"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

# The National Tribune.

(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

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WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 2, 1903.

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NOT IN any of the recent Senatorial elections would the result have been different if there had been a direct vote of the people.

THE ratification of the Reciprocity Treaty by the Cuban Senate shows a better quality of statesmanship in that body than had been feared.

ABOUT the only comment from a public which had well-nigh forgotten him made on Maj. Estes G. Rathbone's late fulmination was that he got off mighty lucky.

CAREFUL reading of The Commoner's columns produces distressful forebodings that Mr. Bryan is not going to be pleased with Senator Gorman's leadership of the Democratic party.

A MISSOURI preacher is clearly hunting for trouble in job lots. He announces that hereafter he will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in funeral sermons.

WHEN D. B. Hill, Barker and others remark that 66 is entirely too old for Presidential timber, Cleveland is sure to make a casual speech about a man not being really ripe enough for positions of great trust until he has passed three-score.

IS BRYAN to be Chairman of the National Democratic Committee? It is so asserted, and there are many things to lend probability to it. With a good candidate, and Bryan whooping up things, the Democracy would be again formidable.

NEW YORK is going right ahead preparing for almost as big a canal scheme as that at Panama without a thousandth part of the fuss that has been made over the Isthmian project. A bill has passed the Assembly to spend $100,000,000 in enlarging the Erie Canal so as to permit the passage of barges of 1,000 tons.

THE new Texas Anti-Trust law is very stringent, and classes labor organizations among the trusts to be suppressed. If the law had taken special cognizance of that iniquitous feature which prevents American boys from learning the trades that they are inclined to, there would have been much more sympathy with it.

THE RUMOR that "Old Abe," the 8th Wis.'s famous eagle, was really an eagless, so to speak, and actually laid eggs, after honorable retirement to a comfortable home in the Wisconsin State House, has just reached the Charleston (S. C.) Courier, and it is throwing a fit over the news. This is a woful waste of energy. No matter the sex, Old Abe was a good enough eagle to lead a very fine regiment for over three years of victory, and earned a veteran's perfect right to indulge, after discharge, in any little eccentricities that he or she might incline to.

THE following editorial item from the Hoboken (N. J.) Observer contains a warning to veterans who will not be content to join in with the majority in asking for what is wanted:

"A proposition before the Legislature to pension G. A. R. veterans who had served 20 years or more in a public office, might have had some show of being enacted into a law had not a Hudson veteran insisted that the bill be so drawn that it would include G. A. R. men who served 20 or more years in any public office. That was more than the Legislature could stand, and the whole pension matter was declared off."

IN THE appointment of Maj. A. W. Edwards, of Fargo, N. D., to be Consul-General at Montreal, an important office has sought a good man and found him. Maj. Edwards was a fine young soldier, and for many years has maintained his place among the very bright newspaper men of the Northwest. He is well versed in public affairs, and his appointment will promote a reciprocity with Canada in the better understanding of everybody of the two countries' mutual wants and interests.

GREAT preparations are being made for the dedication of about 19 monuments by the State of Indiana on the battlefield of Shiloh, Tenn., on the 6th and 7th proximo—the 41st anniversary of the great battle. The Governors of Indiana and Tennessee, together with militia from those States, will take part in the ceremonies. Assistant Secretary Sanger, of the War Department, will be present as the representative of the Secretary of War, who will be unable to attend, and will accept the monuments in the name of the United States Government.

PROF. J. L. WORTMAN, of Yale University, announces an entirely new theory of the descent of man. He says that at one time the climate of the North Pole was tropical, and the forests there filled with apes of the higher grades. When the glaciers began to drive the tropical vegetation and animals southward these apes found themselves trapped on the peninsulas of northern Europe, with cold seas on either side, and a great icy barrier to the south. Innumerable numbers perished, and the stronger survivors had their instincts quickened into intellects in the fearful struggle for existence. They learned to eat fish, instead of the tropical fruits, and discovered fire by the accidental collision of chunks of pyrites. Hence man, and, somewhat later, the Free Silver, Expansion and Cuban Reciprocity questions.

## THE DISTRIBUTION OF PENSIONS.

Let us consider some other features of the great benefit to the country from the distribution of the money paid out for pensions. Last year the State of Ohio received $15,104,092.54 for pensions, paid out to 104,060 pensioners residing in the 88 Counties of the State. This makes an average of the immense sum of $171,450 distributed annually to each County in the State. As the cities are largely filled with foreigners who have come into the country since the war, and young men who have left the rural districts for the cities, it is evident that much the larger proportion of this money goes into the country districts, where its beneficial effects will be most marked and felt. There are 3,200 post-offices in Ohio, which would give an average of $4,700 every year for the constituents and patrons of each post-office in the State.

