

Miscellaneous.

INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS.

Mr. J. E. Rooker of our city returned last night from the scene of the late Indian depredations in Paradise Valley and vicinity, and states that some time during last week the Indians attacked Granite Creek Station, which is fifty miles west of the Humboldt. The station contained two men, who were brutally murdered. About the same time Cunningham's ranch, at the head of Grass Valley, Humboldt county, was attacked. Two herders had their horses shot under them, but managed to escape. A Spainard was badly wounded, but also got away. The Indians drove off from this point about seventy head of horses and one hundred and fifty head of cattle. Cunningham went to Star City and procured soldiers, who went in pursuit. They came to the ranch of a man named Evans, and found it on fire. At the distance of about a mile from this, they discovered twenty-three Indians who fled to the mountains, leaving a horse, saddle and bridle, and a pair of hoisters, identified as the property of a man named Reagan, who is supposed to be murdered. The stock stolen from Cunningham went in the direction of Gravelly Ford, on the Humboldt. Packard's ranch, at the head of Paradise Valley, was attacked on Wednesday week. One herder named Barker made his escape on horseback. The other two men were murdered. The houses were fired, and the men who had fortified it, and were at the time inside, were forced, after being badly burnt, to attempt their escape. On emerging from the flames, they were shot by the savages and instantly killed. The bodies were afterward found, mutilated. The mounted man made his escape to a settlement six miles down the valley, and alarmed the inhabitants, who made their escape to Willow Point Station, pursued by the Indians. The party consisted of eight men, six women, and a number of children. The Indians drove off five hundred head of stock belonging to Packard and Esq. Hamlin, both of California. A man living eight miles from Willow Point station, had living near him, ten Indians, who pretended to be friendly. When the difficulty began, they fortified themselves in a corral. A party of citizens and soldiers, while approaching to ascertain what their intentions were, were fired upon. A horse was killed and two men badly wounded. The Indians were then attacked and all killed. Among the number was one called Capt. George, who had been engaged in the murders of the previous day. At Dorsey's camp on the Humboldt, twelve head of horses were driven off. In Pleasant Valley, fifty miles this side of the Humboldt, seven horses were taken. Two men near Unionville are supposed to be murdered. At French's store on the Humboldt a party of eight Indians was discovered. When asked to lay down their arms and surrender they showed fight and were all killed. They were well provided with arms and ammunition. [E. R. Reveille, April 15]

REGENERATED?—New York has the reputation of being the worst governed city in the world. Good men stand aloof from city politics, as from a contagion. There is too general a feeling that it is a hopeless task to attempt a reform. There is a work here of a moral and sanitary nature for a gigantic "Vigilance Committee." The catalogue of street crime is very dark. Men are robbed openly upon the streets every day, every night. The streets are all poorly lighted, and with the exception of Broadway and a few of the fashionable avenues, are in a filthy condition. The filth of the streets, in localities closely packed with poor people, breed pestilence; and the lack of light furnishes opportunity for robbery and violence of all kinds. Yet the City Government costs the people fifteen millions annually. Where does the money go?

This is the question which an investigating Committee from the State Senate has been trying to ascertain for several weeks. A great amount of testimony has been developed, which reveals systematic and deep corruption in almost every department of municipal administration. Offices are held by men who do nothing but draw salaries. In some cases, several offices and several large salaries are held by one man. The city officials are in rather ill-humor in regard to the probing of the Senatorial Committee. They think it hard that they can't attend to their schemes of plunder without State interferences. [Cor. S. F. Flag.]

CONDITION OF FORT SUMTER.—"Carleton" writes to the Boston Journal as follows: "After a ramble of several hours through the city of Charleston, we made a visit to Sumter, entering by the sally port where Major Anderson and his faithful few entered on that ever to be remembered 'January night of 1861. The Fort bears little resemblance to its appearance then, externally or internally. No portion of the original face of the wall is to be seen, except on the side towards Charleston and a portion of that facing Moultrie. From the harbor and from Wagner it appears only a tumuli—the debris of an old ruin. All the casemates, arches, pillars and parapets are torn up, rent asunder and utterly demolished. The great guns which two years ago kept the monitors at bay, which flamed and thundered awhile upon Wagner, are dismantled, broken, overturned, and lie buried beneath the mountain of brick, dust, concrete, sand and mortar. After Dupont's attack in April, 1863, a reinforcement of palmetto logs was made on the harbor side and against half of the wall facing Moultrie. The lower tier of casemates was filled up with sand-bags, but when General Gillmore obtained possession, his fire began to crumble the parapet. The rebels endeavored to reconstruct the wall, or to maintain its original height by gabions filled with sand, but this compelled a widening of the base inside. Thousands of bags filled with sand were brought to the fort at night. Bombproofs were constructed. Day after day, week after week the pounding from Wagner was maintained so effectually and thoroughly that it was impossible to keep a gun in position on that side. The only guns now remaining are five or six on the Moultrie side in the middle tier of casemates. Five howitzers were kept on the walls to repel an attack by small boats, the garrison keeping under cover or seeking cover whenever the lookout cried 'a shot!' Cheveux de frise of pointed sticks protect the fort from a scaling party. At the base outside are iron posts and wire network. There is also a submerged network of wire and chains kept in place by floating buoys. I had the curiosity to make an inspection of the wall facing Moultrie, to see what was the effect of the fire from the iron-clads in Dupont's attack. With my glass at that time I could see that the wall was badly honeycombed; a close inspection shows that it was a very damaging fire. There are seams in the masonry and great gashes where the solid bolts crumbled the bricks to fine dust. It is evident that if the fire could have been continued any considerable length of time there that the wall would have fallen. The effect of that fire led to the filling up of the lower casemates."

