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"THE LEAVENWORTH SCHOOL"

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While West Point is the cadet school of the army, and each year sees its graduating class commissioned into service, it must not be supposed that the theoretical work ends here. Referring to this very subject in his address to a class of young officers just completing their four years' course at the academy, a distinguished soldier warned them that while they might be considered to have finished their preliminary instruction, their education was now just about to begin.

Of course it was true, said the young gentlemen, as they stowed away their long-coveted diplomas; that is, so far as the scientific branches of the fighting force—the engineers, ordnance, and artillery—are concerned. Certainly their officers have much to study and much to learn, or they fall behind in the professional race. They have schools of instruction and application, the engineers at Willet's Point, the artillery at Old Point Comfort, but just how that remark was to apply to the bulk of the graduates, to the young soldiers joining the cavalry and infantry regiments out on "the plains," was something they did not so clearly see.

The time was, in the very recent past, when the officers of the line of the army had little leisure and less opportunity for book study. It is a pet theory of civilian censors that army life is one of indolence and lack of occupation; but it is safe to say that such critics know nothing of the service west of the Missouri as it is to-day, and still less of what it was in the ten or fifteen years that immediately followed our civil war. Here and there over the broad frontier were scattered little detachments of foot or horse, often a mere company at a given point, guarding some party of engineers or surveyors, or watching the movements of a horde of savages who seemed thirsting for a pretext on which to break their pledges to the government and to lash out upon the war-path. Those were days of isolation and hardship, whose monotony was mended only by a remedy that, in view of its fatal results, was often worse than the malady; but Indian fighting was all the diversion that circumstances permitted, and every officer and man was studying his trade practically and in face of the foe. There is no place here for dissertation on the subject, but the fact remains that west of the Missouri no rod of road was surveyed, no rood of land was tilled, until swept by the rifles of "the regulars." And as for the great railways that now span the continent, and have brought the very wilderness under tribute, the mile-posts of their longest are not enough in number to score the lives of our officers and men laid down in Indian battle during the years it took to build them. For the nation they were years of slumberous peace, and very little was known or cared about what was going on "out West." And the nation would doubtless be greatly surprised to hear how many hundred gallant lives were sacrificed in the ten years

that succeeded the war of the rebellion, and how many hundred officers and men bear upon their bodies this day the scars of Indian arrow or deadlier bullet.

As road after road was built, however, and the various tribes were subjected or placated, as happened to be the policy of the Interior Department at the time, the troops were called in from outlying camp and scattered bivouac. Here and there over the wide West there sprang up big clusters of barn-like structures, arranged about a square or diamond-shaped "parade," and magnificently termed a fort, in defiance of its structural weakness and the fact that the pluck of the garrison was its only parapet. Neither were they ornamental, these military caravansaries; but all the same under their ugly wing all manner of little settlements nestled for shelter, waxed strong and populous, and then, when they had become self-reliant in their populace and covetous of adjoining lands, did we not hear their representatives in Congress assembled, for whom our chaplain hebdomadally prayed, and we, as in duty bound, responded "Amen !" - did we not hear these orators and statesmen denouncing us as a "menace to the liberties of the people," and demanding that we be ordered elsewhere, and our reservation be thrown open for settlement? Many a frontier fortress, built at fabulous expense to Uncle Sam, and correspondent profit to the contractors, has in this way outlived its usefulness, and seen its blades beaten into pruning-hooks and its sheltering barracks into kindling-wood for its quondam protégés. Many a name that recalls the stirring days along the old "Smoky Hill Route," and fierce battle with Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arrapahoe, has faded from the records; and bustling towns have sprung up around the site where Harker, Larned, Zarah, Wallace, and McPherson once were only frontier forts, but "monarch of all they surveyed."

But besides these ramshackle tenements, that must have cost at the rate of a dollar a shingle, the government owned some fine reservations, with solid and unpicturesque "quarters" of brick or stone, and two of these were in the thriving State of Kansas. One after another the nation gave up its claim on the various military posts in favor of this young sister, as she strode from hindermost to head of the wheat-producing common-wealths, but held on to two or three which were of strategic importance, and during the administration of General Sherman at the head of the army the largest and finest of these became the seat of a new army school.

