

### Carry Water on Your Heads, Girls.

Dr. Henry Spry, a medical officer in the employ of the East India Company, attributes the upright carriage and graceful form of the Hindoo girls and women to the practice of carrying jars of water on their heads—an exercise which is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, and to throw out the chest. He recommends the introduction of this practice into boarding schools for girls, and even into the home. "It might," he says, "entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb-bells, back-boards, and skipping ropes. The young ladies ought to be taught to carry the jar." This suggestion is worthy a British heart and head of oak. Its adoption would offer a happy use for the numerous jars with which all families are now so excessively annoyed, and thus afford to the wife and mother a means of economy of which all households feel the lack—would, in fact, save trouble. It has long been a source of regret that American girls cannot carry water, and this exercise would give them at least a chance to improve in that important direction. The expansion of the chest, which Dr Spry represents as one of the results to be gained would do away with the universally used and extremely unsatisfactory rubber and cotton inventions by which an appearance of bulge is given to that portion of the anatomy, and as a consequence fewer cases of deception would be found after marriage, and fewer cases of marital infelicity find their way into the courts. The dumb-bell has long been a crying evil, the back-board is a lumbering contrivance, and the skipping rope is a sporting instrument no less scandalous than the walking match. That these would be all done away with in the event of the jar coming into use is no less certain, and would be no less gratifying than the abolition of the false hair burdens so generally used, and which females strap to their heads in such a manner as to induce outward curvature of the spine. However, it is to be feared there is too much reason and too little style in Spry's proposal to permit its being practically entertained.—*Ec.*

### Speech of Minister Pierrepont at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

At a dinner recently given by the Lord Mayor of London, to Her Majesty's Ministers, Mr. Pierrepont said:

My Lord Mayor, my lords, ladies and gentlemen—I came here to-night to listen to the speeches of Her Majesty's ministers, and not to listen to any speech from foreign ministers, and least of all to listen to my own voice, and I do not intend to be diverted from the position I had when I came here. [Laughter.] I suspect that the Lord Mayor intends to destroy the influence of the American Minister at the Court of St. James. I am the more surprised at that, because I have a theory that when I very much like a man he always has an instinctive liking for me, and before I left America I was told that the English people liked him best who spoke least at a public banquet—[laughter]—and being particularly anxious to be liked by the English people, I would rather say nothing at all. [Laughter.] This is the third time the Lord Mayor has contrived within three weeks to call me out before a public audience. [Laughter.] I have been particularly interested in the speeches of Her Majesty's ministers, but I was especially interested to hear whether Sir Stafford Northcote would speak as well before this audience as he did before a New York audience at a banquet similar to this, and I have not been disappointed. (Hear, hear.) I was more interested in what was said by the Marquis of Salisbury. It is especially interesting to me, as a stranger and an observer of the public affairs of the world, to hear that your legislation is confined to one body, and that the House of Lords does all the legislation, and the House of Commons does all the speaking. (Laughter.) I shall interest myself some time to learn what the English nation think about that, and whether they think the debate or the legislation most useful. In my country we do not dislike debate. We rather like it. (Laughter.) But the people are often terrified at the legislation. (Laughter.) I came over here

in an English steamer. I thought it would be more courteous to the English people to come in an English steamer than in an American steamer. [Laughter.] Another reason that I came in a British steamer instead of in a New York American steamer was that we have no New York American steamers. [Laughter.] The reason we have no New York American steamer is that the relations of the English people are so kindly with us, that the English are good enough to carry all the American products to Europe, and we, like good old, careful, sensible people as we are, let them do it. [Laughter.] That is what we call free trade. [Laughter.] I feel very grateful for your kind reception, and I feel very reproachful toward the Lord Mayor for imposing me upon you, and I return you my most sincere thanks. [Laughter and cheers.]

