

NO END OF FIRING.

We Reply to Each Hostile Shot at Guantanamo.

TWO MORE HEROES KILLED.

Twenty-two Dead Spaniards Have Been Found in the Scrub.

Many Others Undoubtedly Killed or Wounded—Seven of Our Men Wounded—The Spaniards Are Firing on Our Marines Night and Day—Army Troops in Leave and Grass to Escape Notice—Fired Repeatedly on the General Party That Stood Around the Open Graves of Our Dead—When Cuckoo Calls Are Heard One Spanish Squad Is Calling to Another—Camp McCalla Moved to the Base of the Hill—Desperate Attempt of the Spaniards to Reach the New Camp in the Darkness—The Marblehead, Texas, Panther and Two Colliers Fire Frequently into the Undergrowth with Good Effect—Our Vain Attempts to Burn the Wet Scrub That Conceals the Enemy—We Hope to Cut Off Their Water Supply—Cubans Fighting Well with Us—Our Men Are Full of Ardor in Spite of Their Fatigue.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

CAMP MCCALLA, Guantanamo Bay, June 13.—The assault of the Spanish guerrillas, which caused Lieut. Col. Huntington to strike camp on Sunday and remove his headquarters to the foot of the hill near his original landing place on Fisherman Point, was continued at dusk on Sunday night, and was prosecuted with determination all night. The firing was all but incessant from sunset to daylight. Two men were killed. They were:

Sergeant-Major HENRY GOODE, shot through the right breast.

Private TAUMAN, wounded, and fell off the cliff and was instantly killed.

Seven Americans were wounded.

The despatch boats were holding their last communication with the shore as darkness set in. They were too nearly within range of the guns of the ships, which, it was seen, would have to be called into action, for either the despatch boats or the men or officers on the warships to enjoy the situation. Launches were sent to hurry the newspaper boats to other positions.

The guerrillas made their presence known by their fire from various directions. The marines were kept busy replying, firing into the bush on all sides and aiming wherever the last sound of a rifle came from. They were unable to see the enemy and had no other trace of them than when they saw in the open patches of thicket the flashes of exploding cartridges.

The battalion had held the hill, although they were removing their camp. Their flag had been planted on the edge of the destroyed Spanish blockhouse, and was not to be forsaken or taken down. Trenches had been dug around the crest of the hill, and on the slope barricades were erected out of the tents and camp luggage, backed with earth and lumber, and screened on the outer side by leaves and green branches from the bushes.

The Spaniards made themselves the color of the fields and woods by covering the upper parts of their bodies and hats with green leaves, and as they approached holding palm leaves before their faces. These woodland deceptions the men defending the hill did not detect, but scouting parties discovered the ruse through one of them firing on a moving leaf, which thereupon fell to the ground, the man behind it having toppled over dead.

At 9 o'clock P. M. the Marblehead was playing her searchlight below the outskirts of the marines and illuminating the chaparral beyond, when a call came from the hill asking her to plant a shell in the valley 300 yards east of the former camp site. The Marblehead responded with rapid shots from her 6-pounders and then sent a 5-inch shell to the spot indicated, after which she immediately flashed her searchlight again.

"Good," came the cry from the hill; "good, send another." The Panther lay just in a position to rake the valley and could not resist the temptation to do so on this commutation. She let go her best gun over the valley. The collier Abarenda, which was lying near by, begged to be allowed to fire. Permission was given and she put a shot where the Marblehead's and Panther's had gone, but her position made it necessary for her to shoot so close to the Panther's stern that the latter asked her to stop, and the Marblehead ordered her to cease firing.

Some firing was kept up on shore. Fewer shots came from the eastward and south of the hill, but the men guarding the east side sent a scattering fire into the brush at short intervals to be on the safe side.

Four dead Spaniards were found in these bushes this morning, which showed that the vigilance of the Americans was not purposeless.

Some of the men who were on guard on

the south side of the hill were completely exhausted, not having had any sleep for two nights. They saw visions of Spaniards which did not materialize. Some of them fell asleep with their eyes open and with their guns in their hands.

The running fire into the woods at the foot of the hill and mountain was kept up, and from time to time the Colt machine guns were turned on those spots where reports or flashes showed the enemy to be.

