

ON HISTORIC GROUND.

All Up and Down This Great Commonwealth the Spirit of Agitation Had Been Roused.

Weak-Kneed Citizens Smothered Patriotism Beneath Compromise—Some Counselled War—Others Demanded Peace at Any Price.

The following address was delivered recently by the newly elected president of one of the leading councils in Illinois:

"In accepting this gavel of authority there comes to me a sense of responsibility which could but make the stoutest heart feel dwarfed in strength or the boldest spirit cautious even to fear. But nerved with the same heroic spirit, luminous with the presence of that God who conducted our forefathers to these shores, through the fires of the revolution, and by the boys in blue in the late rebellion, and aided by the undivided loyalty and love of each member of this patriotic band, I hope we may be able to uphold that flag which Paul Jones and Farragut defended on the ocean, and that Washington and Lincoln, Gates, Putnam and Grant so nobly and heroically sustained on the land.

"We are tonight on historic ground. Removed but scarce a generation from the scene of a destructive civil war, the relics of that immortal conflict still are with us. About me are friends whose love and devotion to country led them to sacrifice enjoyment, home and kindred, that they might surrender to us one flag, one country and one people, pledged to liberty and independence.

"The battles of that mighty conflict were fought long before the fall of Sumter, and before Illinois yielded up her noblest sons to be slaughtered. All up and down this great commonwealth the spirit of agitation had been roused. Men in whose hearts burned patriotic zeal, like Paul Revere of old, were rousing slumbering citizens to duty and hanging out the signal lights of danger. Ridiculed and scoffed at as fanatics, they continued to warn the people of impending danger, even in this city voicing sentiments of loyalty to the union. Secretly the influence spread, quietly the work progressed, hopeful grew their hearts, till finally on this very spot, amid a shower of rotten eggs, that immortal prince of patriots, Owen Lovejoy, dared to declare, in the face of riotous opposition, that this nation, under God, should have a new birthright of freedom, and that this government of the people, by the people and for the people, should not perish from the earth.

"Battles such as these determined the destiny of the republic.

"The scene before us tonight takes many of us back to days before the war. Loyal men and women assembled in secret to formulate plans for the preservation of the government. Speeches of burning import were enthusiastically cheered. Hand clasped hand in friendly union, and heart beat in sympathy with heart in a desire to preserve the government. The final issue came. Many of you remember those trying times. The awakening guns of Sumter paralyzed the nation with fear. Credit was demoralized at home and abroad. Weak-kneed citizens smothered patriotism beneath compromise. Some counseled war. Some demanded peace at any price. Division of sentiment rent public opinion. Each additional day brought news of fresh adversities. The south was rebellious. Arms had been secured. But the north was finally aroused. Washington was stirred from center to circumference. Pent-up enthusiasm was burst forth in riotous demonstration. Patriotism was rife. Oratory flourished. There was a tramping of men. A scurrying of feet. Demand was made for surrender. It was hotly rejected. Chivalry out-ripped chivalry. The stupendous moment arrived. Sense and reason triumphed. There were tears of joy, mutterings of treason, threats of vengeance, curses of disappointment, cries of triumph, as with one master stroke of majestic patriotism the chosen son of Illinois, the soldier, warrior, statesman and hero, the immortal, martyred Lincoln crushed back the vain sentiments of political difference, cast off the shackles of party prejudice, unfurled the banner of undying liberty, demanded peace, and upheld by a million waving blades, the prayers of a million loyal women, the sympathy of the civilized world, forever established the right of democratic popular government.

"The present generation has taken up the work which the fathers defended. The success of that purging was not without disastrous results. War and distrust at home gave opportunity for another influence to do its deadly work. Before the issues of that conflict had been fully settled the priesthood of the Roman church had commenced an iniquitous crusade. With north and south in deadly feud, the pope in his den of infamy on the shores of the Italian sea saw this magnificent land buried in civil strife. In his despotic dream he beheld a country fertile with every resource bestowed by God on His chosen people. He was conscious

of untold wealth from exhaustless mines, glittering in the coffers of the Romish clergy. He beheld vast stores of golden grain, forests of valuable timber, wharves of priceless merchandise—all consecrated to his pernicious ends. Secretly he called to his side the Jesuit ministry, dispatched efficient political priests to our shores, and gave them the blessing of God to carry on this despicable campaign. Expelled from every civilized land, the Jesuits found refuge in America, and the work of undermining our institutions rapidly began. That they have been highly successful, no one will deny. For years, unheeding their dangerous practices, we have been attempting to restore our land to its pristine peace and prosperity. With scarcely an opposition, they have secretly attacked our institutions, stolen our money, and looted our treasury, till finally we have been aroused only by their daring and insolent demands. They have entered the political field, and desire in open combat to test our loyalty for those beliefs and principles which have cost this nation over two millions of precious lives and four billions of money. This is the reward of faithful protection. This is their mark of gratitude.

