MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT.

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THE NEWS.

At Home.

JOHN BRODDENT, a mechanic, shot and killed his wife at Kansas City, Mo., on Thursday. They had been divorced.

THE St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat Company is composed of Geo. W. Fishback, Henry C. Yeager, Richard Holmes, and Geo. P. Whitlaw. The capital stock is $500,000.

A DISPATCH from Wilmington, N. C, gives a rumor that the New York Herald's correspondent, recently captured by the Lowry gang of outlaws, has been murdered.

A DIVER named George Seaman was suffocated on Thursday, while working on a sunken wreck in the North River, New York, by the bursting of a fresh air pipe.

THE boiler of a locomotive on the Michigan Central track, at Chicago, drawing a heavy train, exploded Saturday morning with great violence. Only the engineer was injured.

THE commanders of Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic have commenced arrangements for the decoration of the graves of the Union dead, May 30.

THERE is great excitement in the vicinity of Tiskilwa, Illinois, caused by the depredations of a gang of horse thieves. The farmers are forming for a vigilance committee.

IT is now stated that Minister Sickles will return to Spain, and, at the special request of the President, will remain there until his successor is determined upon.

ELLAND PARK, teller of the Bank of San Jose, California, committed suicide on Monday by shooting himself through the heart and falling into the Guadeloupe River.

A DISPATCH from New York says the water in the upper aqueduct of the Croton River is unusually low. The water is withdrawn from the park ponds until the reservoirs are filled the next fall of rain.

THE new drawing-room car Duchess was destroyed by fire at Poughkeepsie, Monday morning. It was on a side track. The fire caught from a stove. Loss $16,000—uninsured.

J. C. OWENS, proprietor of the Bronson House, St. Joseph, Mo., committed suicide Thursday afternoon by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. Financial embarrassments are the alleged cause.

SECRETARY FISH has sent to Madrid a vigorous dispatch upon the case of Dr. Howard, the American citizen just transported to a Spanish penal colony for 20 years, for participation in the Cuban rebellion.

THE boiler of the Trenton rolling mills, in Jersey City, exploded on Saturday, destroying the blacksmith shop and portions of the main building. Five men were injured, and Hugh Bailes, tender, is missing. Loss $6,000.

THIRTY EIGHT converts from Romanism, all Cubans, were confirmed by Bishop Potter, in New York, on Sunday afternoon, in an Episcopal church, which is the first Spanish Protestant organization in the United States. The service is in Spanish.

ON Saturday a man named Clark, in Cold Spring, near Otis, Mass., by the most foolish carelessness with a loaded gun, shot and killed his sister, aged 23 years, and wounded her daughter, 6 years old, so that amputation of the arm was necessary.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has received, for redemption, about $140,000,000 of five-twenty called bonds, the interest on the last $20,000,000 of which ceased March 20. There are still outstanding some nine or ten millions of the called bonds, on which the interest ceased last December.

A PITTSBURGH dispatch says John Laverty, a crazy man, attempted to stop a passenger train at Fairview, on Saturday. As the train approached he seized a club and jumped on the track in front of the engine, ready for a fight, but, concluding that it would be too much for him, he turned to flee from its course, but too late.

MRS. EMILY WALTON, proprietress of a boarding-house in Thirty-first street New York, while on her way to deposit $4,000 in United States bonds, and $1,000 in money in safe custody, either lost or was robbed of all the money, which she had pinned in the bosom of her dress. A $500 diamond pin is also missing. A reward of $1,000 is offered.

At a meeting of the Erie directors, on Tuesday, Edward H. Green was elected director in place of Jay Gould. The New York Post gives reports that the present Erie directors have made arrangements with Jay Gould by which, for a consideration, all proxies of stock standing in his name or those offices of which he has been or is a member shall be passed over to them.

TRAINS on the Bellevue and Southern Illinois Railway have been stoned lately and the lives of passengers endangered, by a gang of scoundrels near Pickneyville. Thursday night last two men were arrested in the act, and, while being searched by the City Marshal, one of them stabbed him, inflicting a wound thirteen inches long, whereupon the Marshal shot the desperado dead.

DETAILS of the revolt of the native troops in Cavita, Malta, show the conspiracy was general for a rising throughout the island. Had not an accident precipitated the rising at Cavita before the time arranged, few Europeans would have escaped. The prisons are filled with suspected persons, including many Crooles. Every insurgent taken was bayoneted or shot.

AN official statement shows an increase in the revenue on spirits, tobacco, fermented liquors, banks and bankers, income, gas and stamps, between September 1, 1871, and January 1, 1872, compared with the same period of the previous year, of $4,637,892, against a decrease from exempt articles and occupations, of $6,730,617.

