THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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The Weekly Enterprise.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,

FOR THE

Business Man, the Farmer

And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY

A. NOLTNER,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICE—In Dr. Thessin's Brick Building.

TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:

Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$2 50

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 2 sq. of 12 lines, 1 w. $	2 50
For each subsequent insertion.....	1 00
One Column, one year.....	$100 00
Half " "	60
Quarter " "	40
Business Card, 1 square one year.....	12

☞ *Remittances to be made at the risk o Subscribers, and at the expense of Agents.*

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

☞ The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINE PRESSES, which will enable the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times

Neat, Quick and Cheap!

☞ Work solicited.

All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHARLES E. WARREN,

Attorney at Law,

Oregon City, Oregon.

Sept.16:1y.

JOHN M. BACON,

Importer and Dealer in

BOOKS,

STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,

Oregon City, Oregon.

At Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackerman, Main street. 10tf

JOHN FLEMING,

DEALER IN

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK,

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

MACK & WELCH,

DENTISTS.

OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, corner of First and Alder Streets, Portland.

The patronage of those desiring superior operations is in special request. Nitrous oxide for the painless extraction of teeth.

☞ Artificial teeth "better than the best," and *as cheap as the cheapest.*

Dec. 23:tf

Dr. J. H. HATCH,

DENTIST,

The patronage of those desiring *First Class Operations*, is respectfully solicited.

Satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

N. B.—*Nitrous Oxyde* administered for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.

OFFICE—In Weigant's new building, west side of First street, between Alder and Morrison streets, Portland, Oregon.

"Live and Let Live."

FIELDS & STRICKLER,

DEALERS IN

PROVISIONS, GROCERIES,

COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.,

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

☞ At the old stand of Wortman & Fields Oregon City, Oregon. 13tf

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,

SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Temple, corner First and Alder streets—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

ALANSON SMITH,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

PROCTOR AND SOLICITOR.

AVOCAT.

Practices in State and U. S. Courts.

Office No. 198 Front Street, Portland, Oregon, Opposite McCormick's Book Store.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,

Established since 1849, at the old stand, *Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.*

An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.

Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

CLARK GREENMAN,

City Drayman,

OREGON CITY.

☞ All orders for the delivery of merchandise or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care.

NEW YORK HOTEL,

(Deutsches Gasthaus,)

No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail steamship landing, Portland, Oregon.

H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS,

PROPRIETORS.

Board per Week	$5 00
" " " with Lodging.....	6 00
" " Day.....	1 00

A. NOLTNER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Oregon City, Jan. 13:tf

Eastern Oregon.

We take the following descriptive sketches of Union and Umatilla counties from the *Mountain Democrat* of the 22d ult.

UNION COUNTY.

Although much has been said of the resources of other counties east of the Cascade Mountains, great injustice has been done to Union county. Even in the report of the United States Commissioners of Mining Statistics, west of the Rocky Mountains, we find that it has claimed but a small portion of his attention. He merely mentions the fact that such a county, of considerable mineral and agricultural resources, exists east of the Cascade Mountains. That Union county is one of the most productive counties of Oregon will be established beyond the shadow of a doubt. Her chief source of wealth is of an agricultural nature. There exists however, quite an extensive auriferous district in this county. The principal mining camps are located in the Eagle Creek Mountains. Metals of various kinds—namely, gold, silver and copper—abound in these mountains. When these mines become opened and developed they will perform no inadequate part of advancing the interests of the people.

Notwithstanding the mineral resources of Union county are very extensive, her agricultural facilities far exceed them. Her pasturing lands are simply imperial in area, and the grass growing upon these lands is of the most nutricious quality. Horses and cattle will fatten upon it in an incredible short time. The soil of the farming lands is of the most prolific character. Vegetables of every variety are cultivated, and fruit also has been cultivated with considerable success. The United Staes has yet to produce a better country for raising grain. Water facilities are of an extensive nature, and timber is in great abundance. Mountain streams come rushing from dark ravines, bearing with them alluvial washings which help to increase the fertility of the soil. The climate, which is an important feature, is salubrious and healthy.

