

Oregon City Enterprise.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.

VOL. 9.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1875.

NO. 39.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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 Enterprise Building, one door south of Masonic Building, Main St.

Terms of Subscription: Single Copy One Year, In Advance, \$2.50; "Six Months" 1.50.

Transient advertisements, including all local notices, 25 cents per square of twelve lines one week; 1.00 for each subsequent insertion; 100.00 for one year; 50.00 for six months; 25.00 for three months; 12.50 for one month; 6.25 for one week; 3.12 for one day.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order, N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order, N. G.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order, W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 1, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order, W. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. MORRIS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. OREGON CITY, OREGON. Office—Opposite in Charman's Brick, Main Street.

Dr. S. PARKER,

Physician & Surgeon. Office—Next to Charman's Store. Residence—Main Street, two doors above R. Charman's store.

DR. JOHN WELCH,

DENTIST. Office in OREGON CITY, OREGON. Highest Cash Price Paid for County Orders.

S. HUELAT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OREGON CITY, OREGON. Office—Charman's brick, Main St. Opposite the Court House.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT-LAW. Oregon City, Oregon. Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City. Opposite the Court House.

L. T. BARIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OREGON CITY, OREGON. Office—Over Pope's Tin Store, Main Street.

OREGON CITY BREWERY.

Having the best of the above Breweries, we are prepared to furnish a No. 1 quality of LAGER BEER. At 25 cents per gallon, obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

W. H. HIGHFIELD,

Established since '49, at the old stand. Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon. An assortment of Watches, Jewels, and Sewing Machines. All of which are warranted to be as represented. Repairs done on short notice, and thankful for patronage.

JOHN M. BACON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER in Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc. Oregon City, Oregon. At the Post Office, Main Street, east side.

REMOVAL.

ALFRED KINNEY, M. D., SURGEON. HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE AND IS NOW CORNER OF MAIN AND EAST PARK STREETS, PORTLAND, OREGON, WHERE HE CAN BE FOUND AT ALL HOURS, DAY AND NIGHT. May 7, 1875.

Station Correspondence.

STAYTON, July 13, 1875.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE:—I have just returned from a trip to the South Fork of the Santiam to attend a camp-meeting, and will give you a short description of my trip: I left this place in company with three friends at seven Sunday morning, crossing the North Fork at this place, traveled through a rather rough country, made beautiful in places by the hand of man, showing that the country will be in time, traveled ten miles, arrived at Scio—a very picturesque little town—nestled in a grove of shade trees, and bounded on one side by a beautiful stream of water nearly as large as the Clackamas, forming a crescent on one side of the town; this place is surrounded with beautiful fields of waving grain and timothy, the finest I ever saw. We passed one field of wheat which, as I was informed by my friend Mr. T. Stayton, had not been ploughed. The young firm had been slashed, burned and grubbed, then sown in wheat, and it will yield forty bushels to the acre. Very much such land in Clackamas. They tell me such land is worth here six dollars per acre. It is strange the immigrant should pass so far up the valley, so far from market, and pass better land that could be bought for much less money, close to market. There are a great many new settlers here from the grasshopper region. After having our horses we proceeded on our way to the camp grounds, eight miles distant, making in all eighteen miles of beautiful country, hill and valley, passed over, arriving at the camp grounds at eleven, which looked to me like an old English fair ground, or a military camp at mess time. There was quite a large turn-out, should think near two thousand persons, from different points—Salem, Albany, Lebanon, Scio and Stayton. I am told that the report got abroad that the Rev. Mr. Hammond was to be there, which was not the case. The meeting was quite interesting, some converts. Four were baptized in the beautiful river, whose waters are as clear as crystal. After the ceremony was over, the people took their noon meal. Refreshment stands were plenty and well patronized, and everything was orderly. After the meal was over, another short service and the camp broke up, those remaining only who had made a permanent camp; then came a general break for home. It reminded me of my early days at Epsom races on the Darby day. The dust was thick, people shouting to each other and cracking their whips; it was equal to the confusion of the battle of Bull Run. We started out with the crowd and made and took our share of the dust. Being delayed by one of our horses getting lame, we did not arrive at the ferry until nine at night, to find to our sorrow the ferry had gone to roost, and the town a quarter of a mile from the river. We made the woods ring with our music, but he had no ear for music, or he liked his bed better; for he would not come out. My friend felt like swearing, but they said they still heard the voices of those pious men at the Forks. Finding no chance to cross, we took our provision box from the wagon to see what we had left from dinner. We found it rather slim—half a bottle of pickles, three sticks of candy, a few soda crackers and a half pie which a horse had run his snout into, and we cleaned up the lot, sat down by a good fire, took a smoke, and wondered what the ferry man was doing about that time. After a smoke, we took out our bedding, consisting of a blanket to the man, Oregon City girls, spread them down on the sand, lit the fire and slept sound until four in the morning, when we gave the ferryman a little more chin music. At six he put in an appearance. Smiling, he said, "was that you halloing last night?" We told him it was, and then he said, "darned if I didn't think so." One of our party said, "Why didn't you come over?" "Oh, I thought some one was fooling," and then he laughed. Got home to breakfast at six. The folks felt very sorry for us, so they said, but they looked shy, and grinned; I believe they were fooling us. I tell you, Noltner, we felt like the Dutchman, "damn" all the time. Yours, &c. W. W.

