CANNIBALISM UNDOUBTED.

Graphic Recital of a Survivor as to the Mode of Obtaining Human Flesh.

TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF THE INDULGENCE.

Greely's Narrative of the Explorer's Doings in the Frozen North.

A Portsmouth, N. S., despatch says: One of the junior officers of the Thetis says: "Here, on this very spot, one of the survivors held us through all one night talling, if words can tell, of his first taste of human flesh. He would give years from his life to forget it, but, he said, the first taste, the sensation of having between his teeth the flesh of one who had often been his friend, was with him always. Waking or sleeping, he seemed to feel his lips pressing the smooth, flabby meat that must be choked down somehow if he would live. And then the inhuman, savage way of getting it! Each feeder upon such food must rend off his own shreds of flesh. No friend could be found to perform this horrible office. Every man, if he would eat, must of necessity be his own butcher, and these cannibalistic orgies, these midnight feasts, were secret. The little beaten path, worn smooth between the graveyard and the wretches' tent, told its own tale. But every dweller in that tent shut his eyes and refused to see. Body after body was stripped of flesh, but none of those that trod that little path dared speak of this. No man asked a question at the two common sight of a starving wretch creeping up to the only fire at midnight, carrying in his hand a strip of flesh. As he thrust this into the flame on the end of a pointed stick no one of his companions says a word. And when tearing the smoking flesh with his teeth he lies down and another of the would be sleepers rises up and goes silently down that mysterious path, knife in hand, it is easy to guess his horrid purpose. And the after effects of these ghastly feasts were as awful as the descent upon the mangled corpses. The bare thought of what they had eaten brought on nausea, and in their weak state the stomach refused to retain this human flesh. Is it wonderful that these men will carry that sensation of chewing human flesh forever? 'I hope and pray I may forget it when I die,' was the only prayer the wretched cannibal could truly pray. It was his heaven of heavens to forget that awful, sickening taste."

Lieut. Greely, in an interview to-night denied that there was any difference between him and Kislingbury; on the contrary, he had promoted him. Greely admitted that late events showed cannibalism to have been practised in his camp, but declared again that it was done secretly and without his consent and contrary to his discipline. Greely further said, "Since my return from Newburyport every one of my men has called upon me. They came in a body and assured me emphatically that they knew nothing about the condition of the bodies of their fallen comrades, and each solemnly swore that he was innocent. Perhaps those died who fed upon the bodies of those who died before, but this is only supposition. I can but answer for myself. For days and weeks I lay on my back unable to move in an enfeebled condition. If one or more fed upon human flesh it was beyond my control and certainly beyond my knowledge. I know I have been criticized for not telegraphing the fact of the shooting of Henry as soon as I arrived at St. John, but you must remember I was in a wretched condition, both in body and mind. I was in a quandary whether I would be tried for murder, as Henry was shot on my own responsibility and not by order of a regular court-martial."

Since the exhumation of Kislingbury's remains a diligent examination has been made of the intestinal portions, with the result that evidence has been gathered that deceased must also have been a partaker of human flesh.

One of the crew of the Bear, whose name for very obvious reasons is withheld, gave a reporter the following interview this morning: He was one of the parties which removed the dead bodies from the graves behind the Greely camp. The burial place where the bodies were reported found was in the rear of the so-called "summer tent," and distant about 30 or 50 yards. Four of the five men whose bodies were reported as washed away are said to have died in June, as follows: Coop, sailor, June 3; Surgeon Pavy, June 6; Sergt Gardner, June 12; Private Bender, June 16. It is admitted that the bodies of Lieut Kislingbury and Schneider were not buried.

When asked as to the fate of Dr. Pavy, who is reported to have died of starvation, the sailor said:

"That story about the doctor having starved to death is all wrong. He was court-martialled three times and at last committed suicide. The skeleton found without a head was that of Dr. Pavy."

"In what condition were the remains of Dr. Pavy when you found them?"

"We found the bones scattered all over the ice. They were gathered together and placed in a blanket, and the bones were so light that it was easy to carry the loaded blanket with one hand in taking the bundle down to the boat. There were marks of a knife on several of the doctor's bones where the flesh had been cut off."

