

The Sons Of Liberty Conspiracy.

A correspondent of the New York Sun gives some interesting details of pretty well forgotten history. This correspondent says there was a genuine plot to burn New York City at a critical time in the war of the Rebellion, but says the Confederate government, while acquainted with the details, had no part whatever in the plot. He says, further, there was no plot to form a Northwestern Confederation, but that the Sons of Liberty, known also as the Knights of the Golden Circle, had the assistance and co-operation of Vallandigham in Ohio, Dodd of Illinois, Hunt of St. Louis, Colonel Bowie and Judge Milliken of Indiana, and McMasters of New York. It had not for its object the formation of a Northwestern Confederation; they intended it to be a military diversion, which would have endangered the Federal armies in the field.

The writer in the Sun is E. Longuemare, who organized the scheme, was the father of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and says "the scheme was checkmated mainly through the energy, foresight and activity of Governor Morton of Indiana," and adds: "When history shall be correctly and fairly written, this war governor will no doubt receive more praise for the successful issue of the war than any other man, Lincoln excepted."

We believe that is true, although he might include with Lincoln one U. S. Grant. Morton was governor of Indiana at the right time. He understood what was going on about him and the statement of this man, who organized the Knights of the Golden Circle, but confirms what is understood to have been the real conspiracy, ever since the war. It places Mr. Vallandigham in just exactly the right light, and we can imagine what might have been if Indiana at the time had had a governor of the same build and caliber that New York had at the time. Some of the very worst enemies of the Union were not in the Confederate army. They were preparing and did what they could to raise up a great danger to the Federal army in the rear, and as we look back upon it, it is more and more clear that in those days God ruled, and each act in that tremendous tragedy was called by higher powers than those on earth. A great soldier, under whose direction the battle of Shiloh opened, and under whose management the Federal army was in full retreat, just at the time when he, looking over the field, said to an officer by his side, "That means a checkmate," was shot and died almost before anyone dreamed that he was seriously wounded. His successor halted his victorious army and spent two hours of precious time in re-forming it. That was a fatal delay to the Confederacy. Just in the full tide of victory at Chancellorsville, Stonewall Jackson was struck down; just when the Merrimac had the fleet at Hampton Roads in a position that looked like certain defeat, the Monitor came and changed defeat into what was in reality the greatest victory of the war. For it not only vanquished the Merrimac, but it served notice upon England and upon France that their fleets were but paper, and that they would certainly be destroyed if they ever interposed with armed forces and tried to help the Confederacy. At Chicamauga the entire Federal army was rolled back in confusion, except the corps of General Thomas, who held the enemy at bay until nightfall and enabled Rosecrans to get his shattered army into a safe place.

The object was at first to give the Confederacy victory after victory, until the whole north would be ready to accept Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of freedom of the slaves, and to punish the north and the south until something like retribution was suffered for the wrong of keeping slavery a vital fact in American politics half a century after the wisdom and humanity of the world had decreed that it was time it should pass away.

The complete domination of the Republican state convention by the Smoot machine and the rejection of the Harrington resolution, the only incident out of the order of proceedings arranged by the Smootites, was complete notice to those in the Republican party in the state that the machine would brook no interference, and that the orders of the Provo apostle, as executed by Bill Spry, Curly Callister and the Fussy one, are absolute.

There was no necessity for the formality of a convention. The candidates who were set apart long before the meeting was convened understand thoroughly why they were nominated, and stand ready to do the bidding of the ecclesiast who has placed them in the positions they now occupy.

In precisely the same way, the county convention will be dominated by the Provo boss, and there will be no one named at that convention who has not pledged absolute fealty to the disreputable machine that has charge of the Republican party in Utah. There's no other way to receive a nomination at the hands of the gang, and every candidate, from Joseph Howell and Joseph Frick to Harry Joseph, knows like any other church slave just what he is expected to do to gain the favor of the church boss.

It is pretty nearly the end of the so-called Republican organization in this state, made up of Smootites and Jack Mormons, and the other sycophants who for their annual mess of pottage rally under the banner of the priest and call themselves Republicans.

This has been an unlucky season for Sweden in all vocations. First Iver Lawson took the count, then Battling Nelson got his, and then Parley P., the boy with the forty-five caliber build and the twenty-two caliber top-piece, was defeated for the congressional nomination, and this was followed by a citation asking him to show cause why he shall not be deprived of his office for refusing to perform his official duty.

This seems to be the open season for Swedes, and if signs count for anything, it is a little cloudy in the west for Broder Villard Hanson.

Another week and the campaign will be on in earnest, following the state and county conventions, which will complete their work now with little delay.

A New Orleans girl was married in a tugboat at sea during a storm a few days ago, and now no doubt feels qualified to meet and weather any domestic squalls that may come to kick up the waters of the marital sea.

It is so rarely that an heiress to millions looks higher than a duke or a lord in her matrimonial aspirations, that the engagement of an Astor to a New York newspaper man is attracting wide attention.

Sonsa has begun a crusade against "canned music." Much of the music we hear nowadays sounds like a packing house product.

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