

MY HONEST FRIEND.

He came to me so smilingly,
And firmly shook my hand,
And spoke to me so silvery
In accents smooth and bland.
Forsooth, I knew him not, but yet
His way and mien, so kind,
Proclaimed at once the gentleman
That we so seldom find.

He spake to me so manly
About his home affairs,
And spoke both frank and willingly
Of many business cares;
He told me most that happened from
The moment of his birth;
I grasped his hand in joy to find
I'd found a soul of worth.

He drew me now so lovingly
A little way aside,
And whispered me confidingly,
With air so bona fide,
And said it was with deep chagrin
That he did ask of me—
But did I have about me then
So small a sum as "V?"

I slipped the sum most willingly
Into his honest hand;
He bowed to me so tearfully—
My friend he'd ever stand.
We parted—but grim death, alas!
O'ertook this nature's prince;
That is, I think he must be dead,
For I've not seen him since.

Kill Eagle's Story of the Fights
on the Rose Bud and the
Little Big Horn.

BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 23, 1876.

A Standing Rock letter of the 20th gives the following, of intense interest, in relation to Custer's battle. Kill Eagle, of whose surrender at this station, last Friday, you have already been informed, has given quite a lengthy account of the operation of Sitting Bull's forces the past season.

He commences with the date at which he left this agency, last spring, with twenty-six lodges, for the purpose of hunting buffalo and trading with the hostile Indians. He speaks of having heard reports that troops were going out to punish the hostiles, but thought he would have time to do his hunting and trading and get out of the way before a battle occurred. They were obliged to hunt, as they were starving at the agency, and from his account they were very successful, killing twenty and thirty buffalo some days, and in one herd they killed all but two. He details the progress and incidents of each march.

On the seventh day they arrived at Sitting Bull's village, where a feast and numerous presents of ponies and robes were given them. Efforts were made to induce Kill Eagle and his band to join in the contemplated movements and hostilities, but evidently without much success. They were desirous of getting back again to the protecting arms of the agency, but were unable to escape from the meshes of the wily Sitting Bull. They found, too late, that for them there was no escape; their horses were either shot or stolen, and wounds and insults were showered upon them from every side. In the meantime the forces of Crook were approaching, and with his people Kill Eagle succeeded in escaping temporarily from the hostiles. He claims to have been distant some forty or fifty miles from the scene of the Rosebud fight, and relates many of the details and incidents which he was able subsequently to gather from the participants. He places the loss of the Indians in the Rosebud fight at four dead, left on the field, and twelve that were brought to camp. He places the wounded at as high as 400, and says they had 180 horses killed besides those that were captured.

He next comes to the fight on the Little Horn, and describes the Indian village, which was six miles long and one wide, and the Indians swarmed there as thick as maggots on a carcass, so numerous were they.

He then goes on and speaks of Custer's approach and flight with its tragic details as an unwilling spectator rather than a participant, who, during its progress, remained quietly in his lodge in the centre of the Indian village. The fight with Reno commenced about noon, the Indians all rushing to oppose his advance, until the approach of Custer toward the lower end of the village was announced, when the wildest confusion prevailed throughout the camp. Lodges were struck and preparations made for instant flight.

Vast numbers of Indians left Reno's front and hastened to the assistance of their red brethren engaged with Custer, who was steadily forced back and surrounded until all were swept from the field by the repeated charges of the Indians as if they had been carried into eternity by the irresistible force of a hurricane.

He described the firing at this point as simply terrific, and illustrated its force by clapping his hands together with great rapidity and regularity. Then came a lull in the fearful storm of iron hail and his hands were still again. The storm beat fast and furious as the thought of some loved one nerved the arm of each contending trooper. Then the movement of his hands slackened and gradually grew more feeble. A few scattering shakes like the rain on a window pane, and then the movement ceased as the last of Custer's band of heroes went down with the setting sun. It was dusk as the successful combatants returned to camp littered with their dead and wounded. It had not been to them a bloodless victory. Fourteen had fallen in front of Reno, thirty-nine went down with Custer and fourteen were dead in camp. Horses and traverses were laden with the wounded on every hand and in countless numbers. One band alone of Ogallalas had twenty-seven wounded on traverses and thirty-eight thrown across horses. Kill Eagle says it seems as if every one was wounded, and places the number as high as 600.

He is very positive, however, that no prisoners were taken. There were no white men in the fight or on the field. One who had been with them had gone to the Spotted Tail Agency. The bugle calls so often spoken of were sounded by an Indian. He speaks of Sitting Bull as a heavy, muscular man, with large head and light hair hanging to his shoulders. He is not a white or half breed. He gives the names of the leading chiefs present in the fight, and reports a chief, High Elk, as being killed in front of Reno. He even goes on to speak of the approach of General Gibbon's column and the immediate flight of the Indians and the subsequent fight with Lieutenant Sibley's party, where a chief of the Cheyennes was shot through the head and instantly killed.