"Did you find anything that led you to believe others were shot as well as Private Henry?"

"Yes; we picked up the bodies of two men who were found later to have been court-martialled and shot. One of the dead we found on the ground with the limbs tied to the body. It was the body of a little fellow of dark complexion. A sailor opened the mouth and the teeth proved to be as black as coal, and we were satisfied the man had been suffering from scurvy. We examined the body closely and found that no flesh had been cut from it, probably owing to the fact that the poor fellow was diseased when he was put out of the way."

"What do you mean by 'put out of the way?'"

"Why, I mean that the unmistakable mark of pistol shots were discovered on the body of the man. All of the party examined these marks and were horrified to find them, considering the condition the man must have been in when he was shot."

"How many from your knowledge would you say had been washed away?"

"The only one who met his death from drowning was the Eskimo White, out searching for game, as I learned from one of the survivors; his canoe was dashed against a cake of ice and upset and the man sank with his boat."

"What do you believe has become of the other bodies reported to have been washed away, aside from that of the native and Dr. Pavy?"

"I obtained sufficient proof to convince me beyond a doubt that all reported missing except the native served as food for the survivors who were crazed by starvation. At present I do not care to give my name to you, but as soon as I am discharged, which will be in a short time, I shall be ready to appear as a witness in any investigation which may come up."

"How do the other sailors on the Bear express themselves?"

"Well, they are afraid to talk now, but at first they were chatting about the horrible thing all day long. We have been given the tip to keep our mouths shut, and as it is as much as our bread and butter is worth at this time, of course we obey orders. You would not have got a word from me if you had not promised to keep my name out of the papers. In a short time all of us will be only too happy to tell everything we know."

GREELY'S STATEMENT.

Greely to-day narrated the circumstances leading to their settlement at Lady Franklin Bay. It was on the day the Proteous left them, August 28th, 1882, that they had the first touch of Arctic winter. They then commenced the making of their house, and it was finished about a week after. This life was then varied by scientific observations, camp routine and fun, and while they remained there they did not suffer from *ennui*. On the 15th of October the sun left them for 138 days, and twilight, varying from half-hour to twenty-four hours, succeeded. For two months it was so dim that a dial watch could not be read. On April 11th the sun came above the horizon and remained 135 days. The thermometer registered on June 30th 82°, the highest temperature at Lady Franklin Bay which we knew during our stay; the lowest was in February, 1882, 66° below. As far as Greely could observe, no crackling sound accompanied the displays of aurora borealis, and the general shape was that of a ribbon. The southwesterly horizon was the quarter in which the brightest displays were seen. Sir George Nares reported in 1876 that no shadow was cast by the aurora, but Greely says he distinctly observed his shadow cast by it. There were no electrical disturbances save those manifested by the rumbling of distant thunder heard twice far away to the north. Perhaps the greatest surprise to the expedition was taking from Lake Alexander, a fresh water lake 45 feet above the sea level, a four-pound salmon. From the bay or sea only two very small fish were taken during the entire two years, and very few were to be found north of Cape Sabine. On the trip of 1882 Lockwood reached the highest altitude ever attained—83 deg. 25 min. This was about 300 miles directly north of Lady Franklin Bay, but to get there he travelled over 1,000 miles. Open water and broken packs frequently caused him to retrace his steps for fifty miles. In February, 1883, preparations for a retreat were made by establishing a depot at Cape Baird, twelve miles south. Day after day the anxious men looked off over Lady Franklin Bay expecting the ice to open so that they might commence the journey home. At last, August 19th, 1883, the welcome news that the ice was open was brought. All had been made ready, and that very day the party embarked in the little steam launch. Behind them they left the dogs, as they could not be taken, and four barrels of pork. Some seal oil was left for the animals. The retreat was marked with great privations and sufferings caused by the contact with ice-floes, and the boats were several times almost lost. Caught in an ice pack and frozen fast, they were compelled to abandon their steam launch ten miles south of Cape Hawkes, and in thirteen days they drifted wenty-five miles southward on floes, suffering horrioly from cold. On the 22nd September they were at the mercy of a terrible Arctic gale and tempest tossed; their sufferings were beyond description; though on September 20th they gained land at Esquimaux Point, where they wintered. From that day their starvation sufferings began, which were only ended by death to some and deliverance to a few.

