

# The Daily Morning Astorian

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## CANNIBALISM IN THE ARCTIC.

The Greely Party Subsist on the Flesh of Dead Comrades.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12. The Times has a two column double headed article, giving a few new points in the Greely expedition, showing that the horrors have not all been told. The article says: "With documents now in the possession of the navy department at Washington added to the record of miserable human suffering already published in connection with the ending of the Greely relief expedition, the most shocking stories of inhumanity and cannibalism. All the facts have been in possession of Chandler for nearly three weeks, but so closely have they been guarded, and so strictly have the naval officers and sailors maintained the silence imposed upon them that not even an inkling of the true and horrible condition of affairs has yet reached the public ear. For the sake of humanity and the American people the army authorities are endeavoring to keep the matter hushed, but in an official investigation, which is almost sure to come, the facts, in all probability, will come out.

THE HORRORS OF CANNIBALISM. The sufferings and privations of the men in their canvas hut during the long, bitter winter have not half been told. It has been published that after game gave out, early in February, they lived principally on sealskins, lichens and shrimps. As a matter of fact they were kept alive on human flesh.

When the rescuing party discovered the half starved survivors their first duties were to look for the two men who were insensible from cold and privations, even to the point of death. One of them, Gorman, was wild in his delirium. "Oh! he shrieked, as the sailors look hold of him to lift him, tenderly, 'don't let them shoot me as they did poor Henry! Must I be killed and eaten as Henry was? Don't let them do it! Don't, don't!"

The sailors were horrified, but at once reported the man's words to Commander Schley. After a short investigation he felt satisfied that the poor fellow was speaking the truth, and that some of the men who perished had been stripped of their flesh, to keep their surviving comrades alive.

SCHLEY MAKES AN INVESTIGATION. Schley prepared to make thorough work of it. When the horrible reality was brought out before an investigating committee he did not propose to have it rest solely on his own oral testimony. He instructed two or three gentlemen, among whom was Dr. Ames surgeon of the Bear, to make a careful examination, and put their conclusions in writing. This was done, and the reports are now in the hands of the navy department.

Lieutenant Greely was decidedly averse to having the bodies of the buried men disturbed. He thought it wise, as they had been buried so long, to let them remain in their Arctic graves. Commander Schley did not agree with him, and the bodies were dug from their graves in a little hill just back of the permanent camp established in October 1883. Most of the blankets contained nothing but a heap of white bones, many of them picked clean. The remains could be identified by marks on the blankets.

By inquiries Commander Schley discovered that many of the seven men who are said to have perished from starvation had been eaten by their famished comrades. It was the one last resort provided supplies had not arrived. Death stared the hungry crazed men in the face, but there was hope if life would hold out for even a few weeks.

It is reported that the only men who escaped the knife were three or four who died of the scurvy. The amputated limbs of men who afterward perished were eagerly devoured as food.

HENRY KILLED AND EATEN. Chas. B. Henry's death was particularly tragic. He was a young German without friends or relatives in this country, and joined Company E, Fifth Cavalry, in Cincinnati. His friends tried to dissuade him from going on the expedition, but his spirit of adventure was aroused by tales of Arctic exploits, and he determined to go. Driven despair by his frightful hunger, Henry saw an opportunity to steal a little more than his share of the rations, and he made the attempt. He was found out and shot for his crime. In the published official report the death of this man was set down as having occurred in June. When the body was found his hands and face, though shrunken, were intact and recognizable, but nearly everywhere else the skin had been stripped from him, and the flesh picked from the bones. Even his heart and lungs were eaten by his comrades. One rib was found shattered by a bullet ball; to another small fragments of lead were attached. A bullet hole was found in the skin. The body was in this condition when it was interred in Cypress Hill cemetery last Saturday. The letter his friend, Robert D. Oberfelder of Sydney, Neb., is looking for will probably never come to light.

THE MATTER KEPT SECRET. Whether the four bodies which were swept out to sea and never recovered would have added further evidence to this story of horrible cannibalism, can not be learned now, though papers in the possession of the navy department give all the particulars as told by the survivors. At first they were loth to talk of the horrible experience they had passed through, but after promises of absolute secrecy, their evidence was all taken in writing. Lieutenant Greely said he wished the men had been rescued by the army instead of the navy.

Of course it was impossible to keep the actual state of affairs from the crew, but absolute silence was imposed on them. The officers were not allowed to talk of what occurred in their presence. One man, who openly spoke in the mess room about the

inhumanity of using fragments of human flesh as bait for shrimps was openly reprimanded. Not one word of the facts was given to anybody until Commander Schley made his report to Secretary Chandler. A Times reporter questioned a few of the officers on the relief ships, as they made fast to their moorings at the navy yard last evening. Some of them answered flatly that the bodies of the dead soldiers were not at all mutilated when they were found and scattered all over the camp. Others admitted that the bodies were shocking to look upon, but attributed it to storm and sea. The eating story they believed to be a sailor's yarn. The remains of the men were wrapped in clothes, as soon as possible after they were dug up, and some of the party did not see them at all.

What Bill Arp Says.