There was paid in the State of Indiana last year $10,176,066.60. There are 92 Counties in Indiana, which would make an average payment to each County of $110,609. There are 2,055 post-offices in Indiana, making an average payment of $4,956 for the constituents and patrons of each post-office in the State.

Illinois received in pensions last year $9,746,062.12. There are 102 Counties in Illinois, which would make an average to each County of nearly $100,000. What is said about Ohio applies with still more force to Illinois, where Chicago has been built up enormously by the influx of foreigners and young men from the country, so that the real proportion of the pensions which go to the rural districts is still greater than the figures would seem to show. There are 2,508 post-offices in Illinois, which would make an average distribution of pensions to each post-office about $4,000 a year.

Pennsylvania received in pensions last year $13,222,286.95. There are 67 Counties in Pennsylvania, which would make an average of $197,347 for each County. There are 5,078 post-offices in the State, which makes about $2,000 a year for each post-office. Here again the rural districts of Pennsylvania receive an average benefit beyond that shown by the figures, for the reason that since the war millions have gone into the great cities and mining regions of that State who had no connection with the struggle. The districts which sent the soldiers into the army get a much bigger share of the pension expenditures than would appear by the averages.

The people of Michigan received for pensions last year $6,561,528.83. There are 84 Counties in Michigan, making an average payment to each of $78,113. There are 2,067 post-offices in Michigan, so that the average payment to the communities which they represent would be about $3,174.

Wisconsin last year received $4,128,279.94 pension money, which, distributed among her 68 Counties, would make an average payment of $60,709 to each County, or about $2,258 to each of the 1,828 post-offices in the State.

Iowa was paid $5,404,366.20 in pensions, which would make an average payment to each County of nearly $54,589 and about $3,013 to each of the 1,794 communities represented by post-offices.

It goes thus all over the whole Nation, and when we note this contrast of the equitable division of the pension money to every little community over which the flag floats, with that of the great lump sums which are paid out under the Army and Navy Bills, the Rivers and Harbors Bills and similar appropriations which invariably land quite near Wall street to increase the congestion there, we cannot help being struck by the enormous superiority of pension payments to the whole people in serving as a penduium, a regulator or governor, for the financial situation. No one can deny that they are the greatest check to the dangerous "Napoleons of Finance," who are constantly cornering and convulsing the money market for their own benefit and to the detriment of the people. Money paid out for pensions is absolutely beyond their control or throttling. It supplies the sinews of business and keeps up a healthy circulation, in spite of their efforts to constipate the money market and derange the commercial health. Of course, the bulk of this money goes into the strictly rural districts, benefiting firstly and mostly those who live there. Hence the hostility to pensions of the metropolitan papers and of the people in the cities who read their columns, and who get the least benefit at first from the distribution of the pension money, though they really share at last with all the rest of the people of the United States.

## ADMIRAL DEWEY TALKING AGAIN.

Admiral Dewey has been talking again. And what he said, has, as usual, created a great commotion. What he said is true, apropos, and what everybody believes—hence the commotion. It has a startling effect sometimes to have a high official of the Government say what is true, apropos, and what everybody believes. But it is hard for a bluff old sailor, who has been in the habit all his life of speaking his mind freely, to find that as Admiral of the United States Navy he can not talk with the freedom of the quarter-deck. This is what he said:

"The United States navy is the greatest navy in the world for this reason—every man in the United States navy is a man of intelligence. He knows just what to do and the right time to do it. A warship is an enormous machine shop, and every part of that ponderous creation must be operated by intelligence. Every unit cannot be told at the time of action by officers just what to do and when to do it. The least man must know for himself. Orders that are given to a crew are necessarily general in character, but in conflict every stroke of work must be directed by intelligence. This is what makes the United States navy the greatest navy in the world.

"The German navy, for instance, is an entirely different organization in its make-up of human material. I have made a deep study of that navy. My belief is that its efficiency in possible action is greatly overestimated. The men do not begin to compare in education and intelligence with the Americans. Their men have, in my opinion, been educated so that they look to the officers and depend upon them for specific instructions in the least matters. They have not the self-reliance of the American.

"The friendship of the masses of the English people for the United States is sincere and genuine. Our people are not apt to give them as much credit for this real friendship as they deserve. I regret to say that this matter is much misunderstood in the United States. Nothing has so demonstrated this fact to Edward VII as his recent alliance with Emperor William.

"Of all the European nations Great Britain is our best friend in every respect, and our safest one, and commercially she is our best customer."

"Your manuvers during the Winter in the Caribbean Sea were very successful, were they not?" he was asked.

"Not only that," said the Admiral, "but they were the greatest object lesson of that kind, probably, that the world has ever seen. It was an object lesson to the Kaiser more than to any other person. Think of it, 54 warships, including colliers and all. Germany could not possibly get a fleet over here that could fight such an aggregation of warships as that."

