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# THE AMERICAN.

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A WEEKLY PAPER.  
Nebraska State Historical Society  
VOLUME 11

"AMERICA FOR AMERICANS."—We hold that all men are Americans who swear Allegiance to the United States without a mental reservation.

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OMAHA, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1898.

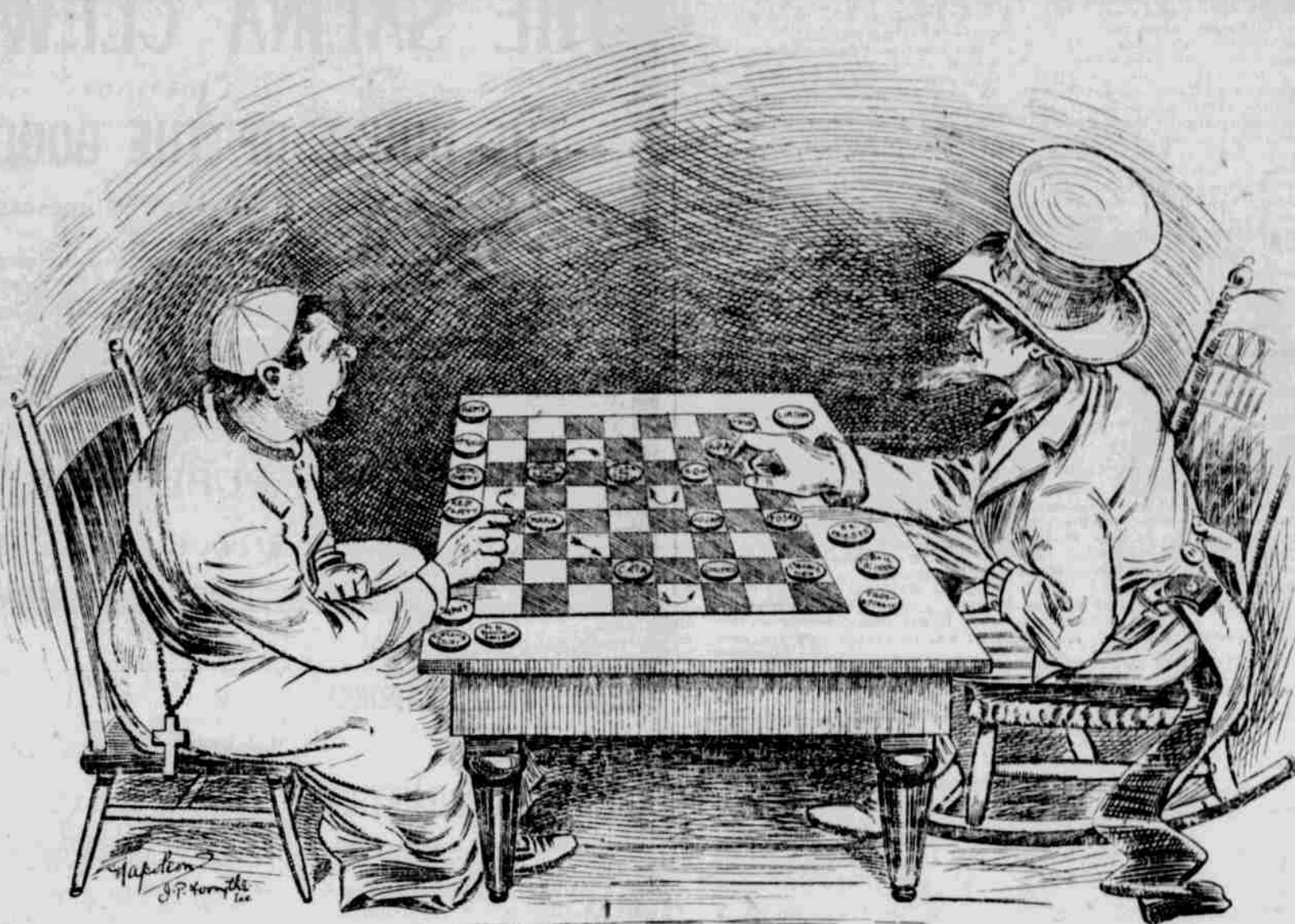
NUMP 11.

