

# PERIL OF OUR COUNTRY.

## Col. Edwin A. Sherman Says It Comes From Romanism.

### Awake, Americans, and Crush the Religio-Political Monster Which Threatens Your Liberties.

#### Mr. Chairman and Citizens of Boston:

If I fall to meet your expectations it will be on account of a bad cold, which I took on my pilgrimage to Washington to attend the triennial convocation of the Knights Templar. However, I trust you will bear with me, though I shall not enter into any argument upon this occasion, for I believe, like Cromwell, that it is well to watch and pray and keep your powder dry. [Applause.] I shall not speak from a religious standpoint, but from that of the soldier, the citizen, the patriot and the Freemason.

In the first place, I was a Boston boy. I was born under the shadow of the Plymouth rock. Whatever I am today as an American citizen I owe in great measure to Boston, this home of my early boyhood. For up to the time I was thirteen years of age, entering the public schools of Boston at six, all the education I ever received, I received in Boston.

I wish to pay a tribute to a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts, the Hon. George Bancroft, to whom the people of these United States are indebted that the flag of these United States waves over California. When he was secretary of the navy, a Jesuit plot which resulted first in the murder of that pioneer missionary, the Rev. Mr. Whitman, then in Oregon territory, now the state of Washington, was discovered. A plot was entered into by the Jesuits, among them Father McNamara, who was landed by the English frigate, Juno, at Santa Barbara, by which Mexico was to cede to England in payment of its indebtedness, that portion of its possessions for the purpose of planting an Irish colony there, and California was intended to be an Irish Roman Catholic colony. But thanks be to God and the foresight of George Bancroft, while the waves of war broke upon the borders of Texas, yet nevertheless Lieutenant Gillespie, who was sent overland, made his way to Mazatlan, and there placed his orders in the hands of Commodore Sloat, and on July 7th, 1846, he landed at Monterey, and secured California to the American nation forever.

I left home when a boy and made my way to Chicago. I was the first local reporter in that city in the years 1843 and 1844. You will remember that the world was to come to an end about that time. Father Miller had so prophesied, and I thought I would go to Chicago before that cataclysm occurred. Subsequently war was imminent on American soil on account of the annexation of Texas. Having a relative who was an officer in the United States army, I went to join him. I did not meet him. However, I entered the service of my country, and of only about fifteen persons now living who saw the first and last gun fired of that Mexican war, I am one.

I remember, in coming to this question in which you are all so deeply interested, (and whose echoes we have heard upon the shores of the Pacific,) when in the city of Philadelphia, in 1844, the fight took place when the Hibernian engine company broke into a school house, threw the Bibles out, and a riot commenced. It ended, however, in American principles being triumphant, and in sending the right congressman to Washington. I had, when a boy, drank in the spirit of patriotism upon the fields of Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, where such noble battles were fought and the Americans were successful in driving the English from Boston harbor.

During the Mexican war, there was circulated among our army propositions to those who were Roman Catholic soldiers, to desert. Those who belonged to the infantry, the cavalry, and artillery, were to receive payments in lands and money, and everything else accordingly. One man, by the name of Riley, deserted before hostilities broke out, and others followed him. Then after the battle of Monterey, and after fifteen thousand men under armistice were allowed to pass out carrying their arms with them, fifty of those Roman Catholic deserters led the Mexican army out. It was with great difficulty that our men could be prevented from shooting them, but the armistice had to be kept. When our division was called from Monterey and Taylor's line on the Rio Grande to go to the south, from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, we found ourselves confronted by deserters from our own ranks—a complete battalion known as the Legion of San Patricio (St. Patrick) composed of deserters from our army, and Riley, a brigadier general commanding them. At that time the United States were appealed to and they removed the batteries from their ships of war, and filled them with provisions for starving Ireland, and at the same time these men, deluded by priests of their faith to violate their oaths, ungraciously, in our own clothing and with our arms, at the

battle of Churubusco, near the city of Mexico, turned upon their former comrades and laid them low. It was impossible to estimate the feeling of our men. Sometimes muskets were thrown aside and simply with the bayonet alone in hand we met the enemy and captured over sixty of these deserters. There came an armistice, and during that armistice they were duly tried by court martial, and at Missoac, in the presence of both armies, we hung thirty-two in good order. Thus in my early life I learned these lessons.

