The Scranton Tribune

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SCRANTON, SEPTEMBER 9, 1898.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

STATE.

Governor—WILLIAM A. STONE.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. GOBIN.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—JAMES W. LATTA.
Judges of Superior Court—W. W. PORTER, W. D. PORTER.
Congressmen - at - Large — SAMUEL A. DAVENPORT, GALUSHA A. GROW.

COUNTY.

Congress—WILLIAM CONNELL.
Judge—F. W. GUNSTER.
Coroner—JOHN J. ROBERTS, M. D.
Surveyor—GEORGE E. STEVENSON.

LEGISLATIVE.

Senate.
Twentieth Dist.—JAMES C. VAUGHAN.

House.
First District—JOHN R. FARR.
Second District—JOHN SCHEUER, JR.
Third District—N. C. MACKEY.
Fourth District—JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

COLONEL STONE'S PLATFORM.

It will be my purpose when elected to so conduct myself as to win the respect and good will of those who have opposed me as well as those who have given me their support. I shall be the governer of the whole people of the state. Abuses have undoubtedly grown up in the legislature which are neither the fault of one party nor the other, but rather the growth of custom. Unnecessary investigations have been authorized by committees, resulting in unnecessary expense to the state. It will be my care and purpose to correct these and other evils in so far as I have the power. It will be my purpose while governor of Pennsylvania, as it has been my purpose in the public positions that I have held, with God's help, to discharge my whole duty. The people are greater than the parties to which they belong. I am only jealous of their favor. I shall only attempt to win their approval and my experience has taught me that that can best be done by an honest, modest, daily discharge of public duty.

It would be a sorry day for American institutions if the Bible were ruled out of our public schools.

Ready for Any Issue.

"The organization of the Republican party in this state is not at all particular upon what lines the campaign is waged. We are ready and willing to meet our enemies in open, many battle upon every issue in which the people are interested. I care not whether it is national or state in character. We are proud, of course, of the record the party has made in the administration of our national affairs, but grand and heroic as that record is, it is equaled, if not surpassed by the record made in the administration of our state affairs.

"No state in the Union supports its schools with the liberal generosity of our own. No state in the Union has better churches. No state in the Union has abler or more fervent preachers. No state in the Union has more intelligent and conscientious men and women. No state in the Union has better cultivated farms or more comfortable homes upon them. No state in the Union can point with such satisfaction to a mighty citizenship of prosperous workingmen and skillful mechanics. No state in the Union has richer mines of bituminous and anthracite coal. No state in the Union has better conducted railroads. No state in the Union has brighter and more capable children. No state in the Union has larger and better equipped mills and factories, and in no state in the Union do the great mass of citizens pay so little tax to the support of the state government.

"Why is all this? Does any person whose mind is not deformed by disappointed ambition undertake to say all of these flourishing conditions could exist if the party that had control of the affairs of the state had been reeking in vice and steeped in corruption? Will any sane person contend that a free citizenship, so nurtured and so educated, would continue year after year to indorse by magnificent majorities a party whose leaders and representatives practiced pillage and corruption upon them? It is an insult to the intelligent voters of the state to say that they have continuously elected from time to time criminals as their representatives in high public positions. Will any one be so blind as to contend that Pennsylvania could have forged its way forward until it stands at the head of the column of the great states of this country in everything pertaining to the welfare and happiness of a free people, if the party that directed and controlled its public affairs had been guilty of the crimes and misdemeanors charged against it?"—State Chairman Elkin, at Pittsburg.

Even in its mistakes the Republican party is superior to Democracy at its best. The Democrats can't get trust on the strength of Alger's misfortunes.

General Miles.

It is a mistake to suppose that the attitude of General Miles toward the present secretary of war is one of personal hostility or that the abuses under which he smarts would not have existed had another man than General Alger been in the position which Alger occupies or another party in control of the government. General Miles' statement is the release of a professional soldier's long pent-up dissatisfaction with a system of management in the war department, handed down from administration to administration, which is unmilitary, un-American and unfit to be tolerated. It is the freeing of the mind of a soldier so firmly entrenched in the respect of his army associates and so sure of his ground that he can afford to risk the petty annoyances which come to the subordinate who avails himself of the constitutional right of free speech.