MANITOBA WHEAT.

A System of Grading for the Northwest.

A Winnipeg despatch of the 12th inst., to the New York *Tribune*, says: The Canadian Pacific Railway authorities have made excellent arrangements for the marketing of the enormous crops of grain growing this year in Manitoba and out 400 miles from Winnipeg along the Saskatchewan. The Inspector will have headquarters at Port Arthur. The samples of grain prepared by him will be sent to every station agent along the main line and branches of the road, and wheat brought in by farmers will be graded by that standard. This will protect the seller as against the buyer. If the farmer is dissatisfied with the grading put upon his wheat by the latter, he may call upon the agent to produce the type sample, and both must abide by it. To further protect the farmer, telegraphic bulletins giving current prices in the principal markets of Canada and the States will be posatd at every station daily. There will bee brisk competition among buyers this fall. Where there was one buyer last year there will be five this year, and any attempt on their part to form a pool will be defeated by the safeguards thrown around the farmers by the railroad company. The Canadian Pacific is now putting the best and most improved cleaning machines that money can buy into their huge elevators at Port Arthur.

During the prevalence of cholera in Italy in 1867, many of the carabineers and soldiers who went to succor the afflicted villages were killed by the peasants under the delusion that they came to poison them. If the cholera again appears this autumn, the peasants threaten to renew hostilities with the military.

The heart of a Greenland whale is a yard in diameter.

Latest from Scotland.

Mr. H. W. Scott, of Balgay, will be a candidate for the representation of Dundee at the general election.

Arrangements are in progress for the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Aberdeen on the 28th inst., where they will present new colors to the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders.

Mrs. Tarbat, of Forfar, has succeeded in rearing and domesticating a swallow—an exceedingly difficult thing to do. The bird obeys her call, and treats her with the utmost confidence.

It would appear that Mr. Gladstone's visit to Mid-Lothian is to be followed by a political tour in Scotland in September on the part of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. The Conservative leaders are to address meetings in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen.

Speaking on July 29th, at the dinner of the Governors of the Edinburgh Merchant Company, Lord Young referred to the great decrease of crime in Scotland, which, he said, was now less than when the population was one-half what it is at present. This happy state of matters His Lordship attributed to the spread of education.

Landed estates are at present quite a drug in the Scotch market. One week recently eight estates were exposed to auction in Edinburgh, and there was not a bid for one of them. They were: Balhaldies, Perthshire, at £30,000; Rossie, Perthshire, at £18,000; Rossie Ochil, Perthshire, at £24,000; Colzium and Wester Cairns, Midlothian, £27,000; Drongan, Ayrshire; Soutramains, Haddingtonshire; Cattonside, Roxburghshire; Belhaven, Haddingtonshire; besides several small estates near Lochmaben belonging to the Marquis of Queensberry.

THE DEAD DUKE.

His Career and Who Will be His Successor—The Life of the Latter Blighted by a Scandal.

A London cablegram says: The sudden death from heart disease of the Duke of Wellington as he was entering a railway train at Brighton yesterday has caused a sensation in society circles, and recalls the death of his illustrious father, the Iron Duke, which occurred almost as suddenly, in 1852, at Walmer Castle. The duke who has just died was 77 years old, and childless. He was married in 1829 to Lady Elizabeth Hay, who was the daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a celebrated beauty, but the union was never blessed with children. The present death raises to the ducal dignity the eldest living nephew of the late duke, Henry Wellesley, a lieutenant-colonel in the Grenadier Guards and formerly a member of Parliament for Andover. The new heir presumptive is the new duke's younger brother, Lieut.-Col. Arthur Charles Wellesley, of the Grenadier Guards, whose domestic life has been clouded by a sad scandal. He was married twelve years ago to Miss Kathleen Williams, by whom he has had three children, now aged respectively 11, 8 and 5 years. After a few years of marital propriety, the dashing grenadier became enamored of Kate Vaughn, a pretty and popular *danseuse* at the Gaiety Theatre. Last summer he accompanied her upon her provincial tour, and the scandal became so notorious that Mrs. Wellesley had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce on the ground of adultery. The climax of Col. Wellesley's infatuation for the pretty dancer was reached a few weeks ago, when he took her to Paris and made her his wife. As there is now but one life between Col. Wellesley and the dukedom, it is not at all impossible that the whilom queen of the ballet may yet wear the coronet of a duchess.

