

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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JOHN McLEROY, ROBERT W. SHOFFEL, BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOV. 23, 1899.

Office: 329 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

VICE-PRESIDENT HOBART DEAD.

Vice-President Garrett A. Hobart died at his residence, Paterson, N. J., at 8:30, Tuesday morning, Nov. 21. His family were around him at the time. An attack of angina pectoris was the culminating cause of his death.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S ADDRESS.

Commander-in-Chief A. D. Shaw made the opening speech of his administration Saturday evening, Nov. 11, at the army of the 71st N. Y. N. G., in New York City, in the presence of about 4,000 auditors. It was a magnificent address, and did him and the Order the greatest credit. It presented the arraignment of the veterans against the mismanagement of the Pension Bureau in the strongest and most forcible way, and yet with the greatest dignity and self-control. We think that it is so important that it should be given our readers in full rather than as an abstract, and will, therefore, publish it in a supplement to our issue of Nov. 30. It will well repay reading, and should have the widest circulation possible.

A BLOW AT A VETERAN.

For months Commissioner Evans has been parading that he had at the head of the Board of Review Col. Ferdinand D. Stephenson, a man who went out in 1861 in the 49th Ill., rose to be Captain, was severely wounded, and came out of the war Colonel of the 151st Ill. Only Americans have one language, uniform laws and customs, and entire community of interests from one end of their great land to another, and the deepest affection for their country as a whole. Therefore, they can rise to a higher plane of patriotism, and their gratitude goes out freely for all that contributes to the whole Nation's happiness and prosperity. It is a beautiful feature that custom has made the day strongly inductive of family reunions. The family is the basis of the Nation, and there is something exceedingly appropriate in the family gathering oftentimes from remote parts of the country to mingle filial and fraternal affection with gratitude for God's blessings on the entire Nation.

This year we have exceptional blessings to inspire our gratitude. The country has prospered as in no single year in our history. The harvests have been rich beyond all precedent. There have been work and wages for all, abundance everywhere, pestilence has halted far from our shores, unbroken peace and happiness has reigned within our gates, and the Nation's horn has been exalted among the kings of the earth. Never before has it seemed so proud a thing to be an American citizen.

For all this let us be duly thankful to the Giver of All Good Things.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Though our troops were disappointed in the expectation that they entertained at the time we went to press last week of tagging Aguinaldo, yet they have gained very substantial advantages. They have now driven the rebels out of the thickly settled lowlands into the sparsely-peopled mountains. This will deprive them of subsistence, and greatly assist in bringing them to terms to avoid starvation. As long as the war could be kept up in the flat, swampy, rice country, which has a dense population of about 200 to the square mile—or more than double that of Ohio—they had abundant supplies at hand all the time for as large a force as they wanted to keep in the field. Now, however, they have been driven northward, out of the rice country, into the Piedmont tobacco country, where the population does not average 50 to the square mile, and the people, instead of devoting all their energies to raising food, produce tobacco, good as a luxury, but not useful in supporting an army. Our cavalry has reached the Cayanag River, the largest stream in Luzon, and which can be made available for bringing up their supplies. This relieves our troops from dependence upon the railroad, and greatly facilitates the further progress of the campaign.

As we have at last the bulk of the population inside our lines, and freed from the domination of Aguinaldo, so that they will become separated from the rebels and quickly pacified. We are garrisoning the places as we advance, and giving the people assurance of protection from the marauding Tagals. The further north, Aguinaldo is driven the worse his situation becomes, and all semblance of an organized army must soon disappear under the pressure of starvation and inability to oppose any resistance to movements directly against his vital points. A few weeks of the good weather now at hand will reduce all the opposition to isolated guerrilla bands, the hunting down and extermination of which will afford congenial employment for ambitious young Second Lieutenants eager for adventure.