At about 1 A. M. to-day a too-certain bullet picked off Sergeant-Major Goode, who was on top of the blockhouse on the hill. The officers who were a few feet from him at the time did not know that he had been shot for some time afterward. He was struck while standing a few feet from the flagpole. He walked a little way after being hit and then fell dead. "One of the finest soldiers I ever knew," is the expression of his fellow officers to-day.

Between 1 and 1:30 o'clock the general fire was hottest. Every fresh shot or volley from the bush was followed by the rattling clatter of a Colt gun, which made the rapid discharge of the rifles seem slow shooting.

Private Frick, one of the marines from the Texas, under Lieut. Radford, was on the hill. He challenged a man he saw moving near a clump of bushes, between him and the new camp quarters. For reply the light was shot off his gun before he could fire. A bayonet was shot from another gun. The fire from the head of a lagoon on the east was such at this time that a request was sent to Commander McCalla to shell the woods there. With the Marblehead searchlight working constantly, she, the Panther, and the collier Abarenda planted shot and shell all about the Spaniards in that place.

As it grew later the firing got hotter to the westward of the camp in the long stretch of brush extending along the eastern shore of the harbor, between the mountain and the coast, from the neighborhood of which the Spaniards first appeared, and from the burned site of the fishing village, where the first landing was made, and near which some of the American supplies were stored.

Just back or eastward of the village and of the road to the defended hill are the new camp quarters. Toward these and the provisions the enemy in the long stretch of brush was making. Two bands of Cuban scouts had been sent out early in the evening, one to skirt the eastward and southern approaches to the camp hill, rounding up at the mountain, and the other to beat outside the western brush to the same point for the purpose of locating or starting the Spaniard. Lieut. Neville, with a scouting party, including a few Cubans, had gone ahead to a blockhouse on the harbor shore well to the south and near the base of the mountain. The officers in the camp think that both hands stirred up some of the enemy. In any event, Lieut. Neville, who had been under fire both previous nights, found himself between two bodies of Spaniards. When the Spaniards found this out they signalled with the cuckoo whistle, which the marines had learned to know. Lieut. Neville's men realized that they were practically ambushed.

The Spaniards to the seaward on the mountain side were the first to be turned up. No sooner did Lieut. Neville's Cubans hear them than they rushed for them, cursing, firing, and dodging quickly behind trees. "These insurgents did not seem to know fear," Lieut. Neville said, "but were wild to get at the Spaniard."

When the Spaniards heard their own tongue they knew the Cubans were after them and turned tail, and could be heard running as fast as they could go through the brush. This was not, however, until three of Lieut. Neville's men had been wounded and he had lost one man, Private Tauman, who was wounded and fell over a cliff, being killed instantly.

While the shooting was going on on both sides of the hill Lieut. Neville's band devised an ambush. They hid themselves to catch the other body of Spaniards, but failed owing to the fact that the guerrillas turned back to join the sortie that was being made for the American supplies and the new camp quarters.

The firing thereabout and near the landing became fiercest at about 4 o'clock in the morning. There was a call for a searchlight, but when it was turned on it was complained from the new camp that it exposed its quarters to the enemy.

The Spaniards came down upon the camp with a rush and bullets whistled about the guards' heads. The guerrillas were getting uncomfortably close. Capt. Spicer and Major Cochrane got the cooks of the artillery company, the only representatives of the artillery in the camp, to work with the only field pieces that had been left near the landing. Shrapnel was sent into the brush in such quantities that the Spaniards were driven back.

Then came a voice from the hill to the Marblehead, saying: "The enemy raided us, but we have repulsed them, and the Cubans are following him. Put shells a hundred yards west of the camp."

The Marblehead moved up and sent a shell which passed close to the camp, and went crashing until it seemed that it must have cut away half the brush and woods on the harbor shore. The voice from the hill called for another shell, but it was not to come yet. The Marblehead moved into the channel to rake across the brush, but it was daylight Monday morning before she got into position. The guerrillas had then ceased their firing and nothing more was done.

