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## POETRY.

### The Old Cradle.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

And this was your cradle? Why, surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go clearly to show
You were an exceedingly small picaninny
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flowed in a much-trod bled channel
I see you as then in your impotent strife,
A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perplexed with that newly-found fardel called Life.

To hint at an infantine frailty's a scandal;
Let bygones be bygones, and somebody knows
It was bliss such a baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet, so rosy your toes,

Ay, here is your Cradle; and Hope, at times lonely,
With love now is watching beside it, I know,
They guard the small nest you inherited only
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future, Love welcomes it smiling;
Thus wags the old world, therefore stay not to ask,
"My future bids fair, is my future beguiling?"
If masked, still it pleases—then raise not the mask.

Is Life a poor coil some would gladly be doffing?
He is riding post haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most 'tis a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile, as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
I see you, except for those infantile woes,
Little changed since you were but a small picaninny,
Your cheeks were so velvet, so rosy your toes!

Ay, here is your Cradle! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But, hark! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking,
It is time Jenny's baby should be in its bed.

—(*Every Saturday.*

### Little Giffin.

Out of the focal and foremost fire—
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen;)
Spectre, such as you seldom see—
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeon said,
"Much your doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,
Utter Lazarus, heels to head!

Weary war with the bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death;
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
Still the glint in the steel-blue eye
Spoke of a spirit that wouldn't die!

And didn't!—nay, more! in death's despite,
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
"Dear Mother," at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the "men."
(Captain's answer:) "Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive."

Johnson's pressed at the front they say;
Little Giffen was up and away!
A tear, his first, as he bade good bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of fight,
But none of Giffin—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that when I'm king,
And my gallant courtiers form a ring,
And each so thoughtless of power and pelf,
And each so loyal to all but self,
I'd give the best, on his bended knee—
Yes, better the whole—for the loyalty
Of little Giffin of Tennessee.

### *A Chinese Kidnapper Punished.*

*Torture of Criminals in Shanghae—Thieves and Child Stealers.*

A Shanghae paper says: "For several days, at the Tea Pavillion, half way between the foreign settlement and the city, a man has been standing in a wooden cage, where he will stand until death intervenes. His crime is kidnapping children, and his age about twenty. Last Saturday afternoon I passed the place, and a great crowd of idlers were standing around, gazing and laughing at him. He was put in the cage the previous day. A seat had been arranged on which he was sitting, his head protruded above the top of the cage. His eyes were shut and he was nearly motionless, as if asleep, if sleep were possible in such circumstances. Early on Monday morning I passed again. His seat, which was simply a small piece of board extending from one side of the cage to the other, and kept in position by cleats, nailed under each end to the sides of the cage, had been removed. The wretch was standing on tip-toe, with his ankles chained together by a short iron chain, and his hands tied behind him. Some one put in the cage a few broken bricks. At times he would try, by standing on the tip-toes of one foot, to arrange some of these pieces together, by using the toes of the other foot, so that by standing on them he might ease himself a little; but he made poor work of it, as he could not see the pieces, and had to labor by the sense of touch only. Before six o'clock a considerable crowd had already collected about him. His sufferings must have been great, having already been there sixty and more hours. He would occasionally groan, while endeavoring to heap together two or three pieces of brick so that he could ease a little the pressure which was upon his neck or toes; for without anything higher than the bottom of the cage on which to stand, he was obliged to remain on tip-toe or hang by his neck. A man was similarly exposed the preceding week, at the same place, who was a notorious and incorrigible thief, and he lived six days in the cage."

Spanish gentlemen speak with great enthusiasm of the handsome behavior, in a recent duel, of two naval officers of high rank, intimate friends, who had quarreled over their cups. They fought twenty paces apart, to advance to a central line and fire at will. One walked forward, and when near the line the other fired and hit him. The wounded man staggered to the line, and said, "I am dead. Come thou and be killed." The other came up until he touched the muzzle of his adversary's pistol, and in a moment both were dead—like gentlemen.

—"Miss," said a gentleman proffering arm and umbrella to a lady in a shower, "permit me to be your beau." "Thank you for your politeness," was the reply, "and as I have plenty of fair weather beaux, I will call you my rainy-day beau."

### *THE WEST.*

There were 83,000 violent deaths in England last year.

Eight stages leave the town of Santa Cruz, Cal., every day.

The corner stone of the Idaho penitentiary was laid July 4th.

California produces three million pounds of quicksilver annually.

Judge David Dudley Field started for New York July 21st.

