## THE AMERICAN.

## IN THE Clutch of Rome.

BY "GONZALES."

CHAPTER XV -Continued. PRESBYTERIANISM VERSUS CATHOLI-CISM.

Poor Martha. She had given up her testimony according to her lights. The blood of the Scotch Presbyterian ancestors was little weakened in her veins. She barely tolerated all Protestant creeds, but her own. The Catholic and the Episcopalian, whom she regarded as Rome's twin sisters gone a little afield, with their pictures of saints, their decked out altars, ungodly music and images, she abominated as the churches of the devil; and she deemed it her solemn duty to lift her voice and speak the truth, though it feil like hot lead in the ears of her hearers. She had tasted the bitterness, in secret, of her brother's marriage with a Catholic. Jamie had been the first to defile the pure Scotch Presbyterian blood. She had gathered enough from his letters to know that he bore his wife's people and their religion no love, and as James had taken the stranger, he had made his wife, out of the sloughs of idleness, called a nunnery, Martha had hoped that in time, she would loathe the evils she had been rescued from; and James had assured taught the religion of their mother.

Woeful delusions of a lovesick man. Born in the flesh, and bred in the bone. The devil always does hard battles for his own, and Martha in the solltude of her own room, took up a half-finished, gray stocking, she was knitting for hersell, and as the needles clicked in and could pierce the heart of a Roman melancholy and ill-looking ever since priest, for her's was a religion that had in its day, punished all offenders of its to write it to you, James-she has been particular tenet with the relentless and confessed (the Lord knows why and cruelty of the inquisition itself.

> CHAPTER XVI. VICTORIOUS ROME.

Mrs. Maxwell surrounded as she now was with all the symbols of true religion, was far from being happy. She had become firmly imbued with the belief, that she was living an impure life in the sight of God, and that an immortal soul was waiting for the rest that she only, who had been the means of its impending doom, could give, and for the first time since she had met him in that distant, native land of her's, she dreaded to meet her husband. Not that she loved him less, but the awful conviction that she was living an impure life in the sight of God, by her union with him, had forced itself between her love; and as yet, he knew it not, and she was overwhelmed with the equally horrible conviction-loving him as she but took it herself to a mail box. One in the eyes of the world at large, consecrated at this late day by any church. Certainly not by a church he had of the ride. From the fullness of her neither love nor respect for. These conflicting emotions made her married state, hithertoregarded by her as the acme of bliss, a lurid desolation, Father St. John had told her it was her | Martha, with a heavy sigh. solemn duty to have the children baptized in the true faith.

mama feel bad, I would go and tell her that the children had really been bap het breath from between her scarlet have been very pleasant, if this sweet recently, he gave me the name of a Rev. you said she was a pagan and was like tized by Father St. John that afternoon. Ilys on his face. the heathen in my Sunday school Having done all she could to make her books, but you are my papa's sister and sister in law see the error of her course, that yonder, half grown, scrawny girl, meaning in the mind of the young cerning Miss Monk might be obtained. he would feel bad if you did not go to Martha resolved to pursue the even with a face like a sick saint, is hope- priest, except as the overflow of her I wrote to him, and received substanti-Heaven, so I am going to say three Hall tenor of her ways, till time brought her lessly in love with you. I have watched malicious anger against himself. This ally the following: That it was his Marys, Miss Dillon taught me, so the a reply to the letter she had written to her before tonight, when in your saintly fair, young girl was as far above the mother, who first protected Miss Monk, holy virgin will forgive you for what her brother.

CHAPTER XVII. A DANGEROUS CONFESSOR.

"Don't you get tired of standing here?

Father St. John looked at the girl by

The pale face of the girl flushed a

"I do dance sometimes, your Rever-

Father St. John noticed that the

small hands resting in her lap were so

"I think your strength goes out in

song," he said. "Do you know, I feel

surely bestowed upon you the great gift

The face of the girl beamed with joy-

"Is it possible, Father, that you de-

rive inspiration from my voice? Ah,

ful emotion, and she said. impulsively:

ence, but I care very listle about it, and

priest.

it tires me."

