

COPPINGER'S RECORD.

An Aide-de-Camp of the Pope
Appointed by Cleveland

A Brigadier General in the
United States Army.

Coppinger an Alien for More Than
Thirty Years, While Drawing Pay as
an Officer of the United States Army
—His Immoral Record on the Pacific
Coast.

OAKLAND, Cal., Aug. 13.—Editor *American Patriot*: On the eve of my departure for a short visit of a few weeks to the Eastern States, I desire to call the attention of your readers, who feel an interest in the matter of the injustice of President Grover Cleveland, in the appointment of Pope Plus IX's aide-de-camp, Colonel John J. Coppinger, as a brigadier-general in the United States Army, over the heads of a score of native-born American colonels of Revolutionary descent, whose sires bequeathed to them their blood-bought heritage of civil and religious liberty and American independence. These skillful, brave and gallant native American officers, with long and brilliant records of noble and patriotic services, graduates of the Military Academy at West Point, or who have won their spurs and commissions in the regular army upon the battle-fields of the republic. American citizens by birth have been outrageously ignored, and a foe to human liberty and the rights of man, the Irish Roman Catholic volunteer who, with others, left Ireland to go and fight for Pope Plus IX against the "Freedom and Unity of Italy with Rome for its Capital" and against the patriot armies of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi; and who for pretended gallantry at the Gate of Rocco was created by his holiness a chevalier of St. Michael and honorary aide-de-camp of Pope Plus IX.

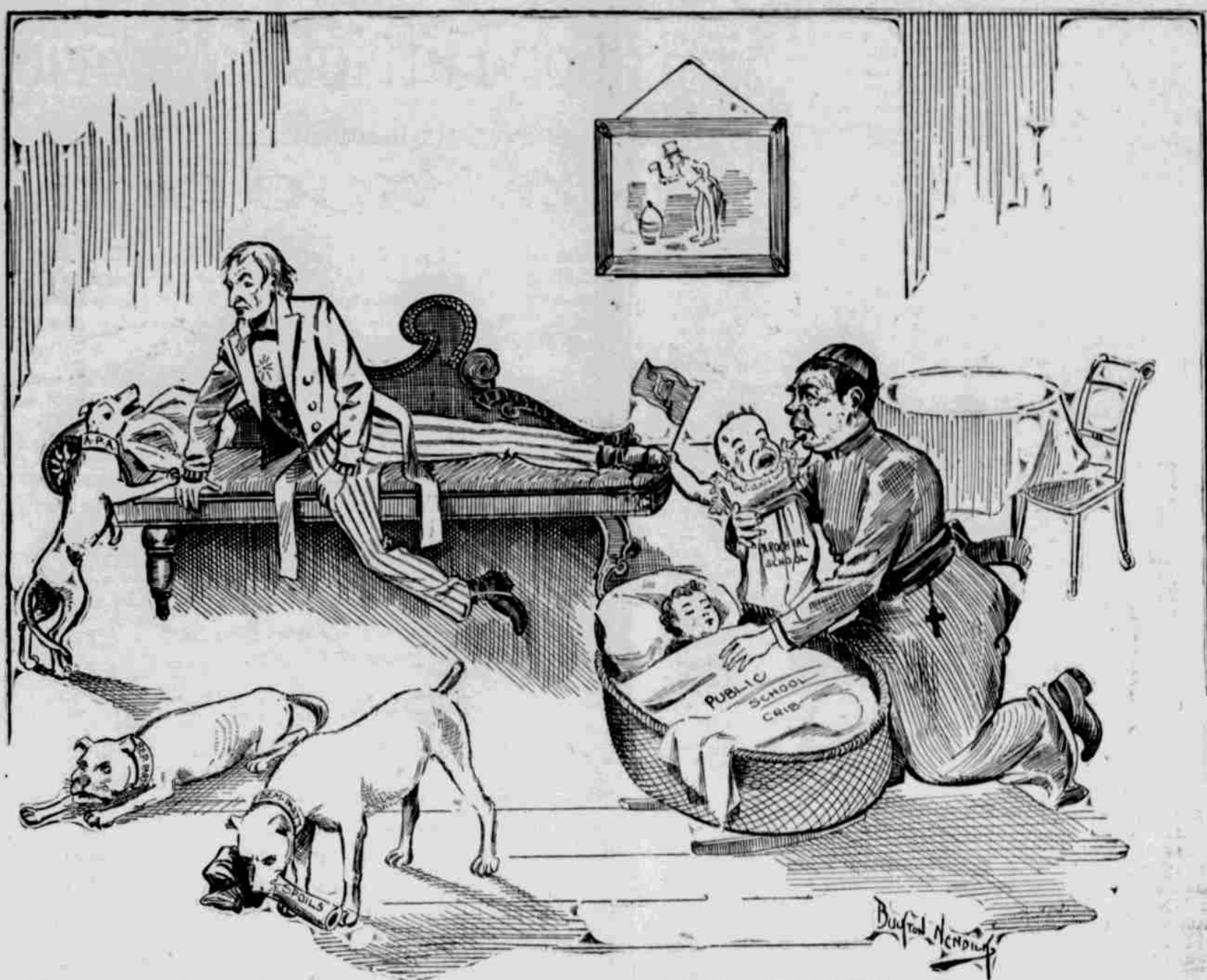
This man, on whose account James G. Blaine was defeated for the presidency by the election of Grover Cleveland, the native American and Protestant element of the Republican party either withholding their suffrages or voting for Cleveland, rather than that the pope's aide-de-camp should also become the military secretary and personal co-aide-de-camp of the President of the United States in the persons of James G. Blaine, and John J. Coppinger, his son-in-law, the Irish Roman Catholic adventurer who was ignominiously driven from the soil of Italy, redeemed by the patriot Italian armies under Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, Mazzini and Cavour.