CABLE dispatches from Belgium render it probable that startling disclosures will soon be made in the case of Vogt, the alleged murderer of Count Blanco. Vogt's real name is suspected to be Carl Stupp, and the woman passing for his wife is supposed to have been a mistress of the murdered man. Both Stupp and the Count's mistress disappeared from Belgium soon after the murder. The heirs of the Count are now on their way across the Atlantic to identify Vogt.

THE Secretary of the Navy informs the Senate that the expenses of vessels employed on the coast of San Domingo since the beginning of the negotiations for the annexation of Dominica, amounts to $49,060—no greater than if they had been in the service elsewhere in the West Indies; and that nine or ten vessels is the usual number employed in waters adjacent to the West Indies.

ON Sunday morning a negro named David Jones, robbed the house of a farmer named Murray, in Nashville, and when the latter offered resistance, the negro shot him. The murderer was arrested and put in jail. At 9 o'clock on Monday night an infuriated mob broke open the jail, and, after shooting the prisoner twice, put a rope around his neck and dragged him out on the public square and strung him up to a lamp post.

THE National Executive Democratic Committee will hold a meeting in Washington in May, after the meeting of the Cincinnati Convention, to fix a time and place for the holding of the National Democratic Convention. It is supposed by leading Democrats there that the time will be the 4th of July, and the place St. Louis.

THE earthquake in California, on Tuesday, was felt less at San Francisco than in Sacramento. No damage anywhere. On the foot hills, twenty-five miles east of Visalia, a crash occurred as if the mountains were rent asunder. The earthquake evidently proceeded on from that point, radiating with decreased force throughout their entire length. It was the strongest along the base of the Sierras. Slight damage was done at Visalia; none whatever elsewhere.

Abroad.

THE vicinity of Tein Tsin, China, is flooded. Many of the inhabitants are dying of starvation daily.

THE University of Cambridge has made a donation to Chicago of a valuable series of books published by the Pitt press or University printing office.

ADVICES from San Domingo announce that President Baez has again lost the town of Savanela. It is reported that he was defeated at San Juan by Cabral, who was unable to advance for want of money and ammunition.

THE Opinion Nationale states that a literary convention between the United States and France has been concluded by Washburne, American Minister, and Count De Remuset, French Foreign Minister, and it now awaits ratification.

GEN. BROWNLOW, in command of a detachment of the Looshai expedition, telegraphs on the 13th instant: "All Southern Homlongs and fifteen chiefs have submitted, and many captives have been released. Twenty villages were destroyed. Our task is accomplished."

THE Emperor William completed his 75th year on Friday. There was no formal court reception of the day, but the Emperor received a large number of persons who presented their congratulations. The city was decorated on the day, and in the evening brilliantly illuminated.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Pall Mall Gazette relates the proceedings in the suit of the United States against Armon, the shipbuilder of Bordeaux, to recover damages for depredations committed by the ram Stonewall Jackson, which escaped from Bordeaux. The case having been decided in favor of the defendant by the tribunal of Zonor, Washburne has now carried an appeal to the court of Cassation.

The Brewing of Soma.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke
Up through the green wood curled;
"Bring honey from the hollow oak,
Bring milky sap," the brewers spoke,
"In thirsty haste of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,
The priests thrust in their role,
First tasted, and then drank their fill,
And shouted with one voice and will,
"Behold the drink of gods!"

They drank, and lo! in heart and brain
A new, glad life began;
The grey of hair grew young again,
The sick man laughed away his pain,
The cripple leaped and ran.

"Drink, mortals, what the gods have sent,
Forget your long annoy;"
So sang the priests. From tent to tent
The Soma's sacred madness went,
A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate
A winged and glorious birth,
Scored upward, with strange joy elate,
Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,
And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land with Soma's praises rang;
On Gihon's banks of shade
Its hymns the dusky maidens sang;
In joy of life or rapt fatalism
All met in Soma's praise.

The morning twilight of the race
Sends down these main psalms;
And still with wondering eyes we trace
The simple prayers to Soma's grace,
That Vedic verse emblems.

As in that child-world's early year,
Each after age has striven
By music, incense, vigils drear,
And trance, to bring the skies more near,
Or lift man up to heaven!—

Some fever of the blood and brain,
Some self-exalting spell,
The scourger's keen delight of pain,
The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell,—

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk
The saner brute below;
The naked Santon, hashish-drunk,
The cloister madness of the monk,
The fakir's torture-show!

And yet the past comes round again,
And new doth old fulfill;
In sensual transports wild as vain
We brew in many a Christian fane
The heathen Soma still!

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian Sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fall thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!

—[Atlantic Monthly.

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

"Oh Yes, sartin! Yes, yes—I believe in dreams," said old Silas Tafton. He took another whiff at his pipe, and then added: "One of the greatest speculations I ever went into came of a dream—a wonderful dream. I'll tell you about it."