Lieut. Neville's band was still in ambush when the Marblehead displayed her colors and her men sent up a cheer. This was too much for Lieut. Neville, who yelled. His men also cheered, and so did his Cubans, who jumped up and yelled for the flag and Cuba Libre.

The day had begun. Two of Lieut. Neville's wounded men walked into camp and one was carried in on a stretcher. Private Tauman's body was picked up later.

Seventeen Spaniards and one Lieutenant who were found dead by the Cubans when morning broke told part of the tales of the night. No systematic search of the woods and brush has been made. It is probable that there are many more bodies about. The circling vultures near the head of the lagoon are a gruesome suggestion this afternoon.

The Americans injured, aside from those hurt by stones sent flying by bullets or shells, are:

Corporal B. HAGONEY, Company B, hurt in the foot.

Private M. COSTELLO, Company B, hurt in the ear.

Private T. WALLACE, Company D, injured in the knee.

Private J. T. ROXBURY, Company D, wounded in the arm.

Private M. WITIN, Company D, wounded in the thigh.

Private S. DALTON, Company D, wounded in the leg.

Private B. BURKE, Company D, shot in the arm.

Word was brought to the camp to-day that 300 reinforcements had joined the Spaniards in the woods. The question on all sides here is why is not an army of Spaniard troops sent here?

Late to-day the hospital ship Solace arrived.

It was thought that the Texas would shell the town of Calmanera to-day, but Admiral Sampson has ordered her not to fire on any of the forts unless she is first fired on. The garrison at Calmanera was wise enough not to fire to-day. The town is still in a condition to send reinforcements to the Spaniards in the bush.

Col. Laborde of the Cuban insurgent army and a party of scouts went into the mountains this afternoon to search for a water tank which the guerrillas are said to be dependent upon to destroy it. The Dolphin went this morning to destroy the windmill which pumped the water into the tank. It is supposed that she succeeded. She also destroyed a blockhouse on the coast last night.

Last night Cadets Holman of the Texas and Anderson, in launches, explored the channel above the blockade as far as the first fort. They found no mines. They ran within 200 yards of a gunboat which carries two 4-7-10-inch quick-firing guns.

One of the launches attracted the attention of a sentry on the fort by its waving lights. The launches escaped by running under the palm trees along the shore.

Firing was heard in the direction of the town to-day, and it may be that the place was attacked by insurgents.

Sergeant-Major Goode and Private Tauman were buried this afternoon on the slope of the hill where the camp was formerly situated. Chaplain Jones of the Texas officiated.

DETAILS OF SUNDAY'S FIGHT.

Shells and Bullets Were Flying Around Camp McCalla All Day—The Camp Moved Down Hill to a Less Exposed Place—Our Warships Shelled the Scrub That Hid the Enemy.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

CAMP MCCALLA, Guantanamo Bay, June 12, 8 P. M.—The effects of the guerrilla method of warfare followed by the Spaniards who have been attacking the force of marines that landed from the transport Panther on Friday have proved that the selection of the camp site was not a good one under the circumstances, and accordingly orders were given to-day that the camp be removed to another and less exposed position. The work of transferring the camp was accomplished under the greatest difficulties, but American grit and pertinacity won, and to-night the marines are in a spot where they will not furnish such fine targets for the enemy.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon the Stars and Stripes were raised over the new camp by Lieut. Jenkins and Ensign Ainsworth of the collier Abarenda, after the hottest day's work that American soldiers or marines have seen since the ending of the war of the rebellion. There was nothing here to remind one that it was the Sabbath. Throughout the day shells and shrapnel crashed and steel bullets whistled all round the camp, while at intervals the air was rent by thundering roars from the Marblehead and Texas out in the bay as they poured their fire into the chaparral concealing the enemy. Accompanying the pandemonium was the barking of the howitzers on the hillsides and the almost continuous

banging of the carbines of the marines and the peculiar reports of the Mauser rifles in the hands of the enemy. The hills around the bay echoed and re-echoed with the ripping crash of exploding shells which fell in the hollow where for thirty-six hours the Spanish riflemen had lodged and made life a hell for the marines who escaped their bullets. It was the Spaniards concealed in this hollow who mutilated in the most horrible manner the bodies of the three Americans they succeeded in killing there.