Grover Cleveland has now done worse than was anticipated of James G. Blaine. For over thirty years this foreign mercenary adventurer drew his pay and wore the uniform of an officer of the American army with blazon effrontery without ever taking any steps to become an American citizen, and only within the past three years has he become such, that his Jesuit supporters might cause him to be unjustly and iniquitously promoted over the heads of better and braver men, who, from a long line of native-born American ancestry and by their own ability and long and gallant services, are a thousandfold more entitled by their own merit to be promoted to higher command.

The rules of the service compel them to submit to this injustice in silence and bear this slight while their breasts throb with a righteous indignation that they cannot express, and none of them have any knowledge of or even suspect that they have a friend in the writer who pens these lines. Every United States senator in Congress should be held responsible by his state and his constituency for his action when this man Coppinger's name is to be presented to them for their confirmation or rejection.

Said the statesman and historian George Bancroft, in his eulogy of Abraham Lincoln, delivered February 12th, 1866, before both houses of Congress, the president and cabinet, the United States supreme court, the officers of the army and navy, and the diplomatic corps assembled:

"But the Republic of Mexico on our borders was, like ourselves, distracted by a rebellion and from a similar cause. The monarchy of England had fastened upon us slavery, which did not disappear with independence. In like manner the ecclesiastical policy established by the Council of the Indies in the days of Charles V. and Philip II. retained its vigor in the Mexican Republic. The fifty years of civil war under which she had languished was due to the bigoted



UNCLE SAM AROUSED BY THE A. P. A.—HE SEES THE DANGER OF ECCLESIASTICISM.

system which was the legacy of monarchy, just as here the inheritance of slavery kept alive political strife and culminated in civil war. As with us there could be no quiet but through the end of slavery, so in Mexico there could be no prosperity until the crushing tyranny of intolerance should cease."

"It was the condition of affairs in Mexico that involved the Pope of Rome in our difficulties, so far that he alone among sovereigns recognized the chief of the Confederate States as a president and his supporters as a people; and in letters to two great prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States gave counsel for peace, when peace meant the victory of secession. Yet events move as they are ordered. The blessing of the pope on the head of the Duke Maximilian could not revive in the nineteenth century the ecclesiastical policy of the sixteenth; and the result is a new proof that there can be no prosperity in the state without religious freedom."