The population of Union county at present is not so numerous as it will be as soon as its vast agricultural and mineral resources become better known. It is moving steadily on in the path of progress to wealth and prosterity. The slumbering resources of mountain and valley will awaken. Union county with its dense forests and picturesque mountains, its delightful valleys and fertile plains, is destined to become the banner county of Oregon. The time will come when its vast extent of pasturing lands will be covered with herds of horses and cattle, feeding upon the far famed bunch grass; when its remarkable water facilities will furnish power for manufactories of all kinds, and when many wealthy and populous cities will spring up.

UMATILLA COUNTY.

In the point of natural resources, there is no county in the Eastern portion of the State more wealthy than Umatilla county. The extent of its agriculturl land is nearly unlimited, and in the event of the Umatilla Indian Reservation being thrown open for settlement, it will boast of an extent of farming land that would sustain a large population. The soil is very rich, and of the character that will last forever. The amount of small grain it will produce to the acre is about: Wheat, forty bushels; oats, seventy-five; barley, eighty. Vegetables grow well, and all varieties flourish in a manner that speaks loud in its favor. Besides, it presents many fine opportunities to stock-raisers, and its endless rolling hills furnish abundant pasturage for innumerable herds of cattle and horses. At the present time this branch of industry is very profitable to those that engage in it, and it will continue so for many years.

The climate is very fine and healthy, and sickness very rare. Many immigrants that have settled in the county, who were afflicted with disease of the lungs previous to their locating, have been cured by the climate, and now advise others ill with lung affections to visit their country and find relief.

But Umatilla needs population, and like the other counties of Eastern Oregon has many resources undeveloped, that, put in operation would increase its wealth to a great extent. Though the likelihood of an outlet by railroad in a few years is growing stronger each day, and it is thought that, in itself, it will bring the relief prayed for, it has an outlet at the present time sufficient to satisfy all demands, in the Columbia river, if it had the population to develop its wealth. It needs population as much as a railroad, for a railroad would only bring that in the end that would add to its prosperity. Population would come faster by railroad, but it is not the lacking of a railroad that prevents the county from rapidly increasing in wealth. It has a natural outlet, but not the people to build up a flourishing trade with the outside world.

Too Poor.

Moore, of the *Rural New-Yorker*, was sitting in his office, one afternoon some years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said: "Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but times are so hard I cannot pay for it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear that you are so poor. If you are so hard run I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then, let's see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe."

"Yes, a few, but they don't bring anything, hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything, hardly. Now I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot one hen and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we will call it square."

"All right, brother Moore;" and the old fellow chuckled at what he thought a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he paid about four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke on himself, and says he never has had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper since that day."—*Model Farmer.*

Boutwell Refuses to Pay his Income Tax in Groton.

[From the Groton (Mass.) Public Spirit.]

Many of Secretary Boutwell's neighbors and townsmen have been

SURPRISED

at the course he has taken on the repeal of the income tax law. He has opposed it persistently and obstantly. Now nobody who knows Mr. Boutwell believes that anything but pure selfishness, and not public spirit, lies at the bottom of this movement on his part. He undoubtedly thinks, that by paying off largely the public debt, he will so engraft himself into popular favor, so as to by and by be able to ride successfully the presidential horse. Would that we could believe that our old townsman was animated by a higher motive; but we connot. And no man in Groton, who knows Mr. Boutwell well, will ever be made to believe that he ever acts, except as influenced by selfish motives.

At home Mr. Boutwell has had an opportunity to pay a State and town tax on his income as Secretary of the Treasury; but has he done it? The law requires the Assessors to assess a tax on the incomes of the citizens; and our physicians, lawyers and others have been assessed this tax and paid it. But when the assessors called, Mr. Boutwell, who was in the receipt of an income of

EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR

as Secretary of the Treasury, and asked him if they should tax him on his income, replied "No!" and they did not tax him. Now, sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Mr. Boutwell likes to have everybody else taxed, but he don't want to be taxed himself. This is one of the wrongs of taxation which the "Junction" has heretofore submitted to. Let it be righted in our town. Let there be no respect of persons. What is right, is right. If as a printer, we pay a tax on an income of one thousand dollars a year, to support Town, County and State, why, as Secretary of the Treasury, should not Mr. Boutwell pay on his income of eight thousand? A grievous wrong has been done to the poor; and he who is champion of a Government income tax, dodges the tax under the Statute law of his own State. More's the pity.

