Mechanic's Institute
S. F.

Oregon City Enterprise.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

A. NOLTNER,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS CO.

OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's Brick, next door to John Myers' store, up-stairs.

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STILL IN THE FIELD!
WILLIAMS & HARDING,
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LINCOLN BAKERY,
KEEP THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK of Family Groceries to be found in the city. All goods warranted. Goods delivered in the city free of charge. The highest cash price paid for country produce.
Oregon City, March 28, 1873.

J. T. APPERSON,
OFFICE IN POSTOFFICE BUILDING.

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Legal Tenders, Clackamas County Orders, and Oregon City Orders
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
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Loans negotiated, Collections attended to, and a General Brokerage business carried on. jan6tf.

W. H. HIGHFIELD.
Established since '49, at the old stand.
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
An assortment of Wathes, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairing done on short notice, and thankful for past patronage.

IMPERIAL MILLS,
Savier, LaRocque & Co.
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Keep constantly on hand for sale Flour, Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sack.

JOHN M. BACON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER in Books, Stationery, Periumery, etc., etc.
Oregon City, Oregon.
At Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackeman, Main st.

A. NOLTNER
NOTARY PUBLIC.
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
OREGON CITY.

For the very best photographs, go to Bradley & Rulofson's Galery without STAIRS—Ascend in the Elevator, 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SPRING AND WINTER.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

The world buds every year;
But the heart just once, and when
The blossom falls off sere
No new blossom comes again.
Ah! the rose goes with the wind,
But the thorn remains behind.

Was it well in him, if he
Felt not love, to speak of love so?
If he still unmoved must be,
Was it nobly sought to move so?
Pluck the flower, and yet not wear it?
Spurn, despise, yet not spare it?

Need he say that I was fair,
With such meaning in his tone,
Just to speak of one whose hair
Had the same tine as my own?
Pluck my life up, root and bloom,
Just to plant it on her tomb?

And she'd scarce so fair a face
(So he used to say) as mine:
And her form had far less grace;
And her brow was far less fine.
But 'twas just as he loved them,
More than he can love again.

Why, if beauty could not bind him,
Need he praise me, speaking low;
Use my face just to remind him
How no face could please him now?
Why, if loving could not move him,
Did he teach me still to love him?

And he said my eyes were bright,
But his own he said, were dim;
And my hand, he said, was white;
But what was that to him?
"For," he said, "in gazing at you,
I seem gazing at a statue."

"Yes," he said, "he had grown wise now,
He had suffered much of yore;
But a fair grace to his eyes now,
Was a fair face and no more,
Yet the anguish and the bliss,
And the dream, too, had been his."

Why those words, a thought too tender
For the common places spoken?
Looks whose meaning seem'd to render
Help to words when speech came broken?
Why so late in July moonlight
Just to say what's said by noonlight?

WHATKNOTS.

Ere long—A donkey.

To keep Indians quiet requires considerable Inginuity.

It is a difficult thing to run a saw mill by the force of example.

The whole cost of our 69,000 miles of railroad is about $3,437,638,749.

If you are courting a girl, stick to it; no matter how large her father's feet are.

Reflect well before speaking that a word once uttered can never be recalled.

The man who attempted to "cloak his sins" could not find a garment large enough.

Why is a young lady before marriage never right? Because she is all the time a-miss.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would draw his hat over his eyes.

Why is a melancholy miss the pleasantest of all companions? Because she is always a-musing.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No, she has left that off and turned expensive."

An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors and retrieve your affairs than a month's bemoaning.

"It's a very solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany. "Yes, but it's a deal more solemn *not* to be," said a spinster aged forty.

In a single century four thousand millions of human beings appear on the face of the earth, act their many parts and sink into the grave.

An accepted California suitor lately sold his interest and good-will in affianced to a rival for the price of a new waistcoat. Sensible man.

A Connecticut man is going to move out of the State right away because the trustees of a cemetry object to his raising onions on his cemetry lot.

A gentleman being asked if his neighbor's dog was a hunter, said it was half hunter and half setter, that he hunted until he found a bone, and then sat down to eat it.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax; "What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder! Why they might as well tell me that the man has six heads in his hat."

