PART TWO.

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TALK WITH CARLISLE.

The Kentucky Statesman Expresses Views on Leading Questions of the Day.

SAYS THE TARIFF MUST BE MODIFIED.

The Ex-Speaker Strongly Opposes the Free Coinage of Silver.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

The People Will Not Favor Legislative Interference With the Currency.

ABSOLUTE FREE TRADE NOT DESIRABLE.

A Remarkable Interview With the Great Expounder of Pure Democratic Doctrine—"Carp's" Gossip of the National Capitol.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24.—[Special correspondence of THE BEE.]—It was in the parlors of a comfortable house on K street within three blocks of the white house and just around the corner from McPherson square that I chatted with one of the most remarkable statesmen in congress last Sunday afternoon. The man sat with his back to the light but his big broad forehead, his straight nose and his strong smooth-shaven jaw came characteristically out in the shadows and his face was more than ever the embodiment of pure intellect as his soul looked out of its clear gray eyes and he talked freely of the great questions of the day. There is no stronger man in the senate today than Mr. John G. Carlisle. His fourteen years in congress during which he served either as speaker or upon the important committee of ways and means have given him a thorough equipment regarding all matters connected with the government and interests of the United States and his wonderful intellect married to a capacity for perpetual work makes him a giant among his fellows. There is no such worker in Washington as Senator Carlisle. While speaker he put in more hours a day than any man at the capitol and his work is still before him from morning until night. He has never been a disciple of physical culture. He pays, I am told, but little attention to his diet, has no recreations whatever and his great brain rests only when he sleeps. Our conversation was more in the shape of a friendly talk than an interview and I give the chat as nearly as I can, just as it occurred, having requested Mr. Carlisle to revise it, which he has very kindly done.

The Speakership.

The first subject was the speakership and I asked Senator Carlisle whether he considered it a desirable position or a hard one to fill. He replied:

"The speakership is certainly a very arduous position. It entails hard work from the beginning to the end of the session, and taxes the strength and tries the patience of the incumbent to the fullest extent. The work of selecting the committees, determining just what members will deal most intelligently with certain classes of questions, and the naming of chairmen, is perplexing and tedious in the extreme. When this is done the speaker's work is only begun. He has to pass upon questions of importance almost every hour. He has to be consulted as to the time that shall be given to the various legislative measures; must carry in his mind a panoramic view of the whole legislation of the session, and must understand the merits of each measure and how it should be treated. This, of course, requires a great amount of investigation and study. He must be ready to decide upon all matters the moment they come up, and new questions of procedure and parliamentary law are always being presented.

"The mail of the speaker is very heavy. While I was speaker I sometimes received as high as seventy-five and eighty letters in a single mail, and nearly all of my correspondence related either directly or indirectly to public matters."

"You were twice re-elected speaker, Senator Carlisle, without opposition in your own party. How do you account for that?"

"I do not know," replied the senator. "I tried to be fair and impartial in my decisions and I regarded my office as that of a judge rather than that of a partisan. This is, in my judgment, the true position of a speaker. If I thought the leaders of my party were at all in the wrong on questions of order I decided against them, but if it was a matter of equal right, I of course gave the preference to the democrats."

"What kind of a speaker will Mr. Crisp make?"

"Mr. Crisp is a cool, cautious, self-reliant and able man. He never loses his temper and he has undoubted executive ability. I was in favor of Mr. Mills' election because he was a conspicuous representative of the democratic party on tariff reform and because his utterances during the last campaign were in accord with the attitude I think the party ought to take upon that subject during the coming presidential campaign."

A Few Words About Silver.

"What do you think of the issues of the next campaign, senator?" said I.

"They will include the whole list of questions upon which the two parties differ," replied the senator. "The tariff should, I think, be made the principal issue, and if the question of silver enters into the campaign it should be secondary to the tariff. I don't think the democratic party should take up the silver question for consideration at this time. It certainly should not put a plank in its national platform favoring free coinage. I doubt very much whether we have anything to gain from the silver states. They are naturally republican and will vote the republican ticket in any event. This has been the result in all past campaigns. I do not think the majority of the business people of the United States are in favor of further legislative interference with the currency at this time, and some of the propositions suggested are full of danger to the country. The free coinage of the American product of silver, as proposed by some would certainly be worse for the people generally in one respect, at least, than any plan yet adopted, as that would donate all the difference between the bullion value and the coinage value of the metal to the owners of mines and speculators in mining stocks instead of the government, making them a present in fact from the people of the United States of a great many million dollars every year. From February 28, 1878, the date of the resumption of the coinage of the silver dollar, to June 30, 1891, this difference amounted to nearly $72,000,000, which has gone into the treasury to the credit of the tax payers of the country. Of course if the government receives bullion from the owner coins it free of charge and gives him back a stamped dollar for every 371 grains of pure silver, the bullion owner will receive a very large sum over and above the commercial value of his product in the markets of the world. The changing of the ratio from 16 to 1 to 15½ to 1, as proposed by Governor Hill, would be worse than free coinage under our present ratio, and would be a step backward instead of a step forward."