GLORY HALLELUJAH.—The Rev. Mr. Rogers tells a good story of a pious sister connected with his church in New Jersey, where he was stationed two years ago. This good sister had a way of expressing herself in church, when anything suited her, by shouting at the top of her voice, "Glory to God!" "Hallelujah!" etc., etc. Once she attended a Presbyterian church, and the deacon gave her a seat very near the pulpit. The minister commenced, and grew more eloquent as he proceeded. At last he said something that made the sister "feel good," and she shouted "Glory to God!" to the great astonishment of the congregation as well as the minister. The deacon approached her, and told her such actions were not allowed there. But she took no notice of him, or what he said, but was all attention to what the "man of God" was proclaiming; and as he proceeded, he waxed warmer and warmer, and the sister gave another shout at the top of her voice, "Glory to God!" which disconcerted the minister, and he looked after the deacon, who came and told the sister if she did not stop, he would remove her from the House. He took his seat beside her, and the minister continued for a short time, when another "Glory to God!" "Hallelujah!" from the sister started all in their seats. The deacon took hold of her to put her out, but she straightened herself out, and would not budge; and so he called the other deacon to his assistance, and they made a chair of their arms, and set the sister thereon, and started for the door. When about half way up the middle aisle, she threw up her arms and shouted, "Glory to God! I am more honored than my Master. He was carried by one ass, while I am carried by two." The worthy deacons dropped their load, and dropped into their seats. [Harper's Magazine.]

CONSUMPTION.—Consumptive people die for want of strength, want of flesh, want of nutriment; not for want of lung

substance, as is almost universally supposed. They die, in almost every instance, long before the lungs are consumed so far as to be incapable of sustaining life. Numerous cases are given where men have lived for years with an amount of available lungs not equal to one-fourth of the whole. They were there, perhaps, but not available, not efficient. The majority of persons who die of consumption, perish before a third of the lungs have been consumed away, in consequence of loose bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, night sweats, want of sleep, clogging up of the lungs with matter and mucus by the daily use of cough-drops, balsams, tonics or other destructive agents. These symptoms need but be controlled to protect life indefinitely; that is to say, if the symptoms were prescribed for according to the general principles, and properly nursed, letting the consumptive portion of the disease alone, it would sometimes cure itself, or at least allow the patient to live in reasonable comfort for a number of years.

The reader may almost imagine that he has a clue to the cure of consumption, if he could but give the patient phosphorus and lime, or phosphate of lime—that is, burnt bones—eight or ten grains, with the first mouthful of each meal, so as to let it be mixed with the food and carried with it into the blood; from twenty to thirty grains being daily needed in health. The scientific world were charmed less than a hundred years ago by the discovery of oxygen. It was supposed that as oxygen was a constituent of the air which imparted vitality to the blood, gave it its purity, its activity, and filled the man with life and animation, nothing was needed but to take enough oxygen to purify the blood, and thus strike at the root of all disease. Accordingly, the oxygen was prepared and administered. The recipient revived, was transported, was fleet as the antelope, could run with the wind. He smiled, he fairly yelled for joy, and—died, laughing, or from over-excitement. The machine worked too fast; it could not be stopped, and pure oxygen has never been taken for health since.

Thus it will, perhaps, always be with artificial remedies; they cannot equal those which are prepared in Nature's manufactory. The phosphate of lime, in order to answer the purposes of nature, must be eliminated from the healthful digestion of substantial food in the stomach, and the only natural and efficient means of obtaining the requisite amount is, to regulate the great glands of the stomach in such a manner as to cause the perfect digestion of a sufficient amount of suitable food, and this is within the power of the scientific practitioner, in the great majority of cases of consumption, when attempted in its early stages; but for confirmed consumption—that is, when the lungs have begun to die away, it is criminal to hold out any promises of cure, or even essential relief, in any given instance. [Hall's Journal of Health.]