Of course this has raised a hubbub in Germany, and the papers are quite ill-tempered over it, and are saying many disparaging things about us, our navy and our Admiral.

It is sufficient to answer that while Germany has undoubtedly a fine navy, and the Germans make good sailors, ours have a record which they have made against the best in the world, while, with the exception of an attack upon a little mud fort in Venezuela, which beat them off, the German warships have never fought a battle.

Count von Reventlow, in the Tageblatt, compares the German and American navies. He says Germany's first squadron is homogeneous and always ready for instant service. "It could smash Dewey's heterogeneous assemblage, which had not a single modern armored cruiser." The Count regards the American manuvers as "generally childish," and as "always resulting in defeats of the hostile fleets, the naval commanders, therefore, gaining large newspaper glory."

Count von Reventlow refers to the "poor marksmanship of the West Indian fleet," to "its insufficient number of officers and men," and to the "low morale of the navy, as indicated by the numerous desertions," and says he believes "the United States will some day have a fine fleet, but she has not one yet."

Admiral Dewey hastened to explain to the President that he had not intended to talk for publication, and the President has made representations to Berlin which they say are satisfactory, and the incident is closed.

## REDISTRIBUTION OF FORTUNES.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of Jan. 15, and in your editorial, "Limiting Private Fortunes," you say: "Seriously, there is a much surer way of dissipating these enormous fortunes. The heirs will take care of that," etc. Now, taking you at your word, supposing you to be really serious in your statement, allow me to call your attention to some facts, which even you may have for the moment overlooked. First, that the immense fortunes that are presumed to be a menace to our republican institutions are nearly all within the trust or combine "band wagons," not all in any one trust or combine, but scattered through many, being held in the same as "stock," and so interwoven is capital in these various trusts, which control in a large measure the entire business of our country, that it cannot be eliminated therefrom except at a great loss both to capital itself and also to the general welfare of the country.

If the grandson becomes a spendthrift and disposes of his interest in any one given trust or combine, it is purchased as stock, and as such remains in its original "block," and if the stock is forced upon the market, in order to make a sure sale, someone already in the concern is most likely to be the purchaser. So, if the grandson wastes his portion in riotous living, capital nevertheless refuses to segregate. On the other hand, it more and more concentrates, and the presumed "elephant" puts on enhanced bulk and corresponding airs, hence the adage, "Corporations never die." Therefore capital, instead of scattering (according to your "Prodigal Son" theory), becomes more centralized, with all its presumed evils. Seriously, then, if so desired, is there a preventive or cure?—IRA WAKEFIELD, Phoenix, Oregon.

Of course, the great corporations have come to stay. At least, it seems so. They seem demanded by economic conditions, and if they are, will remain until those conditions change. The main danger to them is that the successors of the men who are now their managers will not be their equals, will lose their grasp, mismanage, and allow the corporations to disintegrate. In that case the fragments will be gathered up by other better managed corporations. It is altogether likely that some scheme of profit-sharing will develop which will put the management, or a large portion of it, in the hands of the people actually employed by these corporations. How this will develop we can only surmise at present. The interests of the men who at present control these corporations are sure, in the near future, to be redistributed among the people; that is, the sons and grandsons of the present exceedingly able men who have built up these combines are not at all likely to be equal to their fathers or grandfathers in executive ability, or more likely will not have the same thirst for wealth and power. They will prefer lives of so-called pleasure, and allow their fortunes to slip away from them, to be gathered up by men rising from the working classes, as their ancestors did. This has been the case to a certain extent in all countries and in all ages, but will proceed much more rapidly in America, where there are no class distinctions and prerogatives to hold the wealth in the hands of the privileged few.

## FAILURE OF THE STATEHOOD BILL.

The newspapers of Oklahoma, Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona are naturally very indignant over the failure of the Statehood bill. Some of them denounce it as "a cold-blooded conspiracy to keep the West in subjection to the East," and they are quite violent in their denunciations of the "jealousy of the little dinky States in the East behind that little ridge called the Alleghany Mountains." Some of the Indian Territory papers, however, take the view that while they were anxious enough for Statehood, and willing to be united with Oklahoma, they do not want union in the way that was proposed by the Quay bill. They do not want to be "attached" to Oklahoma in any way, but insist that the Indian Territory shall have an equal voice in the new State. They propose to be represented in the Constitutional Convention, man for man, to participate in the division of the public institutions, building for building, and for the offices divided office for office. The Las Cruces (N. M.) Progress remarks that "We have been rub-dubbed and razzle-dazzled. For the time being our name is neither New Mexico, Montezuma, nor Lincoln; it is 'Mud.'"