"What do you propose, senator?" I asked.

"I believe that every dollar in circulation among the masses of the people should be as good as any dollar that circulates or forms the basis of our trade, domestic or international, and it seems to me that we had better let the matter stand as it is now, for the present at least, and see what the future may develop. I think the principal commercial nations of the world ought to join in a monetary conference and fix an international ratio. If all the commercial nations were to meet and decide that any quantity of silver should pass and be received as money at a certain value it would of course be good for that amount in their trade."

"The capitalist can always take care of his own interest when changes occur, or are about to occur, in the relative values of the different kinds of currency in circulation, because he can, in anticipation of such changes, convert his money at any time into the most valuable kind of currency and hoard it in order to realize the premium, while the laborers, and in fact the people generally, have nothing to hoard and are compelled to receive from day to day in payment for their labor and its products just such money as the law makes legal tender whatever it may be."

The Tariff and the McKinley Law.

"How about the tariff?"

"The tariff platform in the next democratic national platform ought to declare in favor of a just revision and reduction of tariff taxation, with due regard, of course, to the raising of revenue and to the industrial situation as it has grown up under the existing system. Theoretically I am a free trader, because I believe that all taxes are necessary evils, but it will be a long time before we can have free trade in this country. We must approach it gradually, step by step. If it were an original question the situation of course would be different, but we have to deal with artificial conditions and cannot expect to accomplish a complete reform by a single measure of legislation."

"Then you believe that we will at some time have absolute free trade?"

"Hardly absolute," replied Senator Carlisle, "though very near it. We will always need a certain amount of money to carry on the government and we must always impose taxes of some kind to pay expenses. But my idea of a good government is one which accomplishes its purposes with the least possible taxation upon the people. Not only should the rate of taxation be as small as possible consistent with the raising of the necessary amount of revenue, but the burdens of taxation should be distributed as equally as possible upon the people according to their ability to bear them. Our present system of taxation violates both of these rules in the most flagrant manner."

"I suppose the republican party will want to make a fight on the McKinley tariff?"

"Yes," replied Senator Carlisle," but they will find that law much more unpopular than they suppose. The east is gradually coming to tariff reform as embodied in the democratic idea. New England is a great commercial as well as great manufacturing country. It wants free raw material to work with, and it wants fewer restrictions upon its commerce. New York cannot be carried for the McKinley tariff and the northwest and the great states of the west are not for it. Ohio, it is true, elected McKinley governor, but in the Ohio campaign the silver question lost us some of the conservative and especially some of the German democratic votes. Ohio is a state that stands by herself. It does not belong to the east nor to the west. It has become a great manufacturing state. It has mines and factories and glass and pottery works scattered all over it, and it is no criterion by which to judge the other states of the union south of the Potomac and east of the Alleghanies."

Patriotism a Local Issue.

"Is not the tariff after all as General Hancock said, a local issue?"

"Yes, I suppose to a certain extent it is. Nearly all political action is governed by self-interest. Patriotism is to a large extent a selfish sentiment. If a man's country protects his rights and promotes his prosperity he loves it, but if it oppresses him and robs him of his property, the case is different."

Story of Grover's Free Trade Message.

"Senator Carlisle," said I, "you have been called the author of ex-President Cleveland's free trade message. Is that so?"

"No, that is a mistake," replied Senator Carlisle. "That message originated with President Cleveland and he wrote it himself. The credit for it is due to him alone. It is true he counseled with his political friends, myself among others, and made some verbal changes in it upon their suggestion. For some time the president was in doubt as to the form the message should take, and whether he should emphasize it by confining it to the tariff question alone or make some other recommendations at the same time. Mr. Cleveland fully comprehended the importance and significance of the issue he was making, and he gave the subject the fullest consideration and acted deliberately. The pressure against his issuing his message was very great. Many of his best friends and closest advisors were against it."

"President Cleveland's education in the details of the tariff reform," Senator Carlisle went on, "was largely acquired after he became president. He once said to me that he had been so engrossed with other matters that he had not seriously studied the question before he came to Washington, and that he was for a low tariff because it was a democratic principle rather than as a result of careful investigation and study. At Washington he took up the subject, and by reading and talking with the leading thinkers on both sides of the question, he became convinced that tariff reform was the most important issue before the country, and, as was his nature, he at once went into the contest with all his might. His espousal of tariff reform was the result of conscientious conviction from the study of the question, and his message was the natural consequence."

Presidential Candidates.

"How about candidates, senator? Will Mr. Cleveland be the democratic nominee?"