His statement is quite lengthy, but I have endeavored to give you such portions as are of particular interest and have not before been made public.—*New York Herald.*

A Lesson for Wives.

A gentleman holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure in Belgium. After having traveled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or a dread of some approaching danger. When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning towards her husband, she whispered to him, "I have lace in my portmanteau—take it and conceal it, that it may not be seized." "What! as a smuggler?" exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright. "It is beautiful Malines lace, and cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are not quite near the Custom House; hasten and conceal it!" "It is impossible; I cannot do it!" said the gentleman. "On the contrary, it is very easy," was the reply. "The lace will fit in the bottom of your hat." "But do you recollect," rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupy?" "But recollect," said the wife, "there is not an instant to lose, and this lace cost me 1,500 francs (£30). During the conversation the train rapidly approached the dreaded station. Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had always been in the habit of considering things with calm and slow deliberation, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace in his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and then

resigned himself to fate. At this station the travellers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom-house agents were assembled. The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference. When his position as a judge became known, the officials of the custom-house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labelled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important situation in the State. Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger had passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery. With this comfortable assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of other passengers, the head of the custom-house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a person, came to offer him their respects. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But, alas! in his polite obeisance, so rapid and so voluntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head when a cloud of lace rushed out covering him from head to foot, as with a large marriage veil. What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler, the despair of the wife, the amusement of the spectators, and the astonishment of the custom-house officers, at the scene? The offence was too public to be overlooked. With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter should be investigated.—*Ex.*

Martial Law in the South.

Of course the report which comes from Washington, that the Administration thinks of declaring martial law in the Southern States, is nonsense. We are not living in Mexico, and the Congress of 1875 did not pass the Force bill. To attempt to interfere, with federal arms and martial law, in the Southern elections would be for the republicans to give up the struggle. They would excite a storm of alarm and indignation in the North which would sweep the Northern States against them.

The truth is the republican party does not deserve to carry any Southern State, unless it be North Carolina, where the parties are very equally matched, and where the republicans are as respectable and as certain to give the State a good government as the democrats. They might have carried a number of the other States if they had paid only a little attention to good government down there; if it had not been so long the policy at Washington to encourage and support with the federal patronage a set of graceless and unscrupulous political gamblers and adventurers, to the exclusion of honorable and honest men, who might easily have been brought into the republican party by the use of a little wisdom and good management. That the South is to-day a unit, or very nearly so, for the democratic party is the fault of republican mismanagement at Washington. Every man, no matter whether he is republican or democratic, who desires to see the Southern States honestly ruled must wish that they shall be carried this fall by the democrats.—*New York Herald, Sept. 23.*

The Intelligent Foreigner Hits
the Nail on the Head.

YOU VOTE FOR ME AND I'LL APPOINT YOU—YOU APPOINT ME AND I'LL VOTE FOR YOU.

Once in awhile there appears an intelligent foreigner in the papers, who criticises the political condition of this country, and draws surprising inferences, and occasionally gets in centre shots which make sensitive people twist and squirm, and declare the intelligent foreigner a malignant liar. The latest of these exotic productions has been analyzing our system of electing Congressmen and filling

public offices, and has arrived at the conclusion that we have completely changed the arrangements from those originally instituted, and have substituted a system by which the Congressmen are chosen by the office holders, and the office holders are appointed by the Congressmen. In this instance there can be no doubt that the intelligent foreigner has hit the nail on the head. The facts are, bluntly, as he has stated them, and it is precisely this evil condition of things that all thinking men desire to do away with. It is this barrier to the growth of political purity and efficiency in the government that civil service reform is designed to remedy and which nothing else can secure. There is no other method by which the original intent of the founders of the Republic can be restored, nor is there any other method by which the country can be relieved from that worst of all forms of despotism, government by partisanship. That the existence of party spirit is unavoidable, and even necessary, will not be disputed. But corruption enters directly party spirit is made the excuse for a stupendous spoils system, and when, through that system, the disbursement of the public revenues is habitually entrusted to those whose interest it is that extravagance should flourish. Given a political organization dependent upon spoils for success, and dishonesty follows as a matter of course. Given a system under which officeholders control politics and choose congressmen, and the demoralization of the public service is inevitable. At the present moment there no issue more important than this.—*Sacramento Record-Union, Sept. 27.*

The Red Man's Arraignment of
the Government.