NEW YORK proposes to raise the price of liquor licenses to $1,200. Even without this additional burden, the smaller saloons are rapidly disappearing from a lack of patronage. Every year a smaller proportion of the men of a city frequent the saloons, and drink less when they are there. The Americans are becoming a much more temperate people.

# Si Klegg, "Shorty" and the Boys of Co. "Q" On the March through the Carolinas

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### The Ladies Finally Get Aboard a Transport Going to Goldsboro.

"They say Mr. Lincoln is such an ugly man," murmured Mrs. Klegg, as they came down the stairway again and made their way, with smiles of happiness on their faces through the anxiously awaiting crowds. "I think he is one of the handsomest men I ever saw. Almost as good looking as Father."

"Or Si," said Annabel, more than half audibly.

"Or Will," echoed Maria, within herself. "I don't wonder now," she added aloud, "that Mrs. Lincoln can stand this front yard. A woman with such a husband as he ought to put up with almost anything."

On the sidewalk they met Sergeant Ammon.

"I have been watching for you," he said. "I followed you up to the office of the Secretary of War, and made my way in, but found that you had gone, and one of the doorkeepers whom I know said that you went over to the White House, so as I wanted to see the Secretary of War, I went in."

"The Secretary of War!" gasped Annabel. "That horrid man! He was too hateful to us for anything."

"He was certainly horrider and crueller than any Christian man ought to be," sighed Mrs. Klegg. "I didn't suppose that a man could have a heart so callous and live."

"He'll get his come-up-ance some day," snapped Maria, "and I don't care how soon, and there will be no one gladder of it than me."

"Why, I didn't find him so," said the Sergeant in astonishment. "My own father couldn't have been nicer or kinder to me. When I went in he was just taking the head off of a Colonel in a nice, new uniform that hadn't a speck of field mud on it, which tickled me, and then he tore the stuffing out of a Major who had spent most of his service in New York, which tickled me some more. I couldn't help grinning, and when the Secretary, snuffing them out, spied me, I thought my time had come, and had a cold chill, but he beckoned me up, asked me where I belonged, where I was wounded, how long I had served, and so on, and I got pretty talkative, and he seemed to listen with interest. I told him that I had expected to meet a Congressman there, but that he had probably gone. He said that would not make any difference; that my service was a better recommendation than any Congressman could give, and asked me what I wanted. I told him that the Board refused to examine me because the time set for my appearance had passed, and I would have to get a new order. I had told them that the Surgeon would not let me go, but that did not seem to make any difference with them, and so I rushed over to the War Department in hopes of finding Judge Julian there yet. I can't just say what the Secretary said when I told him what the Board had done, but it sounded something like what I have heard teamsters say to mules. He turned around to a clerk and told him to make out an order at once, which he handed to me, and said that he was glad to assist any man who had been fighting for his country, and that it would give him much gratification to commission me if I passed, and to let him hear from me if I wanted anything. Why, he is one of the nicest men I ever met, and I certainly hope I may be able to vote for him for President of the United States when Lincoln's term is out."

"The only soft spot I have ever been able to find in Stanton is for the men who are actually doing the fighting for the country," said Judge Julian. "He will turn from a Major-General any time to help a wounded soldier. I should like to see him President of the United States, and he would make an excellent one, but I fear much that he is accumulating too big a crop of enemies to ever permit that."

"Well," said the Sergeant, "if I have any say he will be nominated, and elected, too. I will work for him tooth and toe-nail. But how did you ladies get along?"

"Get along!" answered Maria triumphantly, flourishing the pass from the President. "Get along! We got more than along. We got clear there with both our large Indiana feet, as the boys say. Mr. Lincoln has given us a pass to Goldsboro and an order on the Captain of any ship—no"—she stopped and puzzled—"it was not a ship. What was it he said?"

"It wasn't railroad car," suggested Mrs. Klegg, trying to recall, "because it went on the water, it seems to me."

"Was it a canal boat?" asked Annabel, endeavoring to help. Does a canal run to Goldsboro?"

"Any transport," said Judge Julian. "It is an order to the Captain of any transport."

"Transport?" echoed Maria, still more puzzled. "What is a transport? Will we have to walk part of the way, as the boys do? Seems to me I have heard Si speak about transports, but it 'pears like when they went by them things they had to walk and help along."

"A transport is any sort of a vessel not armed, but used to carry men and supplies," explained Judge Julian. "The puzzle will be now to find the proper sort of one for you to go on that will sail soon."

"I am in hopes I can help you out," said Serg't Ammon. "One of my chums in the regiment who was mustered out with the first companies last July, is now in the Quartermaster's service, and has charge of a boat that is going to Sherman. I think he said it was going this afternoon when he met me. I will go right now and see him and find out what sort of a craft it is, and whether you can be comfortable on it."

"I don't mind whether it's comfortable or not," said Maria. "Only find out if it will take us there at once. That's the main thing."