Council Bluffs is to be lighted with gas on and after September.

The Omaha Ale Brewery was burned on the 10th. Loss, $10,000.

The Emperor of China has appointed a Consul at Portland, Oregon.

The Donner Lake Methodists began a camp-meeting last Wednesday.

An anti-Chinese convention is called in San Francisco for August 9th.

It is said the census will show the population of Kansas to be fully 500,000.

The tea plant is being successfully cultivated at Auburn, Placer county, Cal.

Thieves and highway robbers are uncomfortably numerous about Portland, Oregon.

The Corinne reporter estimates the Gentile population of Utah Territory at 2,312.

Track-laying is to be resumed immediately on the Oregon and California Railroad in Oregon.

The coal taken out of the mines at Leavenworth is said to be equal to Pennsylvania coal.

Forty-four marriage licenses have been issued in White Pine county, Nev., since its organization.

A grizzly bear killed by Seth Kinman in Humboldt county, Cal., weighed 1,400 pounds.

The Marysville (Cal.) *Appeal* says Gen. Stoneman is to be a Democratic candidate for Governor.

The population of Marysville (Cal.) city proper is 4,460—of which 1,049 are Chinese and 224 colored.

Gen. De Trobriand's command from Fort Shaw arrived in Corinne July 13th, thirty-one days from Fort Shaw.

Jerome B. Chaffee was nominated by the Republican Convention of Colorado as delegate to Congress, July 14th.

The Nip and Tuck Mining Company, at Gibsonville, Cal., has washed out dust worth $60,000 in the last eight months.

The woolen mills at Salem, Oregon, have three hundred and thirty thousand pounds of wool on hand and have stopped buying.

The trial of Francis Neuval, in San Francisco, on the charge of killing Carrie Diamond, resulted in the acquittal of the defendant.

The Grand Jury at Hamilton, (White Pine,) has found a true bill against U. W. Hutchinson, for killing John F. Glinnon, (Sandy).

The best crops in California, this season, are generally in the counties to the north of Sacramento, where the greatest quantity of rain has fallen.

Thos. Beehan, a former resident of Idaho City (better known as "Little Tommy"), was shot and killed at Hamilton, Nevada, July 6th, by John U. Tolles.

The California and Oregon Railroad Company are having a great deal of trouble with the Celestials, who refuse to work the long hours required of them.

A company of fifty persons is being formed at Olathe, Kan., to sink a coal shaft. The best geologists think coal will be reached at no great depth.

John Teesdale, of Mount Pleasant, formerly State Printer of Iowa, and editor of the *State Register*, has accepted the editorship of the Omaha *Republican*.

The Idaho Legislature stands as follows: Council—Democrats 10, Radical 3; House—Democrats 21, Radicals 5. Merrill's majority over Butler for Governor was 881.

Ben. Holliday has bought the little steam-propeller yacht Stager, built originally for the Russian Expedition, and sent it up to Lake Tahoe, for the use of excursion parties.

A Portland (Ore.) despatch of July 13th, says, a party of Surveyors arrived this morning with instructions to commence the survey of the Northern Pacific Railroad from the Columbia terminus Eastward.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has brought a suit against the new Almaden Quicksilver Mining Company for the sum of $100,000. The case is set for trial on the first Monday in December.

James O'Neil was hung July 16th, on Brown's bridge, nine miles from Denver City, by unknown parties. A placard was attached to his body with the inscription of "Cattle Thief" upon it.

The Mormons of Utah have turned their attention to the production of gloves that rival those of Paris in delicacy and workmanship. The gloves are made from genuine kid, raised in the vicinity of Salt Lake. So says the New York *Sun*.

A dispatch dated Denver, Col., July 20, says two men named Patrick and Griswold have been arrested for participating in the hanging of James O'Neil, some time since, and bound over for trial. This is the first instance in that Territory where legal proceedings have been instituted.

On the evening of the 4th of July James C. Edwards shot and killed Henry B. Eagan. We have no information as to the cause; nor do we feel at liberty to give the rumors which we hear. Edwards is in prison. The Grand Jury being in session the matter will be legally investigated. A coroner's inquest was held on the body of Eagan when it was ascertained that he had received three shots, all of which passed through the brain, either of which would have killed him. *Tribune*, July 5th.

### *Fulton's First Steamboat.*

*A Romantic Story of how he won his Bride—The old Boat Still Floating.*

A correspondent of the Geneva *Courier* relates the following story of the Kate Morgan, the little steamer which for more than a generation has plied on Cayuga Lake, her owners obeying the behests of the first proprietor, to "run her till she busts."