"I think it is too early to make any prediction upon that subject. Mr. Cleveland's chances for the nomination depend largely upon the delegation from the state of New York, and its action in the convention. I consider him an available candidate and think he could be elected."

"How about the republican nominee? Give me your estimate of Mr. Harrison."

"President Harrison is a candidate and I expect to see him nominated by acclamation. He has made a fair president from a republican standpoint. He has shown himself possessed of individuality and of a will of his own. I think his tour over the country helped him. His speeches on that tour were remarkable for their variety and conservatism and they exhibited more ability than had generally been attributed to him. He has grown in the estimation of the people since he became president and he is, I think, as strong a man as the republican party has."

"How about Mr. Blaine?"

"The nomination of Mr. Blaine might create more enthusiasm than the nomination of Mr. Harrison, but I do not believe he would get as many votes as Mr. Harrison. Many of the conservative business men of the republican party are afraid of the erratic elements of Mr. Blaine's nature which have led him at times to imprudent acts and speeches on public matters. Blaine is a remarkable man as a party leader and he has been compared by some to Henry Clay. His legislative career has been much like that of Mr. Clay. Clay was one of the greatest partisan leaders of his time, but you can find upon our statute books no act of great value which originated with him. His greatest speeches have passed away and his reputation is more of a tradition than anything else. Still, for half a century almost he was the leader of a great party and the idol of the people."

The Future of Parties.

"Senator, do you think we will ever again have a party of the north and the south?"

"I think not," was the reply. "There is more likelihood of a party of the east and a party of the west. The west and the south are gravitating toward each other on political and economic questions."

"Will there ever be a party of the rich and the poor in this country, or great parties of capital and labor?"

"No," replied Senator Carlisle, "I think not. Such parties might exist for a campaign or so, but there will always be two great controlling parties in this country based on the fundamental principles which have divided parties since the organization of the government. There will be the one party with the old demand for the increase of the jurisdiction of the general government and the centralization of power, and another which will contend, as heretofore, for the rights of the state, the local community and the individual. The great extension of commerce and trade, the construction of railroads and telegraphs have made sectional political divisions almost an impossibility in the United States. As to labor parties and farmers alliance parties, you cannot form a lasting political party in this country based upon the interests of a single class. I do not believe the alliance party will cut any figure in the presidential campaign. You might as well try to form a political party composed only of carpenters or lawyers, as one composed of farmers. Such an organization cannot last as a political organization. As to the socialistic question, I am in favor of the greatest liberty of speech on the part of everyone in this country under the law, but I do not believe that anyone should be permitted to incite others to the commission of crime, as some agitators have attempted to do. I think the authorities of Chicago deserve credit for hanging the anarchists, and that much loss of life and destruction of property has been averted by that action. I believe, however, that every man has a right to contend that the constitution and laws of the United States are wholly wrong, and to advocate any peaceable and constitutional means of changing them."

"Referring to the farmers alliance, senator, what caused it and what lesson should it be to the country?"

"The alliance party," said Senator Carlisle, "is the legitimate child of the republican party. It is the offspring of the republican tariff idea that the government should take care of all business enterprises that cannot or will not take care of themselves. This government is not an eleemosynary institution, nor does it pretend to remedy business failures. Although the farmers have for some years received low prices for their products they are far better off than their fathers were. I was born and brought up on a farm and until I was 19 worked on the farm in summer and went to school in the winter. During my boyhood there was scarcely a buggy or pleasure carriage in the country. The farm products were carried to market on wagons drawn by oxen, and my father used to haul his wheat and tobacco twenty-one miles to market in this way. It took him two days and nights for every load. Now many of the farmers' sons and daughters in Kentucky have their own horses and buggies or carriages, and at any meeting of Kentucky farmers you will see great numbers of handsome turnouts."

Our Prospects for a Monarchy.

"How about the perpetuity of our government, senator? Will we ever have a monarchy in the United States?"

"I think the union is stronger today than it has ever been," was Carlisle's reply, "and the possibility of a monarchy is so remote that it is hardly worthy of consideration. The people of the United States would assuredly never establish one and such a thing could never become possible unless we should have a great civil war out of which a dictator should arise to usurp power and create a throne. The tendency of modern times, however, is altogether towards democracy. Europe becomes more republican in its form of government year by year, and it will be surprising if within one hundred years from now all the countries of Europe are not republican."

Purity in Public Life.

"How about the purity of our government today, senator? Are politicians as honest now as they were in the past?"

"Political morality," said Senator Carlisle, "is higher now than it has ever been. If you look back over our history you will find the records of peculation and fraud. The Yazoo land scheme of the days of Washington and Jefferson was a greater job than has been before congress for a generation. The very location of this capitol was the result of a bargain in which some of the weaker of our forefathers were implicated, and I do not believe that the average of official honesty has ever been so high as it is now. No matter what may be said to the contrary, the world is growing better every day."

Our Statesmen vs Our Forefathers.

