

THE AMERICAN.

VOLUME 1

OMAHA, NEB., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1891.

NUMBER 30

CHEERED THE AMERICAN.

The members of Council No. 8 will please accept our heart-felt thanks for the ovation tendered THE AMERICAN last Thursday night. We have yet to learn of another paper where a body of several hundred men so thoroughly approved of its course as to leave their hall and march to the office in a body and give three cheers for the editor and the paper. No words of ours can convey to them the deep gratitude we feel for that mark of friendship and confidence. May God Almighty so direct our efforts as to merit a continuance of your approval, and the approval of our many other friends. Let us remember that we have only done our duty, and that we shall repeat this act as often as it is necessary.

WORKED FOR THE WHITE CAPS

Strange things happen. Last Tuesday morning Mr. Alfred Jordan was in the employ of Mr. John Thomas, a brick manufacturer, on south Twenty-fourth street. Mr. Jordan seemed to satisfy Mr. Thomas and the latter seemed to fill the bill as far as the former was concerned, and all was smooth as oil, yet a change took place. Mr. Jordan went to vote. When he returned he found his team in the barn and irate Mr. Thomas told him if he could make more working for the "White Caps" than he could hauling brick he could go back and work for them. This Mr. Jordan proceeded to do and now he sighs for a situation. If Mr. Thomas is not a Roman he certainly ought to be.

WHITE CAP NOTICES

Now and then you run across a policeman who knows a scheme when he sees it. There was one of that description on a beat on Sixteenth street week before last. He discovered the city bill poster, late one evening, going from point to point pasting up some little yellow bills stating "Keep It Dark Until Oct 28. Not being a member of that despised order known as "White caps," alias A. P. A. he concluded the bills were being posted for the sole benefit of the members of that order, and proceeded to tear them down. After he had got well along with his work, the bill poster noticed what he was doing, and, boiling over with rage, he approached the minion of the law to learn what he meant by tearing down bills as fast as he posted them, and the policeman, notwithstanding said, "yez don't suppose I'd allow yez to paste up white cap notices on my beat, do yez?"

If any of our subscribers in the city of Omaha do not receive their papers hereafter by Friday evening they will confer a favor on us by reporting the matter to us at once. We are revising our lists and will endeavor to see that THE AMERICAN is delivered promptly and on time.

The Catholic priests are endeavoring to defend the exhibition of the bogus coat at Treves but their defense will hardly satisfy an intelligent people.



A SATIRE

On the Secret Acknowledgments Between Priests and Pope—A Prayer.

Oh, ruler of the night!
Thou art likened unto a busy gopher,
That worketh his way in the dark
And despiseth the sight of men.
Yea, as a great mole thou art,
That filleteth his belly from
The dark places of earth,
And gathereth together his dirt
To heap it in a goodly temple,
For the show and gaze of men.
But beneath it, lies the tyrant.
For this, Oh, infinite man!
We worship thee. We adore thee.

Thy constitutions are strong:
The laws of thy church are mighty;
But cursed be that new-born church,
And curse thou the laws of state:
For cursed are the tongues that tell them—
Oh, human god!

Answer thou our prayer,
Then this peevish bit of heresy,
Shall be much undone; and here,
Under the shadow of thy holy church,
We'll pluck the richer pearls of state:
And by inductions dangerous,
And vile indirections—
Set them in Roman rings—
And let their glistenings our holy coffers fill.

But yet, Oh, infallible!
There are swift injunctions—
Deep innovations afloat;
Form'd 'twixt rich and poor,
'Gainst the sacred rights of thy fathers.
Yea, 'gainst thy infinite fathers—
These infallible gods before thee.
Ay, 'gainst
That which was most good unto them,
For every temporal whiff, well charg'd they
To endure forever—

But these modern ages, have play'd
The archaeologist with thee,—
Dug thee up, and set thee
In thy place with the muses;
And laugh at the fitful pipings
Of an ancient god,
In these lit-up times of liberty—
We lament with thee, we confess.
Oh, infallible man!
For we feel thee fast passing away—
And thy fathers! These men!
Yea, these human gods—
Had they but have seen; have dream'd;
Have thought—Had they but have known,
The constitution of a modern republic—
Aye; had these gods but have conceived it;
Thee and we might have owned
All human breath, 'twixt heaven and hell;
And kept thee well set upon it,
An holy monster—Ay, e'en a god,
To the children of men; yet,—
Man-begot and born of woman, thou art.

