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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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DELONG'S DIARY.

A Terrible Tale of Suffering.

The Navy Department is in receipt of a report from Engineer Melville, of the ill-fated *Jeannette*, giving in detail the story of his search for De Long and party and the discovery of their dead bodies. The following extracts are from DeLong's note-book. Under date of Monday, Oct. 3, De Long writes his party thought they saw a hut, but, upon reaching the spot, only a mound. A camp was made in a hole in the bluff, and a roaring fire was soon burning and drying their clothes, while the cold wind ate into their backs. Nothing was left to eat but their dog, which was killed and dressed, and a stew made of such parts as could not be cured. All partook of the stew except DeLong and the doctor. Alexy was sent off to examine what they thought was a hut, and came back at night with a favorable report. It was decided to wait till morning before leaving. It was then below zero, and a watch was set to keep the fire going, and all huddled around it, and thus the third night without sleep was passed. If Alexy had not wrapped his seal-skin around DeLong and kept him warm by the heat of his body (DeLong) thinks he would have perished, as he was steamed and shivered and shook. At 8 A. M. the party reached a hut large enough to hold them, and for the first time since Saturday they managed to get warm. Erickson was very low, and prayers were read for him before the others sought rest. At 10 A. M. all except Alexy laid down to sleep. Alexy went off to hunt, and soon returned wet, having fallen into a river. At 6 P. M. they roused up, and had a pound of dog-meat for each person and a cup of tea, the day's allowance; but they were so grateful that they were not exposed to the terrible gale which was raging at the time that they did not mind short rations. On Wednesday they had tea and dog-meat for breakfast. Alexy again went off hunting and came back with nothing. On Thursday they had a cup of third hand tea with an ounce of alcohol in it. Alexy was again out to hunt and Erickson died while he was gone. Alexy returned empty-handed. The notes at this point say, "What in God's name is going to become of us? Fourteen pounds of dog-meat left and twenty-five miles to a possible settlement." They could not dig a grave for Erickson, as the ground was frozen too hard, and they had nothing to dig with, so they sewed his body up in the laps of a tent, covered him with their flag and buried him in the river. Three volleys from their Remingtons were fired over him.

Under date of October 6, the notes say: "11th day—Breakfast consisted of the last half pound of dog-meat and tea; the last grain of tea was put in the kettle, and we are now about to undertake the journey of twenty-five miles with some old tea leaves and two quarts of alcohol. However, I trust in God, and believe that He who has fed us this far will not suffer us to die of want now." The party left a record in the hut, which was found by Melville as already reported.

They got under way at 8:30 A. M., and proceeded until 11:20, by which time they had made about three miles, and were pretty well done up. They had a half ounce of alcohol in a pot of tea for dinner. Went ahead and soon struck what seemed to be the main river again. Here four of the party broke through the ice in trying to cross, and fearing frost bite, a fire was built. Alexy was sent off to look for food, being directed not to go far nor stay long. He came back at 5:30 with one ptarmigan, of which soup was made, and with half an ounce of alcohol made their supper Saturday, October 8. The notes say: "Called all hands at 5:30; breakfast half an ounce of alcohol and a pint of hot water; alcohol proves of great advantage; keeps off cravings for food, preventing gnawing of the stomach, and has kept up the strength of the men, who are given three ounces a day. Went ahead till 10:30, and after five miles struck the big river again, and have to turn back. Only made an advance of one mile. Cold camp, but little wood and half an ounce of alcohol."

Sunday, 9th, called all hands at 4:30; half ounce alcohol for breakfast; read divine service, sent Niderman and Norris ahead for relief. They returned at seven o'clock; cheered them under way; at 8 crossed a creek, and broke through the ice; all went up to the knees; dried the clothing and were under way again at 10:30; at 1 o'clock struck the river bank; at 4 had for dinner a half ounce of alcohol; Alexy shot three ptarmigans; made soup; we are following Niderman's track, although he is long since out of our sight; found a canoe and lay our heads in it to go to sleep.