You remember, some of you, about the great land speculations here in Maine thirty years ago. Poor men—a very few of them—were made suddenly rich; and rich men were suddenly made poor. I was living then in Grey. One day old Sam Whitney, of Oxford, stopped at our place, and showed us a map of a new town which had been laid out in Sagadahoc. On the map it looked beautiful. There were brooks, and lakes, and broad plains of pine and oak, with streets all laid out, and spots for churches and school houses marked in proper array. I had a cousin living down that way and I concluded to go down and take a look. I found the town of Ellenville, which old Whitney had shown me on his map, to be a wild, worthless track, all rocks and swamp; but on the edge of this track in another township, my cousin owned a piece of land, and I bought a hundred and fifty acres of it, and made me an excellent farm; and for that purchase I was never sorry.

Meantime Ellenville was nearly sold in hundred acre lots. The excitement was at fever heat, and people bought without once coming to look at the land they were purchasing. But by and by the new owners began to look up their property, and you can rest assured that they were a blue set when they were assembled on their territory. Within all the limits of the mapped out township there was not an acre that could be cultivated. On the side that bordered my farm it was a craggy ledge of rocks; and beyond that to the eastward the land settled under the mud and the water of a sunken slough. Some of these lots had been sold as high as one pound an acre, and a few of them even higher than that. One poor fellow, named John Twist, from Vermont, had paid one pound an acre for a lot that bordered on my farm. On the map it had been set down as a magnificent pine forest, with a river upon its border, upon which was a superb water-power. John Twist bought it and paid for it, and when he came to look at it he found it to be a mass of barren rock, with here and there a clump of scrub oak and a few Norway pines, and for a river he found a water course which tumbled melted snow over the crags in the spring, and which was dry most of the year. I did not see the poor fellow when he came to survey his property, but I can imagine how he felt.

After a while, however, the excitement passed off and the sufferers of Ellenville turned their backs upon the grave of their speculative hopes. On my farm I prospered. My land was of the very best quality; my wife was a true helpmate; my crops were abundant; my stock thrived, and I found myself with a goodly pile of money tied up in my stocking.

One evening or in the early morning, after our crops had been garnered, a man riding a sorry-looking nag, pulled up before our door. He was a well-looking man, with a sedate and solemn face, and dressed in black. It was safe enough to conclude that the man was a minister, and so he announced himself. He said he was the Rev. Paul Meekmore; he was a missionary, on a home circuit, and asked shelter for himself and beast for the night. Of course we welcomed him cheerfully, and we were pleased with him. He had traveled extensively, and his conversation was entertaining and instructive. Before he went to bed he read a chapter in the Bible and made a prayer and Betsey said to me after he had retired that she had never heard such a beautiful prayer.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Meekmore was very sedate. He asked a blessing, and then only answered such questions as were asked him. Finally Betsey told him she was afraid he had not slept well. He smiled, and said he had slept very well, saving the spell of a very curious dream which had visited him three separate times during the night. Betsey asked him if he would tell what it was about.

"It was the old dream of hidden wealth," he said, with a solemn look. "I havn't dreamed such a dream before, since by a wonderful dream in South Africa I led to the discovery of a diamond mine worth millions of dollars; and it never profited me a penny. But such wealth is not for me. I need it not. My calling hath higher and holier aims. And yet this poor flesh is sometimes weak enough to lust after the dross of gold and silver!"

By degrees we got from him that he had dreamed of a silver mine among the crags of our hills. This mine seemed to his vision utterly exhaustless in the precious metal; but he could not locate it. Betsey whose curiosity was aroused, would have pushed the matter, but Mr. Meekmore finally shook his head more solemnly than ever, and said that he would rather forget the dream it he could.

When the missionary's horse was at the door, and the owner was prepared to start off, he informed us that he was bound toward the Canada line, and that he might return that way. Of course we told him that our door would be open to him; and he promised that he would abide with us again if he had the opportunity.

In two weeks Mr. Meekmore came back. He had received a summons, he said, from the Home Board to return to Boston and make immediate preparations for a Winter campaign in the West.

The second evening in the society of the reverend gentleman we enjoyed more than we enjoyed the first. His fund of anecdote and adventure was literally exhaustless, and an odor of sanctity and delicacy prevaded all his speech. We urged that he should spend a few days with us, but he could not. He said it would give him great pleasure to do so, but his call to the new field of labor in the West was pressing and imperative.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, our guest was even more sedate and thoughtful than on the previous occasion and when questioned on the matter he told us that he had been visited by the same dream again.