They had just finished their noon-day dinner at the boarding house when the Sergeant came in radiant with pleasant excitement.

"Give me something to eat," he exclaimed. "I am hungry as a bear. Haven't been as hungry since I was wounded, but things have been going my way so this morning that it has given me a raging appetite. I can talk while I am eating."

"Be very careful not to eat too much," said Mrs. Klegg, noticing with motherly solicitude the way he attacked the viands. "They say it's awful dangerous for boys just from the front to get where there are home victuals. Mrs. Hollensteen's son over on Wahoo Creek killed himself that way. The doctor said it was nothing else."

"No danger of overeating on Washington boarding-house grub," remarked the Sergeant with his mouth full, nevertheless. "If it were something of your cooking, Mrs. Klegg, it would be entirely different; but then, a man would have the satisfaction of dying happy."

"Well, what did you find out?" asked Maria, anxiously.

"I had the good luck to run into Jim Ellison—that's my old chum of the 3d Ind. Cav.; he is now a Quartermaster of the colored troops—just after I went out, and I fixed it all up with him. There are a couple of nice staterooms that were reserved for officers who won't be able to go, and I fired at him the President's order for you to be taken—that is, I told him I had such an order and would show it to him. He is no end of a nice fellow, and will do anything for Indiana ladies. The Captain of the transport, however, is a different proposition. He is a crusty old Scotchman, with a temper like a prairie fire and a will of iron, and I understand is a bachelor. His mug is ugly enough to be; but Jim will manage him. You can trust Jim for anything."

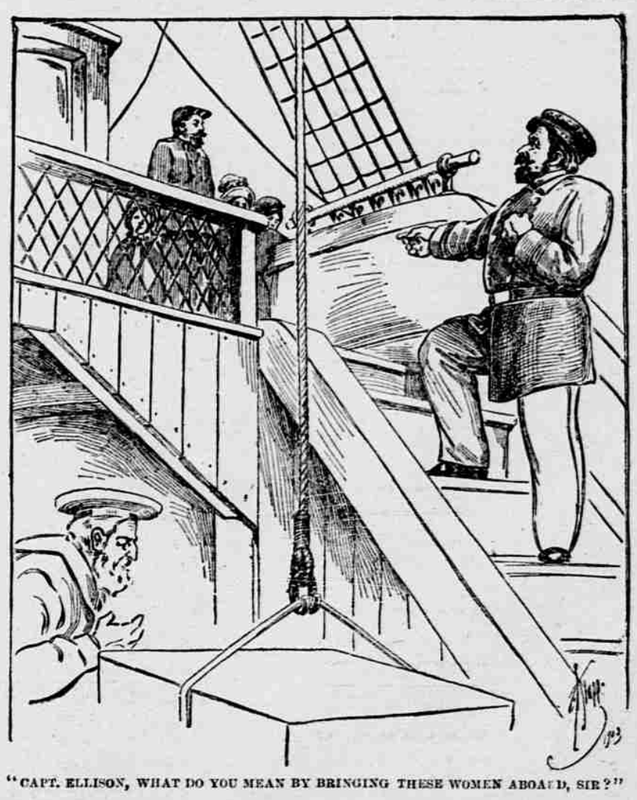
"Let that old bach. Captain be as hateful as he pleases," said Maria, "so long as he takes us to Goldsboro as soon as possible. We can stand him, I guess. Can't we start right off?"

"As soon as I finish my dinner," said the Sergeant, taking a big piece of pie by the way of topping off. "My! but this pie tastes different from the pegged and sewed kinds we have been buying in Virginia. It's 100 miles behind any pie that you would make, Mrs. Klegg, but it's just as far ahead of them. The first trouble is going to be to get you aboard. Old Capt. McTwigg won't have petticoats on his vessel. He says they bring bad luck."

"How ridiculous!" said Annabel. "From what I have always heard they bring about all the good luck there is in this world."

"So I think," said the Sergeant with a look at her rosy face. "Nothing that ever could come to Si Klegg in this world will equal your appearance. I think that I could have been well long ago if a certain young lady that I know could have come through the lines. Come, let's start for the 7th street dock. When I get off the cars, tag along a little ways behind me till I can see Jim and give him the wink to take the Captain off while I smuggle you aboard."

The way to the dock was through a wilderness of six-mule teams hauling quartermaster's supplies, ambulances bringing away wounded men to the hospitals, carriages containing officers and their families, and delivery wagons of every kind. The confusion oppressed the women more than anything else they had seen. The yells imprecations and quarrels of the struggling teamsters seemed to them to surpass all the depths of total depravity that they had ever read of or heard about, and Mrs. Klegg found herself wondering why, if Sodom and Gomorrah could perish under a shower of fire, that these men were spared.