But lo,
We are become a cursed race,
Crown'd of devils and hated of men—
And thou!—
Thou art fallen from god to man.
We confess this unto thee, and thee alone.
Yet we praise thy infallible being,
Oh, omnipotent man!
And we remember it not, Oh infallible!
That in time past, thou and thy fathers
Did much err in thine infallibility.
But we know that within thy law,
Thou hast a sure and holy way,
From under the weight of thy mistakes.
For this we laud and magnify thee,
Oh wondrous man, for thine omnipotence,
And we would that all this world,
Gaze upon thee as we thus hold thee up—
But, Oh, most infallible!
They say thou art as one born in great luck—
But not in so much great luck,
As thy fathers before thee.
For lo, thy great luck
Hath charg'd upon thee, to turn thee back.
It was not so with thy fathers;
For their luck was greater than kings—
But now has liberty, set up her crown,
High above the crown of kings!
And thy ceptre hath lost its charm.

Again we grieve, Oh infinite man!
That thy part hath fared so well,
And we are wont, again to set thee up—
And for thee, we'll challenge,
We'll fight! we'll burn; we'll kill;
And for thy sake alone,
We'll blacken this liberty, with ignorance;
Dispell this blissful peace
With the travail of war;—
Contaminate our filthy lives,
With the souls of devils;
Incur dangerous insurrections
In the rule of state;
And spill, nicely, heretic dog's blood,
For thy charity's sake,
Oh, most infallible man!
And we who know thy dreadful compounds,
Shall serve them well—
And standing within the pale
Of thy holy church,
We'll ooze out the life of liberty;
Make ignorance, yea, blacker yet;
And tweddle men's souls with holy words,
To live in thy name, or by
Strange inventions, Ha, Ha—die.
Then we'll lock our famous history,
From the souls of living generations;
And sit us down in comfortable places;
Teach them only the fables of thee,
And rear them—slaves to our desire.

Oh, omnipotent man!
How rich and bold is thine inheritance!
But hold! Oh pontiff great—
For stern men there are,
Who deny thee; who curse thee;
Who hate thee—call thee
Blooded cur; traitor; Despot—
And spurn thee—
And while we try,
By our black, and direful deeds,
To check this hated freedom's tide;
They say,
"Lay on, Pontiff!
And drop thy keys,
When you set enough.
Curse thou their nation,
Oh, thou father of us devils,
Is our everlasting prayer.

—WHATNOX.

A Priest's Outspoken Words.

The committee in charge of the proposed celebration of Archbishop Kenrick's jubilee at St. Louis, on Dec. 1, has stirred up a lively fight by its discrimination against Catholic children who attend the public schools. One of the great features of the jubilee was to be a children's chorus, and the trouble is all over an order issued by Vicar General Brady that "all Catholic children who attend the public schools will be excluded from this chorus and from otherwise participating in the celebration."

Father Powers, of the church of the Immaculate Conception, has taken up cudgels on behalf of the public school children, and has declared in the most unhesitating way that the action of the committee is "a direct and public blow from a lot of zealots against the public school system," and proclaims that their assumption of power should be trodden under foot. There are, he asserts, "a number of men on the executive committee who are without reason on this point, and are in such a frantic state of mind that they believe anything outside of the Catholic church should be exterminated." Continuing in this vigorous train Father Power gives the church dignitaries the following home-trust.

"If the head man of our church would give a few minutes' consideration to the subject they would find that the parochial school system of this country is without merit and therefore should be abolished. In no way does it compare with the public school system. We have no governing board and therefore the results are insignificant.

"When the Catholics attack the established educational system of this country they are fooling with a boomerang that will rebound on them and deal a crushing blow to their own institutions."

No member of the most advanced American society could have spoken more vigorously patriotic on the public school question. Father McGlynn, who was excommunicated for his utterances, never went any farther than this. The St. Louis priest is way ahead of this church on this question, and will probably feel the bishop's lash ere long. He has spoken the plain, unvarnished truth about the general worthlessness of the parochial schools and the bishops of the Romish church will eventually find out that they have been fooling "with a boomerang" when awakened Americans arise in their might and bid them keep their impious intermeddling hands off the Nation's schoolhouse. The St. Louis incident will open the eyes of sensible Roman Catholic parents to the church's malign interference with parental control, and so an important lesson will have been taught.—Western British American.

THE American people have proved themselves capable of "home rule" and the pope's subjects cannot attempt to enforce Irish Rule without receiving a merited rebuke.