THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,

FOR THE

Business Man, the Farmer

And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT THE

OFFICE—Corner of FIFTH and Main streets Oregon City, Oregon.

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☞ Office over the old Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.

Logan, Shattuck & Killin,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

No. 100 Front Street, Up Stairs,

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J. F. CAPLES. J. C. MORELAND.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Cor. FRONT and WASHINGTON Sts.,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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Manufacturer and Dealer in

SADDLES, HARNESS, etc., etc.,

Main Street, Oregon City,

☞ Wishes to represent that he is now as well prepared to furnish any article in his line as the largest establishment in the State. He particularly requests that an examination of his stock be made before buying elsewhere.

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Segars, Tobacco. Pipes, Stationery

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—o—

☞ No. 83, corner of Front and Washington streets, fire proof brick store, called the Old Corner, opposite American Exchange, Portland, Oregon. 37.3m

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BELL & PARKER.

DRUGGISTS,

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Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,

And every article kept in a Drug Store. Main Street, Oregon City.

SHABBY GENTEEL.

We have heard it asserted, a dozen times o'er,
That a man may be happy in rags,
That a prince is no more in his carriage and four,
Than a pauper who tramps on the flags;
As I chance to be neither, I cannot describe
How a prince or a pauper may feel,
I belong to that highly respectable tribe
Which is known as the Shabby Genteel.

CHORUS:

Too proud to beg, too honest to steal,
I know what it is to be wanting a meal;
My tatters and rags I try to conceal,
I'm one of the Shabby Genteel.

I'm a party, in fact, who has known better days,
But their glory has faded and gone;
I have started in life in a lot of odd ways,
But have not found the way to get on;
There are only three roads, I'm afraid, that are left;
I shall have to beg, borrow, or steal,
Yet I don't quite encourage the notion of theft,
Tho' I'm awfully Shabby Genteel.

CHORUS:

Too proud to beg, too honest to steal, &c.

I'm dress'd in my best, tho' I cannot pretend
That my costume is quite "comme il faut;"
You'll observe that my watch has been left with a friend,
And my gloves are unfitted for show;
There are traces of wear on my elbows and knees,
And my boots have run down at the heel;
But it's cruel to criticise matters like these,
When a man has grown Shabby Genteel.

CHORUS:

Too proud to beg, too honest to steal, &c.

Still I strive to be cheerful in all my distress,
And I bear my bad luck like a man:
If I can't have my way as to feeding or dress,
I must still do the best that I can;
And remember, good people, that fortune some day
By a turn of her treacherous wheel,
May reduce one of you, in the very same way,
To the level of Shabby Genteel.

CHORUS:

Too proud to beg, too honest to steal, &c.

Tears are natures lotion for the eyes. The eyes see better for being washed with them.

—Think little of yourself, and you will not be injured when others think little of you.

—No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

—Senator Fowler, it is announced, is in favor of the election of ex-President Johnson to the Senate, as his successor; and will waive all claims in favor of the latter.

—A lady was examining an applicant for the office of maid of all work, when she interrogated her as follows: "Well, Mary can you scour tin ware with alacrity?" "No, ma'am, I always scour them with sand."

—A Canada sheriff, having a writ of attachment against the estate of a dead man, siezed his widow's artificial teeth. The papers of the Dominion are discussing the question whether the seizure was legal.

It is vain to stick your finger in water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

—It is claimed that Great Britain has now such extra facilities for ship building, that in case of any emergency, she could send out an iron-clad daily from the works on the Clyde alone.

—A correspondent at Des Moines thus describes the effect of the eclipse in its totality. And soon the pallor of the advancing shadow spread and indescribable gloom over the whole face of nature. Dogs affrighted ran howling to their kennels. A flock of turkeys surprised that night had found them so far from their accustomed roost, ran hurriedly to cover. Birds and animals showed the utmost signs of fear.