"See here, you saucy minx," and Miss Martha closed her big, bony hand hard over the little girl's shoulder. "don't you dare to mumble your wicked duties of his pastorate. At the crowded weak lemonade, and shot his poisoned welcome, Flora took the priest's hat ous, and danger of discovery was in-Hall Marys on my account, and if Miss Catholic fair, one night, as he stood arrow plump into your heart, as you sat and hung it on the hat rack which was creasing." The name of this protectrix Dillon is teaching you to pray to the talking to a young girl, who, dressed in with sweet Rebecca in that delightful all the furniture the small, red carpeted virgin instead of to God Almighty, it's a white costume of oriental style and bower of green and red. I watched you hall contained. Then, as she stood in time she was hustled out of your fa with sandaled feet, was acting as Re- from my place in the dance, and I knew readiness to take his overcoat, he said ther's house; and now, get out of my sight; you are a bad girl and I want no them by on the arm of a society man, to career will be yet ruined by a woman. more to go with you," and Martha join the dancers. The girl had just Kismet," and she whirled away as suddragged the child to the door and drawn from her well a plicher of the denly as she had appeared, leaving the ing you struggle with the weight of pushed her with some force out of the

Then she sat down and wrote the following letter:

you said about my mother."

room.

"My DEAR BROTHER: In sore distress do I write you this, but as you paused with the pitcher in her hand to mouth. have sown so shall you reap. You had admire the beautiful woman, and thus, not been gone long when that gover- she caught the malignant look Mrs. you, fell sick as we supposed, but I now her great, black eyes. abomination, called a priest.

"After he had attended the gover- glass back to the girl, saying: ness, he passed two or three hours with your wife in her boudoir. I did not pay Come and rest till this dance is over." much attention to that visit, under the circumstances. Perhaps your wife told over the girl's face, as the young priest the choir gallery. A look of adoration ness with her was short, and he had a long sitting with your wife.

"I intercepted him as he was leaving priest, refusing the young man's request the house, and forbid him, in your rather petulantly. name, to enter it again till you gave every glance of their sharp steel points him permission. Your wife has been his side in some surprise. dain the merry dance?" that visit, and-oh, that I should have delicate pink, and her eyes as modest as the pansies, their purplish hue rewhat) to this same villian of a priest. I took her soundly to task for this, but sembled, looked full into the eyes of the I can do nothing with her.

"Your little Jean has just left the room. I told her she must have nothing to do with her mother's religion and she got angry and told me (just think of it, James) that as I was your sister, and you would feel bad if I didn't thin that they were almost transparent. go to Heaven she would say Hail Marys (what awful things they may be, the evil one only knows) so the virgin would an inspiration when your voice replies to me in the mass. The blessed virgin forgive me for what I said about her mother. of song at your birth."

"Come home at once, Jamie, if you can, and banish these evils from your household, or write and direct, Your sister, in great perturbation of spirit, MARTHA.

"P. S. That priest, I forbid the house, then, I have something to live for." and comes just the same. MARTHA." two bright drops gathered like dew in

Martha trusted this letter to no one, her flower-like eyes. did-that her husband was not the man afternoon, net long after this, Dr. Wood words of the girl. Was some great sor-art, and her sister was now giving her ant and I was with him daily for about of monasteries and other religious

"I mean this, my handsome pricat, The days came and went. Father the little god you have been taught to of women. St. John fulfilled with zealous care the despise, has sprung out of a bath of

beeca at the well, Ida Olney had passed what had happened. Your priestly with a smile of amusement:

usual church lemonade, and was in the priest with many emotions seething this big coat of mine?" act of filling the glass the priest held in through him, the strongest of which his hand, when Mrs. Olney and her was horror and disgust of this woman

escort passed. Her silken draperles with her face of amorous pallor, hungry all our house work." brashed the white robe of the girl, who black eyes, and venomous, scarlet

The Sunday night following the fair, Father St. John listened intently for rocking-chair, which her artistic finness and companion, of whom I warned Olaey had flashed at the priest from the voice which had said, "it need not gers had threaded with pale blue ribdrank the lemonade and handed the ecan in the tones of the young celebrant

at the altar, as he chanted the reply.