"This time," he said, "The vision came with wonderful distinctness. I not only beheld the vast chambers of virgin silver, but I saw an exact profile of the overlying territory. It was a wild desolate spot, by a deep ravine through which the snow of Winter seemed to find release in Spring, rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark wide-stretching swamp below. This would not impress me so seriously were it not that once before a dream of the same import proved a startling reality."

We conversed further on the subject, and after breakfast Mr. Meekmore took a pencil, and upon the blank leaf of an old atlas he drew a picture of the spot he had seen in his dream; and he pointed out where, beneath the roots of an old, stumpy pine tree, he had seen out-cropping of the precious metal.

He had drawn the picture, he told us, to show us how vivid his dream had been; but he advised us to think no more of it. Even if it were possible that the dream had substance, the body of the mine was far below the surface; and, moreover, the Lord only knew where the spot was located, even allowing that such a spot existed.

For once in my life I had allowed my cupidity to get the better of my outspoken honesty. I allowed the reverend guest to depart, and did not tell that I knew where there was a spot exactly the original of that which he had pictured, even to every rock, shrub, tree and ravine. And that spot was upon the wild lot which had been purchased by John Twist, and which John Twist owned still.

That very afternoon, armed with an old ax and pick. I sailed forth to the rough outside of the Twist lot. I knew exactly where the pictured lot was to be found, and when I had reached it I was more than ever struck by the faithfulness of Mr. Meekmore's draft. The accuracy in detail was wonderful. And when I reflected that this draft had been made by one who was an utter and absolute stranger to the place—made from the simple impression of a dream—is it a marvel that I was strangely influenced. I found the old tree which the reverend dreamer had particularly designed, and went to work at its roots.

And ere long my labors has rewarded. Beneath one of the main roots I found a lump of pure white metal as large as a hen's egg; and upon further chopping and digging I found several more smaller pieces. They had evidently been broken from a molted mass, and upon rubbing off the dirt I found them all pure and bright.

That night I slept but little. I could only lie awake and think of the vast wealth that lay buried in that bleak hillside. But what could I do? The lot was not mine, and I should run great risk if I troubled another man's property. And, moreover, if I made further exploration while the land was not mine, the secret might be divulged and the vast wealth snatched from me. I must purchase the Twist lot, and I had no doubt that I could buy it for a mere song.

On the next day I rode over to see my cousin, and when I had spoken of the Twist lot, he informed me that not only that lot, but a number of others were for sale. They had been advertised, and would be sold at auction in two weeks. He called me a fool when I told him I should bid on the Twist lot; but I told him I had looked it over and made up my mind that my sheep could find plenty of gazing there throughout the Summer months. He asked me if I hadn't already got all the sheep pasture I needed; but I told him he need not trouble himself.

During the next two weeks I kept quiet and held my tongue, giving no opportunity for my secret to become known. On the appointed day I went over to the settlement where the land was to be sold. It was to by put up in hundred acre lots, and sold by the original plans of Whitney purchase. Lot number one was put up first, and sold for one quarter of a cent an acre.

The next lot was the "Twist lot," so called and I heard it whispered that iron and copper had been discovered upon it. A stranger, in jockey clothes, started it at fifty cents an acre. Another stranger, who wore a blue frock and top boots, bid seventy-five.

Then there was more talk about iron and ore. The man in the jockey suit said that he had positive insurance that pure iron ore, had been found in some of the gulches, and he bid one dollar an acre. At this point I entered the contest, and bid one dollar and twenty-five cents—up—up—up twenty-five cents a time, until at length I had bid ten dollars an acre. People called me crazy. Ten dollars an acre was more than the very best land in the whole country was worth. But I held my bid, and kept my own counsel.

And the Twist lot was knocked down to me for just one thousand dollars. The terms were cash. I told them to make out the deed while I went home after the money. And away I rode. I emptied my old stocking of gold and silver, and found nine hundred and fifty dollars. I borrowed the other fifty without trouble at the settlement, and straightway proceeded to the office of the Squire Simpkins where the deed had been made. The instrument was duly signed and sealed, and when the Squire had assured me that the payment of the money would make all fast and safe, I handed over the gold and silver.

I observed that the name of John Twist had been recently signed, and I asked Simpkins if Mr. Twist was present.

"He was here a few minutes ago," said Simpkins, "and will be back again for his money. He's feeling pretty good, I should judge, since he has got rid of his hundred-acre lot for twice as much as it cost him, and for a thousand times more than any sane man would think it was worth."

Half an hour afterwards I called at the Squire's again. Mr. Twist had just gone out with his money.

"There he is now," said Simpkins, just bound off."

I looked out the window, and saw, at the door of the inn, on the opposite side of the way, a tall man, in a bottle green coat, with bright glaring buttons, just mounting a horse. I recognized the man?

"Who is that man?" I asked; he with the green coat and bright buttons?"