### An Important Report on Disinfectants.

The sixth of the new series of Reports of the Medical Officers of the Privy Council and Local Government Board contains an article on the study of disinfectants, by Dr. Baxter. A great number of very careful experiments were made with a view to test the disinfecting properties of the so-called disinfectants commonly used. Evidence was adduced to show that carbolic acid, sulphur, permanganate of potash, and chlorine are all endowed with true disinfectant properties, though in very varying degrees. The effectual disinfectant operation of chlorine and permanganate of potash appears to depend far more on the nature of the medium through which the particles of the infective matter are distributed than on the specific character of the particles themselves. A virulent liquid can not be regarded as certainly and completely disinfected by sulphur unless it has been rendered permanently and thoroughly acid. No virulent liquid can be considered disinfected by carbolic acid unless it contains at least two per centum by weight of the pure acid.

When disinfectants are mixed with a liquid it is very important to be sure that they are thoroughly incorporated with it, and that no solid matters capable of shielding contagium from immediate contact with its destroyer be overlooked. Aerial disinfection, as commonly practised in the sick-room, is either useless or positively objectionable, owing to the false sense of security it is calculated to produce. To make the air of a room smell strongly of carbolic acid by scattering carbolic powder about the floor, or of chlorine by placing a tray of chloride of lime in a corner, is, so far as the destruction of specific contagia is concerned, an utterly futile proceeding.

The practical result of these experiments goes to prove (1) that dry heat, when it can be applied, is probably the most efficient of all disinfectants; (2) that the old plan of stopping up crevices, and fumigating with sulphur and charcoal, is more efficacious than any other proceeding with more modern disinfectants; (3) that the use of carbolic vapor for disinfecting purposes should be abandoned, owing to the relative feebleness and uncertainty of its action.—*London Times.*

### The Indian Question.

WENDELL PHILLIPS TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

BOSTON, July 17, 1876.—To Gen. Sherman: Sir—An American citizen, entitled and bound to inquire whether the officers of the Republic are men or something below humanity, I respectfully claim the right to ask you, are the journals correct when they represent you as advising the extermination of the Indians? This charge has been made several times during the last three years. If it be false, I beg you, for the honor of the Nation and of the service, to deny it. While you neglect to do so the press uses your supposed example to commend that infamous course, and to create a public opinion which shall approve and demand it.

If the charge be true I can not but remember that you are better acquainted than most Americans with the real relations of our government to the Indians. You were, in 1867, the head of an In-

dian commission, and its report, signed by yourself and printed by the government, is one of the most terrific pictures ever drawn of the wrongs the Indian has suffered from this Nation. This investigation and your general experience showed you how cruel and unjust has been our treatment of the Indian for the last 100 years. You know that we have surrounded him with every demoralizing influence, steeped him in intemperance, incited him to licentiousness by the example of those set over him, and tempted him to every vice. You have yourself spread on the public records the evidence that the government has robbed him of his land, cheated him of his dues, and uniformly broken faith with him. If any of the tribes are today liars, thieves and butchers, they may rightfully claim to have only copied, at humble distance, the example we have set them.

You are not ignorant that the Indian has been outraged and plundered by the frontiersmen without stint or redress, and butchered by our soldiers under the American flag, with brutal and detestable cruelty—the description of which in plain terms the press would not admit to its columns. You know—no one better—that the worst brutality which prurient malice ever falsely charged the Indians with is but weak imitation of what the white man has often inflicted on Indian men, women and children. You know that on the plains we have violated every rule of civilized war, massacring women and children with worse than savage brutality. Your career has not shown you an instance where the Indian has lifted his hand against us until provoked to it by misconduct on our part, compared with which any misconduct of his is but dust in the balance.

Your experience will fully indorse what President Harrison, when governor of Indiana, said to his legislature in 1807, "that the utmost efforts to induce the Indians to take up arms would be unavailing if one only of the many persons who have committed murder upon their people could be brought to punishment." You will not in the slightest degree doubt or deny the grave charges which Major Gen. Harney, after fifty years' service on the plains, made to a congressional committee, "that he had never known an Indian tribe break its word to our government, and he had never known the government to keep its faith with an Indian tribe." You are too much of a soldier not to confess that had you been placed in the Indian's circumstances you would have been ashamed not to have acted as he has done.