"My very soul was stirred with indignation when I heard the teachings of that degenerate son of a great father, Tom Sherman, as he attacked established principles, the bulwarks of our liberty, and swept them away like puppets before the relentless crusade of Roman anarchy. 'Rome does not recognize the majority. We may be governed by it, but we do not recognize it,' said Sherman. That was one of his theories, and that has always been a doctrine of Rome, and I am here to say that in the eyes of modern economy the harangues of Herr Most and the Haymarket rioters were mildest anarchy in comparison to this insidious thrust at organized government. Yes, Tom Sherman, if the Church of Rome promulgates such principles as control in this civilized community, I agree with you when you say that he who shoots an anarchist is a public benefactor.

"Romanism must go. The political horizon is roseate with the dawning of another day. The trump of the morning has sounded in the ears of organized patriotism. The first grey streakings of gleaming light behold an army sprung full armed from the soil. Deeds of darkness must be put away. With steady tread this invincible band of soldiers, clad in the armor of right, wielding the sword of truth, bearing aloft that ensign of free speech, free press, and free education, the little red school-house, has turned the flank of the Roman force, has spiked the guns of Satolli's thunders, and as the day advances the watchery of Rome's greatest senator, 'Carthago delenda est,' is hurled back in loud defiance, 'Romana delenda est,' (Rome must be destroyed), while the sun in its midday course reveals no other portentous omen to this host of foreign foes than the handwriting of eternal truth burnished on the face of the evening heavens, 'Beware of the A. P. A.'"

"I need not remind you of the importance of this noble order. We are pledged to equal rights and honest measures. We are a political organization, and as such we have a mission to perform. The past has been a series of undimmed victories. Abused by politicians, shunned by many well-meaning citizens, our numbers have grown till we are a vast and moving army. We are on the eve of an important political campaign. It is always well in any great undertaking to count the cost. The importance of the coming year can scarcely be estimated. There will be no room in our ranks for faltering courage. The eyes of the American politicians are upon us. We are the aggressive party. In my opinion, if we fail the coming year, our cause is wholly lost. There are many cheerful omens. The ringing news from Kentucky, from Wisconsin and from Ohio, makes glad our hearts. But there are still many reforms needed, national, state and local. I do not wish it understood that I am in any sense a pessimist, or that my wisdom is of much importance; but it seems to me that there are a few places in our political structure which could well be strengthened. You will allow me to briefly state them:

"We owe our first duty to our public school. This is the primary cause of the beginning of the order. In times past there has been no organized opposition to the candidates of this order. They have always received handsome majorities. But it is still the duty of this order to uphold our system of free schools and to place such men on the ticket as candidates as are pledged not only to defend the school, but also pledged to remove all Roman Catholic teachers who persistently use their office for the teaching of the Romish catechism and Roman doctrines from their positions, and supply their places with true and loyal Americans. It is the duty of every member of this council to turn out and arouse this community, expose the frightful plans of the Jesuits, and so thoroughly canvass this city that when the votes are counted the Romish slave will be compelled to seek again his castle and his nuns, never to enter politics again."

The speaker here outlined the plan of campaign in the city and county, the

duties of the council, and closed as follows:

"It is the duty of this order to furnish true citizens. The true citizen, regardless of party affiliations, untrammelled by personal malevolence, patriotically sacrifices all selfish considerations for the welfare of the people. This is the spirit which elevates the American commonwealth to the very pinnacle of human excellence, and upon American in die eternal stamps the seal of greatness. He who represents other than the true interests of the people is a traitor to his country and his God. 'What, traitor, wouldst thou seize and wear with shame the diadem of a Caesar? Upon the rubicon of a people's cherished hopes thou art pausing. Across its crystal tide, hidden in the dark, deep gloom of Romanism, lies the crown. Shouldst thou plunge, America shall be free no more.' Moral integrity shall hang her illustrious head in shame, and civil liberty wing her sad flight to more congenial climes. No, methinks I hear across the sounding waters which separate us from the land of eternal promise, the voices of the millions whose arms were bared in defense of that which we hold most dear, and as they speak to us of future hopes, their unmistakable accents, clear and invincible, ring in our ears: 'Thee too, sail on, O ship of State, Sail on, O Union, strong and great! Humanity with all its fears, With all its hopes of future years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate. Fear not each sudden sound and shock, 'Tis of the moor and not the rock, 'Tis but the flapping of a sail, And not a rent made by the gale, Sail on, nor fear to break the sea, Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Are all with thee, are all with thee.'"