FRANCO-CHINESE WAR.

Great Excitement in Britain Over the Alleged Declaration of Hostilities.

A London despatch of last (Sunday) night says: There is great excitement in the city over the Franco-Chinese question. War between France and China, according to the intelligence of yesterday morning, is declared; and everybody here dreads serious international and trade complications sure to be involved. France's task is considered very difficult. If she fight by land she must send 40,000 men at a moment when Toulon—her great port of debarkation—is useless. If she fight by sea she will have to attack great ports, and in this way will interfere wish both German and English trade, and, perhaps, lead to the sacrifice of English and German lives by exasperated Chinese mobs. M. Ferry's position, despite the splendid triumphs of his strategy at the Versailles Congress, is made difficult by the holy horror of all France of war, and by the utter unscrupulousness of his opponents, who, on Friday, when the vote of credit was under consideration, resorted to the worst forms of filibustering, twice trying to wreck the session of the Chamber by breaking up the quorum. The best point in the situation for France is the acquisition of Kelung. All her naval operations in Chinese waters have hitherto been terribly hampered by her being compelled to resort to the English or Chinese for coal, as they had all the mines in their hands. But Kelung has the finest coal mines in Asia. The chances of the conflict are the subject of the usual amount of discordant calculations. The *Times* correspondent at Foo Chow declares that the Chinese are utterly unprepared for conflict, and that their entrance into the quarrel is the result of the terrible ignorance of their rulers.

The harbor of Canton has been blockaded with torpedoes.

Two Eccentric Peers.

A London cablegram says: The two Peers who have just died suddenly were among the most eccentric of their order. Lord Lauderdale, disappearing for years, was finally discovered acting as a baggage porter on a railway line. The Duke of Wellington was chiefly remarkable for his fierce quarrels with his illustrious father. Once the old Duke was condoled with by a friend because of a caricature of him in a comic paper. His reply in the presence of his hapless son was that the only caricature that annoyed him was that—pointing to his heir. The point of this remark was that the son bore an extraordinary but grotesque likeness of his father. He had the hooked nose and the high cheek bones, but all this was rendered frightful by a small and weak chin and thin, irresolute jaw.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Seasonable Dresses, Extravagant and Economical.

A BUSINESS THAT NEVER GETS DULL

Essence of Roses.

One of the old-fashioned flavors, too little used nowadays, is the rosewater, or essence of rose. It used to find a place in every closet, and was a constant and valuable adjunct in cooking. It is too bad that so delicate a flavor should be allowed to be crowded to one side by the more positive and assertive flowers which reign supreme at present. One may, with a little care, make a rose preparation for flavoring that shall be much nicer than the distilled rosewater. It is a southern rule, one that is in high favor with the women in that portion of the country, where cooking is regarded as one of the fine arts. It is given by Stuart Smith. Gather leaves from fragrant roses, taking care not to bruise the delicate petals; fill a pitcher with them, and cover them with French brandy; the next day pour off the brandy, take out the leaves and fill the pitcher with fresh ones, and return the brandy; repeat this process until the brandy is strongly impregnated with the rose; then bottle it. The pitcher should be kept closely covered during the entire process, that none of the aroma may escape. Ladies who have rose gardens can utilize the blossoms in this way. Of course, it goes without saying that only the fragrant varieties are of use for this purpose.

Fashion in Silverware.

The fashion in silverware just now is not only that of antique designs, but the real antique, says the San Francisco *Alta*, even though it be of unknown history and has seen the world from the shelves of the bric-a-brac dealer, is used by those who love beauty and antiquity under any small amount of rust and the grime of time. Wedding gifts in antique silver are considered *recherche*, and are valued more if they can be truly endowed with an interesting and old-world history. This mode has rather the air of buying one's heirlooms and giving them as presents. At the same time fashion decrees that it is the thing to do and it is done. One may polish it up, or not, as one chooses, before presenting it.