"Are the public men of today equal in your opinion, senator, to those of the past?" said I.

"In ability, yes; in comparative reputation for being such, no," was the reply. "The general average of statesmanship and intelligence has never been so high as it is now. I do not know that we have men who will equal the two or three greatest men of our early history, but the general average is far higher. The good old times of our fathers were days of hero worship. The iconoclastic pen of the independent newspaper correspondent has to a large extent blotted that element from our national character; and the press and the general education of the people have so elevated the masses that the difference between men is not so apparent. It used to be that no whig in Kentucky had an opinion on any of the public questions of the day until Henry Clay came home from Washington and told them what the issues were and how they should be treated. Then a few newspapers controlled and made public opinion. Horace Greeley and the New York Tribune were a power. The Richmond Whig and the National Intelligencer mapped out the views of millions. Now nearly every man in the country reads the news of the whole world every morning. He forms his opinions upon public questions as soon as any man in Washington and when the statesman goes back home he finds his constituents as well posted on what to do and how it ought to be done as he is."

Advice to Would-Be Statesmen.

"Senator, you have been in politics all your life. What should a young man do who wants to become a statesman, and does statesmanship pay as a profession?"

"There is no money in public life," replied Senator Carlisle," if that is what you mean by the question whether statesmanship pays, and I doubt whether the time will ever come when we will have, as they have in England, a class of professional statesmen. I believe every young man should take an interest in politics. He should keep himself informed on public questions, study the issues of the two great parties at the outset of his career and decide which of them is the nearer right and go with it. He will find, as every man finds, that there are many things in each party that he does not like. There are some things in the republican party that I like better than those of the democratic party; but they are not the material issues and a man must unite with that party which has a preponderance of good, and whose main principles are nearest in accord with his views. I do not believe in third parties. A man cannot flock by himself in this country, and if he would do good or accomplish anything, he must go with the party nearest him. The would-be states man should thoroughly study American history. He should understand our constitution and the political institutions of the country, and a little legal knowledge would not hurt him. I believe he should take an interest in local politics, for if he wishes to rise he must begin at the bottom, and the knowledge which he gets at home as to the characters and motives of men, will be of value to him in after life."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Speaking of how Kentucky colonels are made, the Clinton Democrat tells this story: On a certain occasion a Yankee officer cavalierly rode up to the gate of the late Judge E. L. Bullock during one of the periods of federal occupation of this section, and asked a little negro boy (who, by the way, is now residing here) "who lived at the house," to which the boy replied, in a matter-of-course way: "Colonel Bullock." "Colonel Bullock!" said the federal. "And how did he come to be a colonel, will you please tell me?" In some wonderment, but with positive assurance, the boy replied; "Why, he was born a colonel, sir." And truly he was.

A BORDER TRAGEDY RECALLED.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre.

NINETY-THREE MEN DECOYED TO DEATH.

Details of the Awful Slaughter Recalled by an Eye-Witness—Melancholy Close of Christmas Preparations.

Bright and cheering dawned that December morning twenty-five years ago, this 21st of December, 1891, at the post of Fort Phil Kearney, snugly located at the forks of the Pineys, within the very shadows of the Big Horn mountains. The boys of the Second battalion of the Eighteenth infantry, afterwards known as the Twenty-seventh regiment, and the two attenuated troops of the Second cavalry were contemplating the near approach of Christmas and what a grand good time they were to have on that day feasting on buffalo, elk, bear and wild duck gathered from the plains, mountains and Lake DeSmet, hard by. A recent arrival of commissary supplies insured an abundance of delicacies from the states, and the prospect of a relief from hard tack, salt horse, and dessicated vegetables animated the whole post with an anxious longing for the coming festival. Mrs. Carrington, wife of the post commandant, had enlisted all the ladies of the post in the grand observance of the day, and their kindly offices had prepared many enjoyable surprises for the devoted command, not alone in the prospect for a feast of substantials, but of a social nature.

On the 21st the sun rose clear and cloudless, a balmy breeze was wafted up from the valley of the Piney, and mingling with the pine and cedar fragrance of the mountain woods diffused the sanctity and odor of a spring day, and for the nonce

DISPELLED THE THOUGHT OF WINTER.

The weary days of scouting were over for the winter. The preparations for winter had been almost completed, leaving only the gathering of wood from the mountains to be done—a task that with all its labor was fraught with a sufficient spice of danger because of the Indians. To furnish all the necessary volunteers for the work, without the formality of detail, guard duty was reduced to a minimum, and the command looked into the winter with complacency. This fateful morning Sergeant Barnes was in charge of the detail that was to go after wood, and shortly after reveille the party started with the wagons and a small cavalry escort for the foothills of the mountains, a few miles to the southeast.