The original camp was on a knob near the shore of the bay. Ordinarily such a location, if the occupants have field pieces, is an ideal one; but the brush is so thick near the camp and other hills and mountains are so near that the camp was a fine target for the enemy sneaking in the grass. The men saw the danger to which they were exposed, but they found no fault. They were determined to hold the position as long as their officers wanted them to, but before the day was very old some of the officers were quite ready to say that the site was untenable and that it should be abandoned.

This conclusion was reached after the Marblehead had shelled the entire neighborhood. The cruiser was assisted in the work of driving out the hidden foe by the Panther and the Abarenda.

The strain on the men ever since they landed had been great, and they were so fatigued out that they were unable to stand their watches, but not a single word could be heard expressive of any desire to leave.

After it had been decided that the camp should be moved Commander McCalla of the Marblehead and Capt. Philip of the Texas landed some of their bluejackets and sixty Cuban insurgents to help out the tired men. Their assistance was very valuable.

The spirits of the men, despite their rough experience, were in no wise daunted, and as the folds of the flag floated out on the breeze the marines saluted with cheers, which were echoed by the men on the Marblehead, Texas, Panther, and the two colliers, and with whistles from THE SUN's despatch boat and another boat in the bay. The men now declare that they are ready to remain here forever.

The experiences of the marines on Saturday night and early on Sunday morning were repeated all day to-day. Before the camp was moved, every now and then, figures of the enemy could be seen in the brush on one side or the other of the camp, and there was a constant "ping" of bullets. A ceaseless fire was kept up by the marines in all directions whenever a suspicious object was seen to move in the undergrowth. Six field pieces belonging to the battalion were dragged to the hill and put in action, and upon the arrival of the Texas, at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, two Colt automatic guns were sent ashore to assist in holding the camp. The sight of these weapons was a most welcome one to the men, and it was not long before their continuous firing was added to the din. Back and forth across the chaparral to the west of the camp, on the hill, the guns were kept sweeping, until it was almost certain that no living thing could be concealed within the thick meshes of the bush.

Then a long file of men was marched down the hill from its crown to the western edge of the bluff overlooking the entrance of the harbor. Spreading out they beat to the southward, as though driving wild beasts in the jungle, pushing any of the enemy that might still be concealed in the brush back into a ravine, from which they could escape into the high hills to the south. Not a man was seen, however, though occasionally shots came slinging in close proximity to the Americans.

Having accomplished this task of driving the Spaniards to a distance from the camp, an attempt was made to set fire to the undergrowth in order to destroy the hiding places of the enemy. The tangled masses of bushes, young trees and high grass were wet and the attempt was unsuccessful. One fire smoldered for a few yards and then died out.

While this was being done a number of Spaniards appeared in the brush across the lagoon, on the east side of the camp, and began peppering away. Their shots were aimed too high, however, some of their bullets flying clear out into the bay and landing upon the deck of the Texas. The howitzers of the battalion were trained on the brush, and soon drove the Spaniards out. They reappeared in the ravine south of the camp and continued their firing. And so it went. In a few minutes they were back in the chaparral on the west side.

No sooner had they lulled the Americans into a few moments of fancied rest than they opened up again. The situation was terribly exasperating, for no show of desperate daring could overcome the fire of the enemy. The Americans were compelled to remain there on the hilltop to be, perhaps, picked off by the lurking Spaniards.

It was about this time that the officers began to thoroughly appreciate the folly of attempting to hold the position longer in the face of such odds. So the order was given to withdraw from the crest of the hill to the lowlands along the beach.

It was about 10:30 A. M. to-day that the

Editor Wanted.

Mr. Editor's Latest Invention.

Advertisement for a new invention.

work of changing the camp began. With the Spaniards still potting them the men worked rapidly, being occasionally interrupted by an order to answer the fire of the enemy, and once to bury Assistant Surgeon Gibbs and Privates McColgan and Dunphy of Company D, an account of whose killing has already been cabled to THE SUN.

Sergeant Smith's body has not been recovered. A number of men under the command of Lieut. Neville were sent out to bring the body from the place where the Sergeant fell while fighting his way back to the camp, but they fell into an ambush and were obliged to leave the body and cut their way out.