"CAPT. ELLISON, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BRINGING THESE WOMEN ABOARD, SIR?"

Capt. James Ellison, A. Q. M., was on the lookout for them, and took Serg't Ammon one side and said:

"I think that we can work it all right, Scott. You skip around with your ladies over to the right and go up the gangplank into the cabin when you see me working over to that saloon with the Captain. Take them right into room No. 4, which you will find open, and let them lock the door and not show themselves until we are well down the river—probably not until morning. I will fight it out with McTwigg."

Serg't Ammon did this when he saw his partner steering the Captain off for a jigger of Scotch whisky, and, though the sailors scowled as he led the ladies into the cabin, he paid no attention to them, got his charges safely into the stateroom, deposited their carpetbags with them, and, bidding them adieu and good luck, left them to lock their doors and remain quiet until further developments.

Capt. Ellison detained Capt. McTwigg in the saloon until he got a visit and a wink from the Sergeant that it was all right, and then allowed the Captain to go his ways, as well pleased with himself and the world as he always was when he had surrounded a half pint, more or less, of the smoky, throat-burning Scotch usquebaugh.

It was the first time in their lives that the ladies had been confined to such narrow quarters, which seemed hardly so commodious as the closets at home, and with so much less of the limitless fresh air to which they had always been accustomed; but the stirring view from their little window and the novelty of their situation engrossed their attention to the exclusion of all else. In an hour or two the boat cast off, turned her prow down the broad stream of the historic Potomac, and began plowing her way toward her destination. As she started the trampling of feet, crushing of heavy weights, shouted orders, mingled with some profanity and the shrieks of the steam whistle as the decks were cleaned up and the ship put in shape for her sea voyage, filled the women with wonder and alarm.

"Oh, my," shivered Annabel, "what can they be doing? Are they fighting among themselves, or are some wicked men trying to tear the ship down? Wonder if any of them men we have seen are the pirates that we read about?"

"Nonsense, Annabel," answered Maria, superiorly, as she was accustomed to treat her pretty little sister-in-law. "No pirates on this boat. Capt. Ellison wouldn't allow it. Serg't Ammon said he was an Indiana man, and very nice, and what little I saw of him made me believe it."

"But there are pirates on the Potomac," persisted Annabel. "I've read of them somewhere. They're not likely to do anything to keep us from getting to Si, are they?"

"The Lord is with us here, as everywhere," murmured Mrs. Klegg, as the din, yells and crashing reached their climax. "We can never get beyond His love and care."

"Bother the pirates! Nonsense, Annabel," ejaculated Maria. "I wish we could get out of this stuffy little box into the open air and see what's going on. I'm half smothering."

Capt. Ellison knocked at the door and entered, cap in hand, closing the door behind him. "The old skipper's so busy getting his ship to rights for the trip outside the Capes," he said, after the salutations and inquiry as to their comfort, "that he hasn't time to think yet about who's aboard. Let me see that order from the President."

Maria produced it from somewhere in the bosom of her gown, and the Captain read it with satisfaction.

"That's all right—just as Scott said it was. It'll knock the wind out of old Sandy McTwigg when I flash it up before his eyes. But I'd rather not have the row with him before we pass Fort Monroe, and are out of reach of superior officers and telegraphs. He's a catankerous old cuss and hates to be beaten. We are now passing Alexandria, ladies. There's the church that George Washington used to attend, and there is the tavern where Jackson killed Ellsworth. We'll soon come to Mt. Vernon."

The ladies forgot everything else in the interest of approaching the Mecca of American patriotism.

The Captain pointed out everything to them, and in the conversations which were interspersed it was discovered that they knew even more of his relatives and acquaintances than they did of Serg't Ammon's, and he was at once put on the footing of an old family friend, deeply interested in the success of their mission.

Finally Capt. Ellison remarked:

"I know that you ladies must be very tired and want to lie down. It is getting so dark that you can't see any more. I shall have my striker bring you a pot of tea and some supper here in a little while. You had better get right to bed after supper. We'll be at Fort Monroe by the time you wake up in the morning, and then there'll be something to see."

"Well, I never slept on the upper shelf of a cupboard before," remarked Maria, after they had finished their supper, and began to make preparations to retire. "But after all those nights on the cars, sitting up like a darning-needle stuck in a board, I feel that I could sleep anywhere—lying across a stake-and-rider fence, for instance. Mother, you get in the lower berth and Annabel and me'll take the upper. It's been a good while since either of us shinned up into a cherry tree, but I guess we can make it."

They were entirely too sleepy to waste much time in discussion, and were soon oblivious to all the wonderful sights and scenes through which the transport was forging her steady way.

