

THE EUGENE CITY GUARD.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES, AND TO EARN AN HONEST LIVING BY THE SWEAT OF OUR BROW.

WHOLE NO. 543.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

F. B. ALEXANDER, W. H. ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER BROS.,

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building, over Crain's Jewelry Store.

OUR ONLY RATES OF ADVERTISING. Advertisements inserted as follows: One square, 10 lines or less, one insertion \$5; each subsequent insertion \$1. Cash required in advance. This advertisement will be charged at the following rates: One square three months..... \$6 00 " " six months..... 10 00 " " one year..... 18 00

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Office Hours—From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays from 9 to 12 p. m. Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north at 10 a. m. Arrives from the north at 10 a. m. Leaves going south at 2:30 p. m. For Sitka, Alaska, and Long T. m. close at 6 a. m. on Wednesdays. For Crowfordville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p. m. Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after a rival of trains. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mails depart.

SOCIETIES.

EUGENE LODGE No. 11, A. F. and A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.
SPENCER BUTTE LODGE No. 9 I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.
WINAWALA ENCAMPMENT No. 6, meets on the third 4th Wednesdays in each month.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed letter to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bldg. House, New York.

GEO. B. DORRIS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Office on Willamette street, Eugene, Ore.

J. C. Bolon,

DENTIST.

OFFICE—In Underwood's brick building, over the express office.

A. W. PATTERSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office on Ninth Street, opposite the St. Charles Hotel, and at Residence, EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Dr J. C. Shields

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Eugene City and surrounding country. Special attention given to all OBSTETRICAL CASES and UTERINE DISEASES entrusted to his care. Office at the St. Charles Hotel.

DR JOSEPH P GILL

CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE or residence when not professionally engaged. Office at the POST OFFICE DRUG STORE. Residence on Eighth street, opposite Presbyterian Church.

WM. B. LANE,

Purchasing Agent, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. S. LUCKEY,

DEALER IN

Clocks, Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc. Repairing Promptly Executed.

All Work Warranted. J. S. LUCKEY, Ellsworth & Co.'s brick, Willamette Street.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

I HAVE ESTABLISHED A LUMBER YARD

On the corner of Eleventh and Willamette streets, and keep constantly on hand lumber of all kinds. Seasoned flooring and rustic, fencing and fence posts. F. B. DUNN, July 14th

OPPOSITION

IS THE LIFE OF TRADE!

SLOAN BROTHERS

WILL DO WORK CHEAPER than any other shop in town.

HORSES SHOD FOR \$1 50.

With new material, all round. Resoling old shoes 5 Cents. All warranted to give satisfaction. Shop on Eighth st., opposite Humphrey's Stable.

DR. JOHN HERRBOLD,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, HAS REMOVED TO ROSEBURG, Oregon, where he respectfully offers his services to the citizens of that place and vicinity in all the branches of his profession.

Book and Stationery Store.

POST OFFICE BUILDING, EUGENE City. I have on hand and am constantly receiving an assortment of the Best School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Blank Books, Portfolios, Cards, Wallets, Penknives, Pencils, etc., etc. A. S. PATTERSON.

NEW STOCK OF HATS—The best

and largest ever brought to Eugene, at FRIENDLY'S.

EUGENE CITY BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ALEXANDER, J. B.—Justice of the Peace South Eugene Precinct; office at Court House.

ABRAMS, W. H. & BRO.—Plating mill, wash, door, blind and moulding manufactory, Eighth street, east of mill race. Everything in our line furnished on short notice and reasonable terms.

BENTLEY, J. W.—Private boarding house, southwest corner of Eleventh and Pearl sts.

BAUSCH, P.—Boot and shoe maker, Willamette street, second door south of A. V. Peters & Co.

BAKER, R. F.—Wines, liquors, cigars and agricultural implements, one door north of St. Charles Hotel.

BOLON, J. C.—Surgical and Mechanical Dentist, Underwood's brick, over Express Office.

BOYD & RENSCHAW—Meat Market—beef, mutton, pork, veal and lard—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

COLEMAN, FRANK—Wines, liquors, cigars and billiards, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

CLEAVER, J. W.—General variety store and agricultural implements, southeast corner of Willamette and Seventh streets.

CHAPMAN, E. E.—Gunsmith—repairing promptly done and work warranted, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

CHRISMAN, SCOTT—Truck, hack and expressman. All orders promptly attended to. Office at express office.

