential boom went to smash at the Democratic convention of 1924.

The D. C. Stephenson mentioned above was per-

haps the most picturesque character that ever spat tobacco juice on a klavern floor. His dummy telephone into which, for the edification of office callers, he used to bellow orders to President Harding; the cream-colored airplane that bore him from the skies into the middle of many a pop-eyed Klan field meeting in rural Indiana; his projected card-index system of espionage upon every soul in that state; his ambitions, his Klan-got riches, the damning secrets he held over the head of numberless Indiana boodlemen — all this pomp and vanity caved when he was placed on trial for the murder of Madge Oberholtzer and was committed to the penitentiary for life. Stephenson's story in full belongs in a history of Indiana politics rather than in this volume.

An estimate of the Klan's strength at the opening of 1924 was made by Stanley Frost, an authority on the order, for the *Outlook*. Mr. Frost calculated that there were then a little less than 4,500,000 Ku Klux Klansmen in the United States, and that the membership was divided approximately as follows:

Indiana, Ohio (each)	500,000
Texas	400,000
Oklahoma, Oregon, California, New York (each)	200,000
Arkansas, Washington, Kansas, Mis-	

souri, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee (each) 50,000 to 200,000

The most sensational victory ever won by either party to the religious fight in America was the placing upon the statute books of Oregon of the famous Oregon school law. This the Oregon voters did in the election of November, 1922. The law provided fines and/or jail sentences for any parent or guardian of a child between the ages of eight and sixteen years who did not send such child to a school maintained by the state. Obviously this law, if sustained, would kill all the parochial and private elementary and high schools in Oregon. For thirty months Catholicity the nation over saw nightly a-stalk in America the ghosts of Henry VIII, Victor Emmanuel and Prince Otto von Bismarck. Then the United States Supreme Court declared the Oregon school law unconstitutional. Said the court in part:

“ The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the state; those who nurture him and direct

his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

Two Oregon institutions brought the test suit which eventually killed this law: the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, and the non-sectarian Hill Military Academy. Briefs *amici curiæ* were filed by the North Pacific Union Conference, Seventh Day Adventists, Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the American Jewish Committee. Commented Nelson Collins, a Protestant opponent of the Oregon school law writing in the Catholic *Commonweal*:

"As a matter of fact the Ku Klux Klan had next to nothing to do with the inception of the Oregon school law." It was "the proud product of the Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction."

Similar laws were proposed twice in Michigan and once in the state of Washington, but failed of enactment.

The states wherein the Klan reached the peak of its political power throughout its career to 1928 were Oregon, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, Indiana, Maine, Ohio, Colorado and California. Its battles with "Ma" and "Pa" Ferguson in Texas, J. C. Walton in Oklahoma, and

Ben B. Lindsey in Denver, would demand for their adequate narration more space than is here available. The religious issue was only incidental to these Klan crusades.

June, 1924, saw the bloodiest Klan riot in the order's history from 1915 to 1928. The fight was occasioned by a Klan demonstration held at Lilly, Pennsylvania. A terrific fight was had by the minions of the Pope and the standard bearers of militant Protestantism, and four persons were killed. Twenty-five Klansmen and four of their opponents were later charged with murder. All but one were convicted, at Evansburg, of unlawful assemblage and affray, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment apiece.

The same month saw also the Democratic national convention at New York City, of which more later.

Most prominent among several orders organized by Catholics to fight the Klan with its own fire was the Knights of the Flaming Circle, or Red Knights. Any one not a Protestant, so the lodge's prospectus stated, was eligible for membership. The Flaming Circle was never strong outside Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. Its noblest achievement in the interest of peace on earth and good-will among men was precipitation of the riot at Niles, Ohio, a week before the 1924 national election. The Klan, desiring to parade in Niles, sought a permit from Mayor

H. L. Kistler. Protest was registered by the Knights of the Flaming Circle, shortly following which a mysterious bomb wrecked Kistler's home. The Klan duly paraded, and the Flaming Circleites rushed the procession. Twelve were wounded. Governor Donahey ordered state troops to Niles, and himself took command. Investigation followed; 104 were indicted; ten of these pleaded guilty and paid fines. All ten were anti-Klan sympathizers.