A Reconstructed Court.

The Savannah, (Ga.) *Republican* thus describes the opening of the District Court down there, of which one Jim Simms, a mulatto fiddler, is Judge:

At the hour named, Jim took his seat on the west end of a very large table in the grand jury room of the Superior Court, which had been placed at his disposal by the ordinary. On his right sat in solemn and satyr dignity and beauty,

KING SOLOMON THOMAS,

black as Erebus and loud as fish guano. Several other darkies cautiously gathered about the door to see how the thing would be "did," and opened their eyes and ears as if to catch the mysteries of the law as promulgated by the immaculate Simms, who sat, and sat (waiting for the appearance of the Sheriff and Clerk and District Attorney), untill he "purty nigh took root," no Sheriff or Clerk or District Attorney appearing. Jim looked into the code, which (a brand new volume) lay before him, then into the recent Acts of the Legislature, which he held before him. Having become satisfied upon the legal points in the case, he directed a yellow negro to open the Court, who proceeded to the grave task, saying: "Oh, yes! oh yes! dis honerbel Distrik Court am now open; God sabe dis honerbel Distrik Court."

Court being thus formally opened, Jim

AGAIN LOOKED AT THE CODE,

at the Acts, at King Thomas and at the Deputy Constable, and then commenced writing, as we afterward learned, orders to the Sheriff, Clerk and other officers to appear, produce the jury-box on to-day, the 8th instant, or showing cause why they should not be attached for contempt. The Court then adjourned, and Jim took up his code and his Acts, and vacated the seat with the dignity which would have graced a Richelieu. Judge Schley had refused to grant an injunction, to which the bar resorted as a legal restrainer upon Jim Simms. The officers, however, having taken legal advice, will act upon that advice, and thus bring the matter to an issue direct.

GOOD COUNSEL.—In any business, never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom. Put no dependence upon the label of a bag; and count money before you receipt for it. See the sack opened before you buy what is in it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

Mark Twain's Trials and Tribulations.

I arrived in New York a few days ago, and instinctively took rooms at the Astor House. To be sure, I had no money to pay for them; but why think of pay if we are only good? I have always made it a rule to have the best of everything, even if I am obliged to get trusted for it. This sterling maxim was instilled into my mind by a kind father; and who shall say that gray-haired old man is not proud of his orphan boy?

BUT THE TIMES ARE SO HARD

now that I find it very difficult to make both ends meet and lay up money besides. I had not been at the Astor more than one day, when the clerk brought me my bill. "Is it customary," said I, "to pay by the day?" "It is with men of your stamp," he replied. "What kind of stamp do you take me for?" said I. "You look like a two-cent stamp," he replied, "mighty thin. If anybody should wet it once, you'd stick like thunder. But we don't propose to try it. You either pay this bill or get out! Have you got the money? "My estimable young friend," I replied, "you have probably heard of Dr. Benj. Franklin

LONG SINCE DECEASED.

That eminent physician was at one time in the proverb business, and did a good thing. He said among other things, that 'time is money.' Now, I hav'nt got any money, but as regards time, I am in affluent circumstances, and if you will receipt that bill, I will give you a check for as much time as you think equivalent, and throw you in a couple of hours for your trouble."

HE MADE NO REPLY,

but from the fact of a potter coming up immediately thereafter, removing my trunk to the sidewalk, and hustling me out after it, I inferred that I wasn't considered a financial success.

"Say, Mister," said a small boy with a very long coat, and cap with considerable visor, "don't tear yourself away." "Oh you let him alone," said another, "his mother sent for him." Oh, world thou art cruel.

I immediately called a hackman, and told him to take me to a cheap but repectable hotel. "And the cheaper it is the more respectable I shall consider it," I added.