CRAIN BROS.—Dealer in Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Musical Instruments—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

CALLISON, R. G.—Dealer in groceries, provisions, country produce, canned goods, books, stationery, etc., southwest corner Willamette and 9th Sts.

DORRIS, B. F.—Dealer in Stoves and Tin ware—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

DURANT, WM.—Meat Market—beef, pork, veal and mutton constantly on hand—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

ESPEY, W. W.—Carrage maker and blacksmith, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

ELLSWORTH & CO.—Druggists and dealers in paints, oils, etc.—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

GUARD OFFICE—Newspaper, book and job printing office, corner Willamette and Eighth streets, up stairs.

GRANGE STORE—Dealers in general merchandise and produce, corner Eighth and Willamette streets.

GILL, J. P.—Physician, Surgeon and Druggist, 10th street, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

HENDRICKS, T. G.—Dealer in general merchandise—northwest corner Willamette and Ninth streets.

HYMAN, D.—Variety Store and dealer in furs and skins, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HODGES, C.—Lager beer, liquors, cigars and a fine pigeon-hole table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HENKLE, E. T.—Barber and Fashionable Hair-Dresser—west side Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Barber, Hair-dresser and bath rooms, east side Willamette st., second door north of St. Charles Hotel.

HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith. Rifles and shot-guns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Shop on 9th street.

JAMES, B. H.—Stoves, and manufacturer of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

KINSEY, J. D.—Sash, blinds and door factory, window and door frames, mouldings, etc., glazing and glass cutting done to order.

LYNCH, A.—Groceries, provisions, fruits, vegetables, etc., Willamette street, first door south of Postoffice.

LAKIN & ROONEY—Saddlery, harness, saddle trees, whips, etc., Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and Jeweler; keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Ellsworth's drug store.

MCCLAREN, JAMES—Choice, wines, liquors, and cigars—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

MELLER, M.—Brewery—Lager beer on tap and by the keg or barrel, corner of Ninth and Olive streets.

MCCLANAHAN, E. J.—Truck and Draying; all orders promptly attended to. Headquarters at Robinson & Church's.

OSBURN & CO.—Dealers in drugs, medicines, chemicals, oils, paints, etc.—Willamette st., opposite St. Charles Hotel.

PERKINS, H. C.—County Surveyor and Civil Engineer. Residence on Fifth street.

PENNINGTON, B. C.—Auctioneer and Commission Merchant, corner seventh and High streets.

POINDEXTER & RUSH—Horseshoeing and general jobbing blacksmiths, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

PRESTON, WM.—Dealer in Saddlery, Harness, Carriage Trimmings, etc.—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

REAM, J. R.—Undertaker and building contractor, corner Willamette and Seventh streets.

ROSENBLATT & CO.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner Willamette and Eighth streets.

SHELDON, J. C.—Physician and Surgeon—north side Ninth street, first door east of St. Charles Hotel.

STEVENS, MARK—Dealer in tobacco, cigars, nuts, candies, shot, powder, notions, etc.—Willamette street.

STEINREISER, S.—Dealer in groceries, provisions, vegetables, fruits, etc.—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

THOMPSON & BEAN—Attorneys-at-Law—Underwood's brick, Willamette street, up stairs.

VAN HOUTEN, B. C.—Agent for the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, Willamette street, at Express office.

WINTER, J. A.—Photographic artist, No. 79, Willamette street. Pictures taken in the finest style of the art, at low rates.

WALTON, J. J.—Attorney-at-Law. Office—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

WITTER, J. T.—Buckskin dressing. The highest price paid for deer skins, Eighth st., at Bridge.

UNDERWOOD, J. B.—General brokerage business and agent for the Connecticut Insurance Company of Hartford—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

TRY IT!—THE T. G. HENDRICKS BRAND

OF SOAP. For sale only by T. G. HENDRICKS.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

of all kinds at inside figures by T. G. HENDRICKS.

ROSEBURG AND SAN JUAN LIMES

for sale by T. G. HENDRICKS.

The Bondholders' Profits.

From the Salem Mercury.

In order to show the injustice of the claims of the bondholders and the Republican party, which is run by and in the interests of the bondholders, that their bonds should be paid in gold and silver only, when in truth the word "gold" does not appear on the face of any U. S. bond in existence, we will give a few facts in regard to the issue of these bonds and the immense profits which have been made out of them—out of the necessities of our Government—and the injustice of which was so expressed by Thaddeus Stevens when he said: "We have had to yield, but we did not until we found that the country must be lost or the banks be gratified; and we sought to save the country in spite of the enmity of its wealthy citizens."