A series of Klan and anti-Klan riots disturbed the peace of Massachusetts in the spring of 1923. The Klan insisted on parading or meeting publicly in Northbridge, Berlin, Gardner, Clinton and elsewhere. It is impossible to say who opens the festivities in almost any riot that occurs anywhere. But a crowd of Klansmen in white robes and hoods constitutes a splendid target for bricks and tomatoes, while the average lodge brother in a uniform is too self-conscious to be capable of starting a fight. The inference to this writer seems inescapable that, in almost every Klan riot, actual fighting is begun by enemies of the Klan.

Indeed, this theory is strengthened by a brief consideration of what went on prior to the final reluctant grant of a permit by the Washington, D. C., authorities for the famous Klan parade of August 8, 1925, through Pennsylvania Avenue. The three groups of Americans most bitterly hated by the Klan were unable to show themselves superior

to hatred. Far from it. Catholics, Jews and negroes must needs shower President Coolidge, for weeks in advance of the ceremony, with protests against any countenancing of the parade, with masks or without. The colored bloc held on longest of all: on the very day of the parade, the harried chief executive received a last telegraphic scream of anguish from the Northeastern Federation of Colored Women's Clubs.

To the mind not molded for reverence, there is something funny about every religious squabble. Probably because the most fanatic Protestant is a shade less sophisticated than the most fanatic Catholic, the truly superb feats of burlesquerie generally come from the Protestant side of these battles.

Of historic, perchance never-to-be-forgotten, fame was the Rev. Dr. C. Lewis Fowler's discovery of the true cause of the death, at San Francisco on August 2, 1923, of President Warren Gamaliel Harding. Dr. Fowler was editor-in-chief of the Klan weekly known as *The American Standard*, which was published at New York City during the Klan's three best years. Fowler it was who made the astounding disclosure that the President had not died of pneumonia, as every one including so respectable an authority as the Encyclopædia Britannica supposed, but had been jollied into the hereafter by hypnotic, telepathic thought waves

generated in the brains of Jesuit adepts. The writer attempted to obtain from Dr. Fowler the story behind this tremendous news beat; but a letter addressed to him at Toronto, Ontario, where the Protestant journal, the *Fellowship Forum*, supposed him to be living, was returned as undeliverable.

Almost the equal of the Fowler scoop was the North Manchester, Indiana, incident. In the fall of 1923, some jokesmith circulated through this town a report that the Pope was to dwell incognito at North Manchester until such time as his residence at Washington should be ready for occupancy and all arrangements completed for his taking over of the United States government. Further, it was said, His Holiness would arrive at North Manchester on the evening train. The nation's need of a few more elementary schools, at least in Indiana, was demonstrated by the gathering at the railroad station that evening of fifteen hundred persons to await the pontiff's arrival.

Christmastide in Salt Lake City, Utah, 1925, brought with it an order from the city authorities that Salvation Army and department store Santa Clauses must operate without beards. The Klan had lately been hit by an anti-mask ordinance, and this was the method it chose for hitting back.

Numerous Methodist and Baptist pastors here and there having been discovered functioning as Cyclops's and Kleagles, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes

of the Illinois area, Methodist Episcopal church, denounced the Klan in March, 1926. Dr. Hughes's dictum was not followed by any wholesale public withdrawal of Methodists from the Klan, nor did that organization retract its published statement that:

"It is not claimed or intended that the Klan be a church, or that it take the place of the church, but it is intended that the Klan be a powerful adjunct to the Protestant church."

On July 17, 1926, the Rev. J. Frank Norris, pastor of the First Baptist church of Fort Worth, Texas, shot and killed D. E. Chipps. Chipps was a Mason and a Shriner, but, Norris charged, a regular attendant at a Fort Worth Catholic church. Norris was a veteran evangelist and anti-Catholic crusader. Norris claimed that he shot in self-defense, but asked that he be indicted for murder — which unusual request the grand jury promptly granted. His church stood solidly behind Norris, and Fort Worth was split from top to bottom along Catholic-Protestant lines of cleavage. A change of venue was had, to Austin; Norris told his story on the witness stand; the jury acquitted him amid the hosannas of the Protestants and the wailings of the Catholics.

