

**THE ROMAN CATHOLIC  
HIERARCHY: THE DEADLIEST  
MENACE TO AMERICAN  
LIBERTIES AND CHRISTIAN  
CIVILIZATION, PP. 12-254**

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The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to American Liberties and Christian Civilization, pp. 12-254 by Thos. E. Watson

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**THOS. E. WATSON**

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# The Roman Catholic Hierarchy

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The deadliest menace to American  
liberties and Christian civilization

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By THOS. E. WATSON

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Thomas Jefferson," "Bethany," "Waterloo," "Life and Times  
of Andrew Jackson," etc., etc.*

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With a hypocrisy that might shame Satan himself, we are clamoring for additional millions of dollars to "save souls" in China—and we refuse to allow her to release herself from the fatal coils of the opium traffic!

For hundreds of years, the Christians of Europe poured armies into the Infidel world, to wrest the empty Sepulchre of Christ from the disciples of Mahomet. Rivers of treasure and precious blood were poured out in this vain endeavor. In spite of priest and soldier, in spite of prayer and sword, the Infidels held their ground, beating back, in hopeless failure, the vast exertions of Christendom. Even to this day, the followers of the Nazarene gain access to the Holy Places of Judea by gracious permission of the Infidels; and battalions of Mohammedan troops are constantly on guard, to prevent the rival sects of Christians from butchering one another before the shrines at which they worship. Such passionate hatreds; such rancorous rivalries; such mingling of greed, intolerance and ferocity was never seen on this earth, as can be witnessed any day among the European Christians in Jerusalem.

From the Crusades to the present situation in Crete, what a far cry it is! Godfrey of Boulogne, Tancred, Guy of Lusignan, Bohemund, Richard Coeur de Lion, Barbarossa, Saint Louis, the first Edward of England—how mightily they strove to break the power of Islam! In our day and time, the successors of the royal Crusaders are in league with the Infidel, to keep the Christians of Crete under the Mohammedan "rod of iron and sword of blood."

Laymen movements sweep over the Christian world, fomenting and intensifying missionary fervor in behalf of the fuzzy-wuzzies of the Congo; but no Pope or Mission Board hears the piteous cries of the Christians of Crete. The Bryans, Roosevelts, Tafts, and What-nots can glorify the attempts to substitute our own civilization for that of India, China and Japan; but never a thought is given to this Christian people—the Greeks of Crete—who are held in the cruel bondage of the Turks. Were the Christian government but acquiescent, Crete could escape the hateful yoke. Greece and Crete combined could resist the Mohammedans, torn as they are by internal dissensions. But Christian Europe will not allow Crete to revolt. Christian Europe threatens to come to the aid of the Infidel—as was done a few years ago, when Christian soldiers, sent by Catholic and Protestant governments, butchered thousands of fellow Christians, in order that the Infidel heel

should again rest on Christian necks. Well-nigh incredible, isn't it?

With a shocking spectacle like this before our eyes, what must we think of those who now control the Christian Churches?

No Buddhist ever fought Buddhist to make him the slave of a Mohammedan or Christian. No Mohammedan ever waged war on Mohammedan to impose upon him the chains of Christian or Buddhist. But the Christians of Europe united to shed the life-blood of fellow-Christians in Crete, to prevent them from escaping the atrocious oppression of the Infidel Turks!

Can you lay your hand on your heart, and say, with a clear conscience, that Christianity is a living, moving, controlling fact, nationally, when such hideous crimes are committed by the concerted action of Christian governments?

Beneath the surface of the seas, men are busy in the wonderful submarines. Thought speeds over the cable, thousands of miles along the ocean's bed. The diver works as securely under the vessel, as the engineer does in the hold of the ship.

On the surface of the earth, travel skims at bird-like speed: overhead, flies the airship. Marvelous inventions have recreated the physical world; and a man who died fifty years ago would hardly recognize the habitat which he left, were he to return.

In science and art, in literature and journalism, the human mind has scouted antiquated forms and dogmas, boldly dashing onward to higher and better standards. Yet in this age of colored photography, of the talking machine, of the electric light, of the motor-car, of the airship, of the printing-press, of the moving picture, Superstition is seated upon her ancient throne, with the cowl of the monk on her head, the silly gibberish of the Dark Ages on her tongue, and the implacable ferocity of the Inquisition in her soul.