Monday, October 10—Took the last half ounce of alcohol at 5:30, and at 6:30 sent Alexy off to look for ptarmigans; we ate deer-skin scraps; yesterday morning ate my deer-skin foot-tips; under way at 8; in crossing the creek three of us got wet; built a fire

and dried out ahead again at 11; used up; built a fire and made a drink out of tea-leaves and from the alcohol bottle; on again at noon; very hard going; ptarmigan tracks plentiful; at 3 o'clock halted; used up; crawled in a hole in the bank; Alexy went in quest of game; nothing for supper, except a spoonful of glycerine; all hands weak and feeble, but cheerful.

Tuesday, 11—Gale with snow; unable to move; no game; one spoonful glycerine and hot water for food; no more wood in our vicinity.

Wednesday, 12—Breakfast on the last spoonful glycerine and hot water; for dinner a couple of handfuls of Arctic willow in a pot of water and drank the infusion; every body getting weaker and weaker and hardly able to get firewood; gale with snow.

Thursday, 13—Willow tea; no news from Niderman; we are in the hands of God, and unless He relents we are lost; we can not move against the wind, and staying here means starvation; in the afternoon went ahead a mile; after crossing another river, branch of Big river, missed Lee; went down on the bank and camped; sent back for Lee; he had laid down and was waiting to die; all united in saying the Lord's Prayer and cried; after supper a strong gale of wind and a horrible night.

Friday, 14—Breakfast, willow tea; dinner, half a teaspoonful of sweet oil and willow tea; Alexy shot one ptarmigan; had soup; wind moderating.

Saturday, October 15—Breakfast on willow tea and two old boots; concluded to move at sunrise; Alexy broke down, also Lee; came to an empty grain raft, halt and camp; signs of smoke at twilight to the Southward.

Sunday, October 16—Alexy broke down; divine service.

Monday—Alexy dying; the doctor baptized him, and had prayers for the sick; Mr. Collins' birthday; forty years old; about sunset Alexy died from exhaustion and starvation; covered him with the ensign and laid him in a crib.

Tuesday—Calm and mild; snow falling; buried Alexy in the afternoon; laid him on the ice and covered him with slabs of ice.

Wednesday—Cutting up tent to make feet gear; the doctor went ahead to find a new camp; shifted by dark.

Thursday—Bright and sunny, but very cold; Lee and Kaack done up.

Friday—Kaack was found dead about midnight between the Doctor and myself; Lee died about noon; read prayers for the sick when we found he was going.

Saturday—Too weak to carry bodies of Lee and Kaack out on the ice; the Doctor, Collins and myself carried them around the corner out of sight, then my eyes closed up.

Sunday—Every body pretty weak; slept or rested to day and then managed to get enough wood in by dark; read part of divine service; suffering in our feet; no foot gear.

Monday—A hard night. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 27th, 13th day—Iverson broken down. Friday—Iverson died during the early morning. Saturday, 29th—Dresser died during the night. Sunday, October 30th, 14th day—Boyd and Galt died during the night and Mr. Collins is dying.

This is the end of Lieut. DeLong's diary. DeLong, Surgeon Amble and Ah Sam, the cook, must have died soon after the last note was written.

HOT MILK AS A RESTORATIVE.—Milk that is heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for the time a degree of its sweetness and its density; but no one fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, who has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its having been rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portions of it seem to be digested and appropriated almost immediately; and many who fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by labor of brain or body will find in this simple draught an equivalent that shall be abundantly satisfying and more enduring in its effects.—[Phrenological Journal.]

A narrative of the suffering and death of DeLong and his men would make one of the most pitiable chapters in history. Much may be inferred from the following extract describing the dead as they were found: "None of the dead had boots. Their feet were covered with rags, tied on. In the pockets of all were pieces of burnt skin and of the clothing which they had been eating. The hands of all were more or less burned, and it looked as if when dying they had crawled into the fire, Boyd lying over the fire and his clothing being burned through to the skin, which was not burned."