On Memorial day, 1927, various patriotic and veterans' organizations paraded at Jamaica, in the

borough of Queens, Greater New York. The Jamaica Klan had announced its intention to be among those present, and a place had been assigned to it in the parade, whereupon the Knights of Columbus had charitably and patriotically stated that they might see fit to withdraw from participation. When the line of march formed, the Klan was there, both Knights and Ladies, in full uniform but with faces unmasked.

The Queens police forbade the Protestant order to march. When the Klansmen and Klanswomen insisted on marching, some of the police sought to head off the leaders. A running fight was the result. No one was seriously injured, with the possible exception of the American Eagle.

A grand jury called to consider the riot failed to indict any one, but it did issue a statement blaming the police, and sent the minutes of its proceedings to Mayor James J. Walker. Two Klansmen were later sentenced to the workhouse for thirty days each as for disorderly conduct, Judge Healy of Special Sessions telling one of them:

“You are a thug and a loafer. You don’t belong in Queens county and were brought here as a strong arm.”

None of the police lost their jobs. The New York City police force, as everybody knows, has for many years been composed largely of Irishmen. The only



P. & A. Photo.

AN INCIDENT IN POLICE-KLAN RIOT, JAMAICA, L. I., N. Y., MEMORIAL DAY, 1927

conclusion to be drawn from the Norris murder trial as contrasted with the Jamaica riot is contained in the acid epigram of Prof. Leon Whipple, to be found in *The Story of Civil Liberty in the United States*, that "who has power has liberty."

Fanaticism went on the air early in 1926, with the establishment of Radio Station WHAP in New York. This station was supported by Mrs. Augusta Stetson's schismatic Christian Science church, and its star broadcaster was a Catholic-baiter named Franklin Ford. His wares were the usual: alleged Jesuit and priestly oaths, lore of ex-nun and ex-priest, the fell designs of Rome upon Washington. A zealous New York City judge barred Ford from jury duty on the ground of his religious bias. The appellate court restored his rights, remarking that the United States Constitution extended its protection even to those who were unworthy of it.

WHAP's nightly stream of anti-Catholic vibrations was combated by the Paulist Fathers' station, WLWL. The Paulists did not enter into direct controversies with Ford, but contented themselves chiefly with the broadcasting of better music and more varied speeches than rolled from the towers of WHAP.

CHAPTER XXXI

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

THE man who in 1928 seemed destined to put religious warfare into the American background for another generation began his growth to the proportions of a national figure about the year 1920. True enough, in November of that year Alfred E. Smith failed of re-election as governor of New York. But he came back in 1922 to roll up a record-smashing majority over Nathan I. Miller. The people of New York killed any anti-third-term tradition they may once have revered by sweeping him back into office in 1924, and gave the thing all the appearance of an established folkway by making him governor a fourth time in 1926.

Meanwhile, Smith had grown to be the outstanding Presidential possibility among the pitifully few of those desirables whom the Democratic party could boast of possessing. The Republican party was in power at Washington during the period, and right expertly did it sidestep all suggestions that it commit itself nationally on the issue which occupied most people's thoughts and filled the bulk of the space allotted by the newspapers to matters political.

This issue was federal prohibition, alleged to have been effectuated on January 16, 1920, by the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution. That amendment's enactment has already been alluded to.

Prohibition was a Protestant political achievement, and every adult in the United States knew it to have been such. It was kicked and bullied through Congress and the state legislatures by the most powerful extra-party political organization in American history, the Anti-Saloon League. This group called itself "the church in action against the saloon" — and "church" thus used meant Protestant church. The Catholic church, by virtue of its claim to dominion over moral questions, is necessarily opposed to any morality statute promulgated by the secular arm — except when it is privileged to move the muscles of the secular arm. Its clergy, with isolated exceptions, never had traffic with the Anti-Saloon League, while its press was in full cry against prohibition the moment the new law's failure was perceived to be a fact.