Passing through Mexico as I did during that war, I learned much of that then priest-ridden country. This was soon followed by the discovery of gold in 1848, and I returned to Philadelphia and there organized a company to go to California, sailing to Tampico, and crossing the country to Mazatlan, and thence by sea to San Francisco. We had passports to carry arms through Mexico, granted by the Mexican minister at Washington. Our passports were signed by Buchanan, who was then secretary of state. We traveled through that country till we came to the city of San Potosi. We secured a hotel, and then started to go around the town in a body to see the sights. This was a city which had never been captured during the Mexican war. Here we met this same Riley, who had been branded on his right cheek with the letter D. We had not gone far before we found there was a commotion. First came music with a company of infantry; after them came the bishop in his carriage and behind came the rabble. As they came along every person was compelled to kneel in the street. I said to my company, "You need not kneel, but take off your hats as a token of respect to the customs of the people." The infantry made a movement as if about to charge upon us, and our pistols naturally were held in position for use. The bishop looked out of his carriage, found there was trouble, and demanded to know the reason. I happened to be the only one who spoke Spanish of our party, and I stepped forward and told him who we were, and that we had permission to pass through his country to Mazatlan. We intended no disrespect, but if the attempt was made to cause us to fall upon our knees they would pay for it with blood, for Americans kneel only to God. A dispensation was granted us by the bishop, excusing us from kneeling, and the procession passed on.

In the course of time, on the 24th day of May, 1849, we celebrated the queen's birthday by entering the harbor of San Francisco. And thus we commenced the development of that mighty empire of the Pacific, the fairest land the sun shines upon, and though you may love old rugged New England, and I love the place of my birth, but when I see the sun through the golden gate, it shines upon those delectable mountains spoken of by Bunyan in Pilgrim's Progress, and it is a land of paradise to pass from this world to the next.

Time rolled on, and we had periodically something of this question coming up before us, but the enemy was not strong enough to carry their point. However, at the present time, they have massed their forces, and getting control of both republican and democratic parties, (Rome being a unit, divides on every question to unite together that the church may be the winner in the end)—our country is now thoroughly sapped and mined, and there is a false security among the people that there is no danger. I tell you that we are living upon a volcano. I hold here in my hand the constitution and laws of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It is a complete military organization, and in every county and town throughout these United States, under the priest, by his direction, the whole of the Roman Catholic population of the male persuasion are being drilled and disciplined. I obtained possession of this only last year, when they met at Louisville and completely organized their national compact. I have made a copy of a portion of it, it will give you startling information. Battalions, regiments, companies, everywhere, they are compelled to join this military organization. There is one thing about our country that people do not understand. There are no better census takers, no better ones to estimate the value of real estate. They have their men among the priesthood. One priest is sent to gather all the data. He leaves it with his successors to take his place, and thus it moves on and on continuously. You have a corps of the most subtle, astute, complete conspirators that God ever permitted this country to be cursed with, and it is ever active in carrying forward its plots to undermine and overthrow the free institutions of this great republic.

I am going to relate some facts that are as positive and as certain as that the sun shines. There was no way by which the Roman Catholic church could accomplish its ends and advance its interests and hasten the time when it could seize possession of this country, until it could plunge this country into a civil war. Chief Justice Taney, of the United States supreme court, was a Roman Catholic, and by his Dred Scott decision started the wheels of the chariots of war in motion. The whole movement of the rebellion was a Roman Catholic conspiracy in the beginning. And a distinguished brother

Mason, now dead, known by the Masonic fraternity, our Moses and law-giver, Albert G. Mackay, (God bless his memory) born in Charleston, South Carolina, was true and loyal to the end. The pope was the only crowned head in Europe to recognize the southern confederacy. Jeff Davis' sister was a superior of a convent in Bardstown, Kentucky.