The speech of the Indian chief Spotted Tail before the Treaty Commission is a striking specimen of simple natural oratory. It is, however, much more than this, for it contains an arraignment of the United States Government upon charges of bad faith and duplicity which are unfortunately but too well founded, and the recollection of which should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every honorable man. It is a bitter commentary upon our treatment of the Indians that they should be in a position to declare with perfect truth that they are afraid to sign treaties with the Government because it has broken faith with them so frequently, and that they only sign now because they are placed between two fires—the soldiers in the front, and starvation in the rear. After such an address as that of Spotted Tail it might have been supposed by an uninformed observer that some one of the Commissioners would have risen and vindicated the cause of the Government. But the ugly truth is that not one of them was capable of making a defense or refutation, and for the simple but sufficient reason that they knew the charges to be true. We doubt whether there is a single instance on record in which our promises to the Indians have been loyally performed, and there are not many instances in which the aggressions which goaded them into hostility could not have been traced to the doors of white men. The Indians have been accused of treachery and cruelty, but all the first they have borrowed from white men, and as regards the second, their contact with so called civilization has not tended to convince them that it promoted humanity. At this very moment we are engaged in a war with the Sioux which has been precipitated by the most flagrant breaches of faith on the part of the Government, and to secure ourselves against further complications we are now forcing the Red Cloud bands to sign treaties which are presented to them on the point of the bayonet. Whether the new treaty will be better kept than former ones remains to be seen, but there is nothing in the history of the past to warrant sanguine anticipations. We know that it is the desire of the Government to transfer these tribes to the Indian Territory, and we also know that the majority of them do not wish to go there. At this moment they are ostensibly offered an alternative, but the strong presumption is that they will eventually be compelled to take the course prescribed by the Government, and that if they object or resist they will be coerced.

The most exasperating characteristics of the prevailing Indian policy is its lack of well defined principle. There appears to be no permanent standard by which the Indians are judged, and no man can undertake to describe their relations or their status. At one time they are treated as though they constituted an independent power, and a solemn pretence is made of ratifying treaties with them. The moment, however, that any motive arises for trespassing upon their reserve territory, or taking it from them, in the interest of white men the treaties are broken regardless of all considerations of honor or decency, and when the red men resent this and rise in defense of their rights, they are howled at as bloody-minded savages, and the cry of extermination is raised against them. It is a burning disgrace to the country that it should be amenable to such bitter reproaches as the Chief Spotted Tail gave utterance to the other day, but unfortunately the disgrace does not seem to be felt, and the old bad course is likely to be persisted in to the end. Spotted Tail made a very natural and sensible demand when he urged that the Government should deal less in words and more in deeds, and when he suggested that it should give some substantial earnestness of its intended liberality. Heretofore it has been lavish of promises in the council tent, but when treaties have been once signed it has usually become forgetful, and has allowed rascally Indian agents to plunder themselves rich out of the stores provided for the Indians, while the latter have been put off with any refuse that came to hand. As a matter of course, too, this dishonest policy has proved an extravagant one. It has resulted in Indian wars which have cost the country scores of millions of dollars. It has rendered abortive all efforts at civilizing the native tribes. It has retarded settlement, rendered life and property precarious on the frontier, brought the Indian into contact with the worst and most demoralizing vices of the white men, and in all ways contributed to complicate and entangle the problem, and render its ultimate solution more difficult. Considering that during all this time we have had the advantage of a very different experiment, as pursued by our Canadian neighbors, and have been enabled to perceive with what ease and success Indians can be controlled through good faith and loyalty, it is surprising that at this late day we are in search of an Indian policy, and still as reluctant as ever to adopt that which time has so well approved. We fear that even now the last of the trouble with the Red Cloud bands has not been seen, and that it will prove an arduous undertaking to remove them to the Indian Territory. That they will not willingly exchange good lands for bad may be regarded as certain, and if an attempt is made to coerce them they will take the war path. All this present and prospective trouble could have been prevented by infusing a little honesty and good faith into the government programme some years ago, but it may be doubted whether it is not now too late to undertake reforms of that nature, and it is still more questionable whether the government entertains any real desire to amend or remodel our Indian relations.—*Sacramento Record-Union, Sept. 22.*

Attorney General Taft's Circular
—The Criticisms Thereon.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.

Considerable misapprehension having been caused in regard to the effect of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States upon the employment of troops in the south at an election for members of Congress and presidential electors, and public opinion in the south, through the press and otherwise, having, it is claimed, been misled, the Government has for some time had its attention directed to the unfortunate effect of the impressions thus created among the southern people. The use of troops at their elections can take place only at elections for members of Congress and presidential electors. This the decision of the Supreme Court did not and does not interfere with. The case decided by it was in regard to a State and not a federal election, which former occurrence cannot be interfered with by the application of the Fifteenth Amendment so far as relates to the