## KIRBY HAS SEEN WAR.

Thinks It Well to be Enthusiastic, but Advises Peace With Honor.

Does Not Think It Would be a Display of Courage to Refuse to Surrender when Gazing into a Gun Barrel.

The First and Second brigade were a part of the Fifteenth army corps and camped near the above named place, the First brigade commanded by General M. L. Smith and the Second by General Hulbert. Both generals were ordered to move their commands to the front and attack the enemy. Time to leave camp, 3 p. m. sharp. This being one of the advances toward Corinth after the battle of Shiloh. There was a little stream of water near the house and the enemy was guarding that stream with a division of infantry and a battery. Our general commanding thought it better for us to have that stream than the enemy, as we were short on good water at that time, and besides that, after getting the stream we would be two miles nearer Corinth, which place we expected to capture in the near future, Corinth being seven miles away. The battles of the war were always named after some town or object nearest where the action took place, as Shiloh, Mission Ridge, Big Shanty, Kennesaw Mountain. A man named Russell owned the house where this fight took place. As I said in the beginning, the order was to move at 3 o'clock sharp in the afternoon, both brigades to move at that time. Whether through a misunderstanding or on purpose our general, M. L. Scott, moved his brigade at 2 o'clock, and as we had less than two miles to march on a dry road, it did not take us long to find the enemy. And as our brigade was an hour ahead of General Hulbert, we attacked and fought the whole Confederate division nearly an hour single handed, as General Hulbert did not move before 3 o'clock. I was mounted orderly for General Smith, and as the Second brigade had not been heard from and the enemy was making an effort to outflank us, I was sent to the right to find the Second brigade. I had gone about 300 yards when a six-pound shell burst about fifty yards in front of me. At first I did not know if it came from a friend or foe, as I did not hear the discharge of the gun; but I didn't have long to wait, for soon two reports came and two more shells passed over me and several hundred yards into the enemies lines and burst. I knew then it was Gen. Hulbert shelling the woods or in other words, feeling his way. I rode back and reported to my General what I had found. The General sent one of his staff to tell Gen. Hulbert to move up double quick as he had engaged the enemy over a mile in his (Hulbert's) advance and they were making an effort to outflank him. Meanwhile our forces had advanced to within a few hundred feet of the log outhouses, which the enemy used with good judgment to shield themselves from the fire of my regiment as the 8th Missouri was just in front of the buildings and suffered more than any other regiment engaged, be reason of the log buildings. My regiment had ten killed and twice that number wounded, and nearly all that were killed in front of those buildings were shot in the head. A little episode in my life happened there that day has never slipped my memory. When Co. C was doing their best and being killed or wounded as fast as they exposed themselves from their trees, by the Johnnies behind the logs. The General, seeing a curve in the line, sent me to tell the captain of that company. If he didn't move it up he would send some one there that would. I delivered the message amid music that was anything but pleasant to the ear, (I had read somewhere that distance lends enchantment to the ear.) I thought how beautiful that firing would sound about a thousand miles away. The captain said give my compliments to the General and tell him it is impossible until the enemy is dislodged from the log house in my front. The General turned to me and said go to the foot of the hill, order up a section of Co. B battery and shell it out of the crib. I ordered the section as told and went with it to show the officer where to go and after the guns had been unlimbered I was on my horse leaning over the Sergeant of the battery trying to show him where to aim that the shells would do



UNCLE SAM—Let me see; had I better move the A. P. A. this time?