MEN WITHOUT HEARTS.—We some times meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an ice-berg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather loose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart'? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, paternal and fraternal love.—*Mrs. Craik.*

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.—The present signs of the times, says the *World*, of the 31st ult., indicate that the Fifteenth Amendment will not be ratified by the requisite number of States. The Republican zeal in its favor has preceptably slackened under a growing apprehension that the negro vote in the South will be controlled, or at least divided or nullified, by the Democratic party. Consistency compels the Radicals to keep up a showing of supporting it; but if the elections in Mississippi and Texas shall resemble that in Virginia, and exhibit large numbers of negroes voting for Conservative candidates, the Radical patry will be glad to let the Fifteenth Amendment "slide."

Causes of Burdensome Taxes.

We copy the following article from the Philadelphia *Age*. It says:

The people complain of high taxes, and they have good and just reasons for so doing. In no country are the masses called upon to bear heavier burdens, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration. Taxation sits upon everything that the people eat, wear, or consume, in any manner whatever. Each dollar that a poor man earns by hard labor, is clipped by the Government before it reaches his family. Five days out of six he labors for himself and his little ones, but the proceeds of the sixth are appropriated by the tax-gatherer, who, like Dives of old, is clothed in "purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day." For each pound of meat, or butter, or tea, coffee or rice the poor man uses, he pays a tax, and the merchant, manufacturer and capitalist is called upon to reduce his income in the same manner. Money is taxed as well as labor, and the business of our industrious citizens is rendered less productive by the drains upon it to meet the expenses of the Government, which, in time of peace, are on a war footing. "Why are the taxes so high?" is constantly asked by the people. A partial answer is given in the following extracts from a Washington letter recently published in the Baltimore *Gazette*. The writer, who is familiar with the doings of the men running the machine at the National Capitol, says:

Of late years our "progress of civilization" has been such that now the most common-place matters are conducted on purely transcendental principles. Formerly the "Blue Book" contained the name and the amount of salary of every Federal official—legislative or executive. But this official register has become a mere means of *concealing from*, instead *of exposing to* public gaze the expenditures of the Government upon its officials, or unofficials, as the case may be, and who those public beneficiaries really are! Hundreds of men (such as the negro Menard, for example) have been paid out of some clandestine fund, as mythical members of Congress (having no pretensions to seats,) salaries approximating those of real members, and countless hundreds of hangers-on in the perlieus of the Capitol have fattened upon what is called the "contingent" fund—performing or not performing service—real or imaginary, which no law recognizes, and for which no law provides recompense. In the Executive Department this class of unofficial officials has assumed fabulous proportions. Not a claim of consequence is now allowed by any Bureau before being submitted (not to the law officials of the Government, but) to an outside attorney for adjudication. Scarcely a case of importance arises in the District or Circuit Court throughout the country, or in the Supreme Court, in which these favorites of fortune are not seen to figure. This may be all necessary (and it is but a sample of what is going on in all the other branches of official business) upon the ground of the acknowledge stupidity of the *real* "officials." Upon this point I express no opinion; but it is safe to affirm that the gross amount these amateur officers receive annually equals at least the nominal amount set down in the "Blue Book," and other official expositions, as the full expenditure on account of the legitimate civil list. But it is, in the matter of registering, the "salary," (income) of *recognized* officials that the public is most grossly deceived by these "books;" the nominal pay of these men (legislators and executive officers) is not a drop in the bucket of what they really receive; and herein I by no means allude to the vulgar charge of down right pilfering. There is hardly a member of Congress who is not, at this moment, taking money out of Uncle Sam's pocket (beyond his $5,000 per annum) and at the same time enjoying, at the expense of the Government, all the luxuries within the grasp of millionaires. Schenck, as the head of "Ways and Means" Committee, secured, by a solemn vote of the House, ten thousand dollars to defray the cost of a "tour down and across the continent," which, by the way, he never performed. I mention his case simply as similar to numberless others, and not as ignominiously isolated. The public is sufficiently aware of the wholesale cutting up of Congress into traveling committees, by its orders, before adjournment. A specimen of another sort of financiering in an economical way, is the conversion of Congressmen (during vacancies) into *quasi* Foreign Minister, even where we have Ministers resident. Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, has just been dispatched to France to negotiate a postal treaty. Other cases, "too numerous to mention," of like character, occur to mind. Who will ever know what amount such men, for such service, will abstract from the public coffers? This phase in the financial management of public affairs by the legislative branch of the government is equivocal enough, but not comparable to what is observed in the Executive. Heads of Departments and heads of Bureaus are entitled to receive, by law, and so are put down in the "Blue Book," from $3,000 to $8,000 per annum each, according to grade. There are many ways of hoodwinking the dear people. I suppose it is innocently thought that this "per annum," is all that, in these "fast days," such patriots can "legitimately" claim. Egregious folly! Take a moderate example—and I select the case of the most honest and honorable of all the recent prominent appointees—that of Commission Delano, of the Internal Revenue Bureau. This gentlemen has been much "on the wing." He has, since his brief term, "traveled much," and consequently "knows something." I don't know how many miles he has made—*he does*. But I do know that the Government allows twenty cents a mile, and that there is not a railroad in the country that charges a known prominent officer a dime for a journey, if it should extend from Dan to Bersheba. But let all that pass, and let us attempt to get at something like a practical view of the "inner life" of our expenditures by descending to small matters. The salary of the President, as prescribed by law, is $25,000 per annum. His "perquisites," beyond a mansion, furniture, most spacious gardens, and pasture enough for all the cattle of the Duke of Newcastle, are—servants *ad libitum*, clerks and employes to the event of a depletion of the army—and presents of all kinds from his "fellow citizens" at home and abroad. Two orders of his, since he has been rusticating at Long Branch, tell a significant story. That to the Secretary of the Interior is laconic. It is simply to see that his two favorite nags are properly "shod" and sent on. Upon inquiry I find that the mere "shoeing" of a couple of horses should not cost more than a ten-dollar greenback; but the word "shod," like Littleton's "&c," in Coke's Commentaries, is made to mean by the sycophantic Secretary, a great deal. In short, this business of "shoeing" and "sending on" these animals will cost the United States more than three thousand dollars as per calculation at the Department of the Interior, although Secretary Cox certifies that he "carried them with his own hand."