Mislaidd Letter From Sandy.

SANDY, June 24, 1875.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE:—Seeing in your valuable paper sometime ago, a very interesting letter from Sandy, which contains among other matters, the eloquent and able speech of the Hon. Henry McCugin, delivered by him on the occasion when he presented the subscription list to raise means for the purpose of publishing the resources of Clackamas county, to his fellow Grangers, and the very good effect it had upon their pockets. I do not know what success Mr. Sharrock had with his subscription list, but suppose he also made a good showing under the circumstances. Of course Mr. had the inside track of him, being a Granger, which I understand Mr. Sharrock is not. Also, I notice in Granger's letter a favorable mention of the Cascade Road and Bridge Company, that they intend to make a good road across the Cascade mountains. This is good news to the traveling public, and stock-drovers. I would like to call the attention of the gentleman in his next letter, (or speech) to give his opinion upon the subject of purchasing the toll bridge. There is no doubt that he is one of the wheel horses on the car of progress in this section of the country, and lives on that side of Sandy, where I propose with your permission to make a few remarks, that is, the disadvantage and impediments to the more rapid settlement of this beautiful locality with its splendid mountain scenery so well adapted for farming and fruit growing purposes, excellent stock range, etc., as there is west of the Cascade mountains. This should be moved, not only for those who may settle on that side hereafter, but for the benefit of the whole county, and this is to some degree the Cascade Road and Bridge Company, who have charged every one that has and those who do settle on that side of Sandy river \$6, either in work or cash, as the case may be, for having the privilege of crossing their bridge and part of road, right in the heart of settlement, you may say. There has been petitions presented once or twice by the citizens of this precinct and vicinity, also a proposition by the Company to the County Court to sell this bridge and part of the road. It is said the Company made a very liberal offer to the county, but the honorable Judge and Commissioners have acted up to this time very indifferent towards the prayers of the petitioners and Company. They did not even, I am told, show the common courtesy due the petitioners by appointing a committee to investigate the matter. I am speaking of this present board. The old Republican board did appoint a committee to examine the matter set forth in the petition. This committee reported favorable for the county to buy this bridge and part of the road, but the court did not act on the report, for what reason I suppose is best known to themselves, and so the matter stands yet on the record of the County Court, if I am not mistaken. Now, Mr. Editor, there are several good reasons why this last and only toll bridge in the county should be bought by the county, so that the citizens of Clackamas can travel all over the county without paying toll, and just as good reasons as there were for the county to buy the Clackamas and other bridges. With all due deference for the honorable County Court for their wisdom, I propose to show one more beside the one named above. It is a fact that the Company takes in on toll from citizens of this county from \$100 to \$150 the season, as this part of the county is already and gets to be quite a favorable place for hunting and recreation, especially during the berry season, you see families with their children going up to Elk Flat. This is the favorite camping ground to enjoy the pure mountain air while the ladies are picking berries the men will go out and bring a nice deer to camp before breakfast, and then have a good time all around. This goes on from two to four weeks. Sometimes you see from five to ten wagons pass, going and coming, a regular caravan. This sums up paying fifty cents each time for crossing this bridge. A nice little tax for going on a tour of recreation in your own county. It sounds nice in the ear of new comers, as it did in mine when I first heard of it, and this was when I got to the bridge and paid twenty-five cents for my horse having the privilege of crossing and paid the same coming back. Of course it may be said this is no direct tax, but nevertheless it comes out of the people's pockets. It is true there has been a county road located a few miles down the river some two years ago, but what good is it to the people in general? Nothing, except to one or two interested parties to get an outlet for their farms at the expense of the settlers, that is all, and when they get this road opened, which looks rather dark and gloomy at present, then comes the building of a bridge across Sandy, which will cost at least from