We see men—sane in all other respects—degrading their intellectual manhood by subscribing to tenets that a ten-year-old boy ought to reject. We see women—sensible in every other way—lowering their mental standards to a plane which ought to be repellant to a clear-minded savage.

In the radiance of the Twentieth Century, we see paganism in full bloom, encouraged by Presidents and Kings. We see educated white people flopping down on their knees, to the Pope and kissing his foot. We see clerical functionaries going through the performance of eating and drinking

Jesus Christ! We see nasty old human bones reverently appealed to for cures. We see "miracles" worked; rings and bells "blessed;" saints created and adored. We hear men say, "My priest cannot commit sin." We listen as the bull-necked brute in the Confessional turns a woman wrong-side-outwards, plying her with one obscene question after another, until her whole consciousness has been sown with impure suggestions. We see the survival of the ancient Temple Girls, in the cloister Convent; and it is but too well known that the priestly brothel of paganism has its survival in the Retreat Parlor. Hellwards have gone, are going, and will continue to go thousands of our most lovely girls by this infernal route.

We see the priest identifying himself with God, and worshipped as the Vicar of the Most High. We see him sign passports to Heaven—for a valuable consideration. We hear him lift souls out of Purgatory by prayer, at so much per prayer. In the year 1910, we see two hundred soldiers save the lives of Italian Baptists from a furious mob of five thousand Italian Catholics—who have been told by their priests that the Baptists are responsible for the earthquakes.

We heard Cardinal Gibbons declare that the flood on the Seine was a "Judgment," sent upon the French because their government had divorced the Catholic Church from the State.

We find a Papal Delegate among the diplomats who represent foreign nations at our national capital: we find this man everlastingly taking a sly, under-hand part in our political affairs. We can see the cunning Cardinal pussy-footing about the corridors of our State Department.

We hear the Declaration of War against our Public Schools. We see gigantic sums of our money taken for that seed bed of Superstition, the parochial school. We see in the Papal attitude of this year—particularly the denial of a papal audience to the Episcopal Bishop of Maryland—a reaffirmation of the intolerant Romish dogma:

"There is no Christian religion save that of the Catholic Church!"

We have heard the potentates of this faith in America confess that, on an issue between our Government and the Pope, they would adhere to Papa. We have heard the Vatican in the Encyclical of 1910, refer to the Reformation, and all its beneficent changes, as the works of the Devil.

In the United States, the Catholics have grown to 12,000,000: they exultingly exclaim that they "have the Protestants



on the run;" they have established the Inquisition here: they boycott, because they dare not, as yet, kill: they are in secret league with the head-chiefs of both the old political parties: they have shackled the press; and the cowardly politicians are in deadly fear of them. They have promised their Papa that the United States shall be his within the next few years!

Misguided Protestants are crying, "Africa for Christ!" or, "Korea for Christ!" or, "China for Christ!" But the American Catholics are shouting, "America for the Holy Father!"

And they are not only concentrating missionary effort on the whites, but are reaching out for the Negro. Already there are black brutes who can, ex-officio, command access to the Temple Girls. Already, they have given these lustful negroes a taste of what it is to be a Roman Catholic priest!

Rolling upon the horizon are these appalling storm clouds, and few there be who will take warning. The Protestant Churches are blind to the awful danger. The State authorities are indulging a fatal security. The general public is strangely apathetic—indifferent at the growth of a religion which openly denounces freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of conscience and freedom of education—a religion which is implacably antagonistic to the very principles upon which our Republic stands.

The priest makes sure of the Mother. On the mind of the child two impressions will be made, as indelibly as mother and priest can make them. One is Fear; the other, Faith. The utmost exertions are put forth to make the child a mental and moral coward. He must be so frightened about Death and the Devil that he will cling tremblingly to the priest for protection. His self-confidence must be destroyed: he must be saturated with a sense of weakness and dependence. He must be made to feel that he needs a friend at the Court of God Almighty; and that the priest is the only man who can supply that need. Let him be brave in every other respect; let him be fearless in the march and the battle of life: let him be self-reliant in dealing with the actualities of the visible world: let him conquer Nature and other men. So far, good. But in his relation to the unseen world, let him remain a mental imbecile, a shrinking slave, a helpless child, a pitiful coward! Let him be his own master and defender, his own sword and buckler, in the hard fight of real life; but let him fly to the priest, for safety and support when confronted by the problems of an existence beyond the grave. Let him regard Courage as an

indispensable element of manly character, in everything pertaining to this life: but let him learn that pusillanimous servility is a radiant jewel in the crown of the Catholic who is bound for the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Mother got this precious Faith by inheritance, environment and education; her children will get it in the same way; and those will, in turn, pass it on down to future generations. Thus the endless chain is forged. And thus the owl of superstition persists.