The whole management of the war department needs an overhauling. To begin with, it needs at its head, not an upheaval of party politics whose commission as secretary of war is issued on the principle that any man can run a war department in a nation whose ways are the ways of peace, but an experienced and efficient soldier, trained in every branch of the soldier's profession. Next to this, it needs a centering of authority in the major general commanding, who certainly in time of war should know no superior and brook no interference save from the president alone. In the present instance General Miles, who for years has been preparing himself for the very emergency of war that lately confronted the country, and whose opportunity should have come with war if ever, found himself, from the moment of the beginning of hostilities, thwarted at every point by a conceited civilian secretary whose own army record, thirty odd years old, would not bear investigation. His counsel was resisted, the instruments with which he was expected to do efficient military work were turned topsy-turvy by the commissioning from civil life of a lot of greenhorns to staff positions; politics rather than military needs was permitted to dictate the assignment of troops and the designation of their commanders, and not until this kind of thing had got army affairs all tangled up was the expert soldier in nominal command permitted personally to execute his plan of campaign, which he did in true soldier-like fashion. Even then, while he was superintending at the front the concluding incidents of the decisive campaign of the war, intrigue at the war department sought to stab him in the back.

It is not personal vanity in Miles which does not propose to stand that kind of treatment; it is the professional instinct that recognizes the time and place to effect imperatively needed reforms in a branch of the public service which, if not reformed and put on a professional basis, will soon break down altogether. Personally, Miles' fame is secure. But the future of the finest body of individual soldiers in the world is involved in the rectification of the notorious abuses that have grown up in the war department under civilian and political control; and if Miles waives the subject temporarily in deference to the wishes of the president, it will only be until such time as he can bring it forward for agitation until there is genuine relief.

General Garcia says he had no grievance at Santiago against the American people; his difference was with Shafter only, whom he considers a personal enemy. Well, Shafter is out of there now and a man of kindly disposition and tact is running things in his stead. Let Garcia make up with General Lawton, permit his men to disarm and disband and lend his whole influence to hastening the restoration of peace, industry and good order. Thus he can best exhibit the gratitude which he professes for what the United States has done for Cuba.

Spain's Exit Inevitable.

A report has appeared to the effect that in determining the tenor of the instructions which shall guide our peace commissioners at Paris the president has receded from his earlier intention to demand, as the American minimum, cession of the island of Luzon and is now disposed to ask only for the city, bay and harbor of Manila and the province of Cavite in which Manila is situated. Like many other reports which have been circulated touching this point this one represents conjecture merely; but there are reasons for believing that it is misleading.

In the first place, no division of sovereignty among the inhabitants of Luzon, leaving part of them slave and part free, would satisfy either principle or expediency. In principle we are bound to liberate either all or none. When Providence through Dewey put it in our power to do a work for humanity 7000 miles further away from our shores than is the island of Cuba, our intended theater of administrative reform, we were confronted by a responsibility hardly to be discharged piecemeal. We can ignore it altogether and pull out, preferring to be thought cowardly than to burden ourselves with the care of alien millions so far away; or we can accept it manfully and do our best; but we cannot divide it and remain consistent.

Nor as a matter of expediency would it do to take a part merely of the one developed island in the Philippine archipelago while leaving the remainder under the objectionable conditions prevalent when we entered. That would be to sow the seeds of vexatious and continuous difficulties which must, in time, either force us to pack up and leave or compel Spain to leave. The power which we now possess to make one settlement of the question good for an indefinite period can better be used while we possess it than to let it slip now, only to have to fight at some future time to regain it.