Now, here is a picture of the manner in which the Radicals are conducting the Government, which should be studied by those who pay the taxes. From General Grant to the meanest "shyster" who hangs upon the departments, the principle is, get all out of the Treasury that is possible. Economy is a forgotten word in the transaction of public business. Not content with raising their salaries to five thousand dollars per year, the members of Congress spend their whole Summer in journeying from one part of the continent to another with their families, and leaving the bills to be paid out of the contingent fund. These bills are not small ones. They embrace all the delicacies of the season, to which are added gloves for receptions, and presents for the ladies. In this manner the expenses of Congress are kept up to a ruinous height, while those of the departments are pitches in the same key. Money is needed and must be had to meet such unprecedented outlays. The money must come from the labor of the country. For every visit Schenck or some other Radical makes to the West or South, the poor men of the nation must work the harder and their families miss a few more of the necessaries of life. Are they content to thus toil for their Radical masters? If not, they must defeat the Radicals at the polls, turn out the thieves and plunderers at Washington, put honest men in their places, and thus prepare for a reduction of taxes, by reducing expenditures.

—The first and greatest thing in rhetoric is to have something to say.

—Forty Chicago gambling houses clear three millions of dollars annually on faro alone.

—Poetry is the flour of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar and letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

—The Philadelphia Age says that "the Radicals are determined to make a great man of Grant, and General is determined they shall not. Thus far Grant has the best of it."

—A young gentleman whose bosom was being rent by the pangs of jealousy addressed a billet to the lady, enclosing her notes to him, and requesting she would reciprocate the courtesy. In her reply she thanked him for his consideration, and said she would "return his letters as soon as a young gentleman, to whom they were loaned, had given them a satisfactory perusal!"

A good story comes from Rome. In the preperation for the Œcumenical Council, the Pope ordered from his architect certain embellishments, the plan of which was brought for his inspection by that gentleman's little boy. Charmed by the plan, the Pope opened a dawer full of gold, and said to the child, "Take a handful of coin as a reward for the beauty of your father's work." Holy fathers," replied the child, "take it out for me; your hand is bigger than mine." Pius IX could not help smiling, and obeyed the child.