It was rather a problem, the establishment of that school. We had maintained, as has been said, something of the kind for the benefit of the engineers, and an artillery school at Fortress Monroe for the finishing touches to be given our gunners; but here came a proposition to found a school for the instruction of the officers of the cavalry and infantry arms. Its origin seems as vague as the instructions to its first commanders. General Pope, who had long been at the head of the "Department of the Missouri," is said to have conceived the idea of having an entire regiment of infantry or cavalry garrisoned at one big post and taught practically all manner of military knowledge that would be useful in the field, each regiment in the department to come in turn; but at the head-quarters of the army it was decided to found a school both practical and theoretical for the benefit of the officers of "the line," and rather to the disgust of the first batch of presumable beneficiaries, the experiment came to a head in 1881.

Pupils there were in plenty, since the whole army list lay open, but professors were lacking; so were text-books, maps, models, apparatus, desks, chalk, blackboards, stoves and fuel, and the dozens of

things a school must have before it is equipped for work. The General of the Army was a man whom obstacles, as we all know, only inspired, and he brushed this aside, as he had greater ones, with the simple mandate, "Go and do it-anyhow."

Of the early history of the school, perhaps the least said, the soonest mended. The organizers chose a curriculum which was interesting as an experiment, but had faint attractions for the bulk of the pupils. Many of the students of the original detail were men who had enjoyed no advantages of early education, and had long since become resigned to the prospect of worrying along without one. Appointees from the ranks or from civil life being largely predominant among them, it was decided by the authorities that arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, etc., were indispensable to their higher comprehension of the military art, and were concerned to discover that there were not a few veterans among their stalwart pupils who had managed to survive through a devastating war and years of frontier service without the faintest conception of Sturm's Theorem, or caring a Continental who signed the Magna Charta. It is to the credit of the service that while both teachers and pupils had many doubts as to whether the curriculum were really of lasting benefit, most of their number went to work with a will and did their best; and as for the backsliders, it was not the fact that they had to study and recite that troubled them, so much as the conviction that they were burning the midnight oil in cramming solid pages of wisdom that might have been digested earlier in life, but were provocative of a mental dyspepsia now.

There was something very alluring about this proposed school down there in that beautiful wooded bluff country around Fort Leavenworth. Visions of manoeuvres of large bodies of horse and foot; of brigade drills; campaign marches; field reconnoissances; and surveying; planning of earthworks, siege approaches, and mines; pontoon and trestle building; experiments with modern arms and systems of tactics; comparisons of the various European formations; study of the European *manége* and its possible application to our plains and mountains; lectures on the great campaigns of history; interesting problems in minor tactics; grand guards, outposts; partisan and picket service-these and others of like calibre were conjured up as among the possibilities; but the dream was soon shattered. The student officer came down from the heights of a visionary Parnassus to grapple with Hagar's Arithmetic. Those who had acquired a certain education in earlier life were spared this reversion to the days of their "teens," and given a course in Military and International Law, the "Operations of War," Field Fortifications and Outposts; but one-half their number went back to the pursuits of early youth. The authorities had magniloquently styled the new establishment the "School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry," the War Department stripped off a shade or two, and called it the "United States Infantry and Cavalry School," but the irreverent and unwilling pupil derisively dubbed it the "Kindergarten."

"Give a dog a bad name," and you know the result. The school had one at the outset, and there followed a period of hard pulling-both ways. But the powers were unmoved from their stern purpose: the school went on; so did the pupils; and by-and-by it became a fixture; and now it is a fact, but a very different thing from what it was six years ago. Through much tribulation and vexation of spirit it has passed the experimental stage, and come forward a claimant for honors.