REPRESENTATIVE ROBERTS is in a bad way. The Election Committee of the House will undoubtedly make a report in favor of his being denied a seat, and the Gentle Democrats of his District refuse to stand by him, on the ground that he did not make good his pre-election promises to clear himself of the charge of active polygamy. They declare that he has made a football of the Democratic party and prominent Democrats in Utah.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day. This is one of the most elevating as well as pleasing of our peculiar National customs. It is peculiar to the United States, and has no sort of counterpart in any other country in the world. It is the direct outgrowth of the Puritanism which has had a predominant influence in molding our National character. It is essentially republican and democratic in its nature. The Government, State and National, has no farther share in it than to select a day, and recommend it for general observance. Then each man and woman does as he or she thinks fit about it—goes to whatever church he or she may think fit, or does not go at all. The great mass, however, go to some church, and there devoutly offer thanks, not merely for life during the year, and all that life has given them, but with equal earnestness, for all that the year has brought to their community, their State, and the whole country. The American is peculiar in this, above all men, for he has a more deep-seated love of his entire country than any other man in the world. The first reason of this is that he has really had a great country longer than any man. This statement may seem singular, but it will not appear so upon a little comparison with other Nationalities. The Englishman undoubtedly feels as strong an attachment for England proper as does the American for the United States, but no Englishman feels as deep, loving interest in Scotland, Ireland, and other sections of the British Empire as an American does in every part of the United States, no matter how remote it may be from his own particular home. Though they have been united for centuries, the English, Scotch, and Irish are still distinct peoples, and have vivid memories of the time when they were not united. The French are nearer homogeneous than the British, yet there are something like the same rifts between the north and south and east and west French as between the three Kingdoms of Great Britain. The Germans have, of course, been a Nation less than 30 years. Before that they were simply Prussians, Bavarians, Hessians, Brunswickers, Saxons, Hanoverians, etc., and though they have made rapid progress in developing a National spirit, the old divisions yet remain. Prior to 1870 there were no Italians proper. There were only Venetians, Sardinians, Sicilians, Romans, Genoese, Lombards, etc. There are Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Slavonians, Croatsians, etc., all diverse in language and thought, in the Dual Empire, and though the Spaniards have been under the Government of Madrid for four centuries, they are still substantially the 50-odd little kingdoms they were before the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, with their ancient divisions, characteristics, and jealousies still carefully maintained.

Only Americans have one language, uniform laws and customs, and entire community of interests from one end of their great land to another, and the deepest affection for their country as a whole. Therefore, they can rise to a higher plane of patriotism, and their gratitude goes out freely for all that contributes to the whole Nation's happiness and prosperity. It is a beautiful feature that custom has made the day strongly inductive of family reunions. The family is the basis of the Nation, and there is something exceedingly appropriate in the family gathering oftentimes from remote parts of the country to mingle filial and fraternal affection with gratitude for God's blessings on the entire Nation.

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THE VOTE IN OHIO.

Now the official returns of the Ohio election are all in and their analysis and anxious study by practical politicians has begun. The total vote cast was 908,150; divided among the six candidates as follows: George K. Nash (Republican), 417,199. John R. McLean (Democrat), 298,170. Seth H. Ellis (Union Reform), 7,739. Geo. M. Hammett (Prohibition), 1,825. Robert Bandlow (Socialist Labor), 2,439. Samuel M. Jones (Non-partisan), 206,721.

Nash's plurality is 49,023. The total vote for the opposing candidates was 486,954, leaving him in the minority by 69,705 votes.

WHO IS RIGHT.

As a lawyer President Harrison has no superior in the United States. Probably he never had a superior in all our history. Secretary Noble stood, and still stands, at the head of the Trans-Mississippi bar. Commissioner Raum is a lawyer of the highest attainments, and was the best Commissioner of Internal Revenue we ever had. His interpretations and applications of the Internal Revenue laws, at the troublesome formative stage, were almost flawless, and have stood unquestioned ever since.

All of these eminent men said that the act of June 27, 1890, meant one thing. Henry Clay Evans, a man absolutely without legal training, says it means something entirely different.