\$1,500 to \$2,000. Who is going to pay for the building of this bridge? The county? I think not, and the settlers are not able and will not give one dollar towards it, as some of them say. They are already sick and tired of this endless job of making a county road which is of no benefit to them whatever, without a bridge across the Sandy river, and this will not be built in the next five years unless they should be a bill passed in the next Legislature to remove the county seat to the neighborhood of our worthy Representatives on the "back-bone."

Therefore we say block the wheels on the car of progress. We are on the go-ahead out here. Bro. Williams is building a fine hotel at the foot of Mr. Hood, for the accommodation of travelers and pleasure seekers, and the old patriarch, Bro. Phillip Moore, is going to establish a mission on the hill to civilize the bear, panther, and wild cat and Indians. More about this by-and-by. PROGRESS.

Clackamas.

Hon. J. W. Offield, residing in this county, gives the following in answer to inquiries made of him regarding our county:

First, What will improved land cost per acre?

Second, On oak land is the timber thick or thin?

Third, Hazel land—is it high, or low, or very thick?

Fourth, What is the color of your soil—how far from Portland or Salem, and in what direction?

Fifth, Is the locality well watered? Is it healthy? Is there plenty of fish?

He then says several families desire to come, if they can sell out, in the grasshoppers have taken three-fourths of all their crops there.

I will answer Mr. Carman's questions for the benefit of himself and others:

First, As good land as there is in the State has sold lately for \$2 50 per acre, though it ranges as high as \$8. Considerable land is offered here at \$4. Mr. Williamson called on me yesterday, found good land at \$4, with as long credit as he desired, and many high officials of the crime of murder, and probably send them to the gallows or to the penitentiary for life. Among the witnesses are some parties who actually took active part in the massacre. It is also stated that in these Brigham Young will not escape the penalties of the law he has so flagrantly outraged by the shedding of innocent blood.

Second, There is considerable open land and much scattering brush. There is a fair amount of low and sloping, and sometimes very light.

Fourth, Soil, black, subsoil, clay. No gravel. Salem, 30 miles south; Portland, northwest 25 miles. Very healthy. Fish plenty, not taken with hook and line much.

The foregoing description will generally apply to all parts of Western Oregon, though intended to apply to Clackamas county, in which several thousand can yet find homes, provided they have the nerve to do as others have done: Clear away the brush, plow and sow, and reap from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat per acre, with no discount for grasshoppers.

A Large Town.

