JESUIT SHERMAN.

[CONTINUED FROM 5TH PAGE.]

Republican party and am inclined to its principles. The democratic party is old, and now successful, and certainly deserves respect when we consider the nature of its leader. The populist party had some show of success in the west. I have heard of the prohibition party and others. But did any American since the revolution ever hear of the loyalist party. A loyalist this very spring was put up as a candidate in Detroit, and won as a loyalist. Then I say tonight, I attack Detroit, and the reason I did not then was because I did not wish to arouse a certain prejudice in those who were in my favor. I remember Detroit was too long under British rule, and that the British garrison was not expelled from Detroit when this union became one. And I remember Benedict Arnold's successor, General Hull, betrayed Detroit to the British without a blow, and the reason I attack them first in Detroit was because I don't wish to have it said again that in this Columbian year, this glorious year for America, that Detroit should again be surrendered to the British without a blow. They may say I was defeated. I was not in politics. But they can't say that I did not strike for freedom. If Detroit wishes to go to the British, that is the business of Michigan and not of Nebraska; but Omaha, at present, does not intend to go over to the British.

The composition of this ci ious nonentity—I do not know what to call it, it is not a society, it is not an organization, it is not anything that we can conceive of, but is, as you know, Orangemen, Hessians, Scandinavians, with a sprinkling of Americans that I am not inclined to mention. There is the spavined hack of politics who sinks lower than the lowest of his tribe, and there is another spavined hack that I feel more reluctant to mention, though I must, however. We all know among the chosen twelve, one was a Judas. We all know that priests, like other men, sometimes fall, and we know, too, that for the fallen priest, at least the fallen priest in our country here, there seems to be neither mercy nor pity nor occupation left, and therefore he who should have been the standard unto others, and should have led them to the light, having now no occupation, becomes what Judas became, without the little sense to hang himself. Not that I palliate suicide, but I do not see what is left the fallen priest to do except to hang himself. I do know in other countries they can find occupa- [illegible] y must guard the sacred- [illegible] 's altar at all costs. The faithful look on him with horror and dismay. Other communists will not receive one who is cast off, and therefore he sinks lower and lower. Without any occupation in life what can he do? He goes into some secret lodge. He gathers together the dregs of humanity. He preaches to those to whom lies are true and calumny is sweetness, one continual stream of slander, calumny and destruction against those whom he has left; thus he works up a feeling, and that is his rod, and then he goes to all the country side round about. This is the make-up of the organization. This is what makes it most contemptable. The political hack and fallen priest, the leaders, of course know they are wrong; the others do not. They know they are breeding the worst of all discords, religious discord, and on their heads will fall the responsibility when the day of reckoning comes. Watch the process of its work. Take, for instance, a place like Saganaw. A year ago it was peacable and quiet. They began to form their lodges and threaten the political rights of neighbors and friends. No man will have his political rights threatened. If a monk from his cell, if a monk from his retirement, comes out on the stage and says, I am still an American citizen, what think you of the ten million people who know their freedom was purchased at Brandwine and Valley Forge, whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers were with Washington, and whose bloody foot prints were left at Valley Forge, men whose fathers were at Shilo and Vicksburg and Atlantic. (Applause.) Will those men, numbering hundreds of thousands be cowed down for one moment by a few Hessians led on by fallen priests? (Applause.) By a strange dispensation of Providence, it happens that a soldier's son is also a priest, and thank God not a fallen priest. He stands before you not because he chooses, but because he is sent.

He stands before you as the representative of a body of men who went forth, over three centuries ago, to fight this same battle. Men led by one who had been himself a soldier, and had fallen with his face to the foe. Men who had communicated to a body of soldiers, scholars and priests the knightly spirit of the crusader. When I studied in France, there were men in that college who had served in Africa and in India, and in China, and in the islands of the deep and far off America. And these men went out to India to work in colleges of the English, Frenchmen, to speak the English language; men cut off from all religion because they could not mention in the presence of these idolaters, these men on whose faces were written the symbols of a false God, the name of the true God; and these men would go that far for what? To teach a little truth, a little science and give a little light to darkened minds. These men are called bigots, and those men are called narrow, and those men are called illiberal, and those men are said to be against liberty, and the Hessians that never had any idea and never could get one, who must go into secret lodges and give the light to all the world, and must get a fallen priest and a broken down politician to be his leader, he comes out in the name of liberty, science and light.