When the division of the democratic party in 1860, came in Charleston, South Carolina, that was the first movement. Then followed secession in Hibernian hall, in that city, and Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, Father Ryan, of Georgia and Father Hubert, of New Orleans, by direction of the pope, consecrated the flags, the arms, the weapons of the rebellion of those who were Catholics, and absolved them from their oaths of naturalization and allegiance to the United States government. And why? There was a man loved as no other man was ever loved in these United States; a man, in my opinion, equal to, if not superior to him who was father of his country, who was selected as a victim four years before he was ever nominated to the presidency—Abraham Lincoln. It fell to my lot at the time of his funeral in New York, as chairman of a committee of investigation to follow up and ferret out, if possible, the source from which this hatred came. Why was it? What had Lincoln done that Rome should demand his life? The causes were these, and the proofs are beyond question, and perfectly satisfactory. It was found that the pope had determined upon a general colonization scheme to take possession of the Mississippi valley early in the fifties. There was a man of the Roman Catholic priesthood, born in Canada, who had been selected to lead that emigration and to plant it in Illinois. He had money and his people followed him first to Chicago, and then to Kankakee county, where he laid out a town, St. Ann's, and built a church. In course of time he fell out with his Catholic bishop, O'Reagan, and among other things, the French who had settled in Chicago, determined to have a church of their own. The Irish outnumbered them and they had no chance. They selected a place, built a church, sent to France and bought the richest vestments, the best pictures and furnishings and made ready to go into the church. The next Sunday morning they were to celebrate mass. When they arrived there, there was no church. I have heard of stealing a red-hot stove, but I never before heard of stealing a church, but it was done, and had been moved away on wheels to another part of the city. They found it filled with Irish Roman Catholics and an Irish priest saying mass. They could not get in. They waited their time until the priest should come out, and he treated them with insult and drove them away. They then went to the bishop, but received the same treatment, for he had taken their rich vestments and had them in his own house. At last it became necessary that they should appeal to the head at Rome. Father Chiniquy sat down and wrote to Louis Napoleon in France, and also to the pope in Rome.

The emperor wrote to the pope, and the pope sent out his nuncio, Cardinal Bedini, who came out there and the bishop was finally removed. But before that, matters had taken such steps that they determined to destroy Chiniquy. He had the manhood to defend his rights, though a Roman Catholic priest, as an American citizen. He purchased the property with his own money and that of the members of his own church. They built together. It was theirs; the title was in him. After failing to accomplish their purposes through the courts, though they reduced him to poverty, a most damnable plot was made for destroying him. A criminal charge was brought against him, and as it could not be tried in Kankakee, a change of venue was taken, and it was to be tried in Urbana, Champagne county, Illinois—Abraham Lincoln being of the council. While waiting for a tardy juror five priests in black robes entered at a side door and took a seat provided for the witnesses. There they sat with their hands devoutly clasped upon their breast, looking as if it was a most solemn event. They came to give their aid to a most damnable plot. Before long Lincoln looking over and seeing this row of priests, comprehending their object, and bending over the table to the opposing counsel, in a loud whisper, intended to be heard by everyone in the room, said, "Norton, Norton." "What is it?" said Norton. "I have a question to ask you in confidence," said Lincoln. "What is it?" said Norton. "What have all them fellows got men's credentials for?" It was not in that exact language, but it was language that gentlemen will understand by themselves. It broke the spell upon the court. In a few moments a laugh ran through the court. Judge Davis, himself, laughed heartily upon his bench. But Lincoln had accomplished his purpose. He had broken that spell which could be done in no other way. He uncovered the villainy, and the result was that the priests, fearful of being lynched, fled from the city. The next morning, knowing that the case would be dismissed, he would not permit it, without his consent, and therefore addressed the court and persons these

words: "I have believed this mystery clear through, and this is the starting point of the enmity of Rome to Abraham Lincoln." He said:

"May it please your honor, gentlemen of the jury and American citizens, this conspiracy, I am aware, has failed in its efforts, but I have a few words which I wish to say." He went on and depicted the career of Father Chiniquy how he had been unjustly prosecuted, and then in conclusion, said: "As long as God gives me a heart to feel, a brain to think, or a hand to execute my will, I devote it against that power which has attempted to use the machinery of the courts to destroy the rights and character of an American citizen."

