

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

(ESTABLISHED 1873.)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

INvariably in Advance.

McLROY, SHOPPELL & ANDREWS, Proprietors.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 1, 1902.

Office: 239 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

WE set out to cure the ladronic evil, and the water-cure may be the very best to employ.

The prices of eggs, poultry and butter are going down. Attack the meat trust by eating more of them, and less beef.

Gov. JEFF DAVIS, of Arkansas, has decided to secede from the Baptist Church because the church requires that he obey its laws. There is something in a name, after all.

The latest perturbation in England is as to who shall be Lord High Constable. As the functions of this official are confined to walking before the rest of the nobility, at the Coronation, carrying a little ornamented stick, they are within the range of so many intellects that there is vigorous competition for the office.

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, who represents one of the terribly-bulldozed districts of Mississippi, in which were committed some of the most shocking outrages against the negroes, and in which but 17 men had the courage to vote the Republican ticket at the last election, unshackled his tongue last Monday in a tirade against Gen. Smith, whom he denounced as "a brute in uniform." This from the Representative from the Yazoo District is Satan rebuking sin with a vengeance.

REPRESENTATIVE J. W. CALDWELL, of Tennessee, gave a severe vent to history when he claimed as "Southern heroes" Gens. Greene and Morgan, who ranked next to Washington as military men. Gen. Greene was a blacksmith in his native Rhode Island, when the Revolution began, and Gen. Morgan was born in New Jersey and lived in Pennsylvania before taking up his residence in Virginia. Both men were sent South because there were no leaders there as capable as they to cope with the British.

The most conclusive testimony as to the character of our army in the Philippines is afforded by the numerous petitions for particular troops and particular officers to stay where they are stationed. This is evidence that cannot be gainsaid, and counts for far more than reams of sensational letters. It shows that men and officers have behaved like Americans and gentlemen, and have won the confidence and friendship of the Filipino people of the desert sort. The only ones who dislike them are the ladronic class, whom they prevent from robbing and murdering the peaceable people. This is the result that we hoped for when we sent our army into the islands. We expected our soldiers to show the Filipino the American character at its best, and to win them into a belief that our occupation would be a great benefit to their country. Clearly they have justified this expectation.

The National Association of Ex-Prisoners of war has sustained a severe and unexpected loss in the death of Past National President James Atwell, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and formerly of Knap's Battery, Conrade Atwell has been for many years a very active member of the Association, and infused a world of life into it. He was in Washington recently in company with Comrades Harry White, of Indiana; Pat J. Walker, of Pittsburg; National President, Ziegler, of Gettysburg, and Bricker, of Butler, members of the Commission to erect a monument to the Pennsylvania soldiers who died at Andersonville. They were also here to look out for quarters and other accommodations for the Association during the National Encampment. Comrade Atwell, who seemed in the best of health and spirits, went on with Comrade Walker to Atlantic City, where they met Comrade Stephen D. Long, the Secretary of the Association, for consultation. There Comrade Atwell was seized with apoplexy. Comrade Walker hurried home with him, where he died April 22. No man will be more missed from the ranks of the Ex-Prisoners of War.

AN UNRECONSTRUCTED BISHOP.

Jeff. Davis, in the later years of his life, went to boast that there was not a woman of a preacher in the South who was "reconstructed," and the speech of the Right Rev. B. J. Keiley, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Georgia, before the Confederate Veterans at Savannah, shows the Roman Catholic clergy to be in the same class with their Protestant brethren. Bishop Keiley said:

"The gentleman who now happens to sit in the Presidential chair at Washington wrote as follows of President Davis: 'Before Jefferson Davis took his place among architects, it was not necessary that to dishonesty he should add treachery to the public. The moral difference between Benedict Arnold, on the one hand, and Aaron Burr and Jefferson Davis, on the other, was the difference between a politician who sells his vote for money and one who supports a bad measure to get a high political position.'"

"When Mr. Davis was living and a prisoner a fellow named Miles placed shackles on him in prison, though there was no necessity for it, and no one but a brute would have done it. But I have never heard that Miles, after Mr. Davis' death, specially malign his character— that species of envenomed malice was reserved for the recent son of a Southern woman, the Rough Rider of Republican politics, the acedency of 1902: the lightning-change artist of the White House who cut his teeth on a Southern brother and set check-by-jowl with an Alabama negro; who can indulge in meaningless platitudes while South on the highway and commends the heritage of Southern heroes, and denounces them before the Grand Army as anarchists; who can profess a broad American spirit which brands sectionalism as a crime, and laud the loyalty of our forefathers to the Constitution and re-united country, while the damning evidence of his own written word shows that he compared 'the rebel' to the 'nigger'—all this—Jefferson Davis—to Benedict Arnold."