On the right bank of the big Missouri, only a few miles above the sudden and final eastward bend, is the old town of Leavenworth, once prodigally hopeful, but now left in the lurch by luckier towns along the trunk lines "cross continent"; and just a long rifle-shot away from its northern skirts there rises from the river a range of beautifully wooded bluffs. There, several years before the war was built the old frontier station of Fort Leavenworth, and now it is the most populous military township in the country, the seat of the once anathematized "School of Application." It is well worth a visit at any season of the year, despite the heat of midsummer, but is never so attractive as in May and early June.

The massive buildings of the old permanent post are nearly hidden by the foliage. As we enter the main gate the slopes to the right are crowned by the walls of the once formidable arsenal and its out-buildings, now used as the head-quarters of the Department of the Missouri, North of these, on the ridge between us and the river bluffs, are the commodious and broad-verandaed homes of the general commanding the department and the officers of his staff; and then straight ahead there opens out before us a broad quadrangle, carpeted with a rich, soft, vivid green, bordered by stately elms, and shaded here and there by beautiful clusters of grand old trees, bounded by broad graded roads, and hemmed in by the main buildings of the school itself. This is the enclosure of old Fort Leavenworth.

We have come without stop, for the strains of martial music and the distant glint of arms tell that some one of the ceremonies of the day is taking place, and thanks to our early start from town, we are just in time for guard mount. The dew is not yet off time grass, the birds are flitting and chirping from bough to bough, sunshine and shadow alternate on the beautiful carpet of the parade, and the band, in cool summer dress and white helmets, pours forth rich, ringing melody as the "details" come marching out from the barrack behind the western trees. Except for these barracks and one long, austere, prison-like structure on the eastern front-the abode of most of the bachelor officers-the parade is surrounded by roomy, cozy, bower-like cottages, all covered with climbing vines and hidden by flowering plants, and these are the quarters of the colonel commanding the school, and of the senior officers of the corps of instructors. Early as is the hour, there are glimpses here and there of graceful feminine forms upon the verandas, and where these are seen there are sure to be attendant groups of martial figures, generally slender, erect, and distinguished by snugly fitting "blouses" and by bright blue trousers whose sides are decked with broad stripes of cool white or glowing yellow. It is breakfast-time all over the garrison, and women whose lives have been spent within sound of the drum are not apt to leave their coffee to gaze at a little display they can see any day in the year. Those whom we see among the vines and flowers of the porches, or strolling along the shaded walks with their attendant escorts, are young belles from elsewhere, visiting relations at Leavenworth, and taking a peep at army life that may result in a lasting acquaintance with it, unless all signs fail in such dry weather as that of a Kansas June. The escorts are, of course, the young "student officers," making hay while the sun shines, and forgetful, during the brief half-hour of guard mounting, of the sterner work that must fill up the day.

Meantime, however, the soldierly ceremony goes on, regardless of the coquetry along the neighboring verandas or the swarms of merrily laughing children who are chasing along the borders of the parade. The band plays a spirited Hungarian mazurka, while the acting adjutant and the officer of the guard, both students, are making their inspection of the statuesque line of soldiery. The rifles of the infantry and the carbines of the dismounted troopers are carefully overhauled, and every item of attire scrutinized. Then follows a sparkling waltz, which sets some enthusiastic couples to dancing behind the

screening vines of the piazzas, but is powerless to move a muscle of the guard, standing solidly at "parade rest," with their eyes apparently fixed on vacancy. The waltz ceases, and then, after the "present" to the officer of the day, who stands in solemn grandeur at the northern limit of the grassy lawn, the little detachment wheels into column, and to the liveliest marching music makes the circuit of the parade, and passes in review before the official to whose guardianship the destinies of the garrison are confided for the next twenty-four hours. The swords of the officers are lowered in graceful salute, the drum-major whirls his baton and wheels his bandsmen out of column, and then, duly installed, the guard tramps away over the green to "take over" the property and prisoners from its predecessor.

This, however, is a daily feature of almost every post, from Preble in Maine to the Presidio of San Francisco. The next scene of the day is one that is distinctive and characteristic of the school. We are in the midst of examination week, and the subject that happens to come foremost this morning is Infantry Tactics.