In the "Diplomatic Correspondence, U. S., Part III., 1865," page 620, will be found the letter of Pope Plus IX. to Maximilian, from which the following extract is taken:

"Let instruction, public as well as private, be directed and superintended by ecclesiastical authority; and, finally, let the chains be broken that have hitherto retained the church dependent on the arbitrary control of the civil government."

This is the pope who appoints John J. Coppinger his aide-de-camp, who draws his pay as an officer in the United States Army, while at the same time he is a spy and an emissary of his master, the enemy of the American Republic, of Abraham Lincoln, our best beloved but martyred president, whose Jesuit tools carried out their fell purpose of assassination and plunged our country into woe, lamentation and tears.

Not only this, but from a moral point of view this outrageous appointment should be rejected by the United States senate. This man Coppinger's record is a black and disgraceful one, which also is a reason why this appointment was unfit to be made and should be rejected. The late Rev. James O. Raynor, for many years a chaplain in the United States Army, and for a long time stationed at Angel Island, and at Fort Alcatraz in San Francisco harbor, gave to the writer this man Coppinger's full history, and declared that he was a disgrace to the service and ought to be cashiered. It was also made notorious and became a public matter, and in the *San Francisco Daily Chronicle*, in two separate issues, of July 21, page 1, and July 25, page 3, 1872, will be found a full expose of this lecherous papal Lothario, who destroyed the domestic happiness of one man's life, whose wife admitted to him her guilty liaisons with this man Coppinger, and the outraged husband not

long after died of a broken heart. General William H. L. Barnes could unfold more of this matter, so we learn, if he would.

It is the duty of every good and true American citizen to do all in his power to prevent the confirmation of such an appointment, that was totally unfit to be made.

The extracts from the *San Francisco Chronicle* referred to are hereunto annexed, that your readers may see that this statement is corroborated and not overdrawn.

For patriotism, country, right, justice and decency,

I am respectfully yours,

EDWIN A. SHERMAN.

A Wife's Fidelity—A Story of Domestic Misery and Fashionable Vice—Why Tom Cash Separated from His Wife—The History of the Case as Related by Himself—A Gay Lothario in Epauettes the Cause—The Sequel of a San Francisco Scandal—A Great Lawyer's Wonderful Astonishment—An Attempt to Bruise the Head of the Serpent—Separation, Divorce, Reconciliation, and a Long, Bitter Quarrel.

OH! WOMAN! WOMAN!
During the summer of 1866 the *New York Herald* sent to this coast as its regular correspondent a gentleman whom all our best citizens well remember—Thomas M. Cash. Mr. Cash came to San Francisco from Panama, where he had resided for several years as agent for the *Herald*, and was instructed to take up his residence here in the same capacity. He brought with him in the steamer his young wife, to whom he had been married but a few years. Mrs. Cash was quite young, very pretty and accomplished, and possessed great vivacity of disposition and other attractive qualities. The position which Mr. Cash occupied, together with the social qualifications he and his wife both possessed, served as passports to our best society, and it was not long before the young people were received into the mystic circle of the elite with open arms. They continued to reside in this city until the spring of 1869, when Mr. Cash received orders to return east via the Overland route, which had just then been completed, and write it up for his journal. Believing that the journey would be a hard one for Mrs. Cash, he made arrangements to send her to New York by steamer, and with that end in view, and while waiting for the steamer to sail, the couple broke up their establishment and went to live at the Lick House.

WHICH INTRODUCES THE SERPENT.

During the residence of the Cashes in San Francisco they had made many acquaintances. D. O. Mills was one of Mr. Cash's warmest friends. W. C. Ralston was an intimate of both; Col. W. H. L. Barnes was a welcome visitor, and others of more or less social distinction had their names and those of

their families inscribed on Mrs. Cash's tablets. She was a winsome little woman, and attracted all to her by her brilliant wit and fascinating manners. There was one gentleman who was always welcome whom Mr. Cash did not like. This was Captain John J. Coppinger, of the Twenty-third United States Infantry. The captain was a dashing-looking officer—bold and brilliant, and because of his very audacious, found favor in the eyes of Mrs. Cash.