The rewards of labor are mighty good and sure. Here I set in my piazza and look over my farm and see the wheat and the oats all in a strut and waving so beautiful in the breeze and I feel proud and serene for I sowed that wheat myself and helped to prepare the land, and it is my wheat and my oats and come honestly and wasn't made out of somebody else, and it does me good to cut a few choice heads and bunch 'em and take 'em to town and show the folks what I can do. It beats money made by luck all to pieces, and so I don't walk in my garden and digging the potatoes I planted and working them ever so nice and bringing them in the house to show to my wife and hear her say "they are very fine." She never says much on that line, she don't, but a little goes a great ways with me. She never indulges in rapture, she never uses adjectives to any excess, such as lovely, exquisite, splendid and the like, but I know what she thinks of anything, just as well as if she did. I'm going to get her a mess of raspberries today, the first of the season, and I'll surprise her with 'em at dinner time. She likes them.

Women like these little thoughtful attentions. They are like oil on the axle, and makes the machinery run smooth. But then there ought to be a little money to mix up with such things. Money is a good domestic lubricator itself. A man feels more like a gentleman with some change in his pocket, and he ought to always have a dollar or so just to feel of. It stiffens him up and keeps him from feeling like a vagabond. And a woman wants some too. When a pedler comes along with tinware or a wagon load of jugs, or the Gypsies come along with lace or the book agent comes along with pictures, and besides it is such a dignified comfort to have a little hid away for the children when they are just obliged to have something to wear and don't want to ask papa for the money, for he is so hard run and talks so poor all the time.

This is the kind of money that goes for all it is worth. Money that comes hard, money that is earned. Even woman does not prize money when she has booties of it and has every want supplied. Folks must be cramped to be happy. They must have something to stimulate them. Something to provoke economy and industry, and I'm thankful we've always had these stimulants at my house.

Never in the history of mining excitements in Idaho Territory has there been so flat a collapse as now prevails in Coeur d'Alene at this writing. And to what must we attribute the present state of affairs? There are many men here who will tell you decisively that towards fall a great many more mines will be open and producing, and that a large amount of prospecting work will be going on, on the creek claims and on the quartz lodes, which will put business on a good footing once more. There is more or less of truth in all these statements. That gold exists in paying quantities in our placer fields and that there is gold, silver and lead in the quartz lodes there is no doubt. It has been proved that there are at least a score of quartz mines near town that would pay enormously if properly worked.—Coeur d'Alene Eagle.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Considerable surprise was created last evening when it became known that Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks had suddenly taken their departure from Saratoga. There are many evidences that Hendricks has the matter of withdrawing from the ticket under serious advisement, unless Cleveland yields to his wishes in some respects. Cleveland's managers profess the utmost contempt for Hendricks's suggestions. They say: "Mr. Hendricks has been meddling in our pie. He should keep his fingers out of the presidency and address double-headed communications suggesting that Cleveland withdraw. A member of the County Democracy committee said to a reporter to-night: "We have had cause to look up on the Sun as a Democratic paper, but now reckon our count with Dana as with the enemy. If you know the Devil is in town, and receive a certified copy of his programme in advance, it is not so bad a thing as if you did not know of his presence. Dana invariably wants to rule or ruin. He has picked Butler up as a means of accomplishing the retirement of the Democratic party, but he is undertaking a job he cannot finish."

NEW YORK, August 7th.—Gen. Butler has been a guest at Glen Cove, the summer home of Editor Dana, for several days past, and it is generally understood that these two gentlemen have been definitely settling the course of the third party for the coming campaign. Dana publishes every morning on the editorial page of the Sun his belief that Cleveland is unfit for the presidency and adds double-headed communications suggesting that Cleveland withdraw. A member of the County Democracy committee said to a reporter to-night: "We have had cause to look up on the Sun as a Democratic paper, but now reckon our count with Dana as with the enemy. If you know the Devil is in town, and receive a certified copy of his programme in advance, it is not so bad a thing as if you did not know of his presence. Dana invariably wants to rule or ruin. He has picked Butler up as a means of accomplishing the retirement of the Democratic party, but he is undertaking a job he cannot finish."

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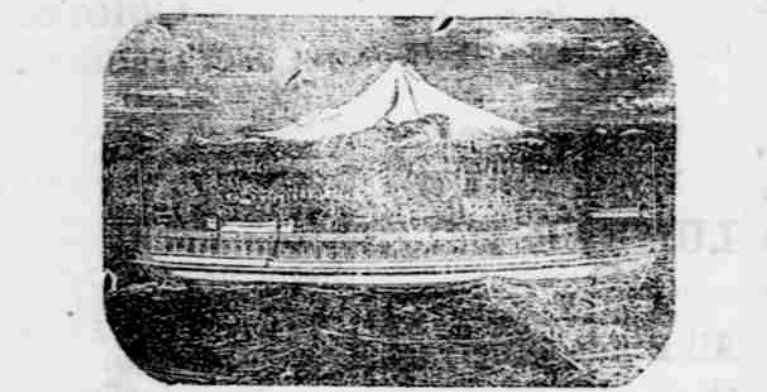
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