At the time these bonds were made silver dollars were legal tender for all debts, without regard to amount, and although that dollar was afterward legislated out of existence, it is a part of the coin of the country, and the bonds are legally payable with it. But we will take a look at the facts in regard to the issue and sale of these bonds, and what the Government actually received for them, and the usurious profits which the holders have already derived from them.

In 1862 the Government sold 6 per cent. 5-20 bonds to the amount of \$60,981,450 and received for them only Greenbacks at their face, dollar for dollar, and yet at the time of their purchase these greenbacks were only worth \$44,030,649. Here was a clear profit on the purchase, to the bondholders, of \$16,950,801. On this last amount, which is remembered, the Government did not receive, interest has been paid amounting to \$15,256,020 which added to its principal, makes the sum of \$33,308,421, for which not one dollar ever was paid.

In 1863 the Government disposed of the same class of bonds \$160,987,550, for which is received an equal amount in greenbacks. During that year the average price of gold was about \$1 58 in currency. It will be seen that these bonds cost their purchasers but \$101,890,856 in gold, leaving a profit to the buyers of \$58,096,694. The interest paid by the Government on this amount which it did not receive, up to the beginning of the last fiscal year was \$46,095,422, which added to the fictitious principal makes \$105,192,118 now in the pockets of the bondholders, without any consideration, for their very patriotic aid in assisting the Government which they so dearly loved.

In 1864 the Government sold bonds amounting on their face to \$381,292,250, for which it received greenbacks, which at that time were enormously depreciated, it tried by the gold standard—gold being quoted at an average of 201 in currency. The purchasers therefore really paid but \$189,697,636—less than half their face value. There was a clear profit to the capitalists who so generously invested in them the nice little profit of \$191,594,614. On this amount—without consideration—these bondholders have drawn \$137,948,123 as interest. Add to this the principal, and these benevolent Shylocks have made as clear gain—for nothing—the sum of \$329,544,325 on this year's transactions.

In 1865 the Government sold bonds to the amount of \$279,746,150, on which it suffered a discount of \$71,532,060 at the hands of the capitalists. The interest already paid by the people on this amount which the Government never received, but for which these honorable gentlemen demand only gold, amounts to \$47,221,159, making the operations of this year realize for the bondholders \$118,743,219, for which not one cent was ever paid.

In 1866 the Government sold \$124,914,400 of its bonds, for which it received depreciated greenbacks equivalent to \$88,591,773 in gold. The profits to the holders were \$36,332,627, and interest on this amount, which the Government did not get, has been \$23,979,533. Add the principal which was never paid to the Government, and the interest which has been paid by the Government, and we find this year's profits to the users amounts to \$60,312,160, for which there was no consideration.

In 1867 the Government sold of its bonds \$421,469,550. The purchasers paid for them in greenbacks, the gold value of which would amount to \$303,215,593, leaving a clear profit to them of \$118,554,047. The interest on this profit, which has been paid by the Government, amounts to \$70,952,428, and the speculators have in their pockets from this year's transactions the immense sum of \$189,206,475, and for which they never gave one cent.

In 1868 these bonds were sold to the amount of \$425,443,800. Their purchasers paid in greenbacks for them, the gold value of which was then \$312,826,323, clearing the sum of

\$112,617,477. Add the interest paid by the Government to this amount never paid to the Government, amounting to \$60,813,437, and we find that these traffickers in the nation's need have received \$173,430,914 of the people's money, for which not the slightest equivalent was ever paid into the United States treasury.

In addition to the foregoing 6 per cent. bonds the Government at different times during the years mentioned issued and sold \$195,139,550 of bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest. They brought the Government \$122,057,410 in greenbacks, thus leaving to the purchasers a net profit of \$72,182,149. Interest already paid on this profit amount to \$36,943,045, which added to the principal which the Government did not get, amounts to \$109,125,181.

Now let us foot up these bondholders' profits and see what the government had to pay to these avaricious capitalists for their assistance in a time of peril, when the best men of the nation were giving up their homes, their business, leaving their families to struggle as best they might for a livelihood—yea, giving their lives for what they deemed a patriotic duty—and then let us ask ourselves if they should be paid in gold, when nothing of the kind was ever promised them, or at that time expected by them. This is a tabulated statement of the bondholders' profits above specified:

Year. Profits.