A look of supreme happiness came back in their seats, he glanced up at down-cast lids.

forming, but she drew nearer the young the singers. Ida Olney had seen the priest look up back from the church."

the working of some subtle poison in "Why do you who are so young dis the slave she had bidden to drink.

The pale face of the girl and her words of mourpful import, in the green bower at the fair, hnunted the young priest continually, and one afternoon he sought her residence.

half-sister, who was employed in the mint, lived entirely alone. Margaret had been mother and father in one to the infant of less than three years, which the death of her father's second wife had left to her care. The father, for several years an invalid, had sur-

vived his wife's death only a few months Margaret was left with a small in-

come, which she had eked out in various ways till she had secured a steady and lucrative position in the mint. She had thus been enabled to educate the little girl in all useful and many ornamental branches of education. She was now reaping the advantage of her musical education, by singing in the church of the Sacrament, and occasion-The priest was startled by the last ally at concerts, but her passion was

girl had been his sister.

presence; and I have noticed the look of grossness of life, as Ida Olney and many enraptured adoration she fixes on you of her exclusive set understood it, as escape from Montreal in the year 1835. at the singing of the mass; and tonight the virgin herself was above the purest

With a graceful, lady-of-the-house

"Don't you think I should cut rather a ridiculous figure, standing here watch-

The girl blushed. "Oh, your Reverence, I am quite strong. I do nearly

And she showed him into the room, which was the parlor and sitting room in one, and drew a fancy wieker work

die" because it had found favor in his bon, and cushioned with plush of the think we were the victims of a plot, for The girl looked the astonishment she cars. It rose clear and strong, and same delicate hue, near to the glowing she sent for a black eyed, smooth-voiced did not speak; but Father St. John with a pathoa that found an answering grate, for him to sit in. Then in a childish attitude-she was barely seventeen-she sat down on a low ottoman on

After the elevation, before the kneel. the other side of the grate, with her ing congregation had settled themselves hands clasped on her knees and with

Both were silent for some minutes. her that the children should never be you of it when you were home on a taking her small white hand in his, led was on her pure young face, but her To the young hostess, her duty of wel visit. You know best. Anyway, you her to a seat in a bower of evergreens eyes were fixed unswervingly on him- coming and seating her visitor over, had not been long gone the second time, and scarlet berries near the well. They self. In the ceremony of worship, the came a terrible feeling of embarrasswhen he called again, pretending to had scarcely scated themselves, when a priest changed his position, and the ment, for she remembered he had said, want to see Miss Dillon, but his busi- youth came up to them, asking the girl girl recalled to herself by a peal from "as your pastor, I shall come and ask to be his partner in the dance then the organ, resumed her place among you some day, what it is that gives you sorrow, and you must keep nothing

> at the choir, and she smilled as Cicopatra The priest rested his head against might have smiled, when she watched the silken marguerites of the blue velvet head-rest on his chair, and his eyes travelled quickly and approvingly

around the long, pleasant room with its dainty, inexpensive furnishings. No suggestive groupings of figures in marble or bronze, no richly colored paintings of lightly veiled voluptuousness, found a place in this pure abode the house to the ground, unless Miss

(To be Continued.)

