

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARKET STREET,
Ottawa, August 18th, 1868.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SIR,—Here I am after a strange and tedious journey from the old country, in the capital of the New Dominion, goodness only knows how I ever travelled so far, with Mrs. Murphy, my bitter half, not to speak of the six girls with laughing faces, like half-baked spuds, of a frosty morning.

Well, what strange things will happen, when people travel to furrin parts. We had a fine and aisy time of it on our passage across the big sea, in that ship, which is called after the place where they make the soords so sharp that they can shave, now by tokens the Turks niver use razors, and these soords shave one closer than any Jew, or Hebrew.

When I landed at Quebec, I beguiled myself with a big drink, being the last drop of old Innishoon Potteen, made on the sweat borders of Carloe woods, Limerick County, and as they told me that I would have to pay duty for it in Canada, I thought I might as well save the money by taking it all at once as a medicine. Having given Mrs. Murphy a taste, I took off the rest without a grin, and went into the cars. The parting with old acquaintance at Quebec and fasting on Pies and Peckles upset me, and in a few minutes I was snug in the arms of Murphy, as the Poet beautifully terms Morpheus, out of which delicious state I did not awake until I was tapped on the back by that good natured looking gentleman, the Immigration Agent at Ottawa, who, axed me if I was a settler. Bedad myself did not know what he wants at all, and only for fear of the law I would, innocently have given him one, for my Irish blood was up, but Mrs. Murphy came to explain what the decent man meant, and I expressed my sorrow for the misunderstanding, for indeed it was a failing with my family to be always dull of comprehension when Potteen, or money was concerned.

Well, after leaving the cars I was nearly been taken for General Spear, of the Fenian army. I supposed my furrin look made the Polisman make tracks after me, and, only for Mrs. Murphy again, it would be a clever man who would say what might have happened, for she came up in her usual soothing way, (and the Polishman was an Irishman.) and asked him where a decent chape lodging could be had for a Clareman. By gosh, at the mention of Clare, his countenance lighted up, and he bursted out saying, I knew he was no Fenian, but a rale old couthryman, so he brought us to a respectable Boarding House near the market, and I was glad of it, as I have a great desire to get a mate steak, or a chop, and a dish of tripe now and then for Mrs. Murphy, she grown so delicate; so thanking the polishman for his kindness, and after standing the

dhinks and telling him that I knew his uncle Murty Cacey, of Ennis, I wished him good morning, and we parted the best of friends.

By the powers, but all the people here seemed pleased with themselves, and I think I will begin to like the country after a while. As I came out as special correspondent of the *Morning Gowl*, a Dublin paper, I will shortly send you another letter to say how I get along on Market street.

Yours gratefully to command,
PADDY MURPHY.

TRAGEDY OF INDIAN LIFE.

The following story from the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, reads like a romance of Cooper's condensed, but is said to be a record of facts gathered by a gentleman who is collecting material for a history of the Upper Mississippi valley:

A party of thirty Winnebagoes came down from the scalp dance, at which the tribe were gathered on the Trempealeau River, in the north, and encamped on French's Island, in the Mississippi River, just above the St. Paul's Railroad depot at La Crosse.

The band was under the control of a well-known chief of the Winnebagoes named Wankee-se-hoong-er-er, or, Snake Chief, who had two wives, Se-es-ka and He-ne-kee. Se-es-ka was about thirty years of age, graceful in appearance, with a pleasant and interesting face. With whites she was a favorite, while with the Winnebagoes, she was looked upon very kindly—indeed, adored with all the ardor of Indian fervor. Snake Chief was a noted warrior of the Winnebagoes, and was very much liked by his tribe. He was a powerful and brawny fellow, and when sober was peaceful and good natured; when drunk he was ugly and disagreeable. One of his favorite pastimes, when in this condition, was beating his wives.