On the second floor of one of the red brick buildings west of the parade is a long, well-lighted room whose Venetian windows open out upon a broad gallery. Around three sides of the room, opposite the light, is a raised dais and a continuous line of black-board. On the window side, with their backs to the light, are the examiners and several members of the Board of Visitors. All-the board, the examiners, and the pupils-are officers of the army of the United States, and sharp at nine o'clock the friendly, laughing chat suddenly ceases, and the first name is called. The secretary of the school, a tall, distinguished-looking cavalry officer, hands a slip of paper to the man who steps forward from the doorway, and so one after another a dozen subalterns of infantry and cavalry, some youthful and alert, some mature in years and grave in demeanor, receive their problems, and go to the board to illustrate by drawings and then fully describe their methods of solution.

While they are at work it is well to look around the room, for there are men here who have a history. The senior in rank wears upon his shoulder the silver star of a brigadier-general. He is a man of marked soldierly bearing, with clear, penetrating eyes and clean-cut features. His face is closely shaved but for the bristling reddish mustache, and as he stands by the window chatting in low tones with the commandant of the school he looks what he is, the very type of the American officer. One of the "star five" of his class at West Point, commander of one of the best and bravest of volunteer regiments at the outbreak of the war, winning the double stars of a major-general in that stubborn conflict, and the eagles of a colonel in the regular service, he is one of the younger brigadiers of the army today and his next important duty after the revision of the course of instruction at the school is something of far different and more stirring kind-the suppression of a dangerous Indian revolt in the far Northwest, and it is handled as well and as summarily. When Sword-Bearer, the chief of the malcontents, falls pierced with the bullets of the cavalry carbines, his followers lose heart, and the outbreak is stifled in a day.

The commandant is another man with a history. Perhaps he is the more widely known of the two, for he comes of a stock that is famous for its soldiers, and he bears a name that all Americans honor. Stoutly built, with keen blue eyes and florid complexion, sturdy and stocky as a Jersey bull, and with not a little of that taurine's pugnacity and determination the commandant is a man whose whole being is wrapped up in his profession, and who is emphatically a soldier. Famous as a division and corps

commander in those early days of the war when ill-luck seemed to cling to every man who rose so suddenly, he has spent his lifetime in the service, and knows "from a to izzard" every detail of a soldier's needs. It is to him that the great changes that have come over the school are mainly due, and to his persistence that the course has become what it is—a practical scheme for the instruction of the line officers of the army. To this object, as to the discipline of the school, he has given untiring energy and his best efforts, and as a man fitted to carry out his views, his looks do not belie him.

Along the tables in front of the Board of Examiners are a number of sheets of drawing-paper, on each side of which is delineated—on some in colors, on others in ink—a map of Fort Leavenworth with the country to the north and northwest. Every road, every bridge, ford, stream, and bridle-path, every building, every height, wood, thicket, field, melon patch, or orchard, is fully indicated, though with more or less artistic skill; and each member of the class is required to show what disposition he would make of a force of thirty thousand men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in proper proportion—to defend that position of Fort Leavenworth from the attack of superior forces known to be advancing from the north. It is a good test, and one that calls for a knowledge of the powers of the three arms of the service and many of the principles of modern warfare. It calls forth much individuality too, for an examination of the plans shows that in many details there is wide difference of opinion as to the proper placing of portions of the force. They are unanimous in one thing, however. There is a broad open valley on the north, "covered" by the wooded heights in rear of the post, and commanded by all the ground to the south. There is not a man apparently who does not so dispose his main line as to compel the enemy to attempt the crossing of that valley under the continuous fire of the defence, and in almost every case the embankment of the narrow-gauge railway is used to excellent advantage. All this is to test their knowledge of higher tactical combinations. The subjects on the board are problems in minor tactics. In its general character the task of one officer is similar to those of all the others, and any one will answer as a specimen. The young lieutenant now explaining his work has been required to throw a battalion of eight companies of infantry into double column; then form line of battle on the right flank by two movements; then to "ploy" into close column by division, on first division, left in front; then to change direction by the right flank; and finally, after deploying once more into line of battle, to place the battalion in its original position. His chalk sketch illustrates the various combinations; he gives in full every command of the colonel and those of the captains, and explains in detail just how each movement must be executed. It is not enough that he tell what the duties of one officer may be: he must be able to instantly take the place of any of them, from colonel down, and to show any man in the command just where he should go, how he should get there, and what he must do on reaching the spot. He must know to an inch the position of every officer, every guide, file-closer, or private soldier, and be able to stand a cross-fire of questioning; for, one after another, the whole board may "take a shy" at him. It is the same with every study theoretically pursued at the school, and there was similar thoroughness in the days of its greatest unpopularity. Whether the old course was well chosen or not was a matter the instructors were not expected to publicly discuss. Their duty was to teach as thoroughly as they could, and by rigid examination assure themselves that their pupils either did or did not study. There were some few men whom they could not teach, perhaps; but there were more whose knowledge they could not and did not accurately gauge.