"IN THE CLUTCH OF ROME." In published in book form, paper cover, and can be had by sending 25 cents in cash to the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

## MARIA MONK.

## Dieu, Montreal, Canada. Fresh Developments.

In the winter of 1890 and 1891 the celebrated Chas. Chiniquy, commonly them from the son of this heroic mother. called Father Chiniquy, and now proba- If Miss Monk was not an escaped nun, bly the most famous ex-priest in the why did the priests stir, up Romish world was in Washington, D. C. Here mobs to recapture her? And if those he delivered a course of nineteen lee- convents are not places of lewdness and tures on Romanism. He was then in wickedness, why did Pope Innocent his 82ad year, being now 1895, he would VIII. publish a bull demanding reforbe 86 years old.

going to see some patients in the sub-row pressing the joys of youth out of instruction from the best artist the city three weeks. Being one day alone with houses lead a lascivious and truly dis-

usual health." While he was there a

"Awful Disclosures." "Well now," says

gentleman now living in New York City,

The words of Ida Olney had found no from whom valuable information conwhen she arrived in that city after her He says: "It was extremely difficult

to select a retuge with any promise of safety, as sples were alert and numerwas Mrs. Sarae W. Reeves, famous for her beauty, breadth of mind, dauntless courage, and sublimity of character, combined with such lovable traits and womanly graces as commended her for this charge in a time of great peril Her love of justice, batred of wrong and unfaltering devotion to humanity decided the question, and watchman Hogan seized a favorable opportunity, and secretly hurried Maria Monk to Mrs. Reevo's residence where she and Mrs. Hogan welcomed her at midnight, She was immediately secreted on the top floor, previously prepared for her. which she occupied for months, where when restored to health and strength, she wrote her famous book, Awful Disclosures."

"The truths it contained were terribly emphasized by the subsequent excitement, and flood of vituperation with malignant persecution, coupled with threats of assassination."

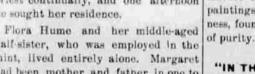
"It is idle folly to attempt to discredit her book in the face of the venomous fury aroused, and the consternation which forced the leading minds of the Roman Catholic church into the controversy."

"Maria Monk at length tired of her captivity, and one day incautiously approached a window, and was recognized."

"That night a mob beseiged the house, demanding her immediate surrender." "They were dispersed, and another mob appeared the next day."

"The third day, Fifth street from Avenue D to Avenue C was filled by a frenzled mob of howling fanatics (Roman Catholics), who threatened to raze Monk was surrendered at once. Mrs. Reeve preferred to take chances rather than surrender. So the neighbors ral-Hed and guarded the house until Miss Monk was safely [conducted to other quarters three days later. My mother often repeated this story, but had I received your inquiry five weeks The Nun Who Escaped From the Hotel sooner, I could have given some startling details," for his mother died just five weeks ago.

"The words quoted are as I received mation in monasteries and other relig-



"Give me itime to thick of this, Father," she had pleaded, "and I will my duty."

"Pray to her, my daughter, I ask no surer proof than this, that you will come to me and bid me baptize your est and ----little ones in the name of the blessed Trinity."

with her loyalty to her husband, and will drop it." what she believed to be her religious duty to her children, at length resolved to take advantage of her husband's ab- brought them in front of the church of think"-hesitatingly-"that I want to sence and have her children baptized the Blessed Sacrament, in time to see lose it, Father, because it brings me a in the Catholic faith. This course once Mrs. Maxwell's carriage, containing be- kind of joy too, but I pray to the virgin, decided on, Miss Dillon lost no time in side herself, two ladies, the governess, and sometimes I think she will call me informing.Father St. John, who directed and the three children, dash up to the that the children be brought to church church, and to see Father St. John in B fore the priest could reply, the on a certain day, and he would perform white robes standing in the door, evi- music from the far end of the pavilion, the holy office.