Deacon Hackberry and Elder Pillsbury go to the Colored Church:

The deacon gives us the following account of a visit he made to the colored church, in Washington, in company with some members of Congress:

Last Sunday morning Elder Pillsbury came to my room, and invited me to accompany himself and several senators and representatives to church. It was a pleasant morning, and I, therefore, accepted the invitation with great pleasure. (I had not had time to attend church before since my arrival in Washington.) He informed me that they intended to go to the colored church, in the lower part of the city; that he and Mr. Sumner had been in the habit of attending divine service there for a long time; and that it seemed almost like home to them there among their colored brethren. That they received so much more attention there than they did in any of the white churches.

I expressed my delight at being favored with an opportunity to attend a chuch conducted under the auspices of this unfortunate and heretofore downtrodden race of our fellow-citizens; and, after he withdrew from my room, I took more than ordinary pains in the arrangement of my toilet for the occasion.

About 10 o'clock, accompanied by his honorable friends, the elder called for me at my room, and, after distributing freely among the party some of the contents of my demijohn, we repaired to the colored sanctuary. On our way, the elder and I were in advance, and as we turned the corner of the street, we met an elderly gentleman of color, with some books under his arm.

"That is the elder of the church," said Mr. Pillsbury; and as we approached him, he said, "Elder Snowball, allow me to acquaint you with my friend, Deacon Hackberry, of Illinois, one of the apostles of human rights." I bowed and shook hands with the elder, at the same time assuring him of my great pleasure in making his acquaintance, and we walked along arm in arm until we reached the church.

"What is the name of your church?" I asked.

"De church ob de Secon' Advent, colored, sah," answered he; "an' I hab de honor to be one ob de founders ob dis institution in dis city."

"Ah, indeed, elder," said I "you deserve much credit for your enterprise."

Our conversation then turned on the many difficulties he must have encountered in building up his church, in the face of the prejudices of slaveholders, copperheads, and traitors; and it was continued until we reached the door.

After entering, the elder conducted us all to the front seats, he going into the pulpit.

The elder seemed to be brim full of sermon. He therefore made short work of his introductory ceremonies, and hastened to the selection of his text, which was from the 15th chapter of Judges, and was as follows: "An' Samson slew de Philistines wid de jaw-bone ob de ass."

After recounting the various ups and downs through which Samson had passed, and comparing them to the fortunes of the Republican party, of which he claimed to be a respected member, he finally came to the explanation and application of his text.

"My breddern and sistern," said he, "from de foregwine you will pursieve dat Massa Samson am de pussonification ob de great republican party ob de present day. Jist like Samson, day's got the power to do anything; an' dares not a Delilah livin' dat can cut dar har off nedder! No, my breddren an' Massa Greeley am de Trinity ob dis party. De Philistines an de obstrifferous rebels down Souf. De reconstruction measures am the Jaw bone wid which dis republican Samson smashid out de power ob de rebels. An' now my breddren an' sistern, whar did dis jaw-bone come from? Why, I'll tell you whar it come from! It came from the great republican congress, which am de ass. Dar's whar it come from! Yes, my breddren an' sistern, it am dis great loyal ass, dat dis colored congregation hab to thank for making dem so much better dan the common white trash. Now I'll tell you nudder thing: Dar was Andy Johnsing. What did he spect to be? Why my belubbed breddren an' sisteren, he spected to be Balum an was going to ride dis ass after he got into de presidential chair. Did he ride um? I ax dese honarable gemmen here, did he ride on de rump ob dis great and glorious republican ass? Nara ride did he get! De ass was to much for him. So de ass hab been riden dis would be Balum eber since; an' dey's gwine to ride ebber odder old man what won't stand by de great ass ob de present day."

This lucid elaboration of the meaning and application of his text did not seem to suit my honorable companions, as we came up street, several expressed themselves strongly in favor of congressional action in reference to the manner in which ignorant persons trified with the sacred truths of the bible. Others thought there should be a committee to instruct colored people as to what was proper, and what not proper to preach. A border State loyalitst seemed to be exceedingly wroth, and was in favor of muzzling all such stupidity. He had been insulted often enough by those stupid niggers. He was for placing white men in their place who could be taught how and what to preach, and who would have brains enough to know the difference between congress and an ass. An eastern member rebuked him for the severity of his strictures, upon the elder's sermon. He did not think that Elder Snowball intended to insult them. The text he had selected natuaally led the unsophisticated elder to the version he gave it. Others expressed their disapprobation of the sermon,—some severely, and some mildly.