I shall take from my quiver an arrow, barbed as I think, with silver, and one that will reach your heart. I remember when I was a child, the parapets of Vicksburg were filled with lead; some of those gentlemen may know how they looked after the seige was over; and I remember where, on the 19th, the old Thirteenth made its charge; and I remember how I was told by the survivors how the men went up to those high works of our western Sebastopol; I remember they told me how the standard was carried up to the parapet, and the standard fell and Charles Ewing grasped the standard and planted it in the parapet, and in so doing his hat was riddled and torn off, and Charles Ewing, with the rest of his men, was swept from the parapet. Charles Ewing was a Roman Catholic proscribe, and just after the work, Washington fell mortally wounded, and Luke Clark, one of the soldier of his regiment stooped and took in his lap the head of his wounded captain. A few shots were fired. He took care of the wounded man, and Clark sat there with the dying man in his lap. Washington called for water; Clark arose and took his canteen, a few more shots were fired as he was going to the ravine to get the water for the dying captain. He filled his canteen, brought it back and resumed his office of mercy, gave him a drink, heard his last messages, closed his eyes in death, and then lay flat upon the ground and waited for darkness in order that he might work his way back to our lines. Luke Clark was a Roman Catholic. Luke Clark and Charles Ewing could not be patriots? Luke Clark and Charles Ewing were both reared under the same roof with Hugh Ewing, who lead the charge that day; and Hugh Ewing, Charles Ewing and Luke Clark were reared under the same roof with William Tecumseh Sherman. (Applause.)

When the splendid garrison of Memphis marched out that previous November to begin the splendid operations which ended in that sieze of Vicksburg, as the old 13th moved out a soldier from the end of the line seeing a lady standing with a child by the wayside, gave his musket to a comrade and ran out without permission, clasped the child to his arms and kissed him and then ran back to his place in the ranks. That child is now a man; he stands before you, and he stands to tell you that when Washington fell at Vicksburg, it was fighting with one of the enemy. The Washington who fell there as a victim in that strife, which was permitted by Providence to weld more closely the bonds of this Union, and it was a glory of glories that the soldier who held the dying victim in his lap, a soldier who was a friend of him who stands before you now as a priest to do eternal justice to Luke Clark, the soldier, and Charles Ewing, the officer, and to the dying Washington. For when this American nation permits any man to threaten the rights of Roman Catholics, the American nation once more slays George Washington. It was he that first taught the narrowness and bigotry that stood in the way of the Catholic religion. It was he that rebuked his soldiers and told them not to speak or argue against their religion for they needed the Irish bayonets in their ranks, and they needed the ten thousand of soldiers that Lafayette brought with him, and they needed the three hundred millions of Roman Catholic money, and without Roman Catholic assistance we would not have become a nation. And therefore, to-day, we do not wish to have ourselves confronted with the seal of ingratitude before the world.

We will not only make a grand national fair to honor a Catholic hero of four hundred years ago, but we will arise to a man in favor of the rights of every Roman Catholic in our midst today and say, we are all one; we are all brothers, and these Hessians we will drive out like rats. But the American nation does not care for the Pickwickian war; the American nation does not care for Liliputians; the American nation cannot be aroused by such speeches as this. What are we to do with the Orangemen? We cannot fight them. Why? They run too fast. We cannot fight them, they are too stolid. We might capture them in a body perhaps, if they had not got started to run. We cannot fight them with arguments, we cannot get it into their minds. What are we to do? Segregate them? Do what was done with the Indian tribes, when after making a dozen blunders which we called a peace policy, we finally sent an effective weapon in the shape of an American army to crush and capture them; and having captured them we put them far, far away from civilization in some quiet district of their own. I move to-night that we send a petition to the legislature to purchase some pretty lake in Florida; that we have on that lake a ship constructed like a half moon, say eighty feet wide and one hundred feet long, and on the poop we put a large statue of William of Orange, and I move further that no green sprig be visible about the lake; that that be destroyed; and further still, that the cottages about it be built in the neatest possible shape and all of orange red brick with red tiles and red court yards and red pavements, and that around the village, at a convenient distance, there be erected a red parapet in which they can have a few soldiers in red uniform. I further move that they be allowed to adopt as a bible Washington Irving's Knickerbocker, with full permission to worship, as far as they please, this image of the Orange prince on the poop of the vessel. And one thing further, that every Catholic be interdicted forever. Then we will have them happy. We must not proceed too fast, ladies and gentlemen, I forsee a great difficulty. There is now no spot in the borders of the nation where the authority of that nation is not perfect and complete.