Just east of the fort, and across Little Piney, was a high, conical shaped hill that was used as a lookout. The picket on duty there had an excellent view of the country several miles east, south and north. Westward across Big Piney, the view was in a measure obscured by a high ridge, that increased in altitude as it approached the mountains. Northward the receding hill or ridge was in a few miles lost in the broken prairie in the direction of Lake DeSmet.

About 10 o'clock the sentinel on picket hill startled the garrison by discharging his rifle, and giving the well known signal of Indians. The signal indicated that the wood train was attacked by an unusually large party of Indians. The long roll was beaten and the bugles sounded "boots and saddles." Then there was a hurrying to and fro in the post.

"FALL IN! FALL IN!"

was the command issued from every company quarters and in an almost inconceivable space of time every company was in line and marching toward the parade ground to await orders. The field officers were hurrying to the assembly ground buckling on their belts, and the scene was of the most warlike aspect and animation. A moment later a courier from the wood train came galloping into the post, and hurried to the commanding officer with the startling intelligence that the train had been attacked by a big batch of Indians, and unless succor was sent them immediately the entire party would be massacred. The courier had cut his way out as the train was surrounded, and an arrow shaft protruding from his horse's flank was a mute evidence of his narrow escape. The Indians he reported as coming from the west, back of the ridge across Big Piney, and he was satisfied that there were hundreds more of them in the same vicinity.

"A HUNDRED MEN

are wanted to go to the relief of the wood train," was the word whispered along the line of armed men. There were nearly 200 in line, and this was constantly augmenting by convalescents from the hospital, by men from the kitchens, by men from the band, and by civilians from the sutler store, and quartermaster's corral. Every man in that line volunteered to go. But only a hundred were wanted, so Colonel Carrington counted off half the line from the right, and ordered to "side step to the right." Those on the unfortunate "left" pleaded that they might be sent, and some of the boys even offered to buy the lucky ones of the "right" off, if they would exchange places. "No," said the commanding officer, "we may need you here just as bad as out there."

The "right" was placed under the command of Lieutenant Colonel T. J. Fetterman, with Captain and Quartermaster "Baldy" Brown second in command, and Lieutenant Grummond as third officer. These three officers were all of the Eighteenth infantry and were the most popular officers in the post, and each of them was as brave as a lion and spoiling for a brush with the Indians. By 10:45 o'clock the command were enroute to the rescue of the wood train. Five citizens accompanied the party, the names of whom it is impossible to recall from memory after this lapse of years. Wheatley, however, I think, was the name of one. Prior to the departure from the stockade Colonel Carrington said to Colonel Fetterman:

"I WARN YOU

not to go beyond the ridge. After reaching it follow along its crest, so that at all times you can be in full view of the post, or at least of the lookout on Picket hill, and the slightest signal from him and we will march the remainder of the command immediately to your relief." The three officers were mounted, the remainder of the command being on foot, cavalrymen and all. One or two of the citizens were mounted, if memory serves me right, but not all of them. Captain Brown rode a "calico" pony, a favorite of his, and one, he claimed, could outrun any Indian pony in existence.

The command took a direct trail across the Big Piney, and going a "quick step" were soon at the crest of the ridge and was eagerly watched by the boys at the post. The command had not fairly got lengthened out on the ridge, when it took a sharp turn to the west and was soon lost to view beyond the ridge. Two of the officers remaining at the post ascended Picket hill to get some view of Fetterman's command with their field glasses if possible.

NOTHING COULD BE SEEN

and the conclusion was arrived at that the party had seen a band of Indians and were hot after them, and that they would soon reappear on the ridge again. An hour, two hours, sped by and still no sign of Fetterman's party, nor any noise to indicate that they had come up with the Indians. Observers on Picket hill reported seeing small bands of Indians moving from the locality where the wood train was supposed to be, to the eastward, and other parties coming from the northeast, and all seemed to be heading for the same point, a broken section of country northwest of the post beyond the ridge. It was now nearly 1 o'clock. Suddenly and startlingly

A VOLLEY OF DISTANT MUSKETRY

broke upon the ears of the anxious garrison. A momentary lull, then another volley, and these were kept up with dreaded frequency for nearly an hour. While the volleys did last they were given with a terrible earnestness, and finally they lapsed into desultory firing, and in a very brief space of time ceased altogether. Again was the long roll sounded, and again was a meager host assembled on the parade ground. The two mountain howitzers were limbered and the artillery detail ordered to prepare for instant service.

The sick, the halt and the lame, a goodly array available man who could lift a gun were ordered into instant and active service. While all these hurried preparations were going on not a sound came from the battle field. There was an ominous and deathlike silence. For a while it seemed as if every man held his breath to catch the faintest sound that might come from the scene where our comrades were engaged, in perhaps a death struggle, with the most relentless and treacherous foe of human kind. We could at intervals, as the breeze blew from that direction, catch a chorus of demoniac yells; they were very faint, but the trained ears of the garrison knew that they did not come from the lips of white men.