"That," said Simpkins, "is Mr. John Twist."

In a moment more the man in the bottle-green coat had ridden away, with his heavy saddle-bags behind him; and buttoned up within that coat I beheld my reverend guest! It rushed upon me that the Rev. Paul Meekmore and John Twist was one and the same person! And this was not all that flashed upon me!

A few days afterward I took my lumps of white metal to a man who was versed in such matters, and asked him what they were. He took the largest lump and tested it, and said:

"Pewter?"

I asked him if pewter was ever dug out of the earth in that shape.

"Well," said he, "seeing that pewter is an alloy of tin and lead, it couldn't be very well dug up, unless somebody had gone and buried it beforehand."

Touching further explanations on my "Twist lot" I will not speak. I will only add that I have an old stocking with half a dozen lumps of pewter in it; and I never look upon it but I am forced to acknowledge that dreams are sometimes very strange and wonderful things.

Greek Brigands.

A letter from Athens in the Magdeburg Gazette says that the Greek capital is now almost blockaded by Greek brigands. "No one dares to go a thousand paces out of the town without an escort, and even then the undertaking is a very dangerous one, for the brigands are concealed behind rocks and in bushes, so that the whole of the escort might be shot down before their hiding place could be discovered. The Chief of these brigands is a man named Spanos, who has been notorious for his daring deeds during the past thirty years, and it may be said that he holds the destinies of Greece in his hands, for no progress is possible so long as the present state of things exists. The insecurity of property prevents the development of agriculture. No one dares to invest capital in land whose produce is sure to be annexed by the brigands. Nearly every day bands of peasants are brought into Athens who have been compelled by the brigands to furnish them with provisions, etc.; and, as the lives of these unfortunate people are threatened when they do not comply with such requisitions, the government only punishes them if they neglect to give information to the authorities. Half of the Greek army has been in pursuit of Spanos for months; but he and his band, which consists of only seventeen, are still close to Athens, and it is even rumored that he has, on several occasions, entered the city with the object of capturing some high personage, whom he would afterward liberate only on the condition of his being given a large ransom and a free pardon. The nature of the territory, and the proximity of the Turkish frontier causes great difficulties to the troops, and they frequently pass hidden caverns and the thick bushes which cover the mountains, without guessing that the brigands are in their immediate vicinity. The shepherds and the peasants are obliged, for their own security, to warn the brigands of the approach of the troops on such occasions. This is done according to a well-developed plan; they either throw stones with hieroglyphics upon them in places agreed upon beforehand, or lay down sticks on which they cut certain marks. If a military detachment enters a village to make inquiries about the brigands, the peasants take their sticks and begin cutting marks upon them, in the first place to record the subject of the conversation, and next to enable the brigands—some of whom are generally posted on a hill in the vicinity with excellent field-glasses—to observe what is going on."

Japanese Self-Identification.

Of the Japanese at Washington the Capital says: "They have a promiscuous way of mixing up their rooms, and the only place they can positively be found is in the elevator. Whenever a Jap is missed at the Arlington or Wormley's he is sure to be found in the elevator. And then the registering of their names makes Mills fairly yell with rage and anguish when he comes to make out their bills. One has to remember that these names are translated, or rather the sound is caught and transferred to our letters, so that every ear gives a different name. After the Jap is registered he takes a copy of the name and puts it in his pocket; when, therefore, his bill is presented he gets out a search-warrant on himself to find that written name, because the pockets of the ancient civilization differed entirely from those of the more modern, so that the poor Jap has first to find his pocket, and generally begins down about the heels, feeling his way up, and exploring all sorts of openings until he hits the recess, which he examines and then goes in search of another. When at last, the slip of paper is found, he falls into a brown study—that looks very much like jaundice—to know whether he really did get the article charged against him. The clerks, however, have simplified the matter. When any one of the Embassy at a hotel takes a drink it is charged to each one of them; sometimes all of them pay for that one drink, sometimes only half, but generally the drink is paid for."

The Watch Swindlers.

The New York Evening Post in an article about the Elliases, says: "Some time ago Elias H. Elias bought at a dry goods auction nine cases of poplins and silks. He sent samples of the goods, accompanied by litographed circulars, to over one thousand retail dry goods dealers, principally in the Western states and territories, offering the goods in moderate quantities at less than one half the regular wholesale rates. The circulars were signed Gould Stuart & Co. Commission Merchants, and numerous remittances were received from duped merchants, who are still waiting for their cheap goods."

Sale of an Interest in Jay Gould.