Perhaps very few Americans appreciate the magnitude of the metropolis of Great Britain, and a few facts as to its size, population and opulent character, may yet find an analysis. It covers, within fifteen miles, a radius of Charing Cross, nearly 700 square miles, and numbers within these boundaries, 4,000,000 inhabitants. It contains more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Roman Catholics than Rome, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. The port of London has every day on its waters 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors. Upwards of 120 persons are added to the population daily, or 40,000 yearly, a birth taking place every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes. On an average twenty-eight miles of street are opened, and 9,000 new houses built every year. In the postal districts there is a yearly delivery of 238,000,000 letters. On the police register there are the names of 120,000 habitual criminals, increasing by more than one-third the crime of the country is committed in London, or at least brought to light there. There are as many beer-shops and gin-palaces as would, if their fronts were placed side by side, reach from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles, and 38,000 drunkards are annually brought before its magistrates. The shops open on Sundays would form streets sixty miles long. It is estimated that there are more than a million of the people who are practically heathen, wholly neglecting the ordinances of religion. At least 900 additional churches and chapels would be required for the wants of the people.

Mr. George Robinson of Washington county has a heirloom in his possession consisting of a newspaper printed in Philadelphia, and said to be the oldest newspaper in this State. It has the names of the three commissioners to the Six Nations appointed by the Continental Congress on the 22d of June, 1775, a hundred years ago. The name of the paper cannot be made out. The reading is so dim that it can scarcely be read. He also has a journal kept by his grandfather in 1768.

The Record says Miss Alice Bolon, about 14 years old, living three miles from Turner, Marion county, has completed a bedquilt which contains 8,247 pieces, all stitched by hand and neatly done, mostly of cotton goods. Her sister, Miss Fannie Bolon, who is older, is engaged in piecing a bedquilt that will contain over 10,000 pieces.

The Democratic Candidate.

It will be remembered that on the retirement of Hon. William Irwin from the Yreka Union, we predicted that the next time we probably should refer to him he would be the Democratic candidate for Governor of that State. This prediction has come true, and we regard it as the very best selection the Democracy of our sister State could have made. The Examiner, speaking of him, says:

The selection of the gubernatorial candidate of the Democracy is a most happy one. Throughout the length and breadth of this State, from his own northernmost county down to the borders of Northern Mexico, there could not have been found a man better fitted to represent the democratic hosts of California, than William Irwin of Siskiyou. In stature he presents the form and substance of one born to be a chief among men, and nature which was not of her public career, free from all contaminating associations, firm of purpose, deliberate in arriving at conclusions, but steadfast in their maintenance and capable of logically demonstrating their validity, Mr. Irwin gains for himself the respect of all who know him. His victory in convention was an expression of the verdict of the people upon the points indicated; and the unanimity with which the other contestants and their friends acquiesced in the result shows how strong Mr. Irwin is with the Democracy of the State. The harmony which attended the choice of this candidate, through a prolonged contest, is an augury of the success which will follow at the polls on the first of September. We append a sketch of the nominee:

William Irwin was born in Butler county, Ohio, in 1827, and is 48 years of age. He graduated from Marietta College in 1848, and taught school for one year in Mississippi. He then returned to Marietta, and taught in College for two years, until the fall of 1851, when he went to Chicago, intending to practice law; altering his intentions, however, he went to Cincinnati and thence to New York, from which place he took passage in 1852 for this State on the ship Pioneer; after remaining here but a short time, he went to Oregon, and there engaged in the lumber business with an uncle, returning to this city in June, 1853, and establishing a lumber depot at Market and Stenart streets. In the fall of 1854 he removed his business to Yreka, Siskiyou county, where he has since lived. During his residence there he has established several saw mills, and five years engaged in selling meats and in 1866 became the publisher of the Yreka Union, which paper he owned until he succeeded Mr. Pacheco as Lieut. Governor of the State in 1861. He was elected to the Assembly in 1862, was re-elected in 1863, re-elected President, pro tem., of the Senate in last Legislature, and in 1864 was elected to succeed to the Lieut. Gov. position when Mr. Pacheco took Senator Booth's seat as Governor. Mr. Irwin was married 1865, and has one daughter.