A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves broke over him. He replied, "Wet, ma'am; very wet."

"'Tis strange," muttered a man as he staggered home from a dinner party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself.

A quaint old gentleman, of an active, stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Jones," said he, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him, for you never could overtake him."

An old trapper was sauntering through one of our western villages, on a Sunday. Passing a meeting house, he went in and took his seat. The preacher was discoursing on the "sheep and the wolves." Said he: "We who assemble here week after week, and do our duty and perform our part, are the sheep; now, who then, are the wolves?" A pause, and our friend, the trapper, rose to his feet. "Waal stranger rather than see the play stopped, I will be the wolves." The preacher pronounced the benediction at once.

Discovery of Wm. York's Body.

From the Lawrence Tribune.

Our readers will remember reading a brief account in the *Tribune* of March 28th, of the mysterious disappearance of William York, of Independence, Kansas, brother of State Senator A. M. York, while en route from Fort Scott to his home, on horseback, on the 9th of that month. The incident was very extensively published throughout the whole country, from the respectability and prominence of the party through the transient fame of his said brother. Search, the most thorough of the kind known in the State, was immediately instituted to trace out and unravel

THE DARK MYSTERY

of his disappearance, and with untiring energy was kept up to this present culmination and discovery. Rivers were dragged, and the route over which he was supposed to have traveled, was searched with painful detail and perseverance.

Yesterday the veil of mystery was drawn aside, and the sad fate of the long lost citizen fully settled.

The course of Mr. York has been followed to the vicinity of Cherryvale, Kansas, where all further trace was lost. The farmers living in that neighborhood were made acquainted with the success of the search thus far, and entered into the work of investigation with a laudable determination to fathom the dark pall, and soon fixed their suspicion upon a family by the name of Bender, residing about six miles north of Cherryvalle, consisting of four persons—two men and two women. The younger man's wife

CLAIMED TO BE A MEDIUM,

and exercised a remarkable control over the rest of the family; and it is even reported that they dared not disobey her in anything, she being, as the neighbors expressed it, "a perfect devil."

About three weeks ago this family departed very suddenly, and left their cattle to starve on the farm, drove to Thayer and hitched their team close to the railroad depot, and bought tickets to Humboldt. The team was taken into keeping by the constable of that place after standing two or three days unclaimed.

Yesterday two men were looking at the claim so suddenly vacated by the Benders, and while they were in the garden, noticed a queer depression in the soil, and suspecting something wrong dug down. At a depth of four feet they

CAME UPON A CORPSE

lying face down and denuded of everything except a shirt. With the body they found a piece of a halter. The remains were at once identified as the lost Mr. York. They found a large bruised scar on his temple, showing that he undoubtedly came to his death from a blow from some sharp instrument.

The house was next thoroughly searched and in the clock case was found a piece of Mr. York's spectacles.

The floor was then taken up and a new horror unearthed. Upon digging in the soil there they came upon the remains of people who had been probably murdered and burried there, but the decomposition of the bodies was so far advanced that the searchers were unable to identify them when our informant left, late last evening.

THE MOST INTENSE EXCITEMENT

prevailed at Cherryvale over the startling discovery, and people were assembling from every direction as fast as they learned of the event.

We hope the pursuit of this Bender family will be as vigorously inaugurated and kept up as has been the search for Mr. York, until the last one of them feels the vengeance of an outraged law and an exasperated community. Let the most expert detectives be put on their trail, if necessary, and ferret out the blood-thirsty perpetrator of these premeditated murders. We shall await, with interest the further unearthing of these dark deeds.

CHERRYVAL, Kas., May 8—4:30 p. m.—Seven more bodies have been taken up, besides that of Mr. York, with three graves get untouched. Six of these have been identined. H. Longehos and child, eighteen months old, was found identified by his father-in-law. The body of W. F. McCarthy has also been identified. He was born in 1843, and served during the war in Co. D. 23d Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Some men from Howard county identified the body of D. Brown. He had a silver ring on the finger of his left hand, with the initials of his name engraved thereon. The body of John Geary was identified by his wife from Howard county, whose terrible grief over the mutilated remains of her husband was heart-rending. All had been killed by blows on the back of the head with a hammer.