THE TOMB OF AN ANCIENT BRITON.—On Tuesday last a barrow was opened near to Sealehouse, Rylstone, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Greenwell, an antiquary of great experience, and in the presence of a great number of persons. The tumulus was thirty-one feet in diameter and about seven feet high, and situate in a meadow. It was opened from the south-east, and immediately under the sod was found to consist of yellow clay to a considerable depth; then came layers of blue clay, which had evidently been puddled, or worked to a finer consistency, doubtless to keep out the water. Exactly in the center of the tumulus, at a depth of seven feet, and on a level with the plane of the field, was found an oak coffin, formed out of a tree, which had been split and hollowed out, and placed due north and south, the head being placed to the south, as that was the larger part of the tree. When completely divested of the surrounding earth, it was considered desirable to lift it out, so that it might be examined with greater care, but after being exposed to the air for about ten minutes, it parted at the sides, and it was found impossible to move it except by detached pieces. The body had been wrapped in a cloth or shroud of a texture resembling wool coarsely woven, of which there was a considerable quantity remaining, but the body itself was dissolved by the action of the water which had gained access to the coffin. Greenwell considered the interment to have been that of an ancient Briton, and decidedly pre-Roman, and that it was doubtless 2,000 years since. He said it was the only instance (with one exception, found at Grinstead, near Scarborough), where an interment in an oak tree, hollowed out, had a tumulus placed

ed over it, and that it was a very remarkable one, and worthy of being placed on the records of the Archaeological Society. The coffin was more than six feet in length inside and about seven feet six inches outside. The remains were carefully collected and replaced, and the mound restored to its former shape, a small leaden tablet being placed within, stating that it had been opened A. D. 1864. [London times.]

POPEY IN ENGLAND.—An English paper relates the following:

Extraordinary doings continue to be reported in connection with the monastery of the English Order of St. Benedict, at Norwich. Thus the monks recently entertained several poor people to a good dinner of beef, pudding and ale, a nun and some sisters of the Mount Calvary division of the third order superintending. About thirty sat down in the refectory. After vespers the younger portion of the company spent the evening in amusing games, in which several elder brothers of the third order joined. A game called the "old mail coach" caused much mirth among the boys, Brother Ignatius himself telling the story and crying the forfeits. On another occasion there was an exposition of the "Blessed Sacrament at the altar of the Virgin and the Shrine of the Bambino." On another day the Infant Samuel was brought in vested as a miniature priest, and was crowned with flowers. He was enthroned by the acolytes in front of the altar, and was waited upon during the service as if he were a little monarch for the time being. On the anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Thomas a Becket, Brother Ignatius preached a sermon in his honor, asserting that he was the savior of the Church of England, and that his bloodshedding communicated new life to the causes of the Gospel in England. Processions with the Bambino round the convent premises, early communion with the Church of St. Lawrence, in connection with the services of the Rev. E. A. Hillyard, and a long and endless series of special services fill up the time of the monks, who, it is stated, received during the late festive season plenty of good cheer from all parts of the kingdom. The sister of Lord Stafford, who resides at Namur, in Belgium, has purchased a large mansion in Norwich, formerly occupied by Captain Ives, for the purpose of adapting it to a nunnery in connection with the Roman Catholic Church. Incense is now sold publicly in Norwich at 6s. per lb.

"BRICK" POMEROY STRIKES PETROLEUM.

O Petroleum! you are the Pete for me! Else why—Mr. Moses smote the rock, and water gushed forth; first, I smote its rock, and exceeding much of oil treasured forth. And I am rich in oil. To find such much of a grease, doth well a grease with me. I skinned from garret upon oil region. Ever since I became born, my poverty has been hard to be borne! I have suffered—I have been bored by creditors! My credit was run into the ground. People thought me rich, meanwhile, and a very meanwhile it was, too! They thought I had plenty of money; so they wanted pay down for what I bought. Not wishing to humor people, albeit something of a humorist perhaps, I would not purchase many things. I leased, I bored, I brought it! Veni, vidi, vici! Oil-ile-igressed. Oil well that ends well; especially, if it is an oil-well! I bored and it came, I drilled a hole through a rock, and oil already have been rewarded with so much of the fuel being prepared for the final conflagration, that I fear the last boil will end in as great a fizzle as did the Dutch Gap Canal.

And now I am rich—more rich than any man or any other man. I have lots of money now, when I have no use for it. What a queer world! Nothing like oil! Folks say, "Hollo! here's Honorable Mr. Brick just struck a fortune. Deuced fine fellow, Mr. Brick!" Three months since, I was plain "Brick." It's oil owing to Petroleum.

And now for a splurge. Brown-stone house on Fifth avenue, with brown-stone front designed by old Brown himself, on both ends of it. Red horses with green tails, pink eyebrows, blue ears, chocolate-colored eyes, frizzled mane and matchless style. Yellow wagon with black sides, purple blinds, and brown top, a la clam shell. Ethiopian driver with white kids, solerino stockings, magenta hatband, and false teeth on gutta percha base. And a sixty-four oxstave Ethiopian with brocated drawers, that modesty may not be shocked by looking at the legs thereof! And a library devoted to red-backs, yellow-backs, brown-backs, maroon-backs, and even "green-backs!" Darn the expense, quoths I! And I'll have a park