On Friday last, Snake Chief returned to his wigwam drunk. Se-es-ka was in his wigwam, and the chief commenced beating her over the head and shoulders. Driven to desperation, and unable longer to stand his brutality, she drew her knife and stabbed the chief twice, the blade penetrated the heart of the warrior, who died instantly while the first notes of the death song were upon his lips. The affair at once created a sensation among the Winnebagoes, who did not know how to act. They loved their chief, and they loved their chieftain's wife. It is a well-known "regulation" among the Indians that when a man is slain, a relative must avenge his death by taking the life of the slayer. Se-es-ka knew this. Some of the Winnebagoes urged her to fly, but she would not. With true Indian resignation she folded her blanket about her and sat down in her wigwam, facing the door, and awaiting her avenger. It was believed by many that He-ne-kee, the younger and favorite wife would be the avenger, but she seems to have had no such intention. She mourned the loss of her husband, but took no further steps than to send a runner up the Trempealeau, where Snake Chief's relatives were, to notify them of what had taken place. Meanwhile Se-es-ka sat in her cabin chanting the death song, stoically indifferent to what was going on about her, and only talking when questions were asked her.

On Saturday morning, an Indian from Trempealeau made his appearance in camp. He was known as Chansno-ne-ga, and had

evidently travelled without stopping since he learned the death of Snake Chief. Entering the camp, without a word, he walked solemnly to the place where the body of Snake lay, took a long look at it, and then turned sullenly away. Nobody spoke to him, yet all watched with interest his movements. Deliberately loaded his gun with buckshot, he walked to the wigwam where Se-es-ka sat, she having remained there since the murder, and took one look at the woman, who loudly chanted the death song. Not a muscle of the woman's face moved to denote that she labored under any excitement, but she sat there quietly and calmly, her eyes moving upward, and her voice, as the uncouth song escaped her lips, steady and firm. She knew the avenger was before her, that in another moment her spirit would leave the frail tenement of clay and seek that of the chief who had gone before her; yet no look or sign indicated that she feared that fate. Such is Indian stoicism and indifference.

The eyes of the two did not meet. In the face of Chansno-ne-ga there was a look of mingled hate and revenge. Deliberately he raised his musket to his shoulder, deliberately he aimed at the woman's head, coolly he fired. The report rang out through the Indian camp, the smoke cleared away. Se-es-ka still sat there, her arms folded, her blanket about her, but one side of her head was blown completely away—her spirit had fled, and the code of Indian justice was satisfied—Wau-kee-se-hoong-er-er was avenged. The murderer, with just a look to satisfy him that his work had been well done, shouldered his musket, and walked unchallenged out of the camp.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

Lieut. J. B. Carslake, of the 5th Somerset (Bridgewater) Rifles, has been officially declared the winner of the Queen's Prize. A protest which had been lodged against the score was considered by the council, and they pronounced it frivolous. The most important competitions were decided in the following manner. Albert Prizes, first series—at 200 yards, first prize, £20, Ensign Boynton, 5th East York; at 600 yards, first prize, £20, Capt. Thomas, 4th West York; at 800 yards, first prize, Major Jopp, 1st Aberdeen—each of whom made the highest possible score. The second stake of the Albert was won by Mr. E. Ross, of the London Scottish, with the following excellent score in seven shots—800 yards, 24 points; 900 yards, 25; and 1,000 yards, 26; making a grand total of 65, the highest yet made for the prize. The Enfield Wimbledon Cup, value £100, was won by Color Sergeant Montgomery, 30th Middlesex. In the second stage of the Army Prizes Color Sergeant Teggart, 1st Battalion 25th Regiment, took the cup and £10 with 21 points in seven shots at 600 yards, being an average of centres. In the Oxford and Cambridge match Cambridge won the Chancellor's Plate. The respective scores were—Cambridge 424; Oxford, 406. In the afternoon Lord Napier of Magdala visited the regimental camp of the 1st Surrey Rifles, the officers of which corps had prepared a splendid luncheon, to which he had been invited, but the General was not able to do more than go to the mess tent during the luncheon, where he was met by Lieut. Col. Macdonald, Gen. G. Pollock, Gen. Alexander, and Maj. Gen. Scott, and received most enthusiastically.