It was late in the morning when Capt. Ellison, who had been himself very much worn out, and rose tardily, rapped on their door and asked them to come out. It was much later before they succeeded in performing their toilet in the cramped space and amid the bewildering conditions, and making themselves sufficiently presentable to obey his invitation to emerge and take a look around. When they did they instantly forgot everything in the wonder and beauty of the scene spread out before them.

April had come, and her first smiles were far brighter than her mood at home in Indiana. The bright, warm sun had risen far above the shoreless expanse of gleaming water stretching out toward him between Capes Charles and Henry. The transport lay the farthest out of the great fleet which filled the spacious harbor of Hampton Roads. The lake expanse of still water bore such a naval pageant as the world had rarely seen.

Until their eyes ached and their senses whirled in the effort to take in all that they were eager to see, the women gazed on the great wooden frigates, with their towering masts and clouds of canvas, their yawning ports, with black-mouthed guns, and their crews hurrying about the decks in performance of their morning duties; on great ocean steamers, lifting their white sides high above the water; on sloops and brigs, laden deep with hay, lumber and similar bulky stores; on bustling little tugs, screeching and sputtering about, throwing up great white waves in front of them as they sped from one duty to another; on scores of rowboats, with bright little flags in the stern and impelled by brawny-armed sailors, carrying officers from one ship to another, or the shore; on wicked, sullen-looking monitors, with their decks almost awash, and their turrets rising rigid, significant and threatening.

On the shore rose the grim stone walls of Fort Monroe, with scores of great black cannon pointing over them toward the sea. Wherever they could see the shore it was marked by forts and works armed with immense columbiads.

From far away to the west came a low rumble and roar, as of distant thunder.

"'Tain't going to rain, is it?" inquired Mrs. Klegg, glancing up at the cloudless sky. "Is that thunder we hear?"

"It's the thunder of Grant's guns at Petersburg," answered Capt. Ellison. "Things are happening up there this morning, I guess. Meade and the Army of the Potomac are making the fur fly. The storm has been brewing for some days. I think the backbone of the rebellion is likely to be getting that last fatal punch we've been hearing about for nearly four years."

"Oh, my gracious, is that so?" exclaimed Maria. "A battle going on up there?"

"Precisely."

"Just think of it. But we've already got so much on our minds to think of, there ain't any room for more."

"Right over there," continued Capt. Ellison, "is where the famous battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac took place. The Minnesota lay over there, and"——

"Capt. Ellison, what do you mean by bringing these women aboard, sir?" roared Capt. Alexander McTwigg, coming up, with his rugged features distorted by anger.

"Lower your tone, if you please, Capt. McTwigg," replied the Quartermaster calmly. "Remember that you're in the presence of ladies."

"I'll speak in what tone suits me, sir," roared the Captain. "I'm master of this vessel, and my will's the law."

"Unfortunately, you have too high an opinion of yourself. It is one of the many mistakes that you make," responded the Quartermaster, with unruffled tones. "Seems to me that I have something to say here."

"Aye, about the cargo. But I'm master of the vessel, and I hate women passengers."

"Simply a difference of tastes," replied the Quartermaster, calmly. "I like them."

"I never will sail with them," roared the Captain.

"You are not a prophet, Capt. McTwigg. You don't know what you'll do."

"I know that petticoats always bring bad luck to any craft that sails. I've had bad luck ever since they come aboard. I couldn't understand it, till I found out you'd shipped these women"——

"Ladies," interrupted Capt. Ellison warningly.

"One of my best men fell off on the dock and cut his head so that he's laid up in"——

"Oughtn't to ship men till they've sobered off."

"And we bumped against a lumber schooner and sheered off a boat from the davits."

"Another drunken vagabond at the wheel."

"And our kedge anchor was carried away by that"——

"Now, look here, Capt. McTwigg, I'm not going to have all your mismanagement and the blunders of your beastly crew laid up against these ladies, on account of your vulgar superstition."

"They've got to go ashore, or I won't sail."

"They won't go ashore, and you will sail. What's more, they'll be treated with proper respect, or I shall know the reason why."

"I'll let you know I'm master of this vessel. You're only a clerk in charge of the freight. A pasty-faced supercargo, sir."

"And I'll let you know that I command you and your vessel."

"I've sent a report ashore, sir, and a protest against these women being allowed to remain aboard. I am expecting an answer every minute."

"I am tempted to put you in irons for insubordination, if not mutiny. If I hear of anything more I may put you in irons, Sergeant, muster your guard on deck, armed."

"I shall go ashore myself and make sure."

"You'll stay right on this ship, sir." A tumult of enthusiastic cheering came from the vessels nearest the shore, which was taken up by the others. Men stopped their work and danced about the decks, throwing up their caps. Flags blossomed out from the mastheads and a 15-inch columbiad pointing over the walls of the fort belched out a cloud of smoke and fire and shook the waters with a thunderous roar.