THE SIMPLE, PLAIN ISSUE.

In spite of the cloud of quibbling, sophistry, and tergiversation with which Mr. Evans has laboriously striven to obscure the real issue in controversy, it still remains unmistakably prominent and clear. It stands out like a promontory amid a whirling mass of clouds. These facts stand unalterable, undeniable, and unchangeable: The act of June 27, 1890, was passed as a virtual Service Pension Bill. Every one intended that it should be a straight Service Pension Bill, with the sole qualifications that the claimant should be in some degree disabled, and that his disability should not be directly due to his own vicious habits. It merely intended that notorious drunkards and debauchees should be excluded from its benefits. The widows of all soldiers should be entitled to pensions if they were in moderate circumstances, and not leading openly dissolute lives.

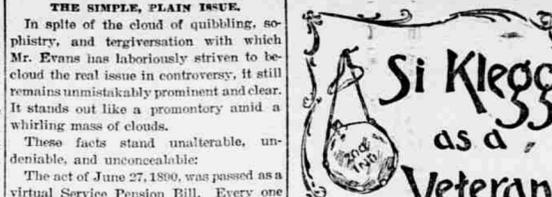
2. The act was so construed and administered for three years, and this construction received the practical endorsement of the two Congresses which immediately succeeded the one which passed it.

3. President Cleveland came in with his openly pronounced hostility to the whole pension system. The act of June 27, 1890, had received so much popular favor that he did not dare attempt to have it repealed. So he set the ablest legal minds that he could gather about him to work to find some device by which it could be rendered null and inoperative. This was not hard to do. There was never an act passed for any purpose which cunning lawyers could not find some loop-hole in, and which could be made effective, if judges and executives were so disposed. The pretext in this case was that the act had set up a new kind of disability hitherto unknown to our laws, and also introduced unusual moral qualifications. This was regarded as merely a cunning trick by President Cleveland and his advisers, and so denounced all over the country. No body of any legal repute spoke of it other than as a sharp device to get around and vitiate a law which Mr. Cleveland did not desire to execute.

4. The denunciation of this subterfuge was general and bitter all over the country for more than three years. It took place in all veteran gatherings, in Post-rooms, in annual Encampments, and in National Encampments. It was the subject of bitter reproaches in stump speeches, and in the editorials of newspapers. It became an important factor in Congressional elections, and secured a majority against Mr. Cleveland in the 54th Congress, which attempted to curb the Commissioner of Pensions by restrictive legislation. It became a burning issue in the Presidential campaign of 1896, and every candidate upon the Republican tickets that year denounced the subterfuge, the trick, the perversion of the law unpunishingly, and promised its immediate "obliteration of every vestige of Hokesmithism" if the party were successful.

5. The party was successful, and one of the beneficiaries of that success was Henry Clay Evans, who received the important office of Commissioner of Pensions. 6. What was the amazement of everybody to find him, instead of at once "removing and obliterating every vestige of Hokesmithism and Lochemism," pronouncing the Cleveland-Lochen perversion good law, and claiming that Gen. Harrison, Gen. Noble, and Gen. Raum had been grossly erroneous in their reading and construction. Instead of "obliterating Hokesmithism and Lochemism," he made every trick and device of their regime the basis of his policy, upon which he built improvements of his own.

This is all there is of it, and no amount of columns of Evans's sophistry can obscure the actual facts. Were the great body of veterans and their friends, who carried on agitation for 10 years for the measure, with President Harrison, Secretary Noble, Commissioner Raum, and the 51st, 52d, and 53d Congresses entirely wrong in their views of what the act of June 27, 1890, meant, and were President Cleveland, Secretary Hoke Smith, and Commissioner Lochen and Evans the only ones whose views were correct? To state the question is to show the absurdity of the whole ghastly pretense.



Pete and Sandy "Monkey" With a Prussian Shell.