Traynor Was Right.

In spite of the fact that a captious critic here and there has sought to belittle and induce the A. P. A. to repudiate Mr. Traynor's recent circular, says the *Patriotic American*, which, far from being repudiated, has received the general endorsement of the order throughout the country, there is one portion of the address—that relative to the Venezuelan question—which the following item from the *New York Sun* more than bears out, especially as the fact is well known that F. R. Coudert, the Jesuit, was Mr. Cleveland's chief adviser in the matter. The item reads thus:

"A fact heretofore unknown, and which we learn from documents recently published, is that before having recourse to the United States, the government of Venezuela, desirous of effecting an equitable delimitation of the frontiers with British Guiana, solicited the arbitration of the holy father. 'England would have been well inspired had she accepted the proposition. Thus she would have been spared the shock of the message of the United States. But if the intervention of the sovereign pontiff failed, the republic of Venezuela is none the less to be honored for having asked it, and the letters addressed by President Crespo and his minister for foreign affairs at the Roman court show with what magnanimity Leo XIII. accepted the mission of justice and peace that was offered him. 'Although the result of the dignified negotiations that were undertaken at the order of your holiness could not, on account of special circumstances, correspond to the elevated views by which they were inspired,' writes the president of Venezuela to the holy father, 'nevertheless, the republic of Venezuela and its government cannot fail to appreciate at its just value the recognized importance of the steps taken by the holy see in this delicate affair, and must always remember them, as if the effects had been those that your holiness expected and that the republic desired.'"

The Priest Struck Her.

There is an Italian residing on Jefferson street, between First and Second, Louisville, Ky., who has lost all faith in the Roman Catholic church, particularly the parochial school branch of it. He has several little children, and one of them, a girl between eight and nine years of age, he sent to the public school, believing that she would get a much better education than could be obtained in any parochial school. She had attended the public school but a short time when a priest connected with an East End church called and persuaded the Italian to send his daughter to the Catholic school. The change was made, and recently the priest called several of the little girls before him and proceeded to "annoint" them. He held a large, heavy candle in his hand, and this he rubbed over the neck, face and arms of the little girls, telling them as he did so that it would ward off disease. The Italian's little daughter was among the number, and, being ticklish, she laughed aloud when the priest rubbed the candle around her neck. This enraged the old beast, and drawing back the heavy candle, he struck her with all his might along side the head, raising a lump as large as a hen's egg. The little girl told her father, and the latter visited the priest, and besides cursing him as only an Italian can curse, dared him out on the sidewalk so that he could kick the head off him. But the priest refused to come out. The Italian at once removed his daughter from the parochial school and put her back in the public school.

WILKES BOOTH'S DOUBLE.

Curious and Tragic Story of the Rev. John G. Armstrong.

From a romantic point of view, the most interesting subject of all about the old Monumental Church at Richmond, Va., is the photograph of Wilkes Booth's double. It hangs in a dark corner of the old-fashioned vestry-room, and represents a man in the prime of life standing beside a table, his long clerical garments giving him increased dignity. The long, straight hair is brushed straight back from the high, broad forehead, and the face—in its every lineament—is said to be the image of Wilkes Booth as he would have appeared at that time. The resemblance is certainly most remarkable—the deep, black eyes, the shape of chin, mouth, cheeks, forehead, eyebrows and nose—and, moreover, there is a subtle similarity of expression to members of the Booth family that defies description.

This man was the Rev. John G. Armstrong, pastor of the church from 1878 to 1884. Even to this day, strange rumors of the final end of Wilkes Booth are to be heard in places where his friends and intimates lived and talked long after the assassination of President Lincoln had passed into history. There are tales of a mysterious grave, of a body that tallied in some of its marks with those of Wilkes Booth and differed materially in others, and an intangible fabric of supposition built about a series of gossiped incidents. However valueless these may be historically, they show an undercurrent that found an outbreak in the romance of Mr. Armstrong of Monumental church.