Smith was in creed a Roman Catholic. He was also an anti-prohibitionist. New York repealed its state dry enforcement law amid public rejoicing in 1923, and Smith signed the repealer bill. His political grooms attempted to bedizen him as a semi-dry late in 1927, but no one was fooled. He himself declared in a granitic statement that he believed in

enforcement of all laws, but reserved the right to work for the repeal of any law he did not like, letting it be understood that he did not like the prohibition law.

Prohibition, further, was an idea born and bred in the country districts and small towns of the United States. Westerville, Ohio, was the birth-place and home town of the Anti-Saloon League. Rural Methodist and Baptist pastors were the worthies who, for the most part, consolidated the League's hold on the nation. Prohibition's eventual conquest of the United States was thus not only a Protestant victory but also a victory of farm over town, village over metropolis.

And Alfred E. Smith was a native son of the world's largest metropolis and, in the eyes of the rustics, its wickedest. He smoked good cigars and played golf and belonged to clubs and, presumably, drank cocktails. He might be, as he was, one of the few statesmen alive in America, and as democratic personally as Woodrow Wilson was reserved; but no matter. He was a city slicker, and so the village Puritans would have none of him, calling him Alcohol Al and damning him from their pulpits for a papist and a graduate of perfidious Tammany.

Yet, so violent was the nausea which prohibition brought upon the nation, so destitute of leaders was Smith's party, and so enormous was Smith's personal popularity, that one fact became plainer

and plainer as time rolled out from 1920. That fact was that, while the Republicans would probably remain in power until 1932 anyway, the Democrats could hope to elect a president before 1932 only if they would run Smith.

The rub came in the "solid" South. Not only was the South solidly Democratic: it was solidly dry so far as voting went, though its per capita consumption of corn liquor was not known to have decreased since 1920; and in huge patches it was anti-Catholic.

Smith as a Presidential candidate could hope to carry more of the urban and industrial states than could any other Democrat. But what would happen in the South should his party nominate Smith?

The Democrats shrank from the gamble at their national convention in New York City in June, 1924. More than one hundred ballots failed to squeeze a candidate out of the deadlock between Smith and William G. McAdoo, pride of the farmers and the dries and the Ku Kluxers. Compromise was finally made upon John W. Davis.

Davis upset the last Democratic apple cart when, shortly after his nomination, he denounced the Klan by name. His party, by a majority of one vote, had decided not to do this in its campaign platform. Most of Davis's Catholics and wets had long since deserted him for Calvin Coolidge (Republican), who could point to a period of prosper-

ity as a reason why he should be re-elected, or for LaFollette and Wheeler (Farmer-Labor), who were promising the Year of Jubilo to the farmers and the parlor Bolsheviks. Coolidge returned in triumph to the White House. The Klan boasted without interruption from 1924 to 1928 that it had beaten Smith and saved America from rum, Romanism and the city fellows.

"Our enemies, and some of our friends," explained Imperial Wizard Evans in the *World's Work* for January, 1928, "charge or credit us with the débâcle of the last Democratic National Convention, and with the defeat of Mr. Davis that followed. There is some truth in the charge; to be sure, the Klan was not present as an organization or with an organized force of delegates on the floor of the convention, but it was present as an intangible force. Delegates were afraid of what we might do!"

With the approach of the 1928 Presidential campaign, the same old problem presented itself to the Democratic party. Smith had regained his once menaced health through the years between, and had greatly increased his national political stature by attending strictly to his gubernatorial business in New York. McAdoo formally announced in 1927 that he would not try again, later piping up in mid-western and southern towns with several violently

dry speeches which gave rise to the suspicion that he might have thought better of his withdrawal.

Other possible Democratic candidates were Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, a wet; Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, a dry Catholic; Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, wet; Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, dry; and Senator J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama, anti-Catholic and practically nothing else.