Broad daylight reigns everywhere else; but in this matter of Fear and Faith, medieval gloom darkens the Catholic world. There isn't a monstrosity of belief or practice that has been voluntarily abandoned. The Papa would burn heretics right now, if he could. From Biloxi, Mississippi, the furious Catholics banished a Baptist preacher, a few months ago, because he dared to express his honest opinion concerning their creed and their morals. Under threats of death, he had to leave.

Tell a Catholic that it is a manifest absurdity to hold that the word of a priest can turn dough into flesh, and wine into blood—if you want to be insulted. He would rather die than give up the belief that Catholics eat and drink Jesus Christ.

When the child is ready for school, the priest enthrones himself within its mind and heart and soul. The priest teaches the child how to see things. Thus trained, the child will see through the eyes of the priest. The child will recognize no paganism in the idolatries of his Church. The child can see for himself that *the heathen* are worshipping idols, when they kneel to them or offer sacrifice. But the same child, witnessing the prostrations of Catholics before shrines and images, will see no idol-worship *in that*. The priest has taught him how to "distinguish the case."

The child can see for himself how the Oriental and pagan priesthood fatten upon the lavish offerings of their fanatical followers; live in sensual luxury; make a jest among themselves of the ease with which they impose upon the ignorance and the superstition of their disciples; and prostitute their powers for the exclusive benefit of the religious hierarchy. The child can see for himself that *pagan celibacy* is an impudent sham; and his lip curls with scorn when "the temple girl" is mentioned. But the same child, using the same eyes, never sees that *Roman Catholic celibacy* is an impudent sham; and that the Confessional is a way-station to the Retreat Parlor, to

which the cloistered nun is bound to go, when summoned by the licentious priest.

The child can see for himself what the devilish purpose is, when the Oriental temple girl is taught that the pagan priest, dedicated to God, can do no wrong; and that the serving of him is the serving of God. The child can readily understand the hideous purpose of such teaching, and the loathsome results of it. But the same child never sees that the same doctrine taught to the Catholic girls, by Catholic priests and nuns, is equally polluting and deadly. The priest has taught him to "distinguish the case."

The child will instantly agree that it is damnable for pagan priests to inculcate in youthful minds the belief that the priest cannot sin; and that whatever he asks of the temple girls will be right in the eyes of his gods. But if you ask him what he thinks of the same doctrine when sown in plastic brains, by plausible *Catholic* priests, he will answer, not from his own mind, but from that of his mother, or his confessor.

Show such a child the gorgeous riches and splendors of Oriental temples, the wealth of the pagan hierarchy, the pride and arrogance of the priesthood, the vast revenues which they exact from the pious—and the child will recognize immediately the hypocrisy, the fraud, the greed, the vanity, the imposture. "Oh, that I could overthrow that cruel, that putrid, that tyrannical enemy to the freedom of the human mind, that foe to the progress of the human race!" would be the language of his first impulse.

But were you to endeavor to get the same child to fix his eyes, and his thoughts, upon the boundless riches and the insatiable greed of the Roman Hierarchy, you would meet, not the natural ideas of the child, but the implanted ideas of the priest.

Were you to ask the child what his opinion is of a Dalai Lama who would prate about his "august poverty," while occupying the most elaborately magnificent palace on the face of the earth, the child would involuntarily exclaim—"He's a monstrous hypocrite!"

But when you ask the same child what he thinks of his Papa, lending out at usury, and through a firm of Jewish bankers, the sum of four million dollars, belonging to the Vicar of Christ, you won't get a reply that is disrespectful to Papa. Whatever Papa does is right, no matter how great the contrast to Christ. Whatever the proud, purple-clad, palace-