The scene at the funeral was impressive. The bodies of the dead marines were wrapped in black oilskins, which were taken from their tents. The graves were dug on the edge of a hill overlooking the bay to the northward of the camp. A squad of marines from the Texas, under command of Lieut. Cyrus Radford, acted as escort to the cortege as it passed slowly along to the field where the dead were to be laid to rest.

It was impossible for all the men to attend the funeral. They had other work to do, work on which depended the safety of every man ashore. While some of the marines took the bodies of their comrades to their graves the others proceeded with the main work. Some of them were continuously on the lookout for the enemy, while others were busy packing up the baggage of the camp.

There had been a lull for a few minutes in the firing, and the men had a chance to look about and see what was going on. One by one, as they took in the little funeral procession stumbling over the loose stones on the camp ground, those who could do so hurried forward, fell in behind, and grouped themselves about the empty graves.

The stretcher bearing the bodies had just been lifted to its place, and Chaplain Jones of the Texas was about to begin the reading of the burial service, when the Spaniards, who could see plainly what the men had gathered for, gave a fine exhibition of their boasted chivalry. They began shooting at the party from the western chaparral, and this action convinced everybody, if conviction were needed, that the stories told of Spanish brutality and barbarism are true.

"Fall in! Company A, Company B, Company C. Fall in! Fall in!" was the word from one end of the camp to the other. The graves were deserted by all save the chaplain and escort, who still stood unmoved. The men sprang everywhere to arms and then placed themselves behind the rolled tents, their knapsacks, the bushes in the hollows, or boxes and piles of stones, with rifles ready and eyes strained into the brush.

The little Colts began spitting, the howitzers roared, blue smoke arose where the shells struck and burst in the chaparral, and rifles snapped angrily. As the men caught sight of the place whence the enemy's bullets came, there was trouble for the Spaniards in that stretch of chaparral.

Then, to add to the booming and barking fusillade, from across the bay to the west there came the sharp crack of Spanish rifles. Another force was hidden there, and in futile anger was firing on THE SUN's despatch boat, which lay at anchor in the harbor.

The challenge was answered by the Texas, which opened up with her 6-pounders. Only seven shots were fired by the battleship, but the result was that the Spaniards on that side of the bay were driven out for the rest of the day. It was hot work for the despatch boat, and she was hit once.

Shortly the firing ceased everywhere in the brush and the funeral was resumed. The Texas still kept shooting with her smaller guns on the chaparral near the camp. Once more the men gathered about the graves and Chaplain Jones began reading the Episcopal service. He had nearly finished when the rifles of the enemy again cracked, this time to the east.

A dozen men in the pits by the old blockhouse answered, and the Chaplain kept right on with the solemn service. When he had finished the men again took their rifles and resumed their work of watching. Meanwhile the Panther, which lay close in near the camp landing, began shelling the brush to the east. She kept it up for half an hour.

From that time on less trouble was experienced. In the afternoon the tents were all struck and carried to the low stretch of land rising from the beach, but were not again pitched. They will remain down temporarily, for the reason that if they were raised they would make too good targets while the Spaniard are in the brush.

As the men marched down the hill the Marblehead went off to the west and shelled the hollows and neighboring hills with her big guns. The Panther kept at it, and the Sterling, with her 6-pounder, pumped in a storm of shells. The men marched up the hill again, and then the Spaniards fired on the flag from four or five different places. Every shot from the enemy was answered with fifty from the marines.

The firing ceased for half an hour, but

was resumed at 5 o'clock by the Marblehead and Panther, which had discovered a bunch of Spaniards in the brush to the west of the camp. The firing was lively for a time, and the Spaniards disappeared. Whether any of them were hit or not is not known. Little is known of the result of all the firing on the enemy, but buzzards are gathering over the hills to-night, and that is a sign that dead men are lying there.