Most readers of these paragraphs will probably guffaw at the inclusion of Heflin's name in this list. But he was the darling of the Klan, by reason of his doughty attacks on the Pope from the floor of the United States Senate. And regardless of numerous published estimates of the Klan's waning strength, the fact remained that nobody knew whether the Klan was waning in 1928 or not. If the case histories of the Native Americans, Know-Nothings and A.P.A. could furnish any guide, the Klan was about ready to enter its last illness; but the only generalization which invariably holds true in politics is that you never can tell.

Heflin's intrepid assaults on the Roman menace formed one of the features of the Senatorial circus for many a long and weary day. Whenever an opportunity presented itself, the overfleshed, pink-cheeked, canary-waistcoated Adonis from Alabama would heave to his feet and bellow denunciation of Catholicism into the surrounding air — which air

quickly cleared of almost all human occupancy save the sound of that voice. Anti-Catholics everywhere swallowed whole cubic feet of the Heflin eloquence, patted their shirtfronts and cried for more. Alabama klaverns and a Protestant minister here and there fee'd the Senator for delivering his message in person to his constituency. The only loud and jovial retort he drew forth in many moons was a set of resolutions introduced in the Alabama House of Representatives by one Lee Edmundson of Jefferson county in August, 1927. The Edmundson lampoon jeered as follows:

"Whereas, the United States of America is in grave danger of an attack by the Pope of Rome;

"Whereas, except for the valor, bravery and foresight of that great and eminent leader and statesman, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, senior United States Senator from Alabama, this country would be defenseless against such an attack;

"Whereas, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin should be placed in a position where he can defend this country in person against the impending attack of the Pope;

"Now, therefore, be it Resolved, by the House of Representatives, that the President of the United States be requested to appoint the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin an admiral in the navy, and to place him in command of the battleship *West Virginia*, the pride



P. & A. Photo.

GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH OF NEW YORK

of the navy, with orders to anchor at New York harbor;

“ Resolved, further, that the new admiral be instructed, upon the appearance of the Pope on the water, in the air, under the sea or in fancy, within twelve miles of the Statue of Liberty, to fire unceasingly for a period of twelve hours with 16-inch shells loaded with the most deadly verbosity at the command of the new admiral;

“ Resolved, further, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the President of the Senate of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy, and to our most valiant and courageous protector and statesman, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin.”

A day came when the Democrats in the Senate determined to move en masse against Heflin. The incident furnished some hint as to what might happen to the Ku Klux Klan at the Democratic national convention scheduled to meet at Houston, Texas, in the following June.

Heflin rose in the Senate January 18, 1928, and cut himself adrift once more on the roaring sea of anti-papal eloquence. On this occasion the Senators did not flee as had been their wont. They sat, stony faced and motionless in the Senate chamber. Heflin's speech lasted two hours. His complaint this time was that the Roman Catholic church had inspired publication of a set of documents, already

proved forgeries, which had appeared in William Randolph Hearst's chain of newspapers, and in which President Plutarco E. Calles of Mexico had been alleged to have ordered paid to Heflin the sum of \$350,000 out of Mexican treasury funds for alleged pro-Mexican activities in the United States. The morsel of evidence which established the Catholic church's guilt in Heflin's mind was the fact that Mrs. Hearst was a Roman Catholic.

When the Senator from Alabama at last sat down, the senior Senator from Arkansas arose. This gentleman was Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic party leader in the United States Senate. Speaking in that capacity, Robinson damned Heflin for a purveyor of religious bigotry and repudiated the Heflin anti-Catholic opinions and utterances as unrepresentative of Democratic feeling. Heflin leaped to his feet with a roar like that of the bull of Bashan.

"We are," he bellowed, "going to draw the line! I will insist on it. The Senator from Arkansas cannot remain leader of the Democrats and fight the battle of the Roman Catholics every time it is raised in this body without some expression from a constitutional Democrat."

The line was forthwith drawn. Heflin formally demanded Robinson's resignation as party leader. A caucus of Democratic Senators the next morning

passed, with one dissenting vote, the following resolution:

“ Resolved, that this conference of Democratic members of the Senate expresses its confidence in the leadership of Senator Robinson and in his service on the special committee named to investigate the alleged Mexican secret documents.”