He drove me to the Excelsior House, and I told him I was under

A GREAT OBLIGATION

to him, and if at any time I could do him a favor, I should feel grieved if he didn't speak to me about it, for my proud spirit spurns an obligation.

"If you don't fork over that dollar," said he "there'll be a funeral in your family, and it won't be your wife, nor none of your children!" "But I'm busted. If meeting-houses were selling for two cents I couldn't buy the handle of a contribution box."

He swore at me awfully, and said he would have it out of my trunk—so he bursted it open.

But the contents of that trunk are far from valuable, for I carry it filled with sawdust. It looks just as respectable, and in an emergency of this kind is valuable.

I will not say this hackman looked daggers at me.

HE LOOKED A WHOLE ARSENAL,

with a backroom full of bayonets; and as he mounted his box and drove away the air was fully blue with oaths. He got off string after string without making a single mistake, and he must have had the devil's dictionary at his tongue's end.

It fairly curdled my blood to hear him swear such awful swears.

I afterwards heard that this hackman was always very wicked and would not go to Sunday School when he was a little boy; but when his mother put on his cap with a tassel on it and gave him a cent to put in the contribution box, he would go off with the other bad boys and pitch pennies. Is it any wonder that he is a great horrid thing and uses oaths when he swears?

CHARACTER.—The differences of charactrr are never more distinctly seen than in times when they are surrouded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves upon fate; others grow desponding and hopeless; but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "the more honorable it will be," and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are guided by it, prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and so perish; others who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way will try another.

A Child Falls Six Stories.

The Louisville (Ky.) *Ledger* of March 14th relates this remarkable incident:

Yesterday afternoon between 1 and 2 o'clock a number of small children were playing upon the fourth floor of the Galt House, and one of them, Freddy Giles,

A BRIGHT INTERESTING BOY,

of about nine years, son of J. Giles, of the firm of S. T. Suit & Co., Main street, between Second and Third, taking advantage of the temporary absence of his nurse, climbed upon the hand-rail of the staircase and attempted to slide down, but lost his balance and fell to the floor of the laundry room, six stories below, and a distance of between 90 and 100 feet.

The stairway is in the northwestern corner of the building, and is a winding stairway, built for the use of the employers of the house and also as a means of escape in case of fire, additional to the broad flight of stairs an elevator in front of the building. There is a space of four feet in width and ten feet in length between the railings of the stairway, extending from the roof to the ground floor, and through this narrow, deep well the body of young Giles

DASHED WITH FRIGHTFUL SPEED.

An examination showed that on the staircase of the second floor, a distance of about thirty feet from the point from which the lad fell, his body first struck, breaking off a portion of the molding of the step over an inch in thickness. The fall was then unbroken untill the floor of the laundry room, 70 feet below, was reached, where it seems that his head struck one of the bannisters, which are nearly two inches in diameter and of hard wood, breaking it in two.

The children who alone witnessed this frightful fall, ran screaming for assistance to the nurse. Col. Johnson, the manager of the Galt House, was the first to hear of the occurrence. The parents of the unfortunate boy were seated in the dining-room which was filled with guests, and Col. Johnson,

WITH RARE PRESENCE OF MIND,

succeeded in getting them out of the room without creating a scene. A physician was immediately summoned, and with Col. Johnson proceeded to the laundry room, which is two floors below the office. There, at the foot of the railing was found the bruised and mangled body of little Freddy. He was unconscious, but strange to say, still breathed. Upon examination it was found that both ankles were broken, and that one arm was broken in five places, and that he had received a severe cut in the back part of his head. His injuries were dressed as speedily as possible, and in a few hours he recovered his consciousness, and last night at a late hour was still alive, with a possibility of ultimate recovery.

Another Radical Row—Disgraceful Scenes in Congress.

Ben Butler and Speaker Blaine had a terrible row in Congress last Thursday.