Reminded by the hot, strong coffee, the regiment resumed its work of watching the opposite intrenchments with renewed zeal, and the rebels could not so much as protrude a gun-barrel through the slit between the top of the works and the head-log without getting several shots from the eager watchers in our lines.

The rebels were repressed, but still vigilant, as Pete Skidmore found out to his alarm. In spite of Shorty's anxious cautioning Pete would persist in rising up to "peek" over the head-log, and expose himself in other ways. Unwittingly he got his head considerably above the log, and discovered this fact when he was knocked back into the ditch, making a great splash as he fell. The blood streamed from his forehead, Shorty with an exclamation of dismay, crawled toward him, but before he could reach him, Pete, to his great relief, raised up a little, and passed his hand wonderingly along the red track of the bullet through his hair. Seeing the nature of the injury, the concern of the rest of the company found relief in a laugh at Pete's dazed look.

"Scratched your thinkery, did it?" growled Shorty. "Reached for the nest where you hatch your spellin' lessons and do your summs. If you had let me knock you out higher your name'd bin Mud. Mebbe you'll mind what I say after this, you restles, squirmin' little maggot."

"No skip out, Pete," commanded Shorty. "I'm worried to death all the time you're here, and you let me see your hands properly from thinkin' about you. I lost one good fair shot at a feller's head, just because you distracted me by peekin' your head above the log. My own hands, my feller may cost some of our lives, for I'm sure he's the one that's bin doin' some mighty sharp work."

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"That's it, go on tauntin' him, Si," whispered Shorty, who had an idea. "Devil him into showin' you didn't miss. He's got your cut lead, and he's bin hidin' it. He's right there by that splintered stub on the head-log. See it? Draw down fine on the crackle, and he'll be hidin' it. Let me look along your sights. There, a little more to the left. Hold her steady there, and what's the matter with you fellers?"

"You can't shoot alongside of us any day in the week. Did the lickin' of your cut lead, and you ain't no more shake your nerves? I'll bet I kin stick my hat up and you can't hit it. We must've downed a dozen of you fellers to-day, and you're runnin' to get a scratch one of us and he a little boy. Fine set o' shots you are."

"That's that you say? What's that you say? The rebel?" "I kin outshoot any man you've got over there. You'd dissent show a button over yer head-log, but I'll knock him out of the park. You'd dissent show your cut lead, and you ain't no more shake your nerves? I'll bet I kin stick my hat up and you can't hit it. We must've downed a dozen of you fellers to-day, and you're runnin' to get a scratch one of us and he a little boy. Fine set o' shots you are."

"All of you lay low—lay mighty close," warned Shorty, in a stage whisper. "Now, I'll bet you'll be hidin' it. He's bin hidin' it. Let me look along your sights. There, a little more to the left. Hold her steady there, and what's the matter with you fellers?"