A Staple Business.

One branch of trade, says the Albany *Journal*, shows no effects of the panic. "I am a manufacturer of babies' caps," said a New York merchant, "and I regard it as the most staple business in the country. Babies are coming into the world all the time, and every mother will stint herself before she denies her infant a cap. No panics interfere with my business."

Some Dresses Seen in London.

At a recent gathering in London the following dresses were seen:

A skirt of white tulle over satin; the front of the dress covered with flounces of lace, and at one side a carelessly knotted sash of blue satin, with a cluster of fragrant June lilies; the low bodice of tulle and lace, with a silver trimmed white satin corselet; bracelets of pale blue satin clasped the arms above the elbow, and the wearer carried a monster bouquet of lilies and foliage, with sash ends of ribbon to match.

Another was composed of clouds of crimson tulle and a corselet bodice of satin, bordered with a passementerie of shaded and dead gold beads.

Lady Constance Howard was in dark blue tulle and satin, with trimmings of scarlet poinsettas; a tiara of diamond stars in the hair.

Lady Buchanan wore black lace over white satin, relieved by pale blue feathers, diamond brooches on the bodice and in the hair. The low berthes, which were generally worn, were in some instances literally trimmed with diamonds in chains of single stones festooned from the shoulders and fastened in the centre of the chest by a large brooch with riviere drops. One lady in a handsome toilet of white terry velvet and satin displayed no less than fourteen diamond brooches of all sizes and of fantastic shapes on the lace covered berthe of her bodice.

A noticeable dress was of black net over satin, arranged as a ballet skirt; the upper one was scattered with closely placed groups of small cherries of yellow chenille hanging by their stalks and one or two dull green leaves; on the skirt was a large cluster of orange-hued ostrich tips, which also were placed on the right shoulder of the low-cut black satin bodice, and again at the edge of the basque.

Two sisters wore black tulle skirts and satin bodices, both being trimmed with red birds and long loops of scarlet velvet. The very short sleeves were merely of folded tulle, fastened on the top of the shoulder by a solitaire diamond stud, and the bodice had no sort of tucker; on the left shoulder and on the back of the skirt, which was edged with a very thick ruche, was a large-sized orange-hued bird, and the blue feather fan had also a bird in the centre. Tulle was much affected by married ladies as well as by quite young girls; indeed, every other dress was of this material, with bodice of velvet or satin. Many of the bodices were outlined with colored beads, with several rows festooned on the arms and carried around the berthe.

Miss Bigelow, an American belle, wore a charming dress of the palest apricot tulle; it was beautifully draped and devoid of all trimming; the only addition was a knot of tea-scented roses, attached to a palm-leaf fan and fastened with loosely-tied ribbons.

Extravagance in Dress.

The expenditure for dress is extravagant or not, according as the indulgers can't or can well afford it. Hard times have not appreciably lessened the display of costly clothes. A few of the wearers in former years have disappeared, but their places are taken by fresh dressers. On the whole there is no deterioration. I was chatting on this subject with an operator in Long Branch real estate, when a particularly fine equipage rolled past. In it sat a middle aged woman with all the repose of a duchess. I asked who she was. "Mrs. Connolly, the dressmaker," he replied, "or Mme. Connolly, as she puts it. She does business in New York and has a summer branch of it here. She is the owner of six houses, ranging from exceedingly handsome villas down to no lower than pretty fine cottages, and worth in the aggregate $200,000. That represents only a part of her immense wealth, all acquired by decorating the women of New York within ten years. I am agent for several insurance companies, and, upon my word, I sometimes feel that I ought to charge Mrs. Connolly a higher premium than other persons. Why? Because it seems to me that some day the husbands and fathers of her customers are going to get revenge by burning her property—and that makes it extra hazardous, don't you see?" But if those husbands and fathers stop to think that the loss will all figure in subsequent bills they will see the futility of arson in any scheme of vengeance.—*Long Branch letter in Galveston News.*

Small Economies.