No word, be it noted, about religious bigotry; not a phrase which could be fairly construed as friendly or hostile to either Klan or Catholic. Above all, no rebuke to Heflin, who made another anti-papal speech that afternoon. Politicians once more had blown hot and blown cold while striving to look as if blowing not at all.

But the pro-Smith press the nation over jumped upon Heflin like a pack of starving wolves unleashed. Beyond question the choicest of all the mulligans of abuse cooked up for him was the following signed editorial in the Newark (N. J.) *Star-Eagle*:

“ Heflin of Alabama again stopped all serious work of the United States Senate for two hours on Monday to give vent to further attack on Senator Bruce of Maryland, Mayor Gunter of Montgomery, Alabama, and on the newspaper publishers, including the writer, who have denounced his un-American utterances of religious bigotry.

“ This self-seeker for publicity, who knows no depth to his mad passion to get his name in print, is willing to embarrass his own State of Alabama, as well as the whole Country — this 212-pound mental midget, the only thing smaller than his mind being his heart, has not found out yet that the United States Senate is a dignified, deliberative body, preserving the principles and traditions of our Country, but evidently thinks it is a circus in which there must be at least ONE CLOWN.

“ He proves by his religious bigotry that he does not understand the Declaration of Independence, which gives all citizens the guarantee (*sic*) of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

“ But enough of this Heflin — for it will be the same thing tomorrow and the day after — an empty cab will drive up to the Senate and Heflin will step out of it.

“ Paul Block
“ Publisher ”

From all of which, the best guess concerning the Democratic convention scheduled for the coming June appeared in February, 1928, to be that the Klan would there receive somewhat more of courtesy than was accorded the A.P.A. at the Republican convention of 1896, but that Smith would get the nomination.

And yet . . . and yet the torrents of abuse

which were swashing over Heflin were bound to produce some reaction. Many an American there is who "doesn't take much stock in newspaper talk anyhow." The religious fight was growing so bitter that another compromise candidate seemed highly unlikely. Might it be in Fate's crazy cards that Heflin — but nay; the notion were too absurd for an instant's harboring, had it taken rise from any game other than politics.

Meanwhile, the Republicans were privily congratulating one another that the Klan had lived thus long, as they hammered happily away at their fences in anticipation of a renewal of their lease of the White House.

Smith declared his sentiments regarding religion and politics through the medium of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Charles C. Marshall, Manhattan lawyer, Episcopalian, and expert on church history and canon law, propounded a series of questions to Governor Smith in a solemn article which graced the *Atlantic* for April, 1927.

Marshall cited the Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII in which the orders of the Church of England were declared void; the Syllabus of Pius IX (1864), which claimed practically every known power for the Church of Rome and which American Catholics have been explaining away ever since its publication; the action of Sacra Rota in annulling the Episcopal marriage of Mrs. Jacques Balsan,

née Consuelo Vanderbilt, to the Duke of Marlborough; and the demand of certain American Catholics that the United States government should intervene in the war which the Calles government had declared on the Catholic church in Mexico.

Marshall then, in 1,000 or more of the most ponderous Anglican words the dictionary contains, put to Governor Smith a series of questions which any hackman could have asked in the three words, "What the hell? "

To his aid in answering Marshall, Governor Smith called the Rev. Father Francis P. Duffy, chaplain of a famous New York regiment in the World War, Manhattan priest of eminent repute. The four-time governor of New York with this assistance adduced further quotations from the Apostolic Letter to show that Leo XIII had actually preached Christian tolerance therein; called on six American Catholic apologists in turn to witness that the famed Syllabus of 1864 had no dogmatic force; enlarged upon the fact that he had appointed to the governor's cabinet thirteen Protestants as against two Catholics and one Jew; and reaffirmed his loyalty to the Constitution, the separation of church and state, the civil courts as against the ecclesiastic, the public schools, the principle of non-interference in other nations' internal affairs, the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

Marshall came back with a lively rejoinder, but the *Atlantic* declined to publish it, perhaps fearing that the paper-hogging achievements of such oldtime religious disputants as Hopkins and England and Hughes were on the verge of being repeated.