Finally it is to be noted as a matter of insurmountable fact that when Spain is deprived of Manila Spanish rule in the Philippines is done for. By no stretch of the imagination can it be conceived that Spain, without ships of war, overburdened with the Cuban debt and everywhere broken in fortunes, could summon vitality enough to impose an effective rule over disaffected Malays who have seen that rule broken like a rotten reed and some relief won in a limited locality by the natives who rebelled against it. The encouragement which our occupation of Manila has given to the spirit of revolution among the Filipinos spells an end to further life for Spanish authority in the East Indies. We have administered a fatal blow. The shadow of Spanish sovereignty remains in parts of the islands but it is a shadow, and nothing more. The substance is gone for both time and eternity.

Under these circumstances it is visionary to think of any square foot of ground in the Philippine archipelago as a possible future foothold for successful Spanish administration. The hour of the utter extinction of Spanish rule in that portion of the earth has struck. We may sophisticate and theorize as we please, but that is the ascendant fact in the situation; and coming events will only project it into clearer and bolder relief.

There is no doubt of the justice of General Miles' observation that if the natives of Cuba had been propitiated by Shafter as those of Porto Rico were by the major general commanding, a lot of unnecessary trouble would have been saved. Sugar catches more flies than vinegar.

Governor Black's friends say they will fight the Roosevelt boom to a finish. In that case it is easy to foresee what their finish will be.

A Representative American.

The bereavement which has come to Major General Joseph Wheeler in the loss of his son by drowning, while purely personal, supplies nevertheless an appropriate occasion for sympathetic public attestation to the superb quality of his recent service in behalf of his country. The New York Sun the other day, in an editorial appreciation worded in the Sun's best English, spoke of General Wheeler as one of the finest characters of the war, and said of him, with entire truth:

General Wheeler is a Democrat and a southern man, strong in his attachment to the south, but in this war there has not appeared in either his conduct or speech the slightest indication of his political or sectional sympathies. He has been simply a soldier of the United States, gallant, faithful, efficient, resourceful, and always magnanimous. No complaints have come from him concerning either his superiors or subordinates, or of his treatment and the circumstances in which he was placed. He has accepted his conditions without a word of cavil, has remained cheerful and confident always, even under the depression of illness peculiarly provocative of irritability, has obeyed orders without question or criticism, and in all ways has sought to make himself useful to his country and helpful to his military comrades. He has never pushed himself forward, never blown his own trumpet, never posed for admiration, but has gone about the pursuit of his duty, thinking of it rather than of himself. That is a characterization of the highest type of the soldier and the best quality of manhood, and that it is just and in no respect exaggerated will be, we are sure, the judgment of all the army cognizant of the services of General Wheeler.

It remains to be added to this just characterization that the quality of General Wheeler's leadership in battle has been up to the highest standards in American history. Undisputed testimony gives to him a large preponderance of the credit for saving the army at Santiago from the incalculable misfortune and mistake embodied in the seriously deliberated suggestion to retreat after the successful storming of El Caney and San Juan. His conduct before and since has been no less creditable. Whether climbing a tree to reconnoitre the enemy, getting up from a sick bed to lead the forward charge, stiffening up the prostrated Shafter's weakening back-bone, sustaining Colonel Roosevelt in his necessary protest against the contemplated dedication of the gallant regulars at Santiago to useless sacrifice by fever, or using with swift intelligence the whole power of his office in the attempt to bring order out of chaos at Montauk, General Wheeler has been at all times a representative American commander, worthy of admiration, obedience and love. In the hour of his personal sorrow he has the sincere smypathy of every fellow-citizen.

In his own good time and without injustice to any man the president of the United States will correct the administrative abuses in the war department and show that he is as thoroughly the master of this situation as he has been of the previous ones since he took the oath of office. The people who mistrust Alger can trust McKinley.

General Miles may seem a little eager to claim the credit due him, but that is probably a natural result of having had to fight both Spain and the war department.

Our One Hundred and Forty-Third.

[The following poem was read yesterday at Gettysburg by Mr. Arthur L. Collins, of Scranton, at the thirty-second annual reunion of the One Hundred and Forty-third regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers.]