But it is not in the examination halls that the casual visitor will be most interested. What he or she may prefer most naturally to see are the military exercises in the open air, and no post in the army can

present so attractive a variety as Leavenworth. Projecting westward from the old quadrangle, or east parade, is a roadway lined on the north side by brick barracks and offices for a few hundred yards, and then by a long row of cottages occupied by the officers of the garrison and their families. All this section of the post is termed the "West End," and is quite a little community in itself. Directly in front of the officers' quarters, and across the road, is a broad, open field stretching away southward, and here, for the present, at least, are held all the mounted drills and exercises, and those ceremonies of parade in which the cavalry and the light battery act in conjunction with the infantry. The drill of a battery, with its plunging horses and booming guns and quick, dashing evolutions, is always a stirring sight, while the hoarse shouted commands and pealing bugle calls make the welkin ring even when the guns are silent. But one may see at Leavenworth something new to even veteran light artillerists—a perfect battery drill without bugle note or whisper of command. True, it was one of the finest batteries in all America that accomplished the feat during the late examination week, but it went through it all with an ease and finish as though the very horses had put their heads together beforehand and decided just what should be done. Fancy eight matched teams of glossy bays—four horses to the team—each "near" horse mounted by a rider who controlled the movements of his mate, the "off" horse; each team hitched to its battery carriage, whether gun or caisson; each carriage bearing its quota of cannoneers sitting erect with folded arms, and the long red plumes of their helmets streaming in the wind as the guns bounded over tile springy turf; and fancy the whole complicated machine moving in perfect unison this way, that way, every way, wheeling, reversing, or counter marching, at walk, trot, or mad gallop, and not a word spoken or sound heard beyond the rumble of twoscore wheels or muffled thunder of tenscore hoofs. It was all simple enough: every eye in the battery was on time sinewy figure of the tall captain, who rode well out to tile front, sabre in hand, and every signal, point, cut, or thrust of that shining blade had a significance never dreamed of by the authors of the tactics.

And by long odds tile finest sight at Leavenworth is the review of the entire command out at the West End. The valley of the Missouri lies open to the southward for miles beyond the shining roofs and spires of the town. The buildings of the post gleam on the grassy slopes to the eastward beyond the intervening tenements, and the horizon to tile westward is hidden by time long line of picturesque and wooded heights, while the broad area of the drill-ground lies in the foreground, sloping gently away toward the town. Here, early in the summer morning, while the leaves are still dripping with dew and the grass is all a-sparkle, while the sun is still low in the eastern sky, and throwing long shadows over the valley, the whole command is ordered to assemble, and before their standards come in sight the shaded walks are thronged with ladies, and the piazzas of the West End are thrown hospitably open to all visitors, for, despite the early hour, all Leavenworth seems awake. Here and there in front of the quarters are mounted orderlies with the officers' horses, and man after man these dignitaries come forth from their domain plumed, gauntleted, booted, and spurred, swing into saddle, and trot away to join their commands in knightly fashion, while their comrades of the infantry elbow their way to their posts of duty through the groups upon the sidewalk.