A day or two after that Father Chiniquy went to have a settlement with Mr. Lincoln. "How much do you think you owe me?" "I don't know." "Well, you are broke," says Mr. Lincoln. "I am," said Chiniquy, "but I want to have you draw up a note, and I will sign it and pay you as I can, for I must know what are my liabilities." "How much do you think you owe me?" "Well, I owe Judge Osgood \$1200, Judge Paddock \$1500, you, perhaps, \$2000; but I must have a settlement and know what I have to work for." Mr. Lincoln turned around and drew up a note, and hearing sobbing behind him, he said, "Father Chiniquy, what are you crying about? You ought to be the happiest man alive. You have beaten all your enemies and come out triumphant; they have fled in disgrace, and you ought to be the happiest man alive." Father Chiniquy placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said: "I am not weeping for myself, but for you, sir. They will kill you; and let me tell you this, if I were in their place, and they in mine, it would be my solemn, sworn duty to take your life myself or find a man to do it." Mr. Lincoln turned around, and with a peculiar look upon his face, said, "Father Chiniquy, please sign my death warrant." That was a simple promissory note for \$50. Lincoln received the note and vanished. Now, I hold the note given to me by Father Chiniquy, (exhibiting it.) He was offered £150 for it in London, but in view of what I had done in rendering him assistance in ferreting out this thing from the beginning, he gave it to me, and I had it lithographed, and sent him the lithograph and kept the original note. This was the beginning. When Lincoln started on that tour of political discussion with Douglas, the entire Roman Catholic influence was thrown in favor of Douglas. His wife was a Roman Catholic.

There was a greater question before the people caused by the admission of the state of California into the union. When we came to organize the state government and form our constitution my maiden vote was cast for the delegates to that state convention which met in Monterey, in September, 1849, and in that constitution we declared that California should have no involuntary servitude or slavery save for criminal offenses.

The admission of the state of California was the cause of those principles coming up which divided the republican and democratic parties into two factions. The political wheel was set in motion and though Abraham Lincoln got the popular vote, Stephen A. Douglas got the legislature. The next turn of the wheel gave Lincoln the nomination for the presidency. Then from that very moment came the releasing of every Roman Catholic from their allegiance to the American government. They followed it through. Our countrymen north and south were hurried against each other, the great mass of them Protestants, as it was intended to be. The scum of Europe now tramples over the graves of our dead countrymen, north and south alike. Mr. Lincoln was continually in receipt of these threats of assassination from the time he entered into the defense of Father Chiniquy. He was continually warned from time to time, but at last knowing that the opportunity was favorable, they could make use of the instrument, and Abraham Lincoln must die.

Of the men engaged in that conspiracy, Dr. Samuel Mudd was the chief director. He was a Roman Catholic, as was also John Wilkes Booth, Mrs. Surratt and her son; and in the judge advocate general's office at Washington, there may be seen the Roman Catholic medal taken from Booth's neck. A short time before that Booth had received the sacrament from Archbishop Spaulding, of Baltimore, and almost identically at the same time the pope sent from Rome the arms and accoutrements in exact counterpart of the papal guard at Rome, and when Archbishop Spaulding died he was buried with military honors by the papal guard at Baltimore. In this conspiracy every one was a Roman Catholic, either a Jesuit, priest or layman, who made every effort to conceal it. I do not state this simply upon my own authority, but refer you to the official report of the trial before the military commission. Read it carefully and you will find that all along the line it was for the interest of the Catholic church that even Mrs. Surratt should die. (Cries of "That is so, yes.") Rome is a sow that eats her own pigs. ("Yes, yes.") Her son, John B. Surratt, if he had been captured, would have been hung at the same time, but he had

and waited until he had the shot.