Before the Chancellor Livingstone stemmed the current of the Hudson, yet after the Clermont had stirred in the quieter waters of the Collect Pond, the whistle of the Kate Morgan awoke the echoes in Taughanic Glen, and her paddle wheel dashed the spray upon Cayuga bridge. There is a bit of romance attached to her name and building.

Old General Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, had a noble estate on the eastern bank of the lake, not far from where the present Wells College now stands. Between his only daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, and Fulton, had long existed a tender attachment, which, however, the poverty and obscurity of Robert led the General to severely frown upon. Fulton went to New York. He labored long years in perfecting his invention; his day of triumph came, and then he wrote to the stern father relating his success and asking for the daughter's hand.

"Nay," wrote back the incredulous old soldier, "I'll believe what I see with my own eyes. Come you back, scapegrace, to the lake; build and sail a steamboat past my own door, and then, and not till then, shall you have my daughter Kate."

Need I say that Fulton came joyfully back, that a steamer was built as rapidly as circumstances would permit, that she was launched, and in due time sail triumphantly past the General's door! But let me add that, according to an express stipulation made by the sly Robert in case he succeeded—when the Kate Morgan sheered in towards the General's dock a small boat was seen pushing out containing the original Kate, her grim father and a gentleman in clerical vestments. They were soon on board, and there, amid the waving of flags, the ringing of bells, and the blowing of whistles, the proud inventor and his prouder bride were made one. A glorious sweep up and down the lake completed the first bridal trip by steam ever known in the country.

Before we leave this historic boat let us go below a moment. Here are the old fashioned engines, inscribed "Treman, Cartwright & Co." They were the first engine builders in the United States, and furnished both Fulton's and Fitch's boats. Cartwright was the father of the well known Peter Cartwright, the Western backwoods preacher.

Glance now at the cabin. Its upholstering was furnished by A. T. Stewart, at that time an enterprising young tradesman, keeping a little seven by nine shop in Chambers street. Though the lusture of the goods has long since passed away, its durability remains, to attest to the honesty and good judgement of the young dealer, and by which he has since risen to be the foremost merchant of our country.

LOSS OF LIFE IN MODERN WARS.—In a recent speech by Mr. Pease, M. P. for South Durham, he remarked that in a very instructive volume lately published in France, a careful estimate (compiled from authentic documents) was made of the cost in lives of recent European wars. The Crimean war was stated to have cost 784,900 lives; the war in Italy in 1857, 45,000; in Schleswig-Holstein; 3,500; the American war, 800,000; the Prussian war, 45,000; Mexico and China, 65,000—making a total, between 1853 to 1866, of 1,750,000 lives; and those were men in the prime of life, men who ought to have been useful and productive citizens. And besides all these, there were the maimed, the halt, and the blind, who were scattered over all the nations of Europe. Such were the effects of thirteen years' war in the nineteenth century. M. Leroy Beaulieu, in his *Recherches sur les Fuerres Contemporaines*, (the work alluded to by Mr. Pease,) supplies some very curious statistics about the cost of war.

It is really surprising to see how much money is spent for every man killed on the field or sent away to die of his wounds or of some sickness of the camp. The thing was done with comparative cheapness in the Crimean war, where a vast number of men were got together at very close quarters. Between the Russians and the Allies there were more than three-quarters of a million men killed, each of them at a price of £483. On the other hand, the maximum of cost was reached in the American civil war. Each one of the 800,000 deaths (though this is a small estimate, we should imagine,) was purchased by an expenditure of £3,345. The belligerents in South America did the horrible business more cheaply, not spending more than £200 per man. Small wars are generally costly. The Danish war extinguished 3,500 lives at an average cost of £3,000. The campaign which ended at Sadowa must be reckoned, considering its brief duration, to have been expensive. Every life cost nearly £1,500. It is a strange policy which civilized societies expend what would be a comfortable maintenance to three or four men on the destruction of one.

While Thad. Stevens was a young lawyer, he once had a case before a bad tempered Judge of an obscure Pennsylvania court. Under what he considered a very erroneous ruling, it was decided against him; whereupon he threw down his books and picked up his hat in a high state of indignation, and was about to leave the court room scattering imprecations all around him. The Judge straightened himself to his full height, assumed an air of offended majesty, and asked Thad. if he meant to "express his contempt for this court." Thad. turned to him very deferentially, in dulcet accents and replied, "Express my contempt for this court! My dear sir, I am trying to extend it, sir, I am trying to extend it, sir, over Slocum."