The band, in its white plumes and facings, strides out through the dew to its place on the right of the coming line; then, far down the road toward the main garrison, the notes of a bugle are beard, and the eye roams over a long, moving lane of light and contrasting color. First comes the compact column of infantry, tramping sturdily toward us, and looking very soldierly in the spiked helmets and tasteful dark blue tunics. The silken banners wave over a small battalion, to be sure. but it is one that looks full of

mettle, and is made up of chosen companies from different regiments. Behind them come the crimson guidon and waving plumes of the battery-horses, guns, wheels, linchpins and washers, buckles, straps, hames, bits, bossings, belts, and buttons, all glistening with the polish of skilful hands; and behind them all, the swallow-tailed pennons of scarlet and white, the standard of yellow silk, and the long column of yellow plumes reveal the battalion of cavalry. You cannot fail to note the erect, yet easy, confident pose of every officer and man as the riders go filing by. Time dress and horse equipments of our mounted troops have little of the glitter and coquetry of the hussar or lancer of Europe; they are even sombre by comparison; but ours is eminently practical, and stands the test of the rough service of the frontier, which theirs would not; and as to the relative merits of the schools of horsemanship, there is little doubt that for "all-round" military work the American will outlast any of the foreign systems, and is far more soldierly and graceful in effect besides.

Troop after troop time cavalry jingle along, turning down to the left in rear of the forming line of footmen; and one troop-time standard troop-is made up entirely of colored men. The darkies ride quite as jauntily as their white comrades, and probably to the full as firmly and well; while in precision of movement and accuracy of alignment, "touch," and gait, there is more than one military spectator who seems to think their work superior to that of the rest of the battalion. An officer of the school explains this by saying: "The darky is always on dress parade. The moment he gets into uniform he thinks the eyes of all men are upon him, and he 'braces up,' and makes the most of his opportunity. Those other fellows, in 'I' and 'M' troops, for instance, are riding at ease. They will stiffen when they come into line." One after another they move out upon the field, facing west, the infantry on the right and nearest us; then the battery, in two lines, its gun-carriages to the front; then the long single rank of the cavalry battalion, stretching to the far southern edge of the field. Well out to the west, in front of the centre, is the commanding officer with his staff, and presently, as the white-plumed adjutant gallops down the line, turns toward his chief on reaching the centre, then halts and reins about, there is a simultaneous crash as arms are presented, and a long line of steel-the sabres of the cavalry-springs into air. Then review order is taken, ranks are opened, the battery unlimbers and whirls its black-muzzled guns to the front; another present of the line to the exalted personage who receives the review, and is hailed with a flourish of trumpets and the simultaneous droop of all the standards; another movement, and the line becomes an open column; another command, and with a triumphant burst of music from the band the whole array moves as one man: the passage in review has begun. In quick time, the band leading, they come jauntily toward us, changing direction at the upper corner, and swinging past the animated groups of spectators. Front after front the sturdy infantry trudges by, the student officers hidden as file-closers behind their companies, and wishing, for this occasion only, that they belonged to the cavalry, and could command and be in front of their men instead of trailing meekly after them, as required of the infantry "sub." Well they know that they cannot by any human possibility look half so picturesque in this position as their rivals and contemporaries of the cavalry on their "prancing chargers" and in front of their platoons. All the same, they have their sympathetic admirers in the throng, and so they pass us by. And then, with champing bits and tossing manes, come the platoons of horse. The battery quickens its gait on the marching flanks, and the girls wonder how those gunners sit so straight with folded arms, and never make hysterical grabs at the bars or at each other, as they would do under like circumstances. The cavalry too come around at a trot, the young platoon commanders fully alive to and making the most of their golden opportunity, looking vastly martial, and striving *not* to look as though they very well knew just where "she" happened to stand



among the groups of fair ones under the shade trees. Down the long field goes the glistening column, officer after officer saluting as he passes the reviewing point, and these the infantry reappears, tramping up the eastern edge. Like some perfected machine, the long array wheels into line to tire left, the ranks are dressed, then brought once more to review order. Again the trumpets flourish, the standards droop, and arms clash to tire present. Then comes brief rest before some one of the three commands is summoned to the front to show what it can do in the manoeuvres of its particular arm. It may be a stirring skirmish drill, covering the entire valley, by the bright-plumed cavalry. It may be a dashing series of battery manoeuvres with much smoke, noise, and odor unlimited of "the villanous salt-petre." It may be rapid evolutions of the foot battalion; but in each and all the student officer must take his part.