His escape had been prepared by Archbishop Bourget, of Montreal, Canada. He went there first, and returned to do part of his work, and he made his escape and was protected by that archbishop. He was placed in the charge of Father Charles Boucher of the parish of St. Leboire, Canada, there he kept him several months, finally he took him to Montreal, to another house of the archbishop, and there they kept him until they got ready to take him away. They took him in a carriage at Montreal to a small steamer which conveyed him down to Quebec, from whence he sailed on the steamer Peruvian to Liverpool, and thence to Havre de Grace, and from there went to Paris and Rome, and enlisted in the pope's body-guard. Rome now thought she had him secure, but through Father Chiniquy our government got track of him. A detective was put upon his track, and when the pope found that our government knew where he was, he made a pretense of being willing to give him up, but permitted him to make his escape. But he was captured at Alexander, Egypt, and brought back on the United States war-ship Swatara, and tried in the court of the District of Columbia. It was a pity that the civil law had taken the place of the military. A jury that was never intended to agree was drawn, and this Jesuit priest, the accessory before and after the fact so far as John H. Surratt was concerned, had the effrontery to come directly from Montreal, appear in that very court and give this very evidence I am now giving you; and if you turn to volume 2 of the trial of John H. Surratt, you will find all that I have said to you to be the exact truth. The investigation of this matter has been the work of years of the most patient research, and at an expense of thousands of dollars, mostly to myself and a few others. The hatred against Lincoln continued after his death. Among all the tributes of the nations of the earth, of societies and organizations, nearly one thousand that are bound in a book by the government, resolutions of sympathy and consolation, that came for the American people and among them were some from thirty and more Masonic lodges of Europe, supposing that he was a Mason, who draped their lodges in black, in France, Italy and elsewhere, yet you may examine that book from beginning to end—not from one single Roman Catholic society is there the first resolution of sorrow at this damnable act. Then still farther, Rome determined to destroy all evidence, if possible. Her hatred goes into the ground. She believes in cremation from the beginning, but not of her own members, and to destroy the body of Lincoln she plotted its robbery. I had visited his tomb in 1876, at Springfield, Illinois, and saw the dangers to which it was exposed, and there are some of us who have taken a solemn oath, (it rests upon us today), not only to perpetuate his memory, but to preserve his remains.

It became necessary to keep a guard there, but notwithstanding this precaution, they broke open the sarcophagus, ran out the cedar coffin, and were about to break into it when our friends were at hand. The ghoul was captured and every one was a Roman Catholic; they were tried and each sentenced to serve out his time in the state penitentiary of Illinois. Then fearing it might be robbed again, the sarcophagus was replaced and the body was placed in the side of the walls of the mausoleum, but the rascally contractor who built that monument had put in pieces of wood, and these rotted and made it unsafe, though the body was not exposed. It was then determined to remove it and place it in the front of the shaft and there bury it beside his wife. There it was kept, and four years ago when I came out there to hold memorial services, I brought earth from the tomb of Edward Baker, at Lone Mountain, San Francisco, and mingled it with that of Abraham Lincoln, and then took some back with me, and the bodies of the union soldiers of California rest under the same sort of earth as that of Abraham Lincoln. A few years ago, in order to place the bodies securely where they could not longer be disturbed, they were placed beneath the floor of the catacomb, and the resting place sealed with Roman cement; and there in a mass of stone, in an adamantite casket, to remain until the angel of the resurrection shall smite it and say, "Come forth." The lock that was put there is still there, and I hold the key to the broken lock of Lincoln's tomb.

And now to the work. I have said this subject needs no argument. It needs action. The moral cowardice of the American people at this time is contemptible. Eight per cent of the employes in the department at Washington are Roman Catholics. They control your telegraphic system; they are upon your newspapers, and prevent honest reports. And there is not a square politician belonging to either of your parties that dare stand openly as an American citizen. It was my pleasure to be a delegate to the national republican convention which met at Cincinnati, in 1876, when for the first time in the history of America it became necessary for both political parties to engrave their platforms the honest

lie schools. It was my pleasure to draft the article that went into the republican platform. That was carried and we were successful. We nominated our man, we defeated a most popular man, and our country was saved.