The throats of all had been cut except that of the little girl. The whole ground will be dug up to find more graves. The excitement is increasing hourly. Some suspected parties will be arrested to-night. I will return to the scene of the murder to-morrow, and will send a full account of everything new that is developed. The whole country is aroused, and the good name of the State is enlisted in the determination to secure the murderers if they have to be followed to the ends of the earth. The scene at the grave surpasses everything in horror that could be possibly imagined.

Every person without regard to race, sex or condition, who is found in the streets of the cities and towns of Russia in a state of intoxication, is compelled to work at sweeping the streets during the whole of next day.

The Congressional Grab.

The Vancouver *Register*, an independent paper, goes after the Congressional thieves in a very pointed manner. It says: "It will be recollected, that on the last night of the late session of Congress, that body perpetrated the most outrageous, theiving and scoundrelly act, ever attempted by any assemblage of men in a legislative capacity, by voting themselves the sum of five thousand dollars each, as back pay.

The people would have submitted to an increase of salary of some government officials without much complaint, but this was only a useless and extravagant waste of the people's money, done for the purpose of cloaking the designs of the thieving crew that composed a majority of that Congress. Had they stopped at that, there would have been some show of reason and honest design, but voting themselves an increase of salary (already too high,) with the notorious back-pay scheme, was too glaring a piece of rascality to pass unnoticed by an honest constituency.

But for the heads of departments, members of Congress and Territorial officers, their allowances was amply sufficient to remunerate their time, and sustain the dignity of their position. Just then we think President Grant missed the most splendid opportunity ever offered a chief magistrate, immortalize himself, had he seen through the thieving scheme of Congress, to enrich themselves at the expense of his responsibility. He should have promptly vetoed the measure, defeated thereby the nefarious schemes of credit mobilier operators and other robbers of the Government. The people, who are now crushed to earth by the load of taxation imposed upon them, would have sustained him, though he might never have aspired to official position again, his name would have gone down to posterity as a protector and benefactor.

Honest, upright and patriotic as we believe the President to to be, we cannot help but think that the whole scheme was gotten up by men of the most corrupt and designing principles. And that the addition to the President's salary was only made to catch that functionary, and secure his approval to the notorious scheme. A few men too honest, we are happy to say, refuse to share in the general plunder, and have returned the amount due them to the U. S. Treasury. The names of those men will live in the hearts of a grateful people, while that of thieves and robbers who have plundered a confiding people, will be forgotten, and burried beneath the contempt and vision of an outraged community.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.—Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence; where common words of pleasure are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each other, where vows have been plighted, prayers offered and tears of parting have been shed. Oh, how the thoughts hover round such places, and travel back through immeasurable space to visit them. But of all the thoughts on the green earth, none is so sacred as where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we once loved and cherished. Hence in all ages, the better portion of mankind have chosen the loved spots they have loved to wander at eventide, and weep alone. But among the charnel houses of the dead if there is one spot more sacred than the rest, it is a mother's grave, there sleeps the mother of our infancy she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none ourselves. There she sleeps and we love the earth for her sake.

SEWING WILD OATS.—In all the range of accepted English maxims, there is none, take it all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one, as to the "sowing of wild oats." Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. What a man, be he young or old, or middle aged, sows, that and nothing else shall he reap. The only way to do with "wild oats" is to put them carefully in the hottest of fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter on what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots (like couch-grass) and luxuriant stocks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in the heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive; and you and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day!—*Thomas Hughs,*

FREE TRADE.—The New York *World* urges all the free trade elements of the Union to form a coalition with the democratic party to form a political party, for the purpose of wresting the control of the Government from the republican party. The present high tariff is very oppressive and the people must have a change, if they desire relief. The *World* invites all the friends of free trade and light taxation to lay aside all prejudice and act as a unit. In this way, it argues, victory is certain. It prefers this form should be worked out within the ranks of the democratic party; but rather than loose all, advises all free traders to consolidate in whatever shape will be most apt to win.

Representation in the Senate.