PRIEST—Howly mither! if he sees that move and has the nerve to make it, the howly church will lose the fruits of thirty years' work.

the most good. As I had been twice over the ground, I knew the lay, as we call it. While in that half bent position a spent or glancing ball struck my ear and I dropped on his shoulder in a dazed condition with one hand on the horn of my saddle. We were just between the two guns and at that moment both were fired at once, and I think the concussion helped to revive me, as I straightened up just after the shots were fired. I then rode down the hill; took a cap off a dead soldier belonging to the 55th Illinois; I having lost mine when hit. After I got out of range of the Johnnies' lead and had time to look myself over, I saw blood on my blouse. I began to feel for a hole in the side of my head and was agreeably surprised when I found none. Then I reported to my General and told him I took the section as ordered. He saw the blood on my blouse and asked me what had happened. I told him when he ordered me to the rear and stay there the rest of the day, and of all the orders I obeyed during my three years' service, that was the most cheerful, if not the quickest, executed. Next morning I was all right with the exception of a sore ear and a swelled head. The battery I ordered up did the business. It sent two shells diagonally through the crib, and during the excitement our boys charged the place and captured those that the shells did not kill or wound. After that it was clear sailing as the Johnnies had no advantage over our boys. The 8th Missouri and the 55th Illinois grabbed everything in and around the buildings. While I was sitting behind a tree, out of harm's way, a poor fellow came down the hill going to the rear; he having been shot through the mouth, the ball going in one cheek and out the other. When opposite me there was a yell on the hill and he knew his comrades were victorious and the yell enthused him so that he tried to hallo also, but instead of any noise coming from his mouth a guttural sound was all as the air escaped through the two holes in his cheeks. Being bent on showing his sympathy for his comrades he took his cap and threw it twenty feet in the air. He died in the hospital a few days after. Another incident happened during the fight worthy of note. As soon as the two shells struck the large crib the 8th Missouri charged the hill and surrounded the big house which was about 100 feet from the log shanty. This house was filled with officers and men. Our boys got there so quick the Johnnies did not have time to make their escape. One rebel captain was ordered to surrender by a private of Company C. Instead of complying started to draw his sabre, but before he got his sabre half drawn, Thompson (that was the soldier's name) sent a minnow ball through his head. The hat he wore had a broad rim and white, with a red band. So good was Thompson's aim that the ball cut the band in

twain and left the two ends flying and took half of the back of the head of the wearer with it. His hat was brought to camp and was worn a long time by one Rathburn, a company cook. He left the two ends flying as they were when picked up. This same Thompson was at the siege and surrender of Ft. Donaldson and after the fort was taken Thompson examined the prisoners looking for his brother, as he knew he was there. Not finding him among the prisoners he turned his attention to the dead and after a tedious search, found his brother's body at one of the siege guns. After looking at him for a minute he said, "Bud, you should have kept better company," at the same time pinning a paper to his coat with full name on it. Next day he was buried with the balance, with the exception that his grave was properly marked for future reference—and such was fate during the civil war. Father against father, brother against brother and many a good man of both the blue and the grey—as lost his life by allowing his over-glorious or angry impulse to get control of his better judgment, as Col. Ellsworth did in taking down the rebel flag at Alexandria when he was killed by the landlord with a shotgun. Col. Ellsworth and the rebel captain at Russell House might both be alive today and honored citizens had they used that judgment that every good soldier should possess. There is no bravery in refusing to surrender when looking into the muzzle of a loaded gun and a cool soldier at the other end with his finger on the trigger. We hear a great deal of war in the air at the present time and the most of it comes from people who know but little what war means, I advocate ~~exhaustive~~ all honorable means to bring about settlement of our trouble and when that fails, let it be settled by the bullet, no matter what the cost may be. America has given too much precious blood during the last 125 years to ever let her honor get below par. Better sacrifice a few hundred thousand patriots than have 50,000,000 brow-beaten cowards inhabiting this country to the disgrace of more than 300,000 of our dead comrades who died in the last war, besides all our noble grandfathers who laid down their lives in the two wars preceding the rebellion; that the honor of our country should not be assailed without the assailant being held accountable; be the enemy internal or external, and I feel confident I voice the sentiments of nine-tenths of my old comrades. Not but that Spain merits a good thrashing on general principles. Leaving the sinking of the Maine out of the question and should it be proven that the Spanish sank our gun boat and they pay Uncle Sam all he asks for them for their hellishness I consider it better than thrashing them; for I would not consider it any credit to a first-class nation like America to whip a measly, contemptible, barbarous,