Our greatest difficulty is Mr. John Wannamaker, who will first have to be tried for high treason like myself. When he issued those postage stamps! Oh, it was horrible, horrible, just to think that they cannot post a letter without bringing their tongues so closely in contact with a Roman Catholic picture. What shall we do about the postage stamp? Office difficulties might arise. I pass with my story.

I wish to draw another arrow from my church. You all remember, I suppose, that in the line of works which was constructed to defend the railroad that led to Atlanta there was a fortress called Altoona. Perhaps some of you have heard that fortress was attacked. I have the date here, on the 5th of October, 1864. It was a small earthwork constructed by General Orlando Poge, my father's chief engineer, to protect our line of communication, which was connected to Gen. Corse and assisted by Col. Tortbleck, and if I remember, also by Col. Redfield. The colonel wished to capture the fortress, and one division under General French was sent to effect the capture. French began his attack at 2 o'clock one morning and pressed our men for five hours with a steady fire. Between eight and nine in the morning a flag of truce was advanced. The flag of truce carried the following letter:

"ALTOONA, October 5th, 1864.

Commanding Officer United States Forces.

SIR: I have placed the forces under my command in such position that you are surrounded, and to avoid a needless effusion of blood, I call on you to surrender your forces at once and unconditional. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide. Should you accede to this, you will be treated in the most honorable manner as prisoners of war. I have the honor to be respectfully yours.

S. G. FRENCH,

Major-General Confederate State Forces."

To which Corse made the following reply:

"Headquarters Fifteenth Army Corpse,
ALTOONA, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864.

Major-General French:

Your communication commanding the surrender of my command, I acknowledge receipt of, and would respectfully reply that we are prepared for a needless effusion of blood whenever it is agreeable to you. I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN M. CORSE."

I suppose, ladies and gentlemen, you know the rest. You know how the attack was made, with volleys in front, flank and rear. You know how it continued for hours. You know Colonel Redfield fell upon the field. You know how Colonel Smith was wounded and went on fighting to the end. You know how Corse, too, was wounded, and how at last the confederates withdrew, leaving hundreds on the field of battle, and Corse held the fort, and from that incident the song arose, "Hold the fort for I am coming, Jesus signals still; waive the answer back to heaven, by Thy grace we will."

When the day was done and signal communications re-established, Corse, who had been waiting anxiously for re-enforcements, wig-wagged in different directions to find out where is Sherman. That was who he wanted.

It is true he looked to Rome for assistance. When he got communication with Sherman, Sherman wanted to find out how Corse was, and they wig-wagged the signal back, "Short one jaw and one ear, but can whip all hell yet." Now, Corse is still alive, and there is a Sherman still alive; and Corse is not short a jaw, and neither is Sherman. I think that he and I together, with half a dozen others, and a few such speeches as his, could route these rats out of America. At any rate, remember this: We hold the fort; we are ten million strong, and if the people of America, or of Nebraska, or of Iowa, or of Illinois, or of Ohio, do not choose to shake off the burden of this leprous growth within our boundaries, then you will drive us Roman Catholics to that which we do not wish to do. And I speak deliberately, and speak in caution, you will drive the Roman Catholics to unite and form a political party of their own. Mark the reason for the threat. I do not wish it done, I do not counsel it; I depracate it; but I warn you; ten million people are a vast power. Moreover, the truth is, we are more than ten million. You never can tell the number of Roman Catholics by the statistics. Why, they come to us and say, "father, how many sittings in your church?" "Eight hundred." But if they asked us how many worshipers, we would say from five o'clock in the morning, six o'clock, seven o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and so on. We have thousands of worshipers, and therefore they would have to multiply the statistics by ten to get the number of worshipers; and therefore I say, we are more than ten million; and I say further, the effect of this Orange persecution had a tremendous electrical effect upon Catholics. Look at myself, a month ago a quiet student; a month ago a monk, and now ready to give the last drop of my blood for any Roman Catholic in the land.