What brings ye here today,
In all this proud array,
Here to this sacred ground?
What means the rolling drum
As marching heroes come?
Come ye as ye came of yore
Your heart's blood to outpour?
With battle flags flung to air
Come ye with battle's blare
Here to this sacred ground?

Not so ye come today
As ye came but yesterday,
Not so, not so, ye come.
No pomp of war is here,
No dread forboding fear,
Lest brave attempt should fail,
And treason's cause prevail.
No sword gleam leads the way
To death or victory,
Not so, not so, ye come.

The tramp of marching feet
Along the quiet street
No terror brings today.
The cannon's sullen roar,
No flames of Hell outpour
No bugle's clarion call
Awake the echoes all,
The gleam and glint of steel,
The rage that foemen feel,
No terrors bring today.

Echoes the measured tread,
A requiem to the dead.
The dead that never die,
The banners that ye bring,
And to the breezes fling,
No menace have of war,
But to heroes, tribute are.
Heroes whose lives were given,
That shackles might be riven,
The dead that never die.

Yes, this is sacred ground,
Here slab, and shaft, and mound,
Have each a history.
Here rolled the highest wave
Of treason, here its grave.
Here surged its full red tide,
Here war was defied.
Here rose our star of hope,
Here hill, and vale, and slope,
Has each a history.

How shall I tell your story,
Tell your deathless glory,
Tell the records that you made.
You of the Second brigade,
Hundred and Forty-Third?

Amid the battle crash,
Breasting the rebel dash,
Was there ever a man to quail,
Did one of duty fail,
Hundred and Forty-Third?

Was there ever a man afraid,
Fronting a gleaming blade?
Amid the battle hail
Did your colors ever trail,
Hundred and Forty-Third?

When from ambush sprang the foe
Leaping to strike the blow,
Was there one that blanched with fear,
One that held life dear,
Hundred and Forty-Third?

Where shot fell thick and fast,
When Hell its flames outcast,
In the maddest, wildest fray,
Was there ever a man gave way,
Hundred and Forty-Third?

At Chancellorsville your baptism came,
A baptism of blood, amid battle flame.
Then Gettysburg sounded the trumpet's blare,
And our Hundred and Forty-Third was there,
Aye, you were there, and "there to stay"
Will the old Keystone forget the day?

Let the records speak, for the records tell
How you breasted the tide when it rose to its swell,
Fighting 'gainst odds that well might quail
The stoutest hearts, but did you fail?

Was it cannon to left of you, cannon to right,
Cannon in front of you in that fight?
It was Hell to the left of you, Hell to the right,
Hell was in front of you in that fight.
Hell gaped, and belched, and roared, and thundered,
But you fought on, and on, and no one blundered.

A band of iron was Doubleday's word,
Reporting the Hundred and Forty-Third.
A band of iron? A band of steel,
It bends and quivers as peal on peal
Of battle thunder rends the air,
Shot and shell its sinews tear,
But it gives not away, it stands the strain,
And hurls the grey line back again,

Just over the way there Crippen stood
In that heroic attitude,
And still he stands, and still he holds
That banner aloft, whose starry folds
Swept over him with caresses sweet,
And plaited its folds for his winding sheet
In a cloud of fire he was borne away,
To take his place in that galaxy
Of star crowned heroes; his mantel fell
On one who wore it bravely well,
Until he, too, in battle strife
On the nation's altar laid his life,
And was welcomed above by that hero band
Immortals from every age and land.
When ye scatter blossoms o'er your dead,
Weave a garland to place above Phillip's head.

Let the rebel flag from victors torn,
Let the rebel foes, of victory shorn,
Tell of the Wilderness and what occurred,
When they met our Hundred and Forty-Third.