Jefferson Davis was a statesman, a soldier, and a man of high character; a Senator, a Cabinet officer, a President, not put in office by a ballot, but by ballot.

"Theodore Roosevelt's title to immortal fame will rest on shooting beasts and profiting by the murderous act of a rebel who shot a man."

This is precisely the same kind of useless senseless vituperation as is used to delight Jeff. Davis from the lips of Southern Terragants. It is not the speech of a man, but the rancorous billingsgate of a slave.

THE CHANGE IN THE PENSION BUREAU.

It looks now, as if it were intended that the present Commissioner of Pensions would be allowed to finish out his fiscal year—now two months distant—and get the credit of another "immense saving." There is a feature of injustice in this. Every year since Mr. Evans has been in office he has called for several millions more than he has intended to spend, and at the end of the year has made much trumpeting over having "saved" an immense sum from the voracious "pension sharks." This trick was so transparent that everybody at last saw through it plainly, and he had to drop it. Last year, therefore, he only called for about what he meant to expend next year—some \$133,000,000, instead of \$145,000,000 or \$148,000,000. This will barely cover the roll as it is now, and leave nothing for the incoming Commissioner to "save" without cutting down the roll. If he makes any increase he will incur a deficit, and give the pension-hating papers a chance to howl. On the other hand, Evans will go out of office showing a "saving" of some millions for this, his last year.

OUR SOLDIERS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A LOT of emasculates, who have the shrill tongues and the vicious temper usually ascribed to their neuter gender, are vociferating loudly about the "outrages" and "crimes" practised by our soldiers in the Philippines. To those who have seen actual war, and know what it means, this passes as idly as the shrieking of the wind. Unfortunately, however, there are a number of women and of none-too-strong men who are influenced by it. There can be no doubt in the minds of men who have studied history, and are familiar with affairs, that the entire course of the American soldiers in the Philippines has been marked by singular humanity, mercy, and long-suffering. As a whole, officers and men have shown themselves considerate and sparing to a degree never approached by any other army in any country. They have been vastly more humane than the French were when they invaded Germany, or the Germans when they invaded France. There are a few very few tyrants and bullies in any American army, and these are strongly held in check by the public sentiment in the army itself. It is safe to say that, no matter what stories may be sent from the Philippines by sensational correspondents or disgruntled soldiers, the accounts are substantially untrue. For example, all of the principals in the recent allegations which have led to court-martials are well known gentlemen whom everybody recognizes as incapable of what is charged against them. They are fine types of American soldiers—gallant, enterprising, zealous in doing their duty, and having all the feelings and instincts which should actuate American officers, soldiers and gentlemen. The main trouble is that civilians will not understand that in all wars there are two distinct classes to be dealt with—the criminal and the peaceable. In the Philippines, these two classes are distinctly marked. There is the average Filipino, who may be an insurrectionist, and fighting honestly for what he believes to be right. He has made the real soldier of the insurrection, who has done all the actual fighting done. When he sees the game is up he accepts the situation, and settles down to a peaceful, law-abiding life. For him our soldiers have always had the utmost consideration, and they have treated him in a way to win his consideration and esteem. He "stays put," to quote President Roosevelt's expressive phrase. On the other hand is the "ladronic" or robber class—scoundrels who have no political principles, and who only look upon the war as an opportunity to rob, kill, plunder and ravish. Every country has this class, who become disagreeably prominent in the Philippines, because those who are in the Philippines, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri during the rebellion, and who incomparably more of the horrors of war upon the people than the regular soldiers on either side did. Toward the close of the war the soldiers on both sides recognized this, and began killing the rascals off without trial and without mercy. If the stories of the numbers of villains who were shot on sight in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and elsewhere in the latter part of 1864 and the early part of 1865 could be gathered up, they would furnish sensational matter enough for yellow papers for years. The ladronic class is particularly numerous, bloodthirsty, and cruel in the Philippines. They are largely the descendants of the old Malay pirates, who scourged those seas so long. They have never been properly handled by the Spaniards, and it remained for us to take up the lawless task of weeding them out. We had to do it, first, for the protection of the Filipinos themselves, to whom the ladrones have always been a grievous affliction. Naturally, it has been very hard, disagreeable work for our soldiers engaged in it, and there has been no rosewater used in the disinfection. In dealing with these men the Americans have had to fight the devil with fire, as is always the case in dealing with savages. They had to be struck where it would hurt them the worst. They are the wolves and hyenas of the human family, and have to be handled that way. Our soldiers who are engaged in this work must be allowed to do the job their own way. There is no danger of their administering the water-cure, or doing anything cruel and unjust to the Filipinos proper. But when they get after devils who roast, murder, torture, mutilate, and rob the peaceful inhabitants, when they come up with friends who have been turning their comrades—they should be allowed a very free hand in settling accounts in the way that will strike terror to the hearts of the evil-disposed. Those soldiers are our own sons, and we can trust them to do the right thing and what each particular occasion demands.