(To be Continued.)

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The Great Millinery Bargain Room.

For great bargains in Millinery go to 1514 Douglas street (second floor), where, commencing with to-morrow, [Saturday June 2nd], and continuing all next week, we will hold our clearance sale of several hundred beautiful hats that will be sold regardless of cost. We will make special inducements in children's hats for "Children's Day." We invite the children to come and see us. We are making the lowest prices of any house in the city. If you are desirous of procuring value received for your money give us a call.

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Go to 2223 Leavenworth for estimates on carpenter work.

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FOR SALE—THE AMERICAN and BRITISH AMERICAN CITIZEN.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the East front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

Lots numbered four (4), five (5), eight (8), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11), twelve (12), thirteen (13) and fourteen (14), in Lee's subdivision of lots numbered eighteen (18), nineteen (19) and twenty-two (22), in block number three (3) of Brookline, in Douglas county, state of Nebraska, as surveyed, platted and recorded; the said lot eight (8) will be first offered; the said lots four (4), five (5), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11) and twelve (12) will next be offered separately, and in the event that proceeds of sale shall be insufficient to pay the amount hereinafter named with interest and costs, then lots thirteen (13) and fourteen (14), as above described, will be offered; said property to be sold in the order as above specified, to satisfy John A. McShane, as guardian of Thomas J. McShane, Alice McShane and Margaret McShane, the sum of eleven hundred and eighty dollars ($1180.00) judgment with interest thereon at rate of eight (8) per cent. per annum from February 6th, 1893, and fifty-one and 58-100 dollars ($51.58) costs with interest thereon from the 6th day of February, A. D. 1893, until paid, together with accruing costs according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its February term, A. D. 1893, in a certain action then and there pending wherein John A. McShane, Guardian, was plaintiff, and Michael Lee, Mary A. Lee and others were defendants.

Omaha, Nebraska, May 29th, 1893.

GEORGE A. BENNETT,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska.
Frank T. Ransom, attorney. 6-2-5

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the EAST front door of the County court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

Lot nineteen (19) in block fifteen (15) in Omaha Heights addition to the city of Omaha, in Douglas county, state of Nebraska; said property to be sold to satisfy Louis Bradford the sum of eight hundred and forty-one dollars ($841.00) judgment with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent. per annum from May 1st, 1893; to satisfy Alvin Saunders and Arthur Remington, as Trustees, the sum of three hundred thirty-two and 98-100 dollars ($332.98) judgment with interest thereon at rate of eight (8) per cent. per annum from May 1st, 1893; to satisfy the sum of thirty-nine and 03-100 dollars ($39.03) costs with interest thereon from the 1st day May, 1893, until paid, together with accruing costs according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its May term, A. D. 1893, in a certain action then and there pending, wherein Louis Bradford was plaintiff, and William W. Doten and others were defendants.

Omaha, Nebraska, May 29th, 1893.

GEORGE A. BENNETT,
6-2-5 Sheriff of Douglas County, Neb.
Montgomery, Charlton & Hall, attorneys.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the East front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

Lot three (3) in block four (4) in Walnut Hill, an addition to the city of Omaha, all in Douglas county, state of Nebraska; said property to be sold to satisfy Samuel D. Mercer the sum of fourteen hundred thirty-nine and 30-100 dollars ($1439.30) judgment with interest thereon at rate (10) per cent. per annum from February 6th, 1893; to satisfy James Norton & Son the sum of ninety-six dollars ($96.10) judgment with interest thereon at rate of seven (7) per cent. per annum from May 9th, 1892; to satisfy the sum of thirty-seven and 65-100 dollars ($37.65) costs, with interest thereon from the 6th day of February, A. D. 1893, together with accruing costs according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county at its February term, A. D. 1893, in a certain action then and there pending, wherein Samuel D. Mercer was plaintiff, and T. M. Trevett and others were defendants.

Omaha, Nebraska, May 29th, 1893.

GEORGE A. BENNETT,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska.
Albert Swartzlander, attorney. 6-2-5

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Widths A. B. C. and D.

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A Pair.

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