A Remedy for Scarlet Fever.
Dr. E. Woodruff, for nineteen years a practicing physician at Grand Rapids, Mich., furnishes the Springfield (Ill.) Journal the following:

"Wash the child from head to foot with strong sal soda water, warm, then wipe dry. Then immediately bathe freely with oil from beef marrow, or oil from butter, applied freely. Then give freely catnip tea, or some good sweating article, pennyroyal, etc. Repeat every half hour, or as often as they get worrisome or wakeful, and in one or two days they will be entirely cured. I have been called to cases where they were fully broken out, and in this way entirely cured them in twenty-four hours. I have had thirty cases on hand at a time, and never lost a case in my life. But now I am old and about to give up my business, and seeing from the papers that your town is infected with the epidemic, I wish to do all the good I can. It is so simple. You do not need to call a doctor. A good nurse can attend to them. If by opening the pores of the skin and sweating you can let off the poison, which is an animalcula, or animal in the blood, the cure is complete. The same is equally good in fevers of all kinds, hard colds and coughs."

I take the ground that all diseases are caused by a stoppage of the pores of the skin, retaining the poison, or living animals in the blood, and all you have to do at first is to open the doors of the system and let them out, or drive them out. All people know a warm bath is good. But you apply the oil to the skin and it keeps the pores open for a long time and gives the enemy a chance to get out. I hope all will try it, and they will soon be convinced."

How the Judge Crossed the Stream.
Well, we were riding along the road one chilly day in November, talking about court business and legal talent, when we struck a small stream that appeared to be about thirty yards in width. "Hello," said Judge Norton, of Missouri, "this is a new stream to me, how shall we cross it?" Taking advantage of his ignorance, I pretended to survey the situation, and after emerging from the thicket, I solemnly inquired, "Judge can you swim?" "Like a fish," he replied, while his eyes twinkled in the expectation of displaying his ability in this direction. "I can't," said I, "so suppose you strip off and swim across, testing the depth of your experience." "All right," he said dismounting from his horse. Then he removed all his clothing, tied them together, placed them between his teeth and started cautiously into the creek. I choked my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from laughing, while the Judge gravely waded across through exactly four inches of water; but you would have died to have seen his look of unutterable disgust when he reached the opposite bank. His feet were blue with mud, but his ankles were scarcely touched by the water. It was three straight days before he spoke to me again.—[General James Craig.]

There are no pockets in the trousers of the West Point cadets, nor in their coats either. The cadets wear no vests, and are trained to do without pockets. They are left free to choose between putting their handkerchiefs in their caps or breasts. The authorities say they must not use tobacco; they are not allowed to carry money, and the ones who govern them do not see what need they have for pockets. When the "plebs" first arrive they swagger around with their hands in their pockets, and, in fact, do not seem to know where else to put them. One of the secrets of making soldiers at the Military Academy is by depriving the students of pockets and compelling them to allow their hands and arms to seek the center of gravity.

THE MARRIAGE BARNES CASE.—In Lexington they have the Marie Barnes Case and this is the way they make it: "Wash and cream, one cup of butter, add to it two cups of sugar, two and a half of flour, sifted till very light; one half cup of sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder, and (without beating them) the whites of nine eggs. Beat the mixture well and bake in small pans. Make the filling of chocolate, coconut, or what you like."

A barber in Lawrence, Mass., thought it funny to cut the hair of a simple-minded customer in a ludicrous manner, but the Police Justice looked at it from a different point of view, and, telling the barber that he had been guilty of a serious assault, fined him fifty dollars and costs, with the alternative of going to jail.

It was a mean man and a Chicago artist who announced the exhibition of a magnificent piece of sculpture, "The Old Trapper," and then when the deluded crowd paid their dimes, and went into the hall he showed them a fine tooth comb of the vintage of 1859.

A man whose grown up daughter bore the name of Sarah Jane, changed it to Amber Ella a few months ago, in hopes that some one would carry her off, but she still remains on his hands. There are some Amber Ellas safe any where.

Murderers in France are frequently compelled, in addition to death on the gallies, to pay a heavy compensation in money, when they have it, to their victim's family.