"Forward," came the grim command from Colonel Carrington, and the relief party filed out of the post on a double quick. About twenty available men and the sick were left behind to hold the garrison. We were soon across the Piney and upon the ridge. Field glasses were brought into requisition to get some glimpse of Fetterman's party, but the only thing that sped across the range of their vision was a vast horde of straggling Indians moving off toward the north and east. We struck the trail of the party and followed it about a mile and a half. It led right into the broken country. The command was halted for awhile, in order that some intelligible reconnoisance could be made. The commanding officer's orderly, a nervy young fellow by the name of Sample, asked leave to go on ahead, as he had a very fleet horse, and he would ride to an eminence about a quarter of a mile distant and make a reconnoisance from that point. Others were sent to points equally conspicuous and we awaited results. All the couriers returned except Sample in a short while. Finally he was observed riding as if for his life from the direction that Fetterman's command had taken, as indicated by the trail. He was waving his hat and was evidently under the stimulus of the greatest excitement. Neither of the other couriers had discovered anything, but the remarkable actions of Sample were sufficient for the command to fall in and await his report. He was with us in a very few moments and his first utterance was "I have found them and

THEY ARE ALL DEAD."

His attitude and every aspect of fear and horror gave credence to his report. "They are all dead," he kept repeating, and for some moments seemed unable to control himself. "Forward, quick step, march," was the ominous command. The command was in a moment drifting along with a determined stride. The mounted men of the party galloped on fearlessly ahead. They seemed to be gone an age, when one of them came back to the marching command and begged us to double quick, as Sample's report was only too true.

At 4 o'clock we reached the scene. There were men in that party who had faced death on many a battlefield during the war, but none had ever seen a sight like this. The annihilation of an entire command, and all of them lying dead and indescribably mutilated, within the compass of seventy-five yards. The massacred party had been

DECOYED INTO A TYPICAL AMBUSH,

a canon about 100 yards in length, which bore much the semblance of a railroad cut, carrying the illusion so far as to indicate the road-bed grade through its entire length. On either side of this grade was a dense growth of choke cherry and hackberry brush. The canon at its widest part was not more than 100 feet. The dead men, all except the citizens, lay inside this canon, and mostly on the natural road-bed. They were huddled close together, as if driven into a pocket and had made the stand for their lives back to back, so as to present a continuous front to their assailants. Lying alongside of each man were scores of empty cartridge shells, indicating that they had not given their lives away without some return in kind. Just outside the canon lay five citizens close together, and right among them were not less than 300 empty cartridge shells, which told the story of what their lives cost the foe. Just inside the canon, but lying a little apart from the main body of the dead, lay Colonel Fetterman and Captain "Baldy" Brown. They were lying alongside of each other. A blackened, powder burned bullet hole in Brown's right temple, and a like one in Fetterman's left temple, told too plainly and sadly that, when all hope had fled, Fetterman and Brown had fulfilled their often repeated threat, that when it came to the last, and all hope was gone, in case of a fight with Indians,

THEY WOULD KILL THEMSELVES.

A short distance from these two officers lay Trumpeter Bergin of the Second cavalry. He was lying on his back, his hands gently folded across his breast, and on them had been laid his battered, bent and broken trumpet. Lieutenant Grummond lay close to the main body of the dead, but slightly off the grade, and partly in the brush.

Excepting Bugler Bergin, every man of the party was scalped and otherwise mutilated. There was not a body but was a perfect pincushion of arrows. The mutilations in most instances were too indecent for description. The clothing had been stripped from most of the bodies entirely, the exception being where a few were left with the tattered and bloody remnants of a shirt or pair of pants. Their post mortem butchery indicated that they had inflicted a terrible punishment on the Indians, as the mutilations bore mute evidence of insatiable revenge. Strange as it may seem, not a dead Indian was to be seen. There were, however, scores of dead Indian ponies lying just outside the canon, both at the east and west ends of the canon.

The massacre was sudden and horribly complete. Ninety-three men—seventy-three of the Eighteenth infantry, twelve of the Second cavalry, three officers and five citizens—went out from the stockade of Fort Phil Kearney at 10:45 that morning in the full flush of courageous manhood and eager to meet their treacherous, murderous foe. Ninety-three men, those identical men, were stiffened in death less than four hours later. All of them were present and accounted for on the carnage field of Phil Kearney. History has few parallels of so complete, speedy and utter annihilation of a command as this.

A detail was hurried back to the post for wagons and ambulances, and the removal of the bodies to the fort was begun at once. Meanwhile the wood party had returned

WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A MAN.

The Indians had suddenly relinquished their attack on the wood train, ostensibly to participate in the attack on Fetterman.