### *A New Way of Taking Water on Railroads.*

*A Lightning Train from New York to Chicago Without Stopping.*

From the New York Times.

A novel method of supplying locomotives with water while in motion, which has been for some time in use in England, is about to be introduced in this country. It has been experimented on by the Hudson River Railroad Company, and with the greatest success. Recently, at Montrose Station, near Peekskill, there was constructed in the centre of the track a trough, 1,200 feet in length, 15 inches in depth and 18 inches wide. This was lined with sheet-iron, heavily pointed. The trough is perfectly straight, will hold 15,000 gallons of water, and is fed by a couple of springs to the north and east of it. About the same time that the construction of the trough was commenced, locomotive No. 43 was taken to the repair-shop. Here in a quiet manner, skillful workmen in a short time fitted her out with ingeniously constructed machinery, connected with her tender, to draw the water from the trough. From the man hole in the tender down through the latter to a position inside of the hind trucks, runs an ingeniously formed pipe. The pipe curls as it leaves the manhole, and after forming a half circle is fitted with a nozzle at its end, which always points the way the engine is going. An iron bar is fastened to the nozzle, which connects to another bar from a point near the fireman's box. When the locomotive approaches the trough, the nozzle can be dropped instantaneously into the water, while the train is running thirty miles an hour. The nozzle sinks only to the depth of two idches into the trough, yet when the 1,200 feet are passed over, 1,634 gallons of water will have been drawn into the tender. The first experiments in taking water by this new method were made a few days ago. The locomotive dashed over the rails at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. As the nozzle struck the water the fluid rushed into the tender with a roar of a young Niagary, and when the trough was left behind the tender was full. The experiment was a great success, and gave complete satisfaction to the officers of the Hudson River Railroad Company. It is next proposed to locate a trough between Hudson and Catskill, and at points on the Central Road and Western connections, so that in time trains may run through from New York to Chicago in twenty-four or twenty-six hours.

### *A Desperado Fighting for his Life—Double Murder.*

The Omaha *Herald* of the 12th says of the murder of two men sent to arrest Bernard Doran, for living in open lewdness in that city with his stepmother:

Doran announced his willingness to start, and, with McCheane on one side and Mulcahy on the other, they were proceeding to the rear door, when by a sudden movement, the bold villian knocked the light from the officer's hand, at the same instant seizing the dagger which was held loosely in the hand of McCheane. Then a scene followed which fairly beggars description. The man seemed to be seized with the strength and desperation of a maniac. With a wild cry of exultation he tore himself from the grasp of those who had him in custody, and exclaimed, "Now you s—s of b—s, I'll kill you all!" The first blow from the assassin's hand was destined to seal the earthly fate of Jeremiah McCheane. The dagger penetrated the right temple to the depth of three inches, reaching the very base of the brain, producing instantaneous insensibility. With a groan of agony, the officer fell heavily to the floor, and never again recovered the faculty of reason. With the fury of a wild beast the desperado then turned upon Mulcahy, inflicting four wounds, three of which were as deep as the dagger's blade could penetrate, and two of them entering the lung. That gentleman also fell, and the remaining member of the party, the expressman, was next assaulted. But Rockbut, with a chair, defended himself as well as he could, and succeeded in reaching the door, having only received a slight gash in the hand.

Having accomplished as nearly as he could his frightful work, the murderer fled from the scene of his terrible crime, and at once proceeded to the house where Mrs. Doran was stopping. Here he awakened the woman whose shame had caused the tragedy, told her that he had stabbed two men, and that he wanted his revolver. The weapon was furnished him by the woman, and with it, under the cover of darkness, he succeeded in making a temporary escape from the clutches of the law he had violated.

At about four o'clock in the morning, some citizen, whose name we have not been able to ascertain, discovered Doran in the vicinity of the Government corral, in the northern part of the city. A crowd closed in on and arrested him.

OPIUM EATING ANIMALS.—The China *Overland Mail* has the following tough story: "The taste for opium, it seems, has been communicated to lower animals in China, which are said by M. Garnier, one of the French Cambodian expedition, to run wild after poppy fields. Horses which have been fed upon poppies pine and die if deprived of their favorite food. Pigs are rapidly fattened upon poppy flowers, but they must soon be slaughtered. Since the introduction of the poppy in Yunan, bees have died out of the country. M. Garnier mentions that at a town in Yunan, where there was an opium manufactory, rats used to come in great numbers to inhale the fumes from the coppers, and that after the town had been sacked by the Pun hays, and the manufactory deserted, an immense number of rats came to die at the place where they had been accustomed to inhale the opium fumes."