1862.....\$ 32,208,421

1863..... 165,123,318

1864..... 329,544,325

1865..... 118,743,219

1866..... 60,312,160

1867..... 189,206,475

1868..... 173,909,912

On account of 5 per cent. bonds 109,125,181

Grand total.....\$1,117,761,613

And this little sum is all the Shylocks have forced the people to pay as a bonus for their assistance in saving the country they professed to love well. Nearly one-half of the entire national debt! And yet they have the impudence to claim, and the Republican party has the effrontery to back their claims, that the whole amount—that which they did pay to the Government and that which did not—must be paid in gold, nothing but gold! And they say we will "injure our national credit" if we do not comply with their unjust demand! Now, Messrs. bondholders, you will get all you were promised, and no more. The Government will soon be in the hands of those who will see that you get your full "pound of flesh," but they will also see that you do not get one grain more. The people have rights as well as you.

Doctors.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for his bill, long over due for attending the wife of the latter. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Toombs, then Senator of the U. S., was for Dr. Royston. The Doctor proved his number of visits, their value, according to local custom, and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and as there was nothing where with to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it. "No," said Peter; "I hired you to speak to my case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was. Peter was obstinate, and Stephens at last told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter Bennett, "if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me."

Senator Toombs promised that he wouldn't, and Peter began: "Gentlemen of the Jury: You and I are plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these 'ere doctors and lawyers will get the advantage of us. I ain't no doctor nor lawyer, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place; but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury."

"Now this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him to come an' to doctor my wife's sore leg. And he come an' put some salve truck onto it, and some rags, but never done one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he's no doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors, sure enough, but this man don't earn his money; and if you send for him, as Mrs. Adkinson did, for a negro boy as was worth a \$1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"I don't," thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter, with the slow accents of a judge with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded with his speech: "As I was sayin', gentlemen of the jury, we farmers when we sell our cotton, has got to give vally for the money we ask, and doctors ain't too good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor, no how."

with—"Look at my diploma if you think I am no doctor."

"His diploma!" exclaimed the new-fledged orator with great contempt.

"His diploma!" Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheepskin, and it don't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man as now wears it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I'll pin' out to ye that he ain't no doctor at all!"

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out, "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor."

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, and she said as how she thought you wasn't."

"Ask my other patients," said Dr. Royston, blue with rage.

This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied with look and tone of unutterable sadness:

"That's a hard sayin', gentlemen of the jury, and one that requires me to die or to have powers, as I've heard tell, ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the Angel Gabriel down to toot his horn before his time and cry aloud: 'Awake ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice?' Am I to go to the lonely church-yard and rap on the silent tomb and say to um, as is at last from physic and doctor's bills, 'Git up here, you, and state if you died a natural death or was hurried up some by doctors?' He says ask his patients, and gentlemen of the jury, they're all dead! Where is Mrs. Beasley's man Sam? Go ask the worms in the grave yard where he lies. Mrs. Peake's woman Sarah was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed and he had the corpse ready. Where's Bill as belonged to Mr. Mitchell! In glory, expressin' his opinion of Royston's doctorin'. Where's that gal baby of Harry Stephens? She are where doctors cease from troublin' and the infant are at rest."

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has et chickens enough at my house to pay for his salve, and I furnished the rags—and I don't suppose he charges for making of her worse—and even he don't pretend to charge for curing her, and I am humbly thankful that he never give her anything for her innards, as he did for his other patients, for somethin' made um all die mighty suddin'—"

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and in ebite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Toombs, the Doctor lost and Peter won.

The Hunter's Watch Over the Dead.

The stories of guides and trappers of the Adirondack region, New York, have proved rich mines to Mr. Murray. One of the most powerful of the narratives is that of an old trapper depicting his experience in protecting a dead body from the beasts of prey by night:

"Well, Henry, I took my stand by the foot of the bier, and kept my death-watch, rifle in hand, steady as a sentry on duty, save when I stirred the fire or lighted a pine-knot. For the animals was on easy, as they always is when a corpse is round, and I needed the pine-knots more than one, and some of the varmints got the teeth of lead and the smell of powder that night, I tell ye, for they was full of their devilments, and made me and the hound as wack-stuff as it were surrounded by innimies."