Let me go back a few years. When Italy was fighting for its unity with Rome for its capital as it had a right to, and when a strong struggle had to be made, in all the aid and subscriptions that went to Rome there went an adventurer and other volunteers from Ireland to fight for the pope, and for real or pretended gallantry at the gate of Del Rocca, that man was created a chevalier of St. Michael and an honorary aide de camp to Pope Pius IX. That man came to this country in time, and during our war, through Governor Seymour, of New York, and Archbishop Hughes, he was created a commissioned officer in the United States army. His father-in-law was born a Roman Catholic, confirmed a Roman Catholic, whose father, though a Presbyterian, five years before his death became a Roman Catholic, and the mother and father are buried side by side in the Catholic cemetery in Brownsville, Pennsylvania. Every one of that man's sister is a superior of a convent, or nun, excepting one who married and died in Baltimore, and the brother knelt by the side of his dead sister while the thundering cannon at Washington were fired when Grover Cleveland was being inaugurated. That man who had given his own daughter to Rome, and whose children were baptised in that faith—that man, whose apostasy from the faith is not believed in, because to bring forth works meet for repentance, knowing a thing to be wrong, he will not certainly allow his children to be educated in that wrong; that man who insulted the American people by having placed before them at the national republican convention the Roman Catholic priest, Father Charles O'Reilly, the treasurer of the Irish National Land League; that man was made the chaplain of the national republican convention which nominated James G. Blaine. I am for protection, but I believe in protecting our country, the American public schools, and in sending Americans only to represent the American republic abroad.

Think of it for one moment—there is Chill, who has been struggling for liberty from Rome for half a century, and she has measurably succeeded.

When in Washington I felt somewhat inspired by what I saw there—that monument to Washington which reaches towards heaven. Thanks be to the Masonic fraternity who laid the foundation and set the cap stone upon it. They protected the honor and saved the American republic from the disgrace of a stone being inserted in it sent by the pope. It was broken and thrown into the Potomac. Some good people dislike secret societies. Then, in the name of God direct your forces against the Jesuits. When the twenty-three thousand Knights Templars paraded in Washington the other day, there was a moral force representing three-fourths of a million of Masons that are ready when necessary to lay down the trowel and grasp the sword in defense of the free institutions of America. We love our God, we love our country, we love the Bible. It is our light from heaven, God's best gift to man, next to women—I do not mean the Roman harlot—(laughter and applause) for without women there would have been no revelation.

Now, that country of Chill is following our course, laboring to keep the priests out of the public schools, separating them entirely, endeavoring to make Chill the representative nation of South America, with a free country, totally un-priest-ridden—and yet a man not two years an American citizen is sent to represent these American people in this republic. [Shame, shame.]

Again, it is only two years since I traveled through the republic of Mexico, and we have another of that same sort sent to that country. I wish we had in our country the same rule as they have there. I have traveled safely and alone where murders used to be committed, and where the crosses are set one hundred yards apart to indicate the spots where they occurred. Thanks be to President Diaz, himself a Mason, there is not one convent in Mexico today. I cannot say how great is the reform that has taken place there. Where people were compelled to live in concubinage because unable to pay the exorbitant fees for marriages exacted by the priests, now there is good order, for the Mexican government married up all those people, made their children legitimate, and fixed a fine upon the priest who dares marry a person before the government does. That is the condition there.

When Grover Cleveland was made president he chose a Roman Catholic for one of his cabinet, Garland, and for assistant attorney-general, the infamous Zach Montgomery, who has issued the most villainous pamphlet against the public schools. Neither of the great political parties have the manliness or courage to follow their convictions. Their pledges are worse than sand, and there is but this to do: you have got to rise to your feet and go to work. I believe in praying, in trusting in the Holy Ghost, and all that, but I believe