Ben, it appears, had written a letter in which he alleged certain reasons why he refused to serve on the "Committee on Southern Investigation," and not content with this, he fiercely assailed Blaine the Speaker of the House. A. Mr. Kelly, in rising to explain, referred to this letter and the ball opened. The Speaker descended from his chair and gave Butler a terrible scoring. He denounced Ben, as not only insolent, but guilty of falsehood, treachery, deceit utterly unworthy of the confidence of gentlemen. By and by the gentle Butler got the floor, and for a short time was unable to speak so greatly was he enraged. His face was livid; he champed his bits like a horse and foamed at the mouth like a mad dog. So soon as he could command the language he opened out on Blaine in his usual beastly manner, but it was evident that the Speaker had sunk his arrows deep and the great monster writhed in agony.

It was a disgraceful scene from all accounts, and has no parallel in the annals of this country. The decent Republicans who witnessed it were overwhelmed with shame and begged the gladiators to desist, but they were determined to fight the battle out.

The result of the fight will be to widen the breach between the Grant and Sumner factions. The cry now is "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt!" Let them go it!—*Ex.*

IN THE SULKS.—Chicago is in the sulks because a young lady has presumed to lecture it on marriage and divorce, when she has tried neither. She is told that there are any number of people in Chicago who have tried both.

Voice from Washington.

[From the Daily Patriot.]

It is with no assumption of authority that we claim to have the ability from this central point, whence certainly much politcal suggestion radiates, of ascertaining the prevalent Democratic sentiments of the land. That sentiment, shaping the hopes and the fears, the plans and policy of the future, we strive honestly to represent. It is entitled at least to this consideration, that it is tinged by no personal or local influences, and free from that bias which often, in the most innocuous form, mere neighborhood creates. Never, in our judgment, was the future of the Democratic party, comprising in that organization all the elements of discontent with Radical misrule, brighter or more assured than now. It has thus far been the result of extremely judicious conduct, as well as of causes, outside its strategy, for which adversaries deserve the credit. The utter and blank disappointment of the popular confidence in an Administration which came into power with such pretensions, is, of course, one large element of public feeling just now. As a mere machine of party, it is a dead failure, and the shrewd men of the Republican organization not only have no faith in it, but stand off at a distance, as if not sure what mischief the ill-regulated, dislocated contrivance may do. Presidents freaks cannot lead parties. Presidents with passions—such as was Andrew Jackson—may, for they were noble infirmaties. But, when the dull, impassive nature of a man in high executive station seems to make no ripple, no motion, but such as a paltry personal preference implies, it is not to be wondered at that he has no influence with masses, or, outside a narrow circle, with men. When, too, it is seen that the circle of favoritism becomes smaller and smaller every day, and the agents within it are compacted in a sort of military and family gray, a dark suspicion enters the minds, even of professing friends, reluctant to admit mere intellectual torpor, that the intensity of selfishness which sacrifices party may ripen into something that will sacrifice the country. At this moment there is a dark suspicion in more hearts or brains than one, that if the Executive has his way the means are blindly supplied him—such as bayonet election laws and the machinery of coercion—he means "to certify himself again," at any cost. Be this as it may, there is discontent and alienation and suspicion, all conglomerating in the one word "disappointment."

Then, too, aside from the shortcomings of what may be termed *personnel* of Republicanism, there is an enormous accretion of strength in the disgust and weariness of the general mind at the persistence of certain men and factions—to whom the President gives countenance—in a policy of intolerance and proscription to the South. This is operating with effect, not only on the intelligence of the North, but on the South itself. When they, Radical Southern Senators and Representatives, not sure of their places, but heartsick at the thought of the actual misery around them in their adopted or native homes, come to Northern men and ask, as in the case of the impoverished "loyalists," for succor and sympathy, and are coldly repelled with the assertion of some fanatical or economical dogma, whither can they, or if not they, their constituencies, drift but into opposition? Thus is it throughout, and thus is the Democracy invigorated by an actual absorption of the strength and nervous force which, as it were, is exuding and etherealizing from, morbid, demoralized Republicanism.