bankrupt (so-called nation) like Spain. Uncle Sam never took a contract that he did not make a first-class job of it; and can furnish living references such as England, Mexico Southern Confederacy and a number of smaller jobs too numerous to mention. He has still has plenty of the latest improved tools and a million or more of the finest artisans the world ever knew; and as Spain has an enlargement of the brain and is not able to get a hat to fit I'll guarantee Uncle Sam will in short time shape the head to fit the hat and when the contract is finished the head will be less but it will contain more reverence for its superiors besides a good stock of common every day horse sense and less conceit. H. H. KIRBY.

### Priests in Politics.

Beattie, Kan., Feb. 28, 1898.—Editor Omaha American: It seems that the priestly gentlemen, so-called, who administer the rites of the Church of Rome, are still advocating the same foul doctrine they advocated during our own civil war.

In spite of the fact that they have been cautioned by the American people to keep their hands out of the affairs of American politics and American diplomacy, they are still hankering after the authority to dictate to our government what should be done in all cases.

It seems to me as one who does now and always has believed in the good sense of the American people that the time will come when it will become the duty of the people of the United States to forever put a stop to incendiary utterances, whether they emanate from the pulpit or platform or whether they are only the utterances of a fanatical incompetent in any sense.

From the pulpit this time, and that, too, from a pulpit of holy and infallible Rome, comes the bugle call to arms for most Catholic Spain. And that by a father confessor, who is enjoying life on the hospitable shores of the United States of America. One who calls himself an American citizen, one who says he is a representative of the Prince of Peace, one who calls himself a consecrated man, ever ready to do anything for the good of humanity, willfully counsels members of his own faith to become traitors to the stars and stripes.

It is reported, and on good authority, that Father Weber of Kingston, N. Y., has said during a sermon that in case of war between the United States and Spain that it was the duty of every good Catholic to fight for Spain and against the United States; that they should do all in their power to aid Catholic Spain. How often will it become the duty of Americans to inform the holy agents of Roman treachery that it would be a blessing to the United States if the pope in his infallibility should order every one of his minions to report for duty at once.

It would be a pleasure to our own government to furnish them with transportation to the shores of Catholic Spain that they might enlist in the armies of the most barbarous because she is the most Catholic nation on earth. Have not the people of the United States abundant proof of Catholic treachery and disloyalty to all principles of humanity and justice, by the stand the priesthood has taken in all things American?

Can any one who has any acquaintance with American history respect the memory of the Mexican general, Santa Anna?

Can any American respect the butchers of the devoted defenders of the Alamo? Can any humane man respect the noble Spaniard for his endeavor to depopulate the city of St. Augustine, Fla., because they were Protestants? Does any American who loves his country for one moment believe that in the fullness of time the treachery and disloyalty of the priests of Rome if allowed to go unmolested will not go a great ways toward undoing what the founders of our American institutions have done?

From every cathedral and from every parish church comes the intelligence that the United States belongs to the pope. From the parochial schools, as well as from almost every Catholic residence, are continually coming instructions to the young, that the first allegiance of a good Catholic is to the pope of Rome. In the councils of nations, states and municipalities are found today men who owe allegiance to Rome first and to the flag that floats over them they owe allegiance when it does not interfere with their creed.

This priest of whom we hear today is only a mouthpiece of those higher in authority.

He has in an unguarded moment given expression to the instructions of those of higher rank in the hierarchy. He says President McKinley and the members of his cabinet ought to be blown up. And that the stars and stripes were not a good flag for loyal Catholics to fight for under any circumstances. In 1861 began a conflict the like of which the world had never experienced. It ended in 1865. Thousands of lives and millions of treasure were expended for the supremacy.