You would accept, as every honest man does, the statement of Maj. Gen. Pope, in 1875, that the army officer "can not prevent wrongs which drive the Indian to war. On the contrary, at the demand of every agent whose unfair dealing with the Indians has brought on a difficulty, he is obliged to pursue and force back to the same deplorable state and place Indians whom he knows to have been wronged, and who have only done substantially what he would have done himself under like provocation." You must be keenly sensible what a reproach it is to religion and culture that our multiplying millions, with all the resources of civilization and Christianity in their hands, have lived for 200 years close to this small and capable race, and been able to give it only their vices—that all of good the Indian has is his own; most of his vices he can rightfully charge to the white man.

Except the negro no race will lift up at the judgment seat such accusing hands against this Nation as the Indian will. We have subjected him to agents who have systematically cheated him. We have made causeless war on him, merely as a pretext to steal his lands. Trampling under foot the rules of modern warfare we have made war on his women and children. We have cheated him out of one hunting ground by compelling him to accept another, and robbed him of this last by driving him to frenzy, and then punishing resistance by confiscation. When while neither pulpit nor press nor political party would listen to his complaint. Neither in Congress nor in any city of the Union could his advocate obtain a hearing. Statesmanship, good sense and justice, even from the Chief Magistrate, were unavailing when they pleaded for such long-time victims of popular hate

and pillage as our Indian tribes. Can it be possible, then, that with such knowledge and such experience you, sir, the head of the army, and bound to show at least outward respect to civilization, have no counsel to give except extermination—the extermination of these plundered victims of a greedy, unscrupulous and cruel people? Can you advise a professedly Christian people, steeped in guilt, not to reform, but to consummate its wickedness by such hideous barbarism as only the most inhuman tyrants have ever attempted? The worst possible of infidels, do you not affirm that a wise and powerful nation is safe only when it sinks below the level of the savage life to clutch a coward's peace by sweeping every man, woman and child of this insignificant race in blood from our path? Wise men laugh at such timid folly; brave men despise it. They know that fair play is the best teacher and justice always a sufficient shield.

If, indeed, that is the counsel you give from your high place then, for the sake of that Christianity which we profess and the civilization we claim, I wish it understood that one, at least, of your fellow citizens believes that you misrepresent the army, whose best officers have often protested against our heinous injustice to these wards of the Nation, and that you disgrace the profession of Du Guesclin, of Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney, disgrace the post which Washington once filled, and the uniform that Thomas, Greene and Hamilton have won. Your fellow citizen.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

### THE REAL CUSTER MASSACRE.

To the Editor of the Boston Transcript:

Will you explain why even your columns talk of the "Custer Massacre?" The Sioux war, all confess, is one that our misconduct provoked. During such a war General Custer has fallen in a fair fight, simply because the enemy had more soldierly skill and strategy than Custer had. What kind of a war is it, where if we kill the enemy it is death; if he kills us it is a massacre? When the farmers of Concord and Lexington, in 1775, shot the British invaders of their villages, was it a massacre? When the Southerners mowed us down at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, there was no talk of massacre! When the North paid them in their coin at Gettysburg and Antietam, there were no columns with staring capitals "Gettysburg Massacre." I know the privilege of foul words always granted to the weak and the whipped; but there is not much self-respect in using it. The general use of this abusive term betrays the unfairness of the American press! It shows a consciousness that our treatment of the Indian will not bear to be stated in plain words. We try to hide our own infamy by abusing our victims—according to the Old Bailey rule, when you have no defense, abuse the plaintiff.

But the word "massacre" is an unfortunate one for the friends of Gen. Custer to connect just now with his name. For there really was, in 1868, a "Custer massacre," when Gen. Custer—a disgrace to his uniform and the flag he bore—attacked a peaceful Cheyenne village, near Fort Cobb, whose inhabitants were either our prisoners or our guests, dwelling there by our order. At midnight, without the slightest warning, his shouts woke this quiet settlement, and as the terrified sleepers rush from their huts Custer shoots down scores of women half asleep, and of unarmed peaceful men.