The six New England States have twelve United States Senators, while the great States of Ohio and Indiana, although they have a million more people, have but four. The Senators represent the States, and this unequal representation is the acknowledgement by the fundamental law of the doctrine of State Sovereignty. Every Senator from New England professes to abhor this doctrine, and has uniformly voted during the past twelve years for the measures that have been brought forward for the purpose of infringing upon and curtailing the rights of States, yet they have been careful to propose nothing that looks to the remedying of this, the only objectionable feature of the doctrine. This is one of the bundle of inconsistencies of which Radicalism is made up, and displays, in glaring colors, its animus. It is plain that if the doctrine of State Sovereignty was exploded by the war, the present plan of representation in the Senate should be abolished, and Senators, like Representatives in the Lower House of Congress, apportioned to the States according to their population. The Radical party has not done this for the reason that it would curtail their power by cutting down the representation from New England. This proves that even in hostility to "State Sovereignty" it has provisions and exceptions—where it is beneficial to Radicalism, the doctrine is sound and patriotic; but where it militates against the party, a foul heresy and bantling of slavery and the parent of secession.

HOUSEKEEPERS GUIDE.—A publisher who proposes to issue a new Housekeeper's Guide, uses the following extracts from the forthcoming work:

Plain sauce—an interview with a Cape May hotel clerk.

To make a good jam—Ask any horse car conductor.

To boil a tongue—drink scalding coffee.

To make a good broil—Leave a letter from one of your sweethearts where your wife can find it.

How to make an Indian Loaf—Give him a gallon of whisky.

How to make good puffs—Send the publisher fifty cents a line for them.

A plain loaf—a visit to the prairies.

How to make pi—Drop a form in a printing office.

To "bone" a turkey—take it when the poulterer is not looking.

To corn beef—feed cattle at a brewery.

How to select a fowl—ask the umpire of a base-ball match.

A plain stew—a trip in a Slawson box street car on a hot day.

How to dress beats—a horse whip is a good thing to dress beats with, especially if they be "dead beats."

In the city of Halifax there dwelt a lawyer, crafty, subtle and cute as a fox. An Indian of the Miami tribe owed him some money. The lawyer had waited long for the tin. His patience at last gave out, and he threatened the Indian with law-suits, processes and executions. The poor red man got scared and brought the money to his creditor.

The Indian waited, expecting the lawyer would write a receipt.

"What are you waiting for?" said the lawyer.

"Receipt," said the Indian.

"A receipt," said the lawyer, "receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the use of one and I will give it to you."

The Indian looked at him a moment and then said:

"S'pose may be me die: me go to heben; me find the gate locked; me see the 'postle Peter; he say, 'Simon, what you want? me say, 'Want to get in; he say, 'You pay Mr. J. dat money?' what me do? I hab no receipt! hab to hunt all ober hell to find you?"

He got a receipt.

"TRUE AS PREACHING."—The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* goes after a public nuisance with an energy that is refreshing in this day of general editorial inanity. It applies the scalpel to that journalistic excrescence, *Harper's Journal of Civilization*, in the following vigorous and satisfactory manner: "The fact is, *Harper's Journal of Civilization*(?) is about gone to the dogs. The senseless, malicious and savage attacks (pictorially) on Horace Greeley, Gratz Brown, the Catholic Church, and everything sacred and profane, where a price was given has well ruined its reputation for independence. The Harper's have disgraced themselves and the nation, in their political and religious crusades the past two years. The people want no more such Journals of civilization fashion or literature."

CURE FOR FOUNDER.—An exchange says: "The following is said to be an excellent remedy for a foundered horse: When you are satisfied that he is foundered, no matter what the cause, give him one pint of dry salt (with a spoon); then keep him in the stable, without drink, for twenty-four hours, and nine times out of ten a radical cure will be effected. This remedy, however, is only recommended in the first stages, or within three or four days after the cause."

BEANS FOR MILCH COWS.—Beans, chemically considered, are the best food for milch cows, and experience in their use versifies science. All leguminous seeds are rich in flesh-forming matter, as well as in other articles of food; a large percentage of nitrogenous or flesh-forming compounds is associated in beans with a large percentage of phosphates, or bone earth. They are thus specially adapted for milch cows, as well as young growing stock.