The N. Y. Sun of Friday says: "Yesterday Mr. J. H. Comer sold to Budd Doble a third share in the famous young trotter, who astonished the trotting world at Buffalo last August, by his wonderful speed. The price paid was $10,000, and it is supposed that the purchaser was made for Mr. H. N. Smith, the owner of Goldsmith Maid. This horse was bought after his race at Buffalo by Mr. George O. Hall, of the Erie Railroad, for $30,000. One-third belonged to him, another to Mr. Jay Gould, and the third to the late Col. Fisk."

CANNIBALISM IN CANADA.

The Obittcebee Indians Eating their Own Families—A Mother, Pressed by Hunger, Sacrifices her Children—In Turn, the Mother Eaten by her Husband and Son—The Old Man Making Food for the Boys.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Sun.

OTTAWA, March 21.—The most astonishing stories of cannibalism at the head waters of the Ottawa were related to me this afternoon by a man whose respectability and veracity are undoubted. For several years past lumbering operations have been conducted in the Ottawa valley with unrivalled enterprise and success, the pine trees becoming more scarce each succeeding season, until at length the lumberers have pushed their way to the head waters of the Ottawa and its tributaries in search of good timber limits.

According as they receded from civilization and carried their operations further north, they began to get a more thorough knowledge of the Indians of the Upper Ottawa, and from time to time almost incredible tales of the tribes to the northwest of Lake Timiscomanque were related by adventurous lumberers and fur traders. Many of their stories were disbelieved and were looked upon as shantymen's yarns without a foundation of truth in them. Especially has it been the case when on two or three occasions it was asserted that among the Obittcebee Indians, a portion of the Algonquin tribe, were to be found cannibals who occasionally, when pressed by hunger, satisfied their appetite by killing some of the younger members of their families, and then eating them. These horrible stories gained no credit, as it had never been established as a fact that any of the tribes of North American Indians were cannibals.

A LUMBERMAN'S STORY.

This winter, however, Mr. Wright, a lumberman, living near Ottawa, had a lumber shanty on one of the tributaries of the Obitteebee Lake, within a day's travel of Fort Timiscomanque, one of the Hudson Bay trading posts, and while on a visit to his limits, from which he has returned, he ascertained the following facts: A camp of Obitteebee Indians was established about ten miles from Mr. Wright's shanty early in the winter, and the squaw with her children—the oldest boy about 14 years of age—came occasionally to the shanty to trade off fur with the foreman for grease and flour. Provisions were scarce at the shanty, as supplies had to be brought such a long distance, and he had to forbid the Indians from coming around the place. As the winter advanced the snow became deep, and game was so scarce that the Indian camp was sometimes without food for two days at a time. Hares, that had been plentiful other years, had been decimated by a disease that had attacked them during the summer, and the Indians were reduced to a state of starvation.

PARENTS EATING THEIR CHILDREN.

The owner of the wigwam returned one evening in January, after an unsuccessful hunt of two days, and found that one of his children had been killed by the squaw, and the family were then satisfying their hunger with part of the flesh, which had been half cooked in a kettle. The old Indian, without asking any questions, joined with the rest in the horrid repast, and satisfied his appetite also. The family lived for three days on the body of the child, and when it was totally consumed, the Indian again started out to hunt, but was unsuccessful. On returning to the camp he drove his tomahawk through the skull of another child himself, and, without ceremony, the squaw proceeded to boil a sufficient quantity of the flesh for a meal.

THE WIFE SACRIFICED TO HUNGER.

The weather grew colder, with more snow, and it was impossible for the Indian to go on another hunt. He singed the hair off some dry beaver skins, and they managed to keep alive until this supply failed. Then, one day when savage with hunger, without warning, he tomahawked the squaw, and he and the boy fed off the carcass for several days. In the meatime the weather cleared up, and the Indian started in the direction of a moose park, several miles from the camp, to try and secure some game; but the snow, though deep, was light, and he could not get within rifle-shot of the deer.

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

After a three days' hunt he returned to the camp, and the boy, who saw that his father had no provisions with him, at once made up his mind that he or the old man had to die. Without waiting to discuss the question with his parent he sent a rifle bullet through his heart, and before the blood had time to cool he was assuaging his terrible hunger with pieces of his father's flesh. He remained in the camp as long as the provision lasted, and then made his way to the shanty, where he related in a mixture of broken French and Indian the facts which we have given above. The men could not believe the horrible tale until the young Indian had confessed it to the priest, who resided at a station several miles down the river.

He also confessed that on one other occasion his sister, a year younger than himself, had been killed and eaten two years previous, when they had not had any game for several days.

THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF A FAMILY.

An Indian, with an unpronounceable name, who camps by himself near the head of the Obitteebee lake, is known and spoken of as the only surviving member of a family of cannibals, and he is shunned and feared by other members of the tribe.

HOW THE CANNIBALS LIVE.