"There," said Sumner, finally, "you see, deacon, the necessity of my constitutional amendments. They will remedy all such pious inadvertencies."

"I see it," said I; you must hurry them through, and have them adopted by the States this winter, or it may be to late."

By this time we reached the avenue, and the party separated.

—In common with the public generally, we are much pleased at the wonderful success of the National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America. It has issued 7070 policies in the very first year of its operations. When the days and months of preparatory labor are considered, this number may be taken as a pledge of not less than ten or twelve thousand for the second year.

The Company asked and received the unqualified endorsement of the public in the very first year of its organization; nor are we in the least surprised at this, for the plan of the Company meets a popular want. Heretofore, if a poor man wanted to get his life insured for the benefit of his family, he must needs go into the business of insuring others; he must for himself, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, become an associate member of a mutual company, with all the liabilities thereto attaching, but with no expectation of knowing even when and where there would be a single meeting of the Company.

There was no propriety in this, any more than there would be on the part of a clothing dealer who should require every customer to go into co-partnership with him before he would sell him a pair of pantaloons. If all clothiers should require this, the public would have to submit to the co-partnership for a season, but whenever dealers established themselves who did not impose such obligations, with reference alike to their past business and their future, they would certainly secure the patronage of the public. The people have had their Protective Unions and Mutual Fire Insurance Companies; these are not so popular as they once were, indeed, have almost all passed away. We predict for the National Life Insurance Company, of the United States of America, a successful and brilliant future.—*Washington Chronicle.*

A VETERAN DUELIST.—Grainer de Caslangac has fought eighty duels since 1844. His son Paul, the champion duelist of France, boasts of even a larger number of duels. He has in addition, been called (over five hunded times) a liar and slandered, been spit upon in the street seven times, been horse-whipped in public four times, got his nose pulled four times, and been once badly beaten in his editorial sanctum. He has now sixteen challenges outstanding. It must not be supposed that fighting a duel in France is the desperate business it is in this country, where double-barreled guns, rifles and pistols are used. The difficulties of honor are generally settled with small swords and merely touching one of the combatants, so as to draw blood, is considered sufficient balm to assuage the wounded honor of Mr. Crapeau. Eighty duels for five hundred and eighteen deadly insults is rather a small number. It took fifty indignities to produce each one of them, or there must have been a fearful amount of aplogizing done by the parties who had the fun of misusing him.

English oysters are inferior in size, and Englishmen speak of large American oysters as a luxury. Years ago, when Thackeray visited this country, he was the honored guest of some distinguished men—in Boston we think, at a dinner party. Raw oysters were served; and, by special arrangement, were placed before Thackeray a plate containing bivalves of unusually huge dimensions. Thackery looked at them in amazement and uncertainty. He hesitated, but finally attempted to divide one monster with his spoon. "O you must not cut oysters," remonstrated a friend at his elbow, who with others was enjoying the joke, "we always eat them whole." The English author gazed very doubtfully at the immense oyster, but made a violent effort and swallowed it. "How do you like our American oysters?" inquired an amused spectator, sitting opposite at the table. "I feel," replied Thackeray, solemnly, "as if I had swallowed a *cold baby!*"

A tipsy Irishman leaning against a lamp post, as a funeral procession was passing by, was asked who was dead. "I can't say, sur," said he, "but I presume it is the jirtleman in the coffin."

DENT'S LETTER TO BOUTWELL.