HOW TO WIN.

Counsel of a Dying Statesman to His Hopeful Son.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

At the door of death he lay with the shadows of the Sierras across his face. He sent for his son, and when he came he said:

My son, I am going to leave this life and go into that condition where, to the unimaginative mind, all is unsurveyed and uncertain. I am about to make an indefinite postponement and adjourn sine die, and I have sent for you, my son, that I may leave to you, for your guidance, when my term of election is over forever and my return to my seat impossible, the sum of political and moral wisdom which has put upon my head the silver of years and into my purse the gold of the government.

My son, "it is the best government that God ever made." Strive to be loyal to it—it pays, my son, it pays!

You may be called upon as I have been, to take part in conducting this great government. You will find that the government is "the primaries," and "the primaries" are mostly beer and whisky.

Before the primary meeting has assembled, you will do well to "treat as many of the crowd as you can, by any plausable excuse, invite to "take something," and you will all endeavor to become about as near half drunk as you can. This is the beginning of true patriotism. You will be told that important State matters require clear heads and clean hands. It is not so my son. True patriotism begins in fuddle, and ends in a muddle to all, save those who take a money advantage of it.

After the "primary" of which I have just spoken is over, if your own party schemes have been successful you will proceed with your friends to get drunk, and hurrah and talk an endless amount of patriotic love in a florid and rhetorical style.

If your party is defeated, you will get drunk with the other side to show that you are a clever fellow and not given to "scouring" every defeat; and you will be careful to declare that you hope the best man wins, and that it is all in the party, and that no power in the world can prevent you from supporting the whole ticket, let who will be on it. Say this as often as you can—at least every time you take a "drink," and if you can drink as often or oftener than any voter at the "primaries," and still walk home unsupported, vowing to the stars your fealty to the ticket, your fortune, with a little tact and prudence, is made. You have buddled for a true patriot.

You will now make judicious haste to see each man who is elected by the "primaries" to the nominating convention. You will invite, if possible, each delegate to your private room, and be patriotic with each. That is, you will order the "drinks," and continue to talk and order the "drinks" until you have felt your man thoroughly and put him to bed—drunk. Then you will have your head shampooned, take some sustenance, and away to fresh conquests. Very much may be done in this way when all seems lost. I won my first nomination in this way, when the "primaries" were dead against me.

Just as the convention is about to assemble you will proceed, as at the "primaries" to "treat" everybody, not forgetting the outsiders. For, if you fire their hearts in your favor, their shouts at the announcement of your name in the convention has a fine effect. I have known much good to be done by this patriotic shout of the people, whose instincts are always right, are fond of you.

After this convention has adjourned, if your side has won, you will immediately invite all parties to "drink," and, amid the chinking of glasses and the rolling of tobacco smoke, you will all, in a confused, diffusive and gushing crowd, talk over the great and good day's work. If you yourself are the principal candidate, you will shake hands with everybody and take a "drink" with him. He likes it. And he likes you for doing it. You will not be particular where you go or where you drink. You must, with gusto, pour down your throat anything that may be set out to you. To "go back" on your "licker" is not patriotic. In that fatal way my opponent lost his nomination in 1864.

Now, my son, say that the convention has nominated you—or, what is more customary, say, the convention has conferred upon you, through the power of their free franchise, this unsought and never-to-be-bought, high and sacred position—you will at once proceed to ride your country, district or State, and "drink" with every man who has a vote or can control one. You will "drink" with the old "drinkers" out of respect to them; you will "drink" with men who never drank before because they respect and admire you and your position.

And before I forget it my son, as I am growing weak, let me remind you to collect a few choice stories—witty, broad, gamey stories, not above the most brutish comprehension. These are very useful to be between "drinks" to rest on, and they cause coarse people to remember you with pleasure.

You will be told that in all this, you are lowering the moral standard of the country; but that is impracticable advice. The "moral standard" is for women and preachers; your business is with the "party standard." It is not for you to assume an elevation and beseech the people to come up, when the patriotic people are winking to you to come down and "treat" to the cigars and whisky. The Scripture says, he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Humble yourself before the people! Serve them! Become their political bartender, and serve them! Serve them with beer and whisky! Let them know that you are not proud—nothing mean about you.