She had formed his acquaintance on the steamer from Panama, and a desperate flirtation was carried on between them during the entire voyage, but which ceased when they arrived in San Francisco, and was not revived for some time. Mr. Cash had grown terribly jealous of Captain Coppinger, and, believing the latter to be a *roue*, had forbidden his wife to have anything to do with him. But this injunction doesn't seem to have been heeded.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

Not caring to wait until the steamer sailed, Mr. Cash left his wife at the Lick House, and set out on his journey overland.

When he got to Sacramento he saw Mr. Mills, who said that the road was perfectly safe and travel over it very comfortable. He then resolved to take his wife with him, and telegraphed her to meet him at Sacramento.

This she did, but so reluctantly that it excited Mr. Cash's wonder, and caused him great pain. They went to Virginia City, and from there Mr. Cash went into the White Pine region, leaving his wife behind as the guest of William Blauvelt, of Virginia. About the same time, Captain Coppinger appeared again, and was Mrs. Cash's constant attendant, even accompanying her to Reno, whither her husband had telegraphed her to meet him. Here the captain seems to have been dropped, and the couple proceeded on their way east.

RETURNING TO THE SERPENT'S CHAIN.

Mr. Cash remained in New York a few months, his wife going to Philadelphia, where her father, William D. Lewis, resided. In August of the same year he received orders to return to San Francisco, which were afterward revoked. His wife was crazy to return, and so worked upon her husband's mind with her entreaties that he resigned his position on the *Herald* and formed a business connection with Hager & Co. in this city. This delighted Mrs. Cash, and on the 10th of August they set out on their journey once more for the Pacific slope. Arriving there, they went to reside on Taylor street, No. 708, the house of a Mrs. Locke. It was a building peculiar to San Francisco, having but one floor and basement.

The first floor had four rooms, three of which were occupied by Mr. Cash, and the fourth by a lodger. It was at this time that Mrs. Cash began to evince a coldness toward her husband,

and, as he says, treated him with many violent exhibitions of temper, etc. This life continued over a year. They, of course, renewed their pleasant acquaintances and were received again into the charmed circle. And Captain Coppinger was still in San Francisco.

THE STORM BREAKS AT LAST.

One day in March, 1870, there was a terrible commotion in the house of the Cashes. Trunks were being hastily packed and other signs being made of intended travel. Next morning a carriage drove up and the magnificent cashier of the Bank of California emerged from it. A lady closely veiled came out of 708 Taylor street and got into it, followed by Mr. Ralston. The two drove to the Oakland boat, and while on the way engaged in earnest conversation. Mr. Ralston bought a ticket, placed the lady on the cars, bade her a warm and cordial farewell and returned to the city. Their friends only knew that Mrs. Cash had suddenly gone East, and for a time were satisfied with this explanation. But by and by it began to be whispered around that all was not right; that Mr. Cash had made a terrible discovery, and that he was going to begin proceedings for divorce. These rumors flew like wildfire, and finally the thing came out. Mr. Cash had made a most wonderful discovery. He had detected his wife in a guilty *liaison* with Captain Coppinger, and she had confessed her whole guilt to their warm friend—Mr. Ralston. And this is why she went East in so sudden a manner.

THE HUSBAND TELLS THE STORY OF HIS WRONGS.

This revelation created a great scandal at the time. Society at once formed itself into sides, and each warmly espoused the side of either husband or wife. One party said that Mr. Cash, by his silly jealousy, and peevish, suspicious temper, had driven his wife into doing just what she did; that he abused her, and refused to provide for her, and, in short, they laid at Mr. Cash's door every sin in the Decalogue. Another party said (these were mostly ladies) that if they had such a fool for a husband they would be tempted to do the same as Mrs. Cash had done. But another, and by far the largest number of these friends, upheld the husband and blamed the wife. In view of all these contradictory statements and opinions, Mr. Cash deemed it proper to publish a pamphlet, in which he gives to the world a full account of his wife's seduction and his own disgrace by the dashing Captain Coppinger. We will make copious extracts from this work, for the reason that in doing so there is no danger of our being led into misrepresentation in the narration of the tale.