As December, 1927, neared its close, the National Council of Catholic Women protested by official letter to President Coolidge the lifting of the arms embargo against Mexico. The transatlantic flyer and reigning American hero, Charles A. Lindbergh, was in Mexico at the time on the first leg of a "good-will" tour, whatever that might mean, of the Caribbean nations. This, and other friendly gestures of Washington toward Mexico City, disturbed the Catholic ladies no little.

"We earnestly request," they wrote the President, "that our own government take effective steps to show before the world its disapproval of such tyrannies [as President Calles' government was wreaking on Catholics in its twentieth century Kulturkampf]. . . . The intimate relations established by our ambassador with President Calles, the visit of the idol of the American people, Colonel Lindbergh, are widely interpreted as condoning, if not approving, the method by which the Calles government seeks to destroy liberty of religion, liberty of the press and liberty of education."

Whereupon, the stock of those who believed,

however unjustly, that some Catholics were capable on occasion of dabbling in politics as Catholics, took a decided rise.

This letter was a thin echo of the Knights of Columbus' resolution, passed in convention at Philadelphia in August, 1926, during the régime of Supreme Knight James J. Flaherty, wherein Calles was stated to have "insulted, degraded and expelled American citizens" — which was perfectly true, but wherein also President Coolidge and the State Department were called on to "put an end to this ignominious contempt that has been shown by President Calles for American appeals." The Knights of Columbus later disclaimed any desire for armed intervention in Mexico.

Shortly before this book went to press, some one discovered that Herbert C. Hoover and his wife were married by a Catholic priest in 1889, though both contracting parties were and remained Protestants. Hoover was a leading Republican aspirant for the Presidential nomination. The same story was instrumental in beating Gen. John Charles Frémont out of the election as Republican Presidential candidate in 1856. Should the Republicans be dragged into a religious fight similar to that which was marshaling Democrat against Democrat, the 1928 political show would be twice as entertaining as has been expected by the most optimistic.

A week or so following the Hoover roorbach, the Southern Methodist Education Association went



P. & A. Photo.

SENATOR J. THOMAS HEFLIN (DEM., ALA.)

on record as opposed to the nomination of Smith by the Democrats.

On February 14, 1928, circulars were distributed in Washington, D. C., bearing the name of the National Fundamental Protestant Christian Association, and the message:

"Vote the 'Christian party' ticket. For President, James Thomas Heflin of Alabama. For vice-president, the Hon. Mabel Walker Willebrandt of California. They do not choose to run for president and vice-president, but we are going to draft them."

And on Washington's birthday, 1928, by order of Imperial Wizard Evans, the Ku Klux Klan throughout the nation renounced the mask, which, more than any other single affectation, had enraged its enemies. The move plainly had two objects: first, to squeeze additional funds into the order's national treasury, since to discard his mask automatically made a Klansman a member of the Knights of the Great Forest, a new Klan degree, and to become a Forest Knight automatically cost \$1; and, secondly, to arm the Klan with as much respectability as possible for its war on the Presidential aspirations of Alfred E. Smith.

The Presidential campaign, in short, was in early 1928 sliding rapidly down the chutes into the arena of unadulterated "religious" conflict — since the prohibition issue was an essentially "religious" one.

Should Alfred E. Smith win the Democratic nomination and be elected President, "religious" warfare in the United States would probably be given a quietus which would last until Catholics should begin to swagger as had the Anti-Saloon League in the years immediately following its conquest of the nation.

Connoisseurs of "religious" conflict were licking their chops in the glad knowledge that anything might happen and probably would.

The thoughtful, meditating upon, among numerous like phenomena, the tyrannies of the Church of Rome before Luther, of the Church of England in Elizabeth's time, and of the religion that is Communism in Soviet Russia, were thanking heaven that the sects were free to fight one another in this country. They were hoping, also, to be safely dead and gone, albeit to hell, ere the prayers of Bishop William T. Manning, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman and others for a reunion of all Christian churches should be answered.

What God thought about the mess, no one knew. But that question was, after all, immaterial. When Catholic fights Protestant, or vice versa, God is in no way involved.

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