The relations between Martha and buggy dashed by, Martha said: her sister-in-law were strained and formal, and the spinster was thoroughly day?" Then, as a thought flashed a crowd of thirsty dancers gathered tempted at times to gather up her through her brain, she excitedly ex- around. small belongings and go back to her claimed: "Turn your horse, Doctor, at Father St. John did not sgain go near eastern home, but she felt that it would once. I am sure that misguided woman enough to the well of Rebecca to speak The afternoon weather was cloudy, and vided he would promise never to reveal be a cowardly thing to leave in her is going to give those innocent children to the girl, who had aroused a deep inbrother's absence. She watched over into the arms of the scarlet woman, by her young niece as far as it lay in her baptism. Turn around, I say. I must the evening, he had stood leaning power, and never failed, when occasion go and save my brother's children." offered, to impress upon the child that God did not listen to the prayers of reins and a word to his horse, soon left little girls who prayed on beads, and the church far in the distance, and in formed her office, and noting the almost and there with shrubs or flower beds, went to churches like those her gover- terrupted Martha in her angry protest, spiritual beauty of her face, and re- many of which were carefully covered Maria Monk affair, by seeing a little ness had taken her to. Even going so by coolly telling her that he had prefar as to try and make the child prom- vented her from making a great fool of ise not to go to church with any one but herself. herself, till her father's return, assuring the child that a burning hell awaited her children baptized in that church

"But papa never told me not to go," said the child, "and I am not ashamed to go where my mother goes."

"Your mother comes from a strange humiliated, no, sir." and pagan tribe, child, and you are not to follow her footsteps when they lead the doctor, "but take my advice and let you to the unholy worship of idols like things run their course, till the senator the heathen your Sunday school books returns. There will be trouble enough tell you of."

"You are a bad aunt," said the child,

quently did now, to give her the benefit duty it was to find out.

hauging over her brother's house.

"Tut," said the doctor, flicking the one religion as well as another? In her."

other words, if one must love a humbug, why not the handsomest and the rich

Mrs. Maxwell, after a severe struggle form of religion. So if you please, we

"Agreed, ma'am, ' and he whirled

"For if Mrs. Maxwell is going to have all children who disobeyed their father. today, you could not prevent it, and she was performing had brought to graveled paths, admired the outward seem to me to disprove any part of her you would have come out humiliated checks which were not so round as they signs of the neatness and thrift of the story. Besides, this statement of the and defeated."

"I might have been defeated, but

"Very possible, Madam," answered then."

That evening Martha beguiled the position.

"My daughter, these are strange heart, she told Dr. Wood of the trouble words for one so young as you to utter. As your priest, I shall see you soon, and "Yea, trouble there'll be when James you must tell me what it is that troubles comes back to his own again," said your young life. I have noticed you on thirteen years ago, when she had first much in Montreal where the Hotel Dieu unknown to each other, and living in sad, and you show signs of physical dishorse with the whip, "as you Scotch turbance. Your face is too pale, and say, never fash yourself. Your brother your eyes are too large and bright. Almarried a Ca.holic with his eyes and ways remember the church can help neighborhood. pray to the virgin tonight to show me ears both open, and after all, why not you in all trouble. Keep nothing from

> The young girl was crimson with embarrassment. Thrown off her guard by the words of the priest regarding her "Dr. Wood, "interrupted Martha, "no singing, she had uttered the words she good can come of our discussing any would have been glad to recall, but she was too honest to make a flimsy denial of evident unhappiness.

"I have a sorrow, Father, that I do his horse around a corner, which not think the church can help. I don't with deft, swift fingers, performed the that subject, and had read her book, soon to herself."

dently expecting them. As the doctor's with a deafening crash, ceased, and Rebecca, with a hasty "excuse me, Fa-"What can they be in there for to- ther," resumed her duty at the well, as

tcrest in him. Once in the course of against one of the huge pillars, which But Dr. Wood, with a shake of the supported the roof of the pavilion, ing well back from the street, and sur- worse things done here than anything watching the young girl as she persolving, if possible, to remove the from the slight winter frosts, and with phamphlet recently published in Lontrouble which was sapping the life of a light curl of smoke floating away from don, Eng., by a Catholic house, endeavhis young parishioner away. For, at its roof, looked a very inviting refuge oring to prove that Miss Monk's Aw that distance, he could see the hectic from the cold without.