### *INKOTYPES.*

—Texas has 55 postmistresses.

—Feminine waiters—old maids.

—Indianapolis has a cat that drinks beer.

—Hoe, all ye that thirst after garden sass.

—Imprudent—Promising your doctor a legacy.

—There are 287 incorporated colleges in the United States.

—New York Hotels are reducing their charges for board.

—There are 1,843 divorce suits pending in the Indiana courts.

—There are three hundred and forty existing species of pigons.

—It costs New York $2,000,000 annually to have its streets sprinkled.

—The New York Sun nominates General Banks for the next Presidency.

—The total value of church property in Boston is estimated at $6,000,000.

—A Spanish proverb says one "I did" is worth two of "I wish I had."

—Strong minded women don't eat eggs. They can't bear the yolk, you know.

—The marriage of the Earl of Derby is intended to perpetuate the "Derby race."

—A New York paper of July 6th chronicles sixteen new murders in the single issue.

—A rascally bachelor calls the friendship of two women always a plot against a third.

—Two girls near Carlinville, Illinois, have taken a contract to cut fifty cords of wood.

—The Turkish Government now runs a job printing office, with over twenty steam presses.

—Judge Hines of Indianapolis, has ordered the jury of his court to be furnished with fans.

—A grindstone weighing 4,800 pounds was recently quarried near Port Austin, Michigan.

—Buttermilk is said to be very good for the complexion applied either internally or externally.

—Two hundred miles of pathway have been explored in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

—Atlantic City, Iowa—a town only two years old—has let a contract for a $10,000 school house.

—Ladies who do their own sewing may be interested in the fact that there are 20,649 stiches in a shirt.

—The North Carolina militia is officered by seven Major-Generals and twenty-eight Brigadier-Generals.

—An English paper says the latest wrinkle of fashion in New York is the wearing of diamonds set in the teeth.

—The champion undertaker of Michigan lives in Greensburg. He has buried three thousand nine hundred persons.

—The Indianapolis *Journal* says: "The indications are that the population of this State will approximate 2,000,000."

—S. N. Pike is going to erect a new opera house in New York on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street.

—I believe in going to the bottom of things," as the school-ma'am said when she had a refractory pupil over her knee.

—The Fenians of New York are said to be making preparations to take advantage of the European war to assist Ireland.

—A smart man in Buffalo is organizing a divorce excursion to Chicago. Tickets will be sold cheap to any desiring a divorce.

—A girl near Dayton, Ohio, recently won a bonnet by throwing her father twice out of three times in a wrestling match.

Uncle Sam has now five Mints, or establishments for "making money," besides the immense green-back mill in the Treasury Department.

Horace Greeley has got the fever and ague. Sorry. But this is better than his former affliction—to wit: The fever and argue.—*Chicago Post.*

—Some slanderer says Greeley's new novel "What I know about farming?" is being dramatized by Mrs. Stowe for the Lydia Thompson blondes.

—A Kentucky sheriff has notified the tax papers in his district that he is "tyred of dunning for taks," and "the taks paiers ot to pa without being duned."

—"Mains" is the German way of spelling Mayence, the citadel on the Rhine; "Trier" is the German for Treves, where the Prussian troops are now concentrating.

—Engineers are said to be surveying the abandoned military canal opposite Vicksburg, with the view of changing the channel of the Mississippi, if possible.

A trial which will be one of the most gigantic on record, is about to take place in Hungary. The accused are brigands, 500 in number, and it is expected that 200 of them will be condemned to death.

—In Queen Victoria's crown there are 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds and 147 table diamonds, 1 large ruby, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 small rubies, and 277 pearls—a total of 2,106 precious stones.

—The severest thing said against Eve's daughters was by Lady Mary Wortley Montague: "The only satisfaction I have in being a woman is that I shall not be compelled to marry one of my own sex."

—Woman's right to the parasol is usurped more than ever this summer, the carrying of sun umbrellas by men being very general. White umbrellas are especially affected, and their appearances in number give the effect of a bed of mushrooms.

—Here is the way the decennial census taking impressed a Pennsylvania Dutchman: "Nein, nein! I answers none of your tam questions. Dich dago mains an udder nigger vas. Dere fellers cuming round in 1860 dich vays mydel do mum."