The stars and stripes represented liberty and enlightenment and the stars and bars represented the principles of Rome—ignorance and superstition. The world knows the result of that momentous struggle and what its effects have been on American civilization. You can teach an old dog no new tricks; the only way is to get along with him the best you can.

While the American people look on in imaginary security the priests of Rome are laying the mines that will ultimately bring on a war that will determine the true status of its power for good or evil.

They are slowly but surely accomplishing their own view.

And when the sun comes from behind the clouds we will find on the site of a Roman cathedral a school house, and on the site of a parish church a work shop.

Instead of a cardinal or bishop we will have a teacher. And instead of a lecherous priest we will enjoy the company of a loyal and intelligent American citizen. Instead of the abominable banner of Rome hanging on the walls of cathedrals we will see the picture of Washington, of Lincoln, of Grant. Instead of the pomp and glitter of pagan Rome will be seen the sweet simplicity of American independence. And the happy faces of a people who are conscious of the fact that the kin of Benedict Arnold have been driven from our shores.

PATRIOTIC AS EVER.

### From Eldorado, Kas.

El Dorado, Kan., March 1, 1898.—Editor American: My Dear Sir—I am in receipt of several copies of the American. I have been studying the Roman Catholic question for forty years. My predictions are coming true every day. I have Chiniquy's book. I have been stationed right in the midst of Catholic communities, have watched and stored in memory every prediction that I have heard of most of them. It is true that their every intention is to fight. The Maine went down by Catholic intrigue and to blind the people a mass was held in the Romish Catholic churches for the dead that went down. The Catholics can muster 1,000,000 men at midnight any time from now on at the edict of the pope. Great, God, how terrible, and yet Protestant people are asleep! It is alarming. I am a historian and do know their cunning craft. I have asked whole congregations and thousands of persons if they were ever at the burial of a nun—one who had taken on the black veil—and to this date no one has answered in the affirmative. I have found out how these poor deceived women are disposed of. There is a deep shaft, or vault, from sixty to eighty feet deep, into which these, or their bodies, are let down and tipped off, and carbolic acid and lye thrown in to eat up their flesh, thus turning them to soap. It don't hurt these nuns, of course, but how horrible the practice!

The holy fathers visit the bed rooms of these nuns and drink wine and commit fornication and go out next day and preach Christ (or pretend to). Can God Almighty allow this infamous damnable heresy to be practiced longer. This popish church is clamoring to destroy this nation and cut the throats of all protestants they can.

Your paper gives me more light and I now subscribe for it. I am poor but am a constant reader. I cannot rest. My mind sees the storm. It is close at hand now. I am nearly 66 years old but pray to live fifteen years more and hope to see, yea, will see, the downfall of Babylon, the mother of harlots, positively. God bless you, keep the infamous designs before the American people. The pope was the only foreign man or power that acknowledged the confederacy. I was a soldier, recruiting officer, and do know that after January 7, 1863, I got no Catholic recruit, and all previous to that time slunk out as fast as they could, and now many are getting pensions for loyalty. Oh, God, I get awful nervous, excuse me. Pen cannot describe the awful desolation soon to follow. Our churches are dead seemingly. A day of doom and thick darkness hovers over us as a nation. We will raze the nunneries and let the captives go free. There is an escaped nun in Colorado who is now married to a ranchman who was in a nunnery two years. She pretended to drink the wine, but did not, and simply poured it down the holy father's throat and got him dead drunk, put on his clothes (a good fit) and pulled down her cap and passed out with about thirty others at the late hour of debauch and got away. The priest offered \$4,000 for her, but she is safe. A relative of Lincoln, who was shot by the authority of Romish intrigue. Look out! Spain is the little bear.

My life has been threatened, but I am not easily scared. I do most sincerely wish now that I was younger to take command in the field. I prayed when I was 25 years old to live to see the fall of slavery in America and the downfall of popery and both have been shaken at least to some degree, but not to completion, as I expect it soon, or before I die. Yours in Christ.

SAMUEL F. C. GARRISON.

Ex-Chaplain Fortieth Iowa Infantry and now a U. S. Minister.