Thus far it has been the policy of the school to educate its *élèves* to exercise command in any one of the three fighting arms of the service, and for some time officers of infantry drilled with the battery or the cavalry, and *vice versa*; but on parade the student officer appears with the company to which in his own arm he is assigned for duty during his two years' probation at Leavenworth. Just as at West Point some private of the graduating class has been called out of ranks and ordered to assume command of the battalion in presence of the Board of Visitors, so at Leavenworth the permanent officers are often withdrawn and their places taken by the students, one of whom serves as commander, another as adjutant, and half a dozen as captains. The cavalry battalion is put through its paces by a mixed assortment of subalterns of either white or yellow facings, and the infantry command is handled by a lot of young troopers. The theory is, of course, that the graduate of the School of Application should be as competent to instruct troops of any arm as is the graduate West Point, and certainly the former has far better opportunities for practice.

Just here it may as well be explained that while no reward, beyond the consciousness of duty well done, has thus far attached to conspicuous ability at the school, neither is there any serious consequence attendant upon failure. "All sails and no anchor." said Macaulay of our Constitution, and with better reason it may be said of the designers of the School of Application that they could prescribe anything and enforce nothing. A commission once gained in the line of the army is its possessor's for life or good behavior, and he may turn out to be a numskull without the faintest detriment to his prospects of promotion. At West Point the cadet who fails to pass a creditable examination every six months is discharged, and relegated to civil life. At Leavenworth, as at Fortress Monroe, the student could pitch his books into the fire, and face his examiners with the serene consciousness that, do their worst, they could only send him back to his regiment, where the perchance preferred to be. That in nine cases out of ten the detailed officers studied hard and did their best, whether they liked the course or not, was simply due to the high sense of professional pride and soldierly duty which is a characteristic of the army. It was more in grateful recognition of this spirit than with any idea of stimulating the few laggards to greater exertion that the staff of the school once hit upon a brilliant expedient for rewarding merit. Presumably it had the sanction of the War Department, although the astute officials of that establishment, versed as they are in the ways of Washington, must have smiled grimly when they gave it. In July, 1883, the staff published in orders its list of graduates, giving the relative merit and standing of each officer in the various studies of the two years' course, and concluded with the announcement of a selected class, who, having "shown aptitude for command and position in the staff departments, are recommended for professional employment."

Ten were named as suitable aspirants for the Adjutant-General's Department, and when vacancies occurred in that plum orchard of the service, as vacancies did occur, it is possible that some of those designated youths found themselves wondering how much good that recommendation would do them. It is safe to say that, being young men of "level heads," no one of their number based much hope of preferment upon that imposing publication, and it goes without saying that the vacancies in the Adjutant-General's Department have continued to be filled without reference to the opinions of the School of Application.

All the same, the staff was right, and though the War Department itself has not been re-enforced from the school, certain regiments of the line and the Military Academy at West Point have drawn their adjutants from that list, to their very marked advantage. With a view to possible contingencies twelve of the same class were named as suitable field officers of volunteers. More than one of the twelve had served with State troops during the war, and twenty years earlier that recommendation would have carried weight. What man can say how soon it may not be of value in the future?