Lieut. Neville, who was in charge of the reconnoitering party who left the camp on Saturday afternoon, thus describes his trip to the correspondent of THE SUN:

"I had charge of a party of ten and Lieut. Shaw had the same number. We formed a rendezvous about a mile from the camp and there separated, intending to work back to the camp by different routes. The first thing I noticed was the great number of cuckoos we heard. At about 5:30 o'clock we formed a vedette, and while eating supper a volley was fired at us from the mountain. My coat and hat were off. Without waiting to pick them up I hurried forward with my men. The Spaniards continued to fire and we answered them. The firing lasted for about twenty minutes. We saw two Spaniards drop. Many of them had leaves and branches wrapped around their bodies, so that they could scarcely be distinguished from the undergrowth. I stationed Sergeant Smith at a point in the woods at about 11 o'clock. On my return at midnight I found his dead body in a terribly mutilated condition.

"The cuckoos began to sing from all sides of us, and I realized, what I had suspected, that the sounds of cuckoos were the signals of the Spaniards. I picked up Smith's body and carried it toward the camp. The way led along a narrow path, and from either side of it the Spaniards opened fire on us. I ordered my men to drop the body and to get clear of the Spaniards, which they did in about ten minutes. While stopping to rest among the trees we stumbled upon some bodies. They were the remains of a Lieutenant and four colored men, who had evidently been shot by our men in one of the skirmishes early in the evening.

"The cuckoo's call broke out again just before dawn. Just as daylight began to break I came across Lieut. Lucas, who told me that we were entirely surrounded. We held out until reinforcements reached us from the camp."

Reinforcements from Guantanamo, six miles up the river, and from Santiago are being hurried here. It is probable that a battleship will go in and destroy the town.

Commander McCalla found the Cubans he landed in camp some miles below. When they joined the marines they went to work cutting the brush about the knob to destroy some of the shelter of the Spaniards. They went out to-night in the brush to carry on warfare against the Spaniards in guerrilla fashion.

The Cuban pilot on the Marblehead was shot through both legs.

At dark, as THE SUN's despatch boat started away, an attack was being made on three sides of the American camp at once. For half an hour the shooting was rapid on both sides, with result, of course, unknown to those on the boat.

One of THE SUN's reporters in a small boat had just attempted to reach the camp. He was met by heavy fire from Spanish rifles. The despatch boat ran in and picked him up.

As we sailed out of the harbor the Marblehead had opened fire on the woods, and was sending small shot and shell into them in a most lively fashion. There were hand-to-hand fights between the riflemen on the shore plainly to be seen.

GOODE WAS A FINE SOLDIER.

Grief at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Where He Was First Sergeant at the Barracks.

Sergeant-Major Goode was serving his second enlistment in the Marine Corps, and was between 35 and 40 years old. He had previously been an English soldier. He was First Sergeant on the Chicago when she was on the European station, and from that time until he joined the battalion on the Panther was First Sergeant at the marine barracks in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was held in the highest estimation among the men for his soldierly ability. The rapidity with which he was promoted during his short time in the corps bears out their good opinion.

The sergeant of the guard at the Sands street gate of the navy yard seemed very much grieved by the news of Goode's death.

"Wherever he was killed," he said, "he was doing his duty as a soldier. He didn't know how to do anything else. There was never a better man in the corps, and it was a lucky recruit that fell to him to be broken in. The recruit that learned his duty from Goode learned it right and for keeps."

ADULTERIES ON OUR FALEN.

Admiral Sampson's Dispatch Causes Great Indignation in Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Admiral Sampson's statement in a despatch made public by the Navy Department to-day that the bodies of the marines killed near Guantanamo had been "mutilated barbarously" has caused horror and indignation in official circles.

From the attitude of Admiral Cervera in regard to the exchange of Naval Constructor Hobson and the seven other heroes of the Merrimac, the authorities had been led to believe that the war would be conducted by the Spaniards with all regard to civilized methods. All the old campaigners at the War Department, and all military men, in fact, think they know what Admiral Sampson meant by his expression.

To mutilate the dead body of an enemy is not merely to hack it with knives or swords, according to the definition given by army officers. It is to commit atrocious indignities on it. The Indian practice of mutilation is its most degraded form on the enemy, but among civilized nations such deeds are usually punishable by death.

Gen. Hancock was very angry, and he is not merely to hack it with knives or swords, according to the definition given by army officers. It is to commit atrocious indignities on it. The Indian practice of mutilation is its most degraded form on the enemy, but among civilized nations such deeds are usually punishable by death.

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