> should have been, when Mrs. Olney, occupants. As Father St. John stepped Rev. Chiniquy is a direct confirmation with supreme effrontery, glided up to upon the wide veranda, his glance fell of the truth of Miss Monks story, new him, and in a swift, sataric voice, said; on a sweet, young face pressed against "You have chosen a very effective the window glass, and framed in the seen published.

> pose, St. Adonis. I have no doubt delicate lace of the curtains. But it patient Rebecca at the well admires it.", vanished in a second, and before the expectedly, some very interesting and "What do you mean, Madam?" he priest had fairly reached the door the very reliable statements from another

The two sisters lived in a pretty cot- knew anything about the story of Maria tage, which Margaret had bought by Monk and her famous book, Awful Dis- the same story of those prisons? low payments when she first com closures. Chiniquy was about 26 years menced work in the mint. It had been old at the time of Miss Monk's escape,

afforded.

they were now in a thickly settled a priest and "Apostle of Temperance,"

improved the house and lot from time needed rest, saying to him: "The sisters to time, and now, though still an old will give you a room, and nurse you style cottage, it was dainty and inviting tenderly, and you will soon recover your ooking. Since Flora had attained her ixteenth year, they had been able to dispense with a servant; and with the to minister to his wants; and one day, xception of a man to work in the garhe asked her whether she knew anyden, as occasion demanded, and the thing of the story of Maria Monk. She weekly services of a charwoman, Flors, replied that she was well informed on duties of their small household.

had, true to the request of her step time when she claimes to have been mother, brought the child up in the here?" "Yes," she said, "I was here Catholic faith. Soon after Margaret and I knew her well." "Then," says had bought her little home, the church he, "I wish you would tell me whether of the Sacrament had been built within the awful statements she has made of a few blocks of her cottage, and it was deeds done in this numbery were true. there Flora had been confirmed.

Father St. John during the two years greatly agitat d and begged to be exof his pastorate, had never before visited cused from answering; but on being the home of his young parishioner. pressed for an answer, consented, proa keen wind blew from the north. The anything she said until after her death, white cottage, with its dormer win- He promised, and she then stated that dows and wide veranda, around the pil- Miss Monk's statements in that book lars of which English ivy twined, stand- were true; and says she, "I have seen rounded by a green lawn, dotted here that she bas told."

> My attention was again turned to the ful Disclosures were a fraud. I read

flush of fatigue which the light labor The young priestas he walked up the the phamphiet through; but it does not

But I have just received, most unsaid coolly and without altering his girl had opened it to admit him, and as source.

"and if I was not afraid of making my oldest boy into her room, and learned She came so near him that he felt the was conscious of thinking that it would dent of the A. P. A., was in this city

him in his room, I asked whether he solute life." Why is it that all escaped nuns tell

For my part, I should deem it truly wonderful that these escaped women a very humple abode some twelve or in 1835; and I knew that he had been should all agree so well, though wholly taken possession of it, in the outskirts is situated. He replied that he did, and widely different times and far remote of the city, but with the march of years that one occasion, when he had become from one another. Every lawyer acpeople had settled around them, and too ill to continue his arduous labors as customed to sift and weigh evidence, knows well that witnesses cannot so as he was often called, his bishop sent agree in all the essentials of a story as Margaret had as her means allowed, him to that very hotel to take some these escaped nuns do, unless they are telling the truth.

This book should be in every family in the world. The boy or girl who has read it, will not be likely to be begulled very old nun often came into his room into the dens of Romanism.

> Yours truly. CHASE ROYS 631 F St N. W. Washington, D. C.

Maria Monk's Book can be had by ending a postal or express order for 0 conts to the AMERICAN PUBLISHING Co., Omaba, Neb., or, Chicago, Ill., or, Margaret was a Protestant, but she Chiniquy "were you here during the Kansas City, Mo. Order from the office nearest your place of residence.



he entered the house, Father St. John | While Friend Traynor, State Presi-

evidence, which I have never before