One of these was Meketavata, whom Chevalier Bayard and Sir Phillip Sidney would receive as a brother. This was the real "Custer massacre," which the press then proclaimed a "brilliant victory."

In 1807, Governor, afterwards President, Harrison, said: "The utmost efforts to induce the Indians to take up arms would be unavailing if one only of the many persons who have committed murder upon their people could be brought to punishment."

That this is as true now as in 1807 we have the evidence of Major General Harney and Major General Pope, offered within the last two years.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"Mike, and is it yourself that can be after tellin' me how they make ice cream?" "In troth I can. Don't they bake 'em in cowd ovens, to be sure?"

### Reno's Report of the Custer and Reno and Indian Fight.

As we approached a deserted village, in which was standing one tepee, about 11 a. m., Custer motioned me to cross to him, which I did, and moved nearer to his column, until about 12:30 p. m., when Lieut. Cooke, adjutant, came to me and said the village was only two miles ahead and the Indians running away. To "move forward at as rapid gait as I thought prudent and to charge afterward, and that the whole outfit would support me;" I think those were his exact words. I at once took a fast trot, and moved down about two miles, when I came to a ford of the river. I crossed immediately, and halted about ten minutes or less, to gather the battalion, sending word to Custer that I had everything in front of me, and that they were strong. I deployed, and, with the Rees scouts on my left, charged down the valley, driving the Indians with great ease for about two and a half miles. I, however, soon saw that I was being drawn into some trap, as they certainly would fight harder, and especially as we were nearing their village, which was still standing; besides, I could not see Custer or any other support, and at the same time the very earth seemed to grow Indians, and they were running toward me in swarms, and from all directions. I saw I must defend myself, and give up the attack mounted. This I did, taking possession of a point of woods, and which furnished near its edge a shelter for the horses; dismounted and fought them on foot, making headway through the wood. I soon found myself in the near vicinity of the village, saw that I was fighting odds of at least five to one, and that my only hope was to get out of the wood, where I would soon have been surrounded, and gain some high ground. I moved to the summit of the highest bluff, but seeing and hearing nothing of Custer, sent Capt. Weir, with his company, to open communication with the other command. He soon sent back word by Lieut. Hare that he could go no further, and that the Indians were getting around him; at this time he was keeping up a heavy fire from his skirmish line. I at once turned everything back to the first position I had taken on the bluff, and which seemed to me the best. I dismounted the men, had the horses and mules of the pack train driven together in a depression, put the men on the crests of the hills making the depression, and had hardly done so when I was furiously attacked; this was about 6 p. m.; we held our ground with the loss of eighteen enlisted men killed and forty-six wounded until the attack ceased, about 9 p. m. As I knew, by this time, their overwhelming numbers, and had given up any support from the portion of the regiment with Custer, I had the men dig rifle-pits; barricaded with dead horses, mules, and boxes of hard bread, the opening of the depression towards the Indians in which the animals were herded, and made every exertion to be ready for what I saw would be a terrific assault the next day. All this night the men were busy, and the Indians holding a scalp-dance underneath us in the bottom, and in our hearing. On the morning of the 26th I felt confident that I could hold my own, and was ready as far as I could be, when at daylight, about 2:30 a. m., I heard the crack of two rifles. This was the signal for the beginning of a fire which I have never seen equalled. Every rifle was handled by an expert and skilled marksman, and with a range that exceeded our carbine, and it was simply impossible to show any part of the body before it was struck. We could see, as the day brightened, countless hordes of them pouring up the valley from out the village, and scampering over the high points towards the places designated for them by their chiefs, and which entirely surrounded our position. They had sufficient numbers to completely encircle us, and men were struck on opposite sides of the lines from where the shots were fired. I think we were fighting all the Sioux nation, and also all the desperadoes, renegades, half-breeds and squaw men between the Missouri and the Arkansas, and east of the Rocky Mountains. They must have numbered at least 2,500 warriors. The fire did not slacken until about 8:30 a. m., and then we discovered that they were making a last desperate attempt, and which was directed