Then Laurel Hill, where struggling men
Fought over the ground again and again,
Forward, and backward, across the field,
Advancing, retreating, but not to yield,
To gain new strength for the forward sweep,
And into the struggle again to leap,
Winning and losing, and winning again,
Fighting more like demons than men,
Defeated, defeating, victorious still,
That was the fight of Laurel Hill,

Let Southern breezes waft a refrain,
For Spottsylvania's hero slain,
And let North Anna speak and tell
How you breasted the storm of shot and shell,
From Bethseda Church war's echoes roll
And add a name to the lengthening scroll,

Cold Harbor, and Chickahominy, too,
Offer their tributes unto you
Then Petersburg. Oh! God, can it be
That men will leap unflinchingly
Into the very jaws of Hell,
If the tales be true, that the records tell,
Then Sebastopol, and the Malakoff fade,
By the side of the assaults that there were made.
And on, and on unto the end,
To lead, to hold, attack, defend,
From every field comes back the word,
Glory, for our Hundred and Forty-Third.

Ah, could I the memories trace,
Of you who stand here face to face,
With those other years, if I could reap
The harvest of those years, and heap
Their treasure, filled would the measure be
Of grist for immortality,
Filled to the full of brave endeavor,
Of purpose high, that faltered never,
Filled to the full of hopes and fears,
Filled to the full of blood and tears,
Filled to the full of toil and pain,
Of weary march and battle strain,
Filled to the full of noble deeds
Of sacrifice that throbs and bleeds,
Filled to the full with that patriot zeal,
That recks not, cares not for woe or weal,
But only this, whate'er assail,
The nation's honor must prevail.

Time never halts, the years roll round,
"Column forward" the bugles sound.
'Tis a weary march, and day by day
Comrades are dropping along the way.
Tears are shed when you see them fall,
But "Column forward" the bugles call.
The files close up, and the ranks march on,
A third of a century has come and gone
Since you fronted the line, since you stemmed the tide
Since you won a glory that will ever abide.

The years roll on, they never return,
But memory halts, and in memory's urn
Sacred as incense, heaven refined,
Your noble deeds are forever enshrined,
And men are greater, braver, more true
Because of the great things wrought by you.
The old Keystone rings out the word,
Glory for our Hundred and Forty-Third.
—Arthur L. Collins.

WILL NOT YIELD AN INCH.

"Our young soldiers of the present war have proved themselves worthy of the high example set them by their fathers. Wherever a son of Pennsylvania has worn the uniform of his country, whether at the front or in the camp, whether facing hostile Spanish bullets or the still more deadly fever, he has followed the colors gallantly and endured the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life with heroic self-sacrifice. By the fortunes of war, all have not had equal opportunity to win distinction in actual battle, but all are equally deserving of the tribute earned by high courage and devotion to their country.

"If I may be permitted in this spirit to refer to one particular regiment, I would recall to you that it was a Pennsylvania regiment, and one recruited from the counties adjoining Allegheny, that lay at the front one night in the trenches before Manila and bore the brunt of the desperate night attack of a Spanish brigade. There could be no higher test of the qualities of young troops than this, and what Pennsylvanian's heart did not thrill when the cable brought the words of the commanding general across the ocean, who after describing the fierce nature of the attack, added, 'But the Pennsylvanians did not yield an inch.'

"As a Pennsylvanian I glory in the words, and as Republicans I think we may appropriately emblazon them on our banners in this campaign. Intrenched in the indestructible record of our party, inspired by its glorious achievements in the past, armed with confidence in its fidelity to the people, and equipped with an abiding trust in its capacity to administer the future, here we take our stand, by the same party flag that we have followed in so many victorious campaigns. Whether attacked in front or flank, whether the enemy comes with Spanish stealth like the assassin in the night, or whether bearing the familiar colors of Democracy, or disguising himself like a guerilla in pretended Republican uniform; whether upholding false and dangerous political principles, or merely seeking to turn our lines and get at the sutler's wagon, let the attack be met. Let us meet it in a manner worthy of our party and our state. Let us so meet it, that when our great commander-in-chief in the White House reads the election returns on the morning of November 9, he shall have cause to repeat the glorious words reported to him from Manila: 'The Pennsylvanians did not yield an inch."—State Chairman Elkin at Pittsburg.

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