The Obittcebee Indians are described as being tall and stoutly built, with a very forbidding cast of countenance, the squaws being positively repulsive in their appearance. They are lazy and filthy in their habits, make no attempt at tilling the soil, and live entirely by hunting and trapping. They sometimes engage as axemen in the shanties, but seldom remain long, as they will not will not work constantly, and it is as hard to feed one of them as it is to keep six white men. The squaws and children are clothed with a sort of blanket which they make from hare skins, cut into strips, plaited and stitched together in the required shape. Their dwellings in winter are composed of poles, which are stacked in the form of a tent, and covered with birch bark and moss, a fire being built inside in the centre, from which the smoke finds its escape through a hole in the top of the wigwam. As long as game is plentiful, the Indians remain in the same camp; but if a moose is killed at any considerable distance, the camp is moved to that vicinity, and the owners remain there as long as they can find enough to eat.

The above is the substance of what Mr. Wright has heard from his men and from Hudson's Bay fur traders who have been dealing with this extraordinary tribe of Indians, and as incredible as the statement appears to be, he says there are dozens of shanty men at the headwaters of the Ottawa who are willing to testify to the truth of it. The exploratory survey of the route of the proposed Canada Pacific Railroad will pass through the section of country occupied by the Obittcebee, and in another year, or probably in a few months, something more will be known of the manners and customs of these extraordinary Indians.

BONE CAVE.

Relics of a Past People.

A Manchester (Tenn.) paper describes a cave near that city, commonly known as "Bone Cave," from which has been brought, at various times, by boys and other persons who have tried to explore its hidden recesses, human bones of unusual size. The popular legends of the people are to the effect that it is somehow connected with the people or race which created the "Old Stone Fort," that stands a short distance to the west of the town. A few days since, some boys discovered an almost entire human skeleton of mammoth size. The bones of the forearm were nearly twenty inches long, while the bone of the lower part of the leg was longer than an ordinary man's lower limb, foot and all. The jaw bone of this giant would slip over the face of an ordinary man. Stimulated by these discoveries, and a laudable curiosity to learn the secrets of this mysterious cavern, on a recent day, six gentlemen, including the editors of this paper, made the necessary preparations and started out to explore the "bone cave" After an exhilirating walk of two miles through a clear, bracing air, they reached the entrance of the cave, where they divested themselves of their overcoats and lighting their torches, they entered one of the many passages, but after a short scramble, they found further advance stopped by large pieces of rock that had fallen and blocked up the passages. Again they started, and this time they were correct. Going back about 250 feet, they found the passage growing more and more narrow; until they had to go it "snake fashion." At this point they found a sharp descent leading—they know not where, but rocks detached and sent whirling down, reverberated and rebounded until the sound was lost in the distance. After some pounding away of rocks, a passage was made large enough for one man to "squirm" through. A tough, long grape vine was then procured, and turned down, and while the upper end was held by two stalwart men, the senior-editor grasped it and swung off, determined to find the bottom of that cave, China, or—some other place. At a distance of about twenty-five feet they struck bottom, but found it was only on a shelving platform that sloped off and led—no one knew where. Soon other members of the party came down, and explorations commenced. They found themselves in a vaulted chamber about twenty-five feet wide by sixty long, with passages leading in every direction. Following one, they rambled on for forty or fifty feet, and then their appeared one of the most beautiful lakes imaginable. The water clear and sweet, and the ceiling over the water, studed with stalactites reflected back the light of the torches like diamonds. There was no means of ascertaining the size of the lake, for the banks were perpendicular, and it seemed like a peril set in a bed of rocks. Another passage which was explored by B. F. Fleming, was found to extend in a direct line towards the "Old Stone Fort." This passage followed for a distance of nearly two hundred feet, when further progress was stopped by the passage being filled up with debris. The passage looks as if it had been cut from the solid rock by the hand of man, and gives rise to the hypothesis that of some time, far back in the dark ages, the cave was used by a race of mere pigmies, if you like, that built this stone fort and the "mounds," and this underground passage led from the fort to the cave, a mile distant. After a good look at this part of the cave, the party returned to daylight, having been under ground three hours, and traversing over a mile inside of the cave. Then they had a short search in the tunnel known as the "Dead House." Here were found many bones, but all in a state of decomposition and decay. This tunnel or chamber is coated with soft, loose soil to the depth of a foot or more, into which one can plunge a stick with perfect ease, while all of the rest of the cave is solid rock. The soil is supposed to be decayed animal matter—flesh and bones. More explorations are proposed, and an effort will be made to get scientific knowledge of the phenomena.

Ask My Wife.

A correspondent tells the following in the Albany Argus:

Riding a horseback just at night, through the woods in Saginaw county, Michigan, I came into a clearing in the midst of which stood a log house, its owner sitting in the open door smoking a pipe. Stopping my horse before him the following conversation ensued:

"Good evening, sir," said I.