This being so, what is obviously the policy, and is the policy, the duty of Democracy? Its duty, in the first place, is its discipline. We are encamped before an intrenched enemy, and must make our approaches the more cautiously since there is mutiny, or, at least, murmuring within. A strict investment, a moderate famine, such as even an economical minority in Congress can apply, and shells, dextrously thrown at some weak salient, is our strategy; but no rushing forward of restless, ambitious leaders; no hoisting of Presidential flags on our ramparts for the enemy to fire at; no explosions of impracticable ultraisms; no Dutch Gaps or Petersburg mines—monuments of individual ambition—and no wasting of resources in attacking an impregnable position; no blundering and bloody party Cold (Coal?) Harbors. Dropping these military and uncongenial illustrations, we seek from this center, in plain English, to impress upon our friends, near and at a distance, the necessity of toleration as well as vigor; of concerted action everywhere, which can only be attained by avoiding extremes; the obvious policy of keeping wide open the doors of party organization, and showing to the disorganized, discontented masses of our opponents outside, that within, there is not only harmony, as there is, but magnanimity, and generosity, and welcome.

But, above all, to bring these generalizations to a point, let us avoid not only any committals of the party to preferences for the Presidency, but for a time the discussion of individual merits. It can do no good. It may do infinite harm. This we say, who are, literally and accurately speaking, conscious of no preference. We have no candidate, and intend to have none, but the nominee of the National Democratic and Conservative Convention, whoever he may be. Let us first direct our energies to the great work of organization, and of exposing to the country the usurpations and corruptions of the present party in power. Strong as our ranks are with men fit to be leaders and worthy to carry the flag forward to victory, this is not the opportune moment to consider their claims. It may be prudent, perhaps, in view of events to be developed between this time and the meeting of the Convention, to postpone the well-recognized merits of men who now occupy much of the public thought. Who can venture to predict what events will happen within the next year? Improvised candidates are sometimes demanded by a public necessity, and it may be that the name is not yet breathed of him who, in 1872, is to lead the willing and co-operative array of a Democratic organization into the conquered or abandoned stronghold of the enemy.

TRIMMING.—One of the most unmistakable indications that the Democratic party is soon to be restored to power is the fact that the so-called independent papers are assuming a decidedly Democratic tone. For the past ten years the "independent papers" have been in active sympathy with the Radicals, but now we find them changing front, and charging all the ills of the nation upon the party they have so long championed. The Sacramento *Union* is a representative of this class of journals, and has a record for thorough-paced Radicalism that will compare with any avowedly Radical paper on the coast. Lately, however, the tone of the *Union* is changed, and so decidedly Democratic is it in its utterances that it is a common thing for Radicals to denounce the *Union* as an apostate and convert to Democracy. In the same lead we find the San Francisco *Bulletin*, formerly an ultra-loyal sheet, but now strongly tinctured with Democracy. These papers are the "straws which show which way the wind blows." Their editors have no fixed principles, but trim their sails to catch the popular breeze, and seeing the Radical ship hard aground, they veer about and hitch on to the good old ship of Democracy. Their trimming is an unerring sign that the Democratic party is soon to seize the helm of government, and so, like the rats they are, they desert the sinking hull of Radicalism—*W. W. Statesman.*

WHY THIS SECRECY?—The Treasury Department, in Democratic days, published an annual account of the receipts and disbursements of the Government, and gave the name of each person who received public money and for what purpose the money was expended. This custom was inaugurated in 1791 and continued until 1866. Since then it has been discontinued. There can be no reason assigned for this, unless it be that the Radicals dare not let the people know what has become of the immense sums of money that has been yearly wrung from them by the tax gatherer. So much for the party of progress; they dare not expose their villainy to the public eye.

PARTICULAR.—A beggar who asked for a coat at a clergyman's house handed back one slightly worn which was offered him, saying, "Madam, I want a coat that I should not be ashamed to wear in the daytime.

GEO. H. PENDLETON is named by a number of Ohio papers as the next Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. It is stated that he will accept the nomination, and that his election is certain.

GUSHING DESCRIPTION.—A poet describes ladies' lips as "the glowing gateways of pork and potatoes."

MAY BE.—Cabbages are said to act on the brain. On the principle, my be, that one head affects another.

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,