The likeness of Mr. Armstrong to Wilkes Booth was so startling that some people who had seen both men found it hard to believe that they were not the same. The preacher's manner might be called dramatic. His movements and gestures had the repose and breadth that most actors acquire in following their art and living and working before an audience. He was, moreover, slightly lame, as Wilkes Booth would probably have been in consequence of the injury to his leg sustained in jumping from President Lincoln's box. Aside from this fact, Mr. Armstrong's manner, voice and temperament led to the conviction that were he not a priest he would have been a great actor. It is said that his daughter did subsequently go upon the stage, and met with great success.

No subject of discussion was more constant in Richmond than the possibility that Mr. Armstrong and Wilkes Booth were one and the same man. Mr. Armstrong strenuously denied the identity, but such denials could not silence the rumors. There seemed moreover, to be a shadow over his antecedents. He came to Richmond a comparative stranger, and claimed that he was a priest ordained in Ireland. An investigation was quietly started to clear up the facts as to his past, but it did not give entire satisfaction. In the minds of the constantly reiterated declarations and denials, the clergyman was accused of irregularities in his habits, and this again called forth the charge that he was not all he seemed to be. He finally resigned the rectorship of Monumental church and went to a city in the extreme South. Shortly after he left the ministry he sank out of sight, and died in obscurity. But even to the end, the doubt as to his identity hung like a shadow over his life, and when on his deathbed his last words were a denial—a pathetic, heartbroken denial—that he was Wilkes Booth.—*Journal*, Feb. 5, 1896.

Wisdom and Virtue.

The *Catholic Review* is quoted by a contemporary as saying:

"Illiteracy is no bar to patriotism. George Washington could not spell correctly, and many of the heroes of Valley Forge could not read. The country needs to fear its corrupt citizens more than its ignorant citizens—men who buy votes, men who sell their votes, judges who wrest the law in the interest of the classes, and all dishonest men in public life. Virtue is needed more than book learning.

Nevertheless, education always has [directly affected] and always must directly affect the virtue of individuals and of communities, if for no other reason than that by the cultivation of intelligence it must always appear that virtue pays. It is for this reason that the world grows steadily better. It is impossible for the human mind to conceive of a world that would not improve in morals as it improved in age, because the inevitable increase of knowledge points out the use, the convenience, the desirability, of virtue. Only an unthinking conspiracy that might somehow prevent the increase of knowledge in the world could ever prevent the increase of morality in the world.

It is extremely doubtful whether "the country needs to fear its corrupt citizens more than its ignorant citizens." Nothing is more notorious than that fools do more harm than knaves. Moreover, if we should admit the superior badness of the corrupt citizen, we should have to remember that the corrupt citizen is created by the fool citizen. One cannot exist without the other. The number of corrupt men in office is always in precise ratio with the number of fools in a community.

Advertisement for Dr. Kay's Renovator, describing its benefits for various ailments like nervousness, indigestion, and general weakness.

Advertisement for Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, claiming to cure coughs, colds, and chest issues.

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When you educate fools out of their foolishness, you attack corruption by the most direct method; and it is always sadly futile to attack it in any other way.

In other words, the general question is not so much one of goodness and badness as strength and weakness. Education increases the strength that makes the battle less one-sided, decreases the temptation to corruption which always must exist wherever there is something for corruption to feed upon.—*Minneapolis Times*.

The Gates Still Open.

It is never safe to predict what Congress will do, but it is reasonable to suppose that the immigration question will not be entirely neglected during the present session.

The president has called attention to the persistent violation of the law now on the statute-books, which prohibits the immigration of aliens under contract to perform labor in the United States. The penalty for this offense is severe. Nevertheless, by the so-called padrone system, large numbers of men are annually brought to America and farmed out in various parts of the country. Italy has been the chief field of operations of the contractors who thus violate our laws.

The report of a special commission which our government sent abroad several years ago to investigate the sources of European emigration furnishes abundant confirmation of the president's statements. It was found that hundreds of agents, scattered throughout Italy, were actively promoting the movement of the discontented classes toward America.

Two of the commissioners, representing themselves as persons looking for contract laborers, found agents ready to supply them. But surprise was expressed that the applicants had come across the ocean on such an errand; for they were told that they could have been accommodated without difficulty by a concern in Mulberry street, New York, with which the agents in Italy were connected. Surely some means can be found to make the existing law more effective.