"Good evening."

"Can I get a glass of milk of you to drink?"

"Well, I don't know. Ask the old woman."

By this time the wife was standing by his side.

While drinking it I asked:

"Think we are going to have a storm?"

"Well, I really don't know. Ask the woman—she can tell."

"I guess we shall get one right away," said the wife.

Again I asked:

"How much land have you got cleared here?"

"Well, I really don't know. Ask the old woman—she knows."

"About nineteen acres," said she, again answering.

Just then a troop of children came running and shouting around the corner of the shanty.

"All those your children?" said I.

"Don't know. Ask the old woman—she knows."

I didn't wait to hear her reply, but drew rein and left immediately.

The Whipping-Post in England.

Two years ago the House of Commons introduced and passed a measure providing for corporal punishment by the common hangman in cases of garroting and robberies, with violence, from the person. An account of the prisoners flogged has just been issued. Only the initals of the convicts are given, with the nature, reason, and amount of the punishment, the persons by whom it was ordered, and those by whom it was witnessed. In the seven years covered by the return, 5,614 floggings were administered in England and Wales. The great instrument is still the birch, and boys are its chief subjects. Most of the boys thus birched were over ten years of age; the majority seem to be between 11 and 14. There are, however, a considerable number at eight and nine; about a couple of dozen at seven years of age, and one small incorrigible who stands in the catalogue as only four—which we are inclined to hope is a misprint for 14. He is down as having been sentenced at the Marylebone police court in April last, and as having received ten stripes with the birch. The more formidable instrument of punishment is, of course, only used for older criminals. The "cat" appears to be used in about one case in fifty. In 178 cases it had been administered under the powers of the act of 1864. It is a noteworthy fact that since garrotters have been sentenced to floggings the offence has almost disappeared from the criminal records of England.

"BURNT love-letters" is the latest fashionable tint.

PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS.

MONDAY, March 25.—SENATE.—A bill for the relief of certain officers in the navy was passed. A bill was introduced to construct and aid in rebuilding levees on the Mississippi River, and incorporating the Mississippi River Levee and Telegraph Company with a capital of ten millions, to construct levees and a line of telegraph from Cape Girardeau, Mo., to Fort Jackson, La., on both sides of the river, free from taxation, and with a land grant of twenty-five sections per mile along the line of said levees. The bill for the sale of the marine hospital and grounds in San Francisco passed; also bills relative to the entry and clearance of ferry-boats and of bonded cars passing from one state to another through foreign contiguous territory, to establish a collection district in Duluth, Minn., and to make St. Paul, Minn., a port of entry; for the enlargement of the St. Mary's Falls canal; appropriating $70,000 to deepen the St. Clair flats canal to 16 feet. The bill to facilitate commerce with China, Japan, and other countries in Asia, was taken up, but pending its consideration the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned.

MONDAY, March 25.—HOUSE.—Under the call of the states for bills, a considerable number of bills were introduced and referred. The bill to enable honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, their widows and their children to secure a homestead on public lands. Agreed to without yeas and nays. A joint resolution for the erection of a colossal statue of the Late Admiral Farragut in Farragut square, in the city of Washington, at a cost not exceeding $20,000 was reported from committee and passed. Adjourned.

TUESDAY, March 26.—SENATE.—Mr. Robertson introduced a bill to secure uniformity in the gauge of the railroads in the United States. The House bill making tea and coffee free was taken up and discussed. Amendments including salt and coal were offered and rejected. Mr. Morton then offered as an amendment to the the pending House bill the whole of the tariff bill reported from the Senate Finance Committee, excepting the provisions of tea and coffee. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, offered the free list in the Senate bill as a substitute for Mr. Morton's amendment, which was adopted—yeas 34, nays 13. Mr. Wright moved to add the conditions of the Finance Committee's bill reducing the duties ten per cent. on textile fabrics and manufactures of iron, steel, earthenware, glassware, leather and India rubber. Agreed to—yeas 32, nays 17. Several other notices of amendments were given, and the Senate adjourned.

TUESDAY, March 26.—HOUSE.—No business of importance was transacted in the House.

WEDNESDAY, March 27.—SENATE.—Bills were introduced to incorporate the National Union Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Industrial Training School, and confirming entries by actual settlers on railway grants, where the same have been allowed through mistake of government officers. Bills prohibiting the enlistment of minors in the military service of the United States without the consent of parents or guardians, and requiring all votes for representatives in Congress to be by ballot, were reported back from committee without amendment. The St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad bill was called up, and, after some discussion, the House amendments were rejected—ayes 16, nays 35. Mr. Cassedy offered an amendment providing that sections along the line of the road shall be entitled, at their option, either to receive back from the United States the money paid on or for