"Mercy me," shrieked Annabel, clinging to Maria, "are they going to fight a battle right here?"

"There comes the boat now," said Capt. McTwigg. "We'll see whether I command my own ship."

"Ship ahoy!" hailed the boat. "Aye, aye, sir," answered Capt. McTwigg.

"Is Capt. Ellison aboard?"

"Here I am, Colonel."

"Captain, I have the pleasure of informing you that a dispatch just received from City Point says that this morning the Army of the Potomac broke through the rebel works all along the line, carrying every point; that the rebel army is in wild retreat, with Meade and Sheridan in close pursuit. This means that Sherman's army must move immediately, too, and their shoes will be desperately needed to-morrow, if not to-day. You must get to Goldsboro as soon as steam will drive you there. Do not delay an instant, nor allow anything to stop you. Push your ship and every man on it to the utmost to get there. Good-by."

"Colonel," shouted Capt. McTwigg.

"I haven't time for anything more," shouted the Colonel, as his boat shot away. "Capt. Ellison has his orders. Push out and crowd on all steam."

"Capt. McTwigg, I don't think you can have any more doubts as to who is in command," said Capt. Ellison with grave calmness. "I have not heretofore informed you that I have here the order of the President of the United States for these ladies to be taken to Goldsboro."

"The President," sneered Capt. McTwigg. "What's he got to do with a chartered transport, I'd like to know?"

"I will add," continued Capt. Ellison, with a wave of his hand toward the guard, "that I have here a Sergeant and 10 men, all old soldiers, who are wholly under my orders, and not at all under yours. I think we shall get along agreeably. Start at once for Goldsboro, and get up all the steam the furnaces will make and the boilers carry."

(To be continued.)

## THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: (1) Please advise a subscriber what is meant by the "Missouri Compromise" and what its boundary lines. (2) Was the "Missouri Compromise" law ever repealed, and, if so, by whom?—NATHAN COLLINS, Arcola, Ill.

The Missouri Compromise was the first great battle between the Free-Soil and Pro-Slavery elements which had then begun to coalesce into parties. The Ordinance of 1787 had prohibited slavery in all the Territories lying north of the Ohio River between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River. In 1818 the people of Missouri wanted to form a State and sent a petition to Congress. Slavery then existed in the Territory by virtue of its introduction by the French and Spanish. Feb. 13, 1819, when the House went into a committee of the whole upon the enabling act for Missouri, Mr. Talimadge, of New York, offered an amendment to the effect that the future introduction of slavery should be prohibited except for the punishment of crime, and that all children of slaves born in Missouri after its admission as a State should be free upon arriving at the age of 25. This brought about a sectional vote, the Northern members voting for it and the Southern against it, with the bill passing. The Senate struck out the amendment, but the House refused to concur, and the bill was lost. Up to that time there had been one Slave State admitted into the Union for every Free State, and it was now proposed to admit Missouri as a Free State in order to offset Alabama.

The Legislatures of all the Northern States warmly indorsed the Tallmadge Proviso, and there opened up a discussion which rapidly grew hot over a number of questions involving principally whether Congress had any right to legislate in regard to slavery in the States and Territories. This dispute continued until Appomattox. The argument became so hot as to threaten civil war, when Henry Clay came forward with a compromise. Massachusetts was to be divided and Maine admitted as a Free State to offset the admission of Missouri as a Slave State; that the House should give up the Tallmadge Proviso, and both should agree upon what was known as the Thomas Amendment, reading as follows:

"And be it further enacted, That in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of 36 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, excepting only such part thereof as is included in the limits of the State contemplated by this act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall be and is hereby forever prohibited."

Both Houses concurred in this, and then there was trouble in the Cabinet. President Monroe raising constitutional questions against the prohibition of slavery. Through the influence of Calhoun he was induced to sign the bill March 6, 1820. In 1854 the Supreme Court, in the famous Dred-Scott decision, denied the constitutionality of this Missouri Compromise and the right of Congress to prohibit slavery.

Jan. 23, 1854, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, reported a bill to organize the Territories of Kanasas and Nebraska, repealing the Missouri Compromise, and declaring the purpose of the act to be to carry out the following three propositions and principles:

"1. That all questions as to slavery in the Territories or States to be formed from them were to be left to the representatives of the people residing therein.

"2. That cases involving title to slaves, or personal freedom, might be appealed from the local tribunals to the Supreme Court; and

"3. That the Fugitive Slave Law should apply to the Territories."

This, which adopted what was afterward known as "Popular Sovereignty," or "Squatter Sovereignty," passed the Senate March 3, 1854, by a vote of 37 to 14, and the House May 24 by a vote of 113 to 100. The debates were the stormiest ever known in Congress, and the agitation all over the country intense.