### *The Donner Party.*

Of all the waters gathered in the basin of the Sierra Nevada, Donner Lake is perhaps the most beautiful. At the foot of this Lake near its outlet, until a few years ago, there were standing two rude cabins, the remains of which are still to be seen. At an earlier period the bones of animals mingled with those of human beings lay scattered over the ground. The stumps of many trees cut off at a great height are still standing here, indicating the depth of the snow at the time they were felled. Hundreds of persons now pass this spot daily—for it is close to the railroad—without knowing that it is the site of "Starvation Camp" where the Donner party so fearfully suffered and so many perished in the fall of 1846. They left the States in the spring of 1846 for California. The more advanced of this emigration, on the usual route arrived in good season. A portion attempted a new route and failed to reach the foot of the Nevadas until late in the fall—finding the mountains covered with snow they engaged an Indian guide, named "Inkco" to pilot them over the mountains—arriving at the foot of the Lake a snow storm overtook them, the cattle wandered off, and in a few days the snow was twenty feet deep. The Company consisted of 82 souls, 32 of whom were women and children. In a short time everything in the shape of food was consumed, and the idea of dispatching some of their number for food began to take possession of all minds. At this juncture a death occurred, obviating the necessity for recourse to violence. A few preferring to die of starvation rather than sustain life by feeding on human flesh. After a lapse of six weeks a party of 8 men and 5 women guided by two Indians set out to cross the mountains. On the road six of the party died and the survivors feasted on their remains. On the 17th of Jan. 1847 they reached a settlement on Bear river, all save three having perished on the way. Immediately expeditions were sent out to the sufferers who had been now three months and a half snowed in; during the most of this time subsisting upon the flesh of their dead companions. The scene at the camp was heart-sickening. Ghastly skeletons stripped of flesh, and bodies half devoured, lay strewn around the dismal cabins, from which issued a stifling fetor; while some welcomed their deliverers, others regarded them with a coldness amounting almost to indifference; they not only having become reconciled to their canibalistic diet, but, preferring it to wholesome food when set before them. Parents were seen feeding on the remains of their children. A wife was broiling the flesh of her husband.

Too incredible for belief are stories told of the ravenous greed exhibited by some of these starving wretches. One of whom is said to have eaten the entire body of a child in a single night; while another insisted on appropriating to his own use the hearts and other viscera of his dead companions. Of this company, numbering eighty-two, thirty-six perished—twenty-six of the number being males and ten females.

### *A Wholesale Store on Wheels.*

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Mail* writing from Chicago says: "Now that the public has become accustomed to sleeping, eating, playing billiards, shaving, and otherwise making itself luxuriously at home on the railroad car, by making it not only a vehicle for traveling, but a place of business, two enterprising men at Burlington, Iowa, have just completed the model of a traveling dry goods and grocery house, in which the city merchant or his agent can visit his country customers, conveying to them a full line of goods in place of the usual samples, and delivering the purchases as soon as they are selected. The model of the car was very elaborately made at the Pullman Palace Car Works, and is quite a curiosity. It shows, in miniature, half a section of a car, as large as a Pullman sleeping coach, fitted up with shelves on the side, deep drawers on wheels, folding counters for exhibiting goods, and spacious apartments under the floor, accessible by trap doors, in which a large amount of goods can be stored. In the center of the car is a cashier's desk, and at each end are private state rooms, sleeping berths, etc.

Imagine the ease in which a Chicago merchant will supply his country customers when this Yankee contrivance comes into use. Having built or chartered his car, and announced to dealers along the line of any particular road at what day it arrives at any of the different stations, he loads it with a great stock of goods and sends it off in charge of his clerks. At each station it is shipped upon a side track, the buyer drives up his wagon, and in a few minutes or hours has his whole spring stock selected and delivered in his store, or obtains such articles as he happens to want immediately without waiting for the slow and uncertain delivery of the freight train. This system, it is claimed, will save wholesalers large amounts by dispensing with "drummers," and will also make a large reduction in freights to the benefits of buyers. It will not be surprising if ere long the prominent wholesale houses have their own cars as invariably as before the days of railroads they kept their peddling wagons for reaching customers in the interior. The model mentioned has been sent to Washington, a patent having been applied for.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Standard* writes that it is generally conceded in political circles that Gen. Butler will be the next Governor of Massachusetts, and that the gentlemen most prominently mentioned in connection with the Senatorship are Henry Wilson, Boutwell, Banks, Judge Hoar, Dawes and ex-Governor Clifford. We don't believe this writer knows as much as he pretends.