THE POLES ARE COMPLAINING BITTERLY OF THE WAY IN WHICH THE GERMAN ARMY IS ORGANIZING POLAND.

Among the names of places have to be Germanized, by which Wrocław becomes Breslau, Caszawa is changed into Dirschau, and Bydgoszcz into Bromberg. The rest of the world will welcome this metamorphosis. The Veterans everywhere will be gratified to learn that Representative Robert W. Miers, of Indiana, has been given an enthusiastic re-nomination. Mr. Miers has been a thick-and-thin friend of the veterans, and stood up for them on all occasions, even when many who have been loud in their protestations have weakened. TYRHOFF fever is strictly a fifth disease. Like cholera, it must be drunk. There is no other way of taking it. It would seem that the Queen of Holland should have been able to get pure water to drink.

Sikeeq, "Shorty" and the Boys of Co. Q. On the March through the Carolinas.

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More of Sherman's Great Strategy. He Gets Across the Edisto by Pretending to Go to Augusta—An Exciting Cavalry Battle.

Si went into camp amid some scattering black-jacks upon a knoll overlooking the railroad.

The next morning, as he and the rest were attending to the horses, and Otterbein Kramer was cooking breakfast, Gen. Jeff. C. Davis rode up and dismounted. His face was stern and scowling, and he looked savagely up and down the road, noting the positions of the black-jacks in the distance on the chill morning air. With a hand-wave of angry impatience, he indicated to Si not to pay any unnecessary attention to him, but to go on with their work and get their breakfast.

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got us into serious trouble, and we'll be where we can help the cavalry yell." Strong as his temptation was, Si waited until the next morning, however, before working forward toward the cavalry, at which he was so anxious to get. He was convinced that there was nobody in the neighborhood to molest the trains, which were already more than sufficiently protected by the other parties to his right, leaving absolutely no chance of his being called on.

The racket up near Johnson's Station continued with occasional interruptions, and was at times emphasized by cannon-firing, which excited the boys, though Shorty continued to pooh-pooh the idea that there could be anything really serious about cavalry fighting. They could not feel feeling that they ought to be there, instead of lying idly in the rear listening.

Si led them down a road which inclined to the right, and along another leading into it came a squad of Union cavalry, led by a handsome young Sergeant, with frank, black eyes, a bright, open countenance, and black hair growing in short curls. He was the embodiment of happy youth, strength and daring.

"Hello, 200th Indiana," he called out cheerily. "What are you doing here?" "Hello, 92d Illinois," returned Si. "We're out here guarding the Fourteenth Corps's forage-trains. What are you doing out here?"

"We're in Kilpatrick's cavalry now. Have been here since the Atlanta campaign. We're in Smith D. Atkins' Brigade—best brigade in the army—92d Ill. We're a daisy fighter for a Brigadier-General—he is our old Colonel—and we've got Spencer carbines—best gun ever

made. See here. We can just put the blocks to the rebels every time, no matter if there's a million of 'em, and send 'em back yelling from the other side of their mouths. You just ought to see us take that yell out of them the first second, and give 'em something to yell for."

"Le me see you out of them to be in Este's Brigade, of Baird's Division, didn't you?" inquired Si, taking the carbine, and examining it with interest.

"Yes, and my name is Tavish. I remember you very well. I was with you on the Tullahoma campaign, that time you cut the trees down to make the bridge across the creek, and got all your eyes and so were you. I tell you that gun's a rattler, and don't you forget it. See here, you put seven cartridges in this magazine in the carbine, and one in the barrel. That gives you a particularly good hold on 'em as you can a Springfield. But about the time you're at three or four shots into a rebel line, you'll get a general then, and so were you. I tell you that gun's a rattler, and don't you forget it. See here, you put seven cartridges in this magazine in the carbine, and one in the barrel. That gives you a particularly good hold on 'em as you can a Springfield. But about the time you're at three or four shots into a rebel line, you'll get a general then, and so were you. I tell you that gun's a rattler, and don't you forget it. See here, you put seven cartridges in this magazine in the carbine, and one in the barrel. That gives you a particularly good hold on 'em as you can a Springfield. But about the time you're at three or four shots into a rebel line, you'll get a general then, and so were you. I tell you that gun's a rattler, and don't you forget it. See here, you put seven cartridges in this magazine in the carbine