We do not honestly think, says a writer on small economies, women, as a rule, are extravagant in large things, and they will cheerfully make large sacrifices; but in small things they do not usually find economy pleasant. This proceeds chiefly from ignorance, false shame, and, in extreme cases, from idleness. Mistresses far too often do not know how to make the most of things, though, as far as their lights go, they will use them themselves, and oblige those connected with them to do likewise. Then, again, these petty economies are so small that one dreads to encounter the cook's face of horror at such unheard-of meanness. The things are so petty! What difference can they make? The whole thing would not save sixpence in the 24 hours, etc. Granted; but look through your accounts and see how your money goes. It is mostly carried off by odd sixpences, that at the time seem almost too unimportant to consider. None, until they try, realize how tiny sums will mount up in a short space of time, and how far scraps will go in making dainty dishes, tempting to eat and saving the butcher's book. It is just in these small economies that French women are such splendid managers. They know exactly how far everything will go, and have no false shame at any management that will save even a penny.

It is a mistake to keep pieces of stale bread in an earthen jar, as it will surely mould. It should be put into an open dish and covered with a wire-cover or coarse muslin. It will then dry and keep sweet till required.

When a woman boasts that she has spent the leisure of ten years in making tapestry backs for four chairs, it is fair to conclude she has not found the portion of work that belongs to her in this world, and that somebody else is doing it.

The low corsages of young ladies' evening dresses are now seen with full gathered waists and full sleeves in the simple fashions worn twenty years ago. These are called baby-waists, and are worn with a wide sash tied behind. The fulness is gathered to a band of insertion and lace around the top, and again below to a belt.

The jaunty jackets of light cloth with braided borders now imported for extra wraps at the sea-side are made quite short and plain behind to lie smoothly on the tournure, and the fronts are longer and pointed.

Feminine Fancies.

"Dear me, look at this," said a fashionable young lady in a blue Jersey and a poke bonnet with a white feather, as she paused with her friend to look into the window of a store. "See the cunning little frog sitting under an umbrella," said she, indicating the well-known picture of a toad quietly seated beneath a toadstool.

The English royal family sets an excellent example to the public in the neatness with which its young girls are always dressed. Recently at a Marlborough House garden party the three "Wales" Princesses wore simple gray foulards with black sashes and round black hats, and the daughters of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia were dressed in white and black trimmings. On Saturday, when the cousins met again at the Coombe House representation of "As You Like It" the English ones wore gray tailor-made dresses and the Germans gray silk, all having simple black jackets and hats.

SHOCKING INHUMANITY.

Maniacs Chained in Outhouses for Years—Only at Death is the Tale Told.

A Philadelphia despatch says: The State Board of Charities has issued a circular to the medical profession of the State, informing them that within the past year two instances of cruel treatment of insane patients in the charge of private individuals have come to the knowledge of the Board. In one case an old man was found naked in an outhouse in a very secluded part of the State, where he had been confined for over thirty years, chained by the leg. In the other case neither the public nor the Board had any knowledge of the inhumanity practiced upon another old man who had likewise been chained for over a quarter of a century, and not until his death were the particulars brought out. The object of the Board is to find out if any such cases are known or believed to exist, and if so the physicians are requested to send them to the State hospitals for the insane.

A Crank on Loyalty to Native Land.

Our esteemed crank friend says: "Do you ever read poetry? Did you ever read that piece in which this runs

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?

Well, now, there does breathe such a man. I'm the man. I don't care a cent about my native land, and if there were no human lives involved I would not give one dime to prevent it being sunk under the sea and wiped off the face of the earth. The land for me is the land where I can earn the best living with the greatest degree of comfort to myself. I had nothing to do with selecting my native land, and it possesses no more interest for me than do the clothes I have worn out or the corns I cut off my feet. I never hear a man blowing about his native land but I feel like getting up on my hind legs and asking him why, if he thinks so much of it, he ever left it, and why he does not go back. The land I live in is the land I'm shouting for." It is very depressing to find a soul so utterly devoid of poetry.—*London Advertiser.*

No sooner has California succeeded in convincing the East that it is not desolated by grasshoppers, than information comes that large areas of Texas have been made "verdureless deserts" by the ravages of prairie dogs.