When Widows are the Most Dangerous.
The second year is that in which the widow is really happy. The somber depths of her mourning cast aside, she enters the world again and reopens her jewel case. Even with a very becoming widows cap on, life is more or less a blank to a woman if she can not wear her jewels. Now, however, the diamonds, pearls and opals may reappear, and with what delight are they not worn? Visions of dresses in delicate half tints, pearl grays, soft lavenders, mixtures of white and gray or black and white float before her mind, soon to be realized. Her year's absence from balls and parties and crowded rooms has renewed her beauty, and the same retirement has brightened her eyes and tinged her cheeks with the freshness of enjoyment with which she prepares to re-enter the world. Now, indeed, is the fashionable widow a dangerous and seductive creature. She knows that she is prettier than ever, and the consciousness makes her more certain of coming victories gives a genuine softness to her manner. Beware of widows in their second year! Always dangerous, they are then more so than ever. Light hearted as a girl, she feels younger every day, and from her own point of view there is no more enviable being to be found in the world than a young, handsome, rich and lively widow, whose heart is not inconveniently soft, nor her feelings too acute to prevent her going through her life "well pleased and careless," and extracting from it as much of the pleasure and as little of the pain as may fall to the share of any mortal creature.

No Time to Tell a Lie.
Jesse C. had the reputation of being the "biggest liar" in Georgia, and he was never known to come out behind. One hot day Bill H. sat on the shady side of his barn. After dinner he saw Jess riding in great haste toward town. Bill hailed him and went to the gate. Jess asked what he wanted. "Stop and tell us a big lie." "No time for lying now," said Jess. "Your uncle Sol died suddenly an hour ago, and I am going for the coroner and a coffin." And on he went. Bill ran to the house and told his wife. She gathered up the children. He hitched the wagon, loaded in his family, and posted off four miles through heat and dust to Uncle Sol's. On arriving he found the family and two neighbors in the kitchen, uncle Sol buried—to his eyes in half a big watermelon. The surprise was mutual, and explanations followed. "Well," said Bill, "I asked Jess for a big lie, and not only got it, but was fool enough to believe it. I wouldn't believe him again if I knew he was dying."—[Marietta Journal.]

Indeed these be the days of burning grateful emotion. With gardens laughing with rotund gladness, and the dinner table loaded with peas, potatoes, beans, dainty chicken-fries, and last and largest, a piling dish of delicate silver-skinned beans, with fine cut butter-covered beans, with delicate snow-white shapely cold-water pone of flint-corn bread of careful browning, supplemented by a soup-plate of raspberries smothered in custard-sprinkling sugar and stripping cream, born of Alderly heifer and out heads and wheat bran, well-what man would be so mean as to let a dinner get cold before he would go to it?—[Glasgow Times.]

Rice-jelly for a sick person is very nourishing, and is very easily made. Mix two heaping teaspoonfuls of nice brown of rice, with enough cold water to make a thin paste; add a cupful of boiling water, putting it in gradually; then let it boil until it is transparent. When you take it from the stove sweeten and flavor it. If it is for a fever patient, flavor with lemon juice; if it is for one with summer complaint, put a stick of cinnamon in it while it is boiling.

An edict signed by the Czar, and published in the official Gazette of St. Petersburg, virtually bankrupts every rich Jew in Russia. It provisionally suspends all payment for contracts or debts due to Jews, prohibits them from settling outside towns and villages, and otherwise provides for their speedy extermination throughout Caerdon.

A wife at Boone, Iowa, got a divorce from her husband solely on the testimony volunteered by her sister, who then professed to detest him; but within a month the sister married the man, and confessed that she had schemed to part the couple for that purpose.

In the sweet, balmy, delicious happiness of love's first young dream a youth will not only insist on cracking walnuts for his girl, but in picking out the goodies as well. Two years after marriage he will not let her have the picker until he is through.

A Missouri woman was astounded when a man took her suddenly in his arms and jumped into a pond with her; and grateful when she learned that her dress was in a blaze which the leap extinguished.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill giving to Mary Bullard, of Iowa, \$100, the value of a horse ridden to death by her in obtaining aid to rescue Union soldiers twenty years ago.

A recent convention in one of the agricultural districts of Massachusetts decided that farmers could not afford to grow potatoes for less than seventy-five cents per bushel.

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