And as the rewards of merit under a well-ordered republic are never such as to make a man the mark of envy, neither are its punishments of the awe-inspiring nature of those of the "effete monarchies." Allusion has been made to the fact that the worst that could be done to a student who would not study was to send him back to his regiment. Now it was the theory of the incorporators of the school that the officers ordered thither should be young men with pliant minds amid a desire to learn. But, said the War Department, in formulating its order in the case, "The subjects for the school are the lieutenants belonging to the companies which compose the garrison and those specially detailed from the regiments." The garrison was announced to "habitually consist of three field officers of cavalry or infantry, with not less than four companies of infantry, four troops of cavalry, one light battery of artillery, and the officers attached for instruction." This is practically the organization in effect today, although it is presumable that a separate school for the mounted service will soon be established at Fort Riley, where there is broader space for the evolutions of cavalry and light artillery. With this organization the start was made, and the system has not yet been altered in any important feature. So far as the lieutenants belonging to the garrison companies are concerned, therefore, there was no choice at all. They had to be students, no matter what their age, acquirements, or previous condition. Where the latitude came in was in the selection of those "specially detailed from the regiments." There are ten regiments of cavalry and twenty-five of infantry in the army, and each regiment was to send one sub-altern, who should be selected by the commanding officer thereof.

This left the matter of 'subjects' pretty largely to the inner consciousness of thirty-five different regimental commanders. "Many men have many minds," and very many different kinds of men were sent there as a result of placing in so many hands the determination of the kind of man that ought to be sent. Where one colonel would nominate a lieutenant because he wanted to go, another would be just as apt to pitch upon a fellow who had decided objections. Thinking it might be wholesome discipline. Another would choose some young bookworm because school was his proper element; another some grizzled veteran-and we have many such-because it was presumably "the last chance he'd ever have of learning anything." There were not a few cases where the detail was most unwelcome, especially to the older men, and coupled with their sense of indignity was the conviction

that there was no law which could either compel them to study or punish failure; and if this were true of the veteran, it was applicable to the youngest "sub."

Then, again, it sometimes happened that married officers were the men on whom the detail fell, and there were hardly "quarters" enough for the bachelors, let alone those blessed with wife and olive-branches, and all manner of makeshifts were the result. But life at Leavenworth is blither brighter and gifted with greater zest than at many and many a post in our scattered army. To many of the students the course is attractive, and now that it has undergone sweeping revision, there is no man in the junior grades of the service whom it will not profit. The new programme is the evolution of much thought and experience, and the Board of Revision found little to add to or take away from the scheme as laid before them. In two years of study, with daily lectures, recitations, and practical experiments, the student is expected to complete a course of Military Art, including strategy, tactics, and study of campaigns and battles; law-military, constitutional, and international; topography and surveying; field fortifications; signalling; cavalry-including field service, equitation, and hippology; infantry-camp and field service; artillery-with limited course in ordnance; and finally, military hygiene and "early aid to the wounded." It is a broad advance from the curriculum of the early days, and the "Kindergarten" is no more.

It is said that future classes will be made up of bachelors, and had this rule been in vogue before, even the abnormal precipitancy of the army lieutenant in matters matrimonial would have been stimulated. Now, however, it has become a post where our army ladies love to go, and nowhere does social life seem more pleasant. Famous were the Leavenworth theatricals for many a year, and beautiful are the evening "hops" and parties now. The "cares that infest the day" seem banished with the setting sun, and all the garrison, male and female, appears in force and finest feathers when the bugle sounds the signal for evening parade. This, the closing ceremony of the day, always takes place dismounted, and on the beautiful curving surface of the green in front of the commanding officer's. The long line stretches across from east to west, the yellow plumes of the cavalry looking like a hedge of golden-rod, and every young soldier at the school is there, while the paths and porches that surround are alive with dainty dresses and brightest color. The band plays its best, and when parade is finally dismissed, and the erect figures go stalking away through the trees, there is a brief quarter-hour of chat and interchange of greeting, and then the twilight deepens, and lights begin to twinkle here and there amid the vines, and the voices soften, and the clink of scabbard and beat of hoof of the cavalry patrol are heard across the broad parade, and little wisps of vapor begin to curl in the distant hollows, and blacker shadows to gather under the trees. The busy day is done, silence falls on the wide expanse of "guarded land," and then, far out on the slopes beyond, is heard the weird, wild plaint of the whippoorwill.