Judge Lewis Dent, brother-in-law of the President, and an aspirant for the Governorship of Mississippi, is on the war path. The Judge says he represents the Conservative Republican party, of which his brother-in-law President Grant, is the head center. He blames Boutwell for Grant's defection in the Tarbell conversation, and has addressed that gentleman the following acrimonious letter:

Hon. George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury:

SIR: I shall make little apology for asking your attention to my letter, and less for the nature of its contents. You were the first to deny the political orthodoxy of my friends and myself, and by all the rules of the forum I am entitled to a defense. Again, you hold an office of the republic, and your acts, therefore, are legitimate subjects of criticism by the humblest citizen thereof. But in some respects we are alike. For instance, we are both aspirants for place with this difference, you aim to be the next President, with every assurance of success; except in the opinion of the people; while I seek an humbler place, with my hopes in disastrous eclipse, except in the judgment of Mississippi. So in the probable events of the future we both stand adverse to the judgement of the people. In pursuit of your ambition you are ungrateful and unscrupulous as to the means of success. Your organ, the New York *Sun*, in the same breath ridicules the capacity of your masters and dwells with emphasis upon your peculiar fitness for his office. Your excellent tool, Mr. Tullcok, became so reckless in the manipulation of your department in the interest of your ambition, and so defiant of the wishes of the President and the country, that to save yourself from an explosion of popular indignation, you found it convenient to transfer him to another sphere of scandalous activity, where his talent might be exerted with equal effect and less effrontry. Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas, not to mention anything so humble as myself, were obstructions in the way of your success, because through President Grant's intervention in excluding the proscriptive clauses from their organic law, these States are brought into the Union and firmly welded to to his support. Now, this is in direct conflict with your systematized plans, for what General Grant gets in the next Presidential election, clearly Mr. Boutwell will not get; and therefore, you have denounced the conservatic Republicans who are for Grant, that you are for Boutwell. And by some strange dexterious management and occult political strategy, you have so worked upon the confidence of the President as to cause him to flourish the club with which you intend to break his head, by inducing him to join you in denunciation of the conservative Republicans a party created by his magnanimity, and triumphant through his encouragement. But, sir, your purpose is easily discernable, and has a two-fold object, namely to destroy the National Republican party in the South, and then to reconstruct from its shattered fragments a Boutwell party, with no Richmond in the field to strike for your crown. But if you cannot succeed in this scheme of desperate enterprise, you mean to ruin—a result, from present appearences, much more likely to reached. Your official intervention for Wells, for instance, gave 30,000 majority for Walker. Your letter to Stokes gave Tennessee to Senter by an overwhelming vote of 70,000. Your marvelous political sagacity, now in action in Mississippi and Texas, will repeat your calamity, and again overwhelm you with discomfiture and defeat as unperaddel to these results of your unapproachable folly, the imposition on these States of your iron-clad oath, and the alienation is complete, landing them all in the outstretched arms of Democracy. But the consequences of your folly do not end here. Ohio and Pennsylvania, and others, will follow. Decide their political status in October; and the North will echo back the condemnation of the South, and peal in your ears this fact, that there is still left enough of the incorruptable virtue of Republican-ism to rebuke you for a wanton repression of that most sacred right, the elective franchise. But sir, this will not deter you from your mad course. You will still persist until every prop that supports our party is stricken away, and the whole grand superstructure tumble about our ears in hopeless ruin. When you were appointed Secretary of the Treasury and unanimously confirmed by the Senate of every shade of political opinion, did you not take an oath to administer your office impartially and for the exclusive objects of its creation; to collect the revenue and control the finances of the country? Is not that office the property of the nation, and yourself clothed for a time with a little brief authority? Then, sir, how do you explain this perverson of its legitimate uses and functions into a means and instrument of oppression, and compel the election of obnoxious rulers of the South? Is such a course consistent with your oath of office, or do you call this a great moral idea? But, Mr. Boutwell, although you have prostituted the powers of your office for purposes of oppression, without the warrant of conscience or law, it may be that you can tell me by what authority you presume to pronounce upon my political orthodoxy. Who constituted you the infallable Pope of Republicanism? Who gave you authority to hurl the political anathemas of the party? Again what right had you to commit the Administration to your policy? Have you not to learn that you are only a part of the Administration, and not the whole of it, although your friends believe that a monomania has seized upon your mind on the subject, and that you verily believe yourself the State!

Very respectfully,

LEWIS DENT.

A bashful young man escorted home an equally bashful young lady. As they were approaching the dwelling of the damsel she said entreatingly, 'Zekiel, now don't tell anybody you beau'd me home.' 'Sary,' said he emphatically 'don't you mind; I am as much ashamed of it as you are.'

Horace Greeley now characterizes Parson Brownlow as always having been low-bred, boorish and beastly.