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'I begin to smell a rat,' said Si, who now remembered that they had not been receiving any return shots for some time. He put his lip on the muzzle of his gun and slowly raised it above the head-log. Shorty did the same. Not a single shot, though the whole crowd were exposed, giving the fairest kind of marks. Si then raised himself up without drawing fire, and then sprang on top of the bank. 'He yelled, after a quick look, 'they've got a sneak on us. They're all gone.' The regiment rose as one man, leaped the log, rushed across to the rebel intrenchments and over them. Only a few dead men were found of their swarm of enemies. In front of Si's position was a cunning contrivance. A twig of hickory thrust in the ground bore an old wool hat. To the twig a dog was attached by a string so cleverly arranged that when the dog pulled to get into the hole he would raise the hat above the head-log. 'Sav, Yanks, what'd you think of that? See that a Yankee trick?' yelled a voice from the crowd behind him, as he knelt at a little distance. 'Wasn't that a slick one? Why didn't you keep on pluggin' away at that old hat the rest of the night? I hope you didn't hurt the dog. He's a mean, wretched yaller pup, but he's got more principle an' better blood than most of a man than any o' you'uns. You'd better see you'uns down at Alatoony.' The speaker fired his gun as a parting salute, and disappeared in the brush. Disappointed in not having been able to force his enemy into decisive battle along the Flowing River, Gen. Sherman halted his army for a few days before launching it against the rugged steep and formidable intrenchments of the Alatoony Mountains. The 29th Inf. was pushed forward until it came within comfortable shelling distance of a rebel fort, and there threw up a line of intrenchments, and waited developments. The shelling was at first exciting, but in a little while everybody got used to it, and settled down to his usual vociferations without paying particular attention to the firing, except when some especially noisy fellow made a snort. After they had washed out of their clothes the clay which had accumulated while they were wallowing in the flooded pits, and they had dried their clothes, the 29th's next thoughts were as to writing responses to the letters they had received. Si had reached the point where he announced his purpose of writing to his 'girls' with open frankness, for the boy who did not have a 'girl' to write to was an ex-claimant. But Maria was entirely too sacred a subject for Shorty to expose to the garish light of day and the comments of the rude natives of the County. He was obliged to keep his dear secret that he had not even intended to Si that he had received a letter from his sister, much less any hint of the fact that he was writing to her. He softened his words and ways to all around him. Si occasionally marveled inwardly at the exceptional consideration and regard which Shorty displayed toward him and Pete, and for the want of anything better attributed it to the effect upon his brain of the blow he had received at Chickamauga. Shorty was more eager than ever to write to Maria, and more than ever at a loss what to say to her. He wanted to say everything, and yet he feared to say anything, lest he might wreck the delicate fabric of his happiness. Upon examining his writing materials he found them in a deplorable condition. The rain had reduced his paper and envelopes to limp pulp, which no drying could cure. Inquiry among the other boys revealed the same condition in the same condition, and the sutler's wagon was miles away, no one knew where. But, as usual, obstacles only made Shorty more determined. He saw that his only chance of getting a couple of blank requisitions from the Quartermaster—the only decent paper that he could find. With these, a piece of tin, and a tin of solder, he repaired the wooden inkstand, he repaired to the shelter of a large sycamore on the bank of Pumpkin Vine Creek, seated himself comfortably, drew out Maria's letter, and read it for the hundredth time. He began his laborious reply, but had only finished writing: 'In Camp at Pumpkin Vine Creek, May the 31st. 'Mi Deer. 'He paused with a flush of guilt. 'Would he dare the presumption of writing 'Maria,' without putting the 'Miss' before it? How he longed to ask some one in whom he had confidence—Capt. McIllicuddy or Lieut. Bowersox, for example, who to do? But he would not lay bare his secret even to those cherished advisers. But, then, she had written him, 'Mi Deer Daniel,' and he would be something indignantly sweet in addressing her the same way. He did it with fingers so nervous that his writing was so unsatisfactory that the sheet was torn. Yet he tore off the strip containing the words, carefully folded it, and placed it among his other treasures. He drew the opening in the sheet more carefully, and gazed at them with satisfaction. Little Pete came running up with a six-pouard unexploded shell in his hands. 'O Corporal,' he said, 'I've bin lookin' all around for you. Here's a shot that just come over from a new battery the rebels have opened. No one but me has been dis-patched about it. He says it's a bum-shell. I say it's only a big iron mine bullet, same kind of a thing as we shoot, only made of iron, and intended to bust trees and break works.' 'That's a shell—a percussion shell, from a rifle gun,' answered Shorty, abstractedly, taking up from his pocket the same as some of our guns shoot. Probably come from one of our guns they've fired. Be mighty careful of it. Better go and throw it in the creek.' He resumed his writing: 'I talk ml pen in hand to inform you that