"Did you really have to kill anything?" I asked speaking for the first time in an hour; for the old trapper had told his story with such naturalness of intonation and gesture that he had held me spell-bound by his narrative—for no one could hear him tell the strange tales he was telling and not be carried along by the movement of it—and now that he was evidently reaching the climax, I feared I should miss some detail of his experience, which, being omitted, would mar the narration, so, hoping to hold his utterance to the line of actual occurrence, I said: "Did you have to kill anything, that night?"

"Well, yis, I did," he replied, "I bored a hole through a dog-wolf over those on the beach, arter I had borne the universal howlin' as long as a mortal could; and I dropped a cat upon the dead cedar there, arter me and the hound had stood the stare of her eyes ten minits or more; and about two in the mornin' a litter of panthers crawled in on us until the bush seemed alive with 'em and I lifted the scalp of the biggest of the drove, arter he had got within forty feet of the corpse, and paid no more attention to brands I pitched at him than if they were tufts of sod; so, with a pine not all afire in one hand to show the sights, I drove the lead in between his infernal eyes in a style that taught 'em all manners for the rest of the watch. Yis, Henry, we had a solemn and lively time ot it, for sartin, that night, and at times I looked as if there would be no funeral the next day; leastways, none that

me and the hound would attend, onless we made one for ourselves; but we stood to our post, and between the brands and the lead and the help of the Lord we brought the body through safe 'til sunrise.

"But it was mighty solemn watchin' by the body, all by myself, in the depths of the woods here that night; for at times the animals would make the air roar and scream, and the mountains to yelp as if the upper world was inhabited with cats and wolves and panthers; and then they would suddenly become quiet, and the world round about was nothin' but silence, with the moon shinin' through it; and the dead man's face was white as the moon and still as the air, for his troubles was over, and the marks of them passed from his feature when his breath went away. And so me and the hound kept our watch by the dead 'til the sun riz in the east and the hour had come for the funeral."

A Carnival of Swindling.

No clothes-line or hen-roost in a New England back-yard was ever more completely cleared by after dark thieves than was the Treasury of doomed South Carolina by the motley assembly of legislators and officials that held sway in that State in the palmy carpet-bag times. It was the wildest revelry of thieves, small and great, that ever lighted on a devoted community. And all the while it was going on the Federal Government held the hands of the people, that this congress of knaves might tax their property out of their possession and drive them from homes already well-nigh dismantled. A section of the official report of this unparalleled carnival of swindlers and thieves, the Boston Post says, has been spread before the reader of that journal, whose details challenge universal unbelief. It does not seem possible that such a Walpurgis Night of riotous plundering and lawless legislation be passed by any State in this Union of ours without the knowledge and consent of the General Government in whose power that State lay prostrate and helpless. To affirm that the system at Washington known as Grantism remained unconscious of this five years' deliberate wrecking of the resources of South Carolina would be to ask intelligent people to believe that it was not in fact cognizant of its own business. What was done in South Carolina was but the outbreak of the spirit which was simultaneously working under cover of more seemly professions at Washington. The sale of post-tradepaths by the Secretary of War was of the same piece of work with the ordering of wines and liquors and carpets and luxuries by the legislative mob that reigned at Columbia.

Two hundred thousand dollars for furniture of which there is less than twenty thousand dollars' worth to show. Figures thrust in front of items of charges till tens were transformed into hundreds. Rooms all over town furnished in a style of Oriental luxury and lavishness at the charge of the Treasury which groaning tax-payers were ordered to fill. The State Senate ordered \$3,483 worth of wines and liquors within three days. A bar-room regularly kept open at the State House from 8 o'clock in the morning until 2 and 4 o'clock on the following morning; and this lasting for six years, Sunday not excepted. Costly cigars grabbed and carried off by the pocket full, and champagne toted away in the same capacious receptacle. Legislative expenses stretched, as a term, to include refreshments for Committee rooms, groceries, clocks, horses, carriages, dry goods, carpets, furniture, and miscellaneous merchandise. Novels, law and other books, regardless of price, farished to the members to help them to while away the time, while the children of their taxed constituents were kept out of school by the thousands for the want of books. Gold pens at ten dollars apiece, from five to ten pocket-knives to every member during each session, call-bells at twelve dollars, the amount raised to one hundred and twelve, watches for Senators, private telegrams, and forty-six hundred and fifty-eight yards of costly carpets in a single session, when but thirteen hundred yards were needed to carpet both the legislative chambers and all the Committee-rooms. Here is a list