The Immigration Restriction League asks Congress to raise the tax on immigrants to ten dollars a head, and to exclude entirely "all persons between the ages of fourteen and sixty years who cannot read or write the English language or some other language." A bill with these provisions has already been introduced. If enacted and enforced, it will operate as a powerful check on the influx of ignorant and impetuous aliens.—*Youth's Companion*.

Party Idolatry.

"Party idolatry, more than anything else, save our abominable financial system, is bringing destruction to the country. I do not want to be a voter under the present system," said Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler at a meeting of the Citizens' Sovereignty Association at the Sherman House, Chicago.

H. F. Bartine, in speaking on "Best Money," said it was "the money we have in our pockets."

In speaking on the Monroe doctrine, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones said: "We are as surely approaching a federation of nations now as we were a federation of states before the Revolution. The Transvaal is nearer Chicago now than Maine was to South Carolina in Monroe's time. We must be citizens of the universe before citizens of Chicago. You may talk of your little reforms and these questions to-night and work for them, but the world is not going to the demeriton bow-wows if we don't get them. What we need is the establishment which will protect the right of humanity anywhere and under any circumstances."

Delta Waking Up.

DELTA, Colo., February 15.—EDITOR AMERICAN: Last evening Friend Parish and I came down from Montrose to attend the open meeting of Council No. 60 of this place. We found our friends here very enthusiastic in the work, and doing a great deal of good for the cause. At 8 o'clock the hall was nicely filled up with friends and their wives and families, with a good many strangers. County Judge Welch was chosen chairman, and the meeting was opened with an invocation by the Presbyterian

minister, after which "America" was rendered with a gusto by all present. An elegant program was then rendered, including music and recitations, an original poem by Friend Baird. Friend Parish gave an excellent talk on the school question, that was attentively listened to by all. Friend Beckwith then gave an explanation of the principles of the A. P. A. and of the work that is intended to be accomplished by the order.

All present expressed themselves as being highly pleased with what they had heard, and many expressed a desire to join. The order here is having a wonderful growth, and will exert a great influence in the elections in this county in the future. The council is making arrangements to give a grand ball on the eve of February 22; and will undoubtedly have an enjoyable time, as a large number of tickets has already been sold.

Yours in F., P. and P., DEPUTY.

Advertisement for Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, for coughs, colds, and chest issues.

Morgan's Kinging's Words.

The second letter of General T. J. Morgan in reply to the dastardly and cowardly attack of P. C. Yorke on his character, published in the *Call* of last Wednesday, was the vindication of a gentleman and a patriot, whose name should not be mentioned in the same breath with Yorke's. The closing paragraph of the general's letter is worthy of the man. It has the noble ring of genuine American patriotism, unvitiated by the bogus foreignism of Romish ecclesiastics. The passage referred to is as follows:

"In conclusion, let me say that I regard the conflict now raging on this continent between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, between the civilization of the nineteenth century and the semi-civilization of the sixteenth, between the liberty of our republican institutions and the despotism of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, between our free public schools, with all their broadening and uplifting qualities, and the narrow, provincial, belittling, benumbing parochial schools, is a conflict in which every lover of his race, every lover of republican institutions, every lover of Christianity, ought to be found on the side of the flag and the little red school-house. This is the side of patriotism, of philanthropy, of progress, of Protestantism."—*San Francisco Patriot*.

Want Quality.

LORDSBURG, February 13.—Lordsburg Council was organized here on February 2 with 14 charter members, besides several applications to act on next meeting night, which will be on Monday in J. I. C. Hall. I think now, Mr. Editor, it is getting to be quality we want, and not quantity, as there are a great many who would like to be admitted who are looking to their own special benefit. I do not think they have the good of the order at heart at all. With best wishes for the order, LUCILLE.

To Again Be McKinley's Secretary.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, February 10.—A letter received to-day from James Boyle, who was the private secretary to Governor McKinley when he was in the executive office, says he will return from Palm Beach, Fla., the latter part of this week and go to Canton to become his private secretary again during the presidential canvass.

Is a Confessional Inviolable?

GRANDBY, Quebec, Feb. 15.—The Rev. M. Gill, curate of the Church of Notre Dame, has been committed to prison by the magistrate for refusing to disclose the secrets of the confessional in a suit at law in which he was called as a witness.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.