When the detail returned to the fort for for wagons and ambulances the excitement there was intense and can only be imagined. The horrible story of the massacre was told. Mrs. Grummond, the bride of Lieutenant Grummond, heard it and fainted. The ladies of the other dead officers were not at the post; in fact, I believe that both Brown and Fetterman were unmarried. In the enlisted men's quarters there was moanings and wailings, for many of the dead were married, and had families at the fort.

It took us two days and a half to get all the bodies into the post. They were all laid out in a temporary annex to the hospital. The surviving members of the command contributed from their scanty wardrobes, clothing with which to dress the dead. The hardest and most disagreeable job was to extract the arrows from the bodies. Some of them had as many as

FIFTY ARROWS STICKING FROM THEM,

when we first found them in Massacre canon. Captain Brown was extremely bald-headed, hence his nick name "Baldy," and the Indians, unable to procure a scalp from the top of his head, skinned off his long beard from his lower jaw.

The fated 21st of December was balmy and springlike. But Christmas broke upon us with the severest intensity of winter. The bodies of the dead in the tent morgue were frozen stiff. The funeral we gave them was our Christmas observance. The band played their requiem and Chaplain Aloha Wright, who died a few years ago in the fulness of years at Nebraska City, spoke their funeral oration.

Instead of the promised feast on Christmas day we buried our dead. Two long trenches were dug on a slight eminence just outside the stockade. Each body was tagged with a tin label and they were buried two deep in the trenches. The officers were given separate graves and the citizens were buried separately. Lieutenant Grummond's body was subsequently disinterred and taken to his home in Michigan by his wife. The rest of that fated command still lie buried where we placed them. Phil Kearney has long since been abandoned.

THE INDIANS

participating in the massacre were the Brule and combined Sioux tribes under the command of Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Lone Heart, Big Mouth and American Horse.

I was told afterwards at Fort Laramie, by some of the Indians participating in the massacre, that the soldiers had killed over 150 Indians that day, and wounded twice as many more. There were over 3,000 Indians participating in the massacre. The reason that Bugler Bergin's body was not mutilated was because he had killed two Indians by beating them over the head with his bugle and they took this method of attesting his bravery. The command was stealthily decoyed into the canon, and when the Indians had them where they wanted them they simply wiped the devoted band out by the preponderance of numbers.

Nine years and a half later occurred the massacre of Custer's command in nearly the same vicinity. True, his loss was greater, but not more complete. Not even a brute survived the Phil Kearney affair. The only record of the struggle, sharp, short and decisive, in Massacre canon forever lies a secret in the breasts of the dead who lie buried under the shadows of the Big Horn mountains at the forks of the Pineys.

SHORT STORIES OFTEN TOLD.

The following anecdote of Daniel Webster, who was, in 1796, a member of Phillips Exeter academy, says the Boston Globe, was related to a friend of mine by Samuel Lawrence of Exeter:

A few days after Mr. Webster had entered Exeter academy he returned to his boarding house one evening in a very despondent mood and told his friends there that the city boys in the academy were constantly laughing at him because he was at the foot of his class and had come from the backwoods.

The next day Mr. Nicholas Emery, who was then an assistant tutor in the academy, urged Webster to think of nothing but his books, and added that all would yet come out right.

The advice was needed, and at the end of the first quarter Mr. Emery, mustering his class in a line, formally took the arm of young Webster and marched him from the foot to the extreme head.

At the end of the second quarter, when the class was mustered, Mr. Emery said:

"Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap."

The boy obeyed, and thinking that he was about to be expelled from school, was sorely troubled.

The teacher soon dispelled the illusion, for he continued: "Now, sir, you will please report yourself to the teacher of the first class! And you, young gentlemen, will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will never see him again."

They never did see him in that classroom again, but the day came when the eyes of the nation beheld him.

* * *

Down on South Broadway, standing beside a stairway which leads upstairs to the office of an electro-medical company, says the New York World, there stands a little glass case in which is displayed the life-size figure of a human leg from the thigh down.

The other day two very well-dressed young men were standing in front of the case. Two or three other people were standing over their shoulders to see what it was that made the noise.

Finally one young man said to the other, very solemnly:

"In five minutes that leg will begin to move."

His companion looked at him very wisely, pursed his lips and nodded his head. Then they both walked away.

The other people stood in front of the case for half an hour waiting for the leg to move. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike one of them. Then the same thought occurred to another member of the group, and so, one by one, they silently moved away.

* * *

A lady belonging to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist" in New York city, says Kate Field's Washington, was spending a month not long since in one of our backwoods districts. Going to the postoffice shortly after her arrival, she asked if any letter had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered for a moment.

"Sister who?" he asked.

"Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady—"a Sister of St. John the Baptist."

"Well, I should rather think not," replied the man with an uproarious laugh, "I guess he's been dead pretty near a hundred years now."

* * *

Mark Twain's wife was a Miss Langdon, of Elmira. When "Mark" first met her, says the Hartford Courant, he was not so distinguished as now. Her father was a judge and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter and after a while proposed, but was rejected.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but thought I'd try."