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He saw that his only chance of getting a couple of blank requisitions from the Quartermaster—the only decent paper that he could find. With these, a piece of tin, and a tin of solder, he repaired the wooden inkstand, he repaired to the shelter of a large sycamore on the bank of Pumpkin Vine Creek, seated himself comfortably, drew out Maria's letter, and read it for the hundredth time. He began his laborious reply, but had only finished writing: 'In Camp at Pumpkin Vine Creek, May the 31st. 'Mi Deer. 'He paused with a flush of guilt. 'Would he dare the presumption of writing 'Maria,' without putting the 'Miss' before it? How he longed to ask some one in whom he had confidence—Capt. McIllicuddy or Lieut. Bowersox, for example, who to do? But he would not lay bare his secret even to those cherished advisers. But, then, she had written him, 'Mi Deer Daniel,' and he would be something indignantly sweet in addressing her the same way. He did it with fingers so nervous that his writing was so unsatisfactory that the sheet was torn. Yet he tore off the strip containing the words, carefully folded it, and placed it among his other treasures. He drew the opening in the sheet more carefully, and gazed at them with satisfaction. Little Pete came running up with a six-pouard unexploded shell in his hands. 'O Corporal,' he said, 'I've bin lookin' all around for you. Here's a shot that just come over from a new battery the rebels have opened. No one but me has been dis-patched about it. He says it's a bum-shell. I say it's only a big iron mine bullet, same kind of a thing as we shoot, only made of iron, and intended to bust trees and break works.' 'That's a shell—a percussion shell, from a rifle gun,' answered Shorty, abstractedly, taking up from his pocket the same as some of our guns shoot. Probably come from one of our guns they've fired. Be mighty careful of it. Better go and throw it in the creek.' 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with his recent achievement that he wanted to duplicate it. "His eyes had already caught sight of it. 'You hit it,' said Pete gleefully, as Si's rifle cracked. 'I saw the pieces fly. But there it comes up again.' Shorty fired this time. 'You hit it, too,' cried Pete, on the side, and tore a hole out. 'I think Jeff Davis has lost one vote in the convention for sure,' said Shorty grimly, as he reloaded. 'And there's one less clay-eatin' snipe to bother us in future. I got a center-shot on him.' 'But there it comes up again,' said Pete. 'I'm no shoot.' 'Bang away, youngster,' said Shorty. 'That feller'll be as full o' holes as a skimmer presently.' 'Why, then, it comes up again,' gasped Pete, as he peered eagerly through the smoke to note the effects of his shot. 'I hit it, and it went down, and then bobbed up again.' The whole crowd was now squinting through under the log at the baffling fact. 'I begin to smell a rat,' said Si, who now remembered that they had not been receiving any return shots for some time. He put his lip on the muzzle of his gun and slowly raised it above the head-log. Shorty did the same. Not a single shot, though the whole crowd were exposed, giving the fairest kind of marks. Si then raised himself up without drawing fire, and then sprang on top of the bank. 'He yelled, after a quick look, 'they've got a sneak on us. They're all gone.' The regiment rose as one man, leaped the log, rushed across to the rebel intrenchments and over them. Only a few dead men were found of their swarm of enemies. In front of Si's position was a cunning contrivance. A twig of hickory thrust in the ground bore an old wool hat. To the twig a dog was attached by a string so cleverly arranged that when the dog pulled to get into the hole he would raise the hat above the head-log. 'Sav, Yanks, what'd you think of that? See that a Yankee trick?' yelled a voice from the crowd behind him, as he knelt at a little distance. 'Wasn't that a slick one? Why didn't you keep on pluggin' away at that old hat the rest of the night? I hope you didn't hurt the dog. He's a mean, wretched yaller pup, but he's got more principle an' better blood than most of a man than any o' you'uns. You'd better see you'uns down at Alatoony.' The speaker fired his gun as a parting salute, and disappeared in the brush. Disappointed in not having been able to force his enemy into decisive battle along the Flowing River, Gen. Sherman halted his army for a few days before launching it against the rugged steep and formidable intrenchments of the Alatoony Mountains. The 29th Inf. was pushed forward until it came within comfortable shelling distance of a rebel fort, and there threw up a line of intrenchments, and waited developments. 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