We have condensed the first part of Mr. Cash's pamphlet by way of introducing the story in as little space as possible. The story of the discovery of his wife's guilt and subsequent

events we will let Mr. Cash tell nearly in his own words.

Referring to his return to San Francisco, he says: "It was not long after we were comfortably settled before her manner began to change once more. She resumed the old slights—insulted me whenever the opportunity offered—enraged me so that I frequently lost entire control of my temper, and allowed myself to use language that I regretted before the words were fairly off my tongue. One day, early in November, she frankly told me, after I had been complaining of her treatment, that she had ceased to love me as she had formerly done, by reason of my frequent fits of ill temper. This was the first confession she ever made that her feelings toward me had changed. No one can imagine the sensation experienced by me when these words fell from her lips.

Almost maddened, I left the house and vowed that I never would return.

I sought a room elsewhere that night, and the next day returned and removed my clothing and other matters, and left, as I thought, finally. It was not long, however, before I began to repent of having acted so impetuously.

I longed for my home again. I consulted a friend; I told him all, and he advised me to try and make everything straight once more. He went to see her; he had a long conversation with her, and then returned to me and advised me to write and effect a reconciliation. I did not wait to be told twice. I went at once to my office and wrote her a long and affectionate letter and when finished I determined to take it myself. I reached the house about 7 p. m. The front door was opened by the old landlady, but I found the door of my own room locked, and it was some time before I could gain admittance. I could not account for the delay.

When I entered the room my wife was seated at the center-table reading. I handed her the letter, and upon reading it her face assumed a pleasant expression. She told me, however, that she should insist upon my occupying a separate apartment for some time as punishment.

I started for the back room to get some article I had left behind; this she resisted, and said that she would get whatever I wanted, and she then urged me to leave, saying that she would have the room arranged for me the next day. Little did I think then that her seducer was at that time secreted in the closet, and that it was putting him out of sight that had caused the delay in admitting me. If I had had at that interview the slightest suspicion of the true state of the case the game would then have been in my hands, but no thought that she was doing wrong ever entered my brain. Acting at her suggestion, or rather at her solicitation, I left and returned next day, putting things to rights and resumed my old habits of life.

When I returned I found a miserable cot-bed provided for me, and I was told that in it I was to sleep until such time as my wife saw fit to receive me once more into favor.

I did not object, but accepted the situation with the best grace possible. For nearly a month I occupied that couch, when, finding there was no change in her conduct, I was, for the sake of comfort, compelled to buy another bed, and this I occupied alone up to the time when her treachery was discovered. Time wore on, and I could make no impression on my wife's obdurate heart. I could not fathom the mystery nor imagine the cause, hence I decided to consult a friend, whom I knew would give the matter due consideration and probably suggest a remedy. This friend was Wm. Hayes, a lawyer of San Francisco. It was on Monday morning, March 14th, 1870, that I called upon him and stated my case and told him all. He thought awhile, and then said: "Cash, I will have to consult a woman about this; she is better posted in woman's ways than I am. Come back this afternoon at three o'clock and I will be prepared to give you an answer."

At the appointed hour I returned, when he said: "Cash, your wife has a friend that you know nothing of, and you must find out who it is; and, if you do not employ a detective, I will."

I did not like the idea, but I consented. The services of Detective Officer McDonald were procured, and he began work on the day following. It was not two hours after the detective went on duty before he got the first clue and discovered that my wife was receiving letters through the mail-carrier. He was watching the house and it was done as follows:

On the west side of Taylor and at the corner of Bush there was a grocery store having a window on Taylor street, out of which the whole block could be surveyed. It was at this window he

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