In this way, my son, is your calling and election sure. It may be a little hard on your stomach, but such is the fate of patriots. You must take mankind as you find them; and you will always find more patriots with stomachs than with brains. Strive to be in yourself the greatest good, and then follow the maxim, "The greatest good to the greatest number."

If elected, as I doubt not, you will be, you will, as soon as the returns are all in and sufficiently counted to assure your success, go with the whole crowd, with a hurrah, to the nearest grogshop and "treat" and get drunk as rapidly and as foolishly as you can. You will mount the counter of the shop, tramp triumphantly among the tumblers—damn the expense, make it all right in the morning—and harrangue the constantly thirsty and ever-increasing crowd upon the glories of our beloved country, from the treason of Benedict Arnold down to the Pacific railroad. You will refer to the fact that we can whip all nations, particularly Great Britain. You will at last, as you begin to sober up a little, lower your voice to a loving and sepulchral whisper, and pay a tribute to our national banner and the patriot fathers of the republic—in which latter catalogue, may I not ask you my son, that you will remember me by saying, with tears in your eyes, among whom is numbered, I am proud to say gentlemen, my reverend father.

One or two companions like this will finish your apprenticeship to patriotism, but now, as you will begin to be noticed as a promising man a greater degree of prudence is advisable.

All through your apprenticeship you will have observed to tell no lie. The time to lie comes later in life. The people will not swallow a lie from a young man, knowing it to be such. You may be a fool or a drunkard, you may be a gambler, and a horse-racer, and also keep a fighting dog; but you must not lie until you are old enough and have earned sufficient fame to make the lie stick. A useless lie is worse than abstract truth, and to espouse either will ruin a patriot. Let your humble followers tell your lies for you, and leave abstract truths to philosophers, preachers, women, and editors. Let it be the rule of your life to attempt no good thing until you are sure it will win, and then, my son, study to be loudest and most enthusiastic in your advocacy. Always wait for the public voice. The majesty of the puplic is your sovereign and it is the duty of a courteous and gallant knight to flatter his liege. This is true chivalry.

You will have no opinion to express on religious matters, and, except in a general rhetorical way, you will avoid all mention of public morals until the populace rise against some overbearing evil; then my son, be prepared to take the lead with a fire and fury of righteous indignation which shall win golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Be careful to give something in a pleasant, ostentatious manner, to all charitable institutions and petitions. I advise you to marry. And let your wife be one who may win to your side, or at least lend you the ears of, a large and influential class of church-going people; but you must be very careful, until late in life, to be in no way committed to any matters of belief. To be a believer is good in a follower, but your leader never believes.

As to cards—poker. No true statesman in America plays anything but poker. And if you will hand me a pack of my Congressional cards—from the escritoire—in the stationery drawer, under my "frank"—I will show you the best tricks in the patriotic game. But alas, my dear son, you need not get them. I forgot, in the moment of bright memory, that I am too weak—too weak. I did hope to show you the "committee shuffle" and the appropriation draw," but alas, farewell! Man's life is but a shadow.

My son, my breath fails me—I am faint.—I cannot say much more. But there is a bright future before you. I shall leave you means enough to put you above being a "cheap" man. And I hope since I have pointed out to you the proper course, that you will invest your talents and character in the government so that the investment will pay—not the government, but you.

Now draw near to me, that I may place my hand upon your head and confer upon you a father's dying benison.

Bless you my son, bless you! I bequeath to you my interest and my solicitude in "the best government that God ever made." Stand by the government my son! stand close to it, cling to it, especially to the treasury of the country. Therein are the solace of peace and the sinews of war. Watch over these, guard them and, if you can, carry them home with you to love and to cherish, and also—

Here his jaws fell, his eyes set, and the soul of an American patriot statesman wended its way to the New Jerusalem, where the "streets are lined with gold" and corner lots open to "location."

"A penny for your thoughts, miss," said a gentleman to a pert beauty. "They are not worth a farthing, sir," she replied; "I was thinking of you."

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