After a while he "tried" again, with the same result and then remarked, with his celebrated drawl:—

"I think a great deal more of you than if you'd said 'yes,' but it's hard to bear."

A third time he met with better fortune and then came the most difficult part of his task—to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What! what!" exclaimed the judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"No, indeed," replied the magnate, sternly; "no, sir, I have not."

"Well, look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad;" and that is the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

* * *

Two ladies, evidently mother and daughter, got on an elevated train at Twenty-second street last night and encountered in the car a young man who knew them quite well apparently, says the New York Recorder. When the young lady told him she had just been buying her wedding gown, he said:

"By jove! I must go and be measured for my clothes."

"Haven't you done that yet?" she asked in an amazed way. "Well, you're the worst! I actually expect to walk down to the altar and find you've forgotten to meet me there. I surpose you'll forget it's your own wedding day, unless I send you a telegram in the morning to remind you."

"No, I won't dear," he replied as he looked at her until she dropped her eyes. Then he asked her how much the gown cost a yard and how it was to be made. When she said with a low out corsage and short sleeves he entered a vigorous protest.

"Not your wedding gown," he said. "Marriage is a sacrament, my dear, and deserves something better than a ball room dress. I know you have pretty arms and a lovely neck; nevertheless I want you to cover them up on your wedding day. You can wear them uncovered the other great days in your life; but I hope in all the days to come there will be no other day just like your wedding day. Am I not right, dear?"

There was a suspicious moisture in her eyes as she answered tremulously:

"Yes, Tom."

And he bent down to murmur, "Sweetheart!" unheard, unnoticed by any one save the woman who sat next to them, apparently absorbed in the evening paper.

* * *

Married men usually reserve their compliments for other ladies than of their own families, says the Washington Post. In the hallway of the Arlington there was a pleasant exception to the rule. A colored boy sells flowers there. A gentleman with his wife and daughter were on their way out from dinner the other evening, when the party were accosted with "Buy some flowers? Nice, fresh flowers. Have a bunch of American beauties?"—and the fragrant roses were held out for their inspection. With a bow to the ladies that a Chesterfield might have copied from, the gentleman said: "I have two American beauties with me," and they passed on into the parlors together.

MUSIC IN THE CITY SCHOOLS.

Methods Employed to Train the Voices and Minds Alike.

IMPROVEMENTS UPON OLD SYSTEMS.

Rudiments of Music Mastered by the Students Under Competent Teachers—Progress of the Work in Different Grades.

If the children now attending the public schools of Omaha do not learn how to read music it will be attributable to their want of capacity or their willful refusal to apply themselves to this very delightful and desirable branch of the common school curriculum.

A reporter for THE BEE had the pleasure one day last week of observing the methods employed in the teaching of music in the public schools under the direction of Miss Fannie Arnold.

The system used is that developed by Prof. John W. Tufts and Mr. H. E. Holt of Boston. The progress made by the pupils in the lower grades with only fifteen minutes a day devoted to the study of music is quite remarkable.

In the room of the first grade at the Farnam school among little tots who were barely able to talk plain Miss Arnold took the class through the regular fifteen minutes' drill. She gave the pupils the pitch or sound of high C from her small bugle, and from that the little ones ran the scale, singing do, ra, me, fa, so, etc., marking the intervals perfectly. The teacher simply held up her index for do, two fingers for ra, three fingers for me, and so on through the scale. The class then sang the numbers and the letters of the musical scale.

Passing to the second class of the first grade the teacher took up the use of the chart showing the scale and the notes. After running up and down what is called the ladder and the notes and letters on the scale, the work of transposing was introduced, and the children were told the "story" of the first scales introduced. The story of the first or C natural scale was brief. It simply said, "This is the scale of C it has no sharps or flats." The little ones were asked to call the notes by proper names, instead of saying do, to say John or Tom, and in this way they began to perceive that singing after all was not so very much different from speaking, and their little voices came out in all their naturalness and parity.

In the second grade the children were given more difficult work. In following the pointer on the chart they had to skip about over the scale and perform some rather difficult vocal feats. It was very interesting to note the awakening earnestness in the faces of the little ones.

Modulation work and still more difficult transpositions characterized the work in the third grade. This class handled four transpositions in excellent style. They sang to the time furnished by a chart pendulum and scarcely made a mistake during the fifteen minutes. They could tell from the chart what key the music was written upon, and from the pitch of high C furnished them by the teacher's bugle the class located "do" and sang the different scales as written. In marking intervals the children were especially clever. They could make the interval from 8 to 7 below or from 8 below to 7 above without a slip.

A marked improvement in the quality of tone was observed in the fourth grade over that of the grades below. In this class the teacher called the number of the notes upon a given scale and the children sang them. The work of accentuation was also begun in the fourth grade, the little ones sounding "