

pose of establishing offices, and making other business arrangements in connection with their road, and its far-reaching Western tributaries.

As they started westward, on the morning of the 17th October, in a special train laden with demijohns, cases, canned meats, fruits and pickles, rolls of buffalo robes and blankets; together with almost any number of breech-loading carbines and revolvers, one would think that they expected to spend at least six months among savage beasts and Indians, before returning to the land of civilization.

PARTING SPEECH OF MR. TAPPEN.

When the train was about starting from the depot at Omaha, Mr. Tappen was loudly called upon by his friends who remained behind, for a few parting words. Upon which he promptly made his appearance upon the rear platform, raised his hat, bowed gracefully to the audience, steadied himself by a firm hold upon the railing, and spoke substantially as follows:

“FELLOW-CITIZENS: But a few short years ago, the spot on which my foot now rests, was part and parcel of a *howling* wilderness”—just here, the sudden starting of the train so disturbed the spot upon which the distinguished speaker’s foot was resting, that he came near being thrown overboard; but, on recovering himself instantly, he proceeded with great composure to say:

“During a somewhat short but eventful life, I have held every position, from”—at this point, the train being fairly under way, it became quite difficult to hear distinctly, except the closing sentence, which was as follows:

“I leave the *Great connecting link* in your hands, while I proceed to swing around the”—the remainder of this