BACKED DOWN.—Charley Backus, the practical joker, was in a small town in Connecticut, the other day, and as he started for New York, he stood on the rear platform of the train. When the whistle had finished reading, he looked around and said: "Come up boys. A little fellow lounging in the depot, and shaking his fist at him in assumed rage, he shouted: "Oh, there you are, you villain! I've been looking for you all over this cursed town. Oh, you knave, you thief, you scoundrel!" At this time the train was rapidly moving out of the depot, and Backus wildly shook his fist at the astonished stranger, several times wishing it had time to get off and thrash you, you scoundrel!" To the horror of the minstrel joker, the train was stopped and backed into the depot. Backus made a rush for his apartment in the drawing-room car, and locked himself in just as the broad-fronted depot lumber boarded the train and howled: "Where is that duffer who has been looking all over this 'ere town for me?" Backus kept himself in his prison until he reached New York.

From a conversation with Mr. C. P. Burkhardt, the Granger learns that he has secured a small part of his farm to rye, (the Ohio White) and that it promises an abundant yield, much greater than wheat. As yet there has been but a limited market opened up on this coast for rye, and in consequence but little has been raised. But if due attention was paid to the matter, a very considerable market might be opened up for rye flour and the price obtained remunerative.

PLEASEN SPECTACLE.—Half a dozen horse-shives hanging in a Yow formed a pleasing spectacle that met the eye of a recent Boston visitor in Western Arkansas. "Six hemp-er tyrannus," was his feeling remark.

The hop fields of the State are looking very well and the owners are sanguine of success.

UTAH.

John D. Lee Turns State's Evidence, and Implicates Brigham Young and Other Prominent Mormons.

BEAVER, Utah Territory, July 14.—The trials of Lee and Demas for complicity in the terrible Mountain Meadow massacre of 1857, in which 140 emigrants from Arkansas were mercilessly butchered in cold blood by Mormons, has been set for the 10th of the present month. Judge Boreman has expressed a determination to have no unnecessary delay in the premises, since some very important witnesses, upon whose testimony it is certain a number of convictions will be made, who, it was feared, could not be found, are now in town, and have been subpoenaed by the prosecuting attorney to appear before court and give evidence in the case.

LATER.—John D. Lee, a bishop and colonel, and leader in the massacre, has turned State's evidence, and will make a full statement in relation thereto. The cause is said to be that he believes he was to be sacrificed by the Mormon church to shield more guilty parties by perjury, if necessary. Lee's story will throw additional light upon the massacre to that already received, and make it appear that the affair was really more barbarous and cruel than has heretofore been believed by the avowed enemies of the Mormons. It will also prove that the massacre was instigated by Brigham Young as a means of revenge upon the people of Arkansas, who permitted Mr. Comb and the husband of his sister to desert her husband and join Brigham's church, and the fact that Pratt had persuaded the woman to desert her husband, ostensibly to visit her father and mother in New Orleans, and eloped with her from the home of her parents. Witnesses from Southern Utah, who were concerned in the massacre, evince great animosity against Lee. There is said to be plenty of witnesses here to corroborate Lee's statements, which will convict him of murder, and probably send them to the gallows or to the penitentiary for life. Among the witnesses are some parties who actually took active part in the massacre. It is also stated that in these Brigham Young will not escape the penalties of the law he has so flagrantly outraged by the shedding of innocent blood.

LATER.—John D. Lee is at work writing his statement. Several witnesses, too nearly connected with the massacre, have become alarmed, and left town. Everybody is anxiously awaiting developments to be made next week.

How He Got the Saloon Keeper.

A front street saloon keeper is a great historical scholar, and will argue for hours on the issues, events and men of past celebrity. One was Preston when the old man had his day last week and said: "By crickey Jim, but this is warm! I haven't been so warm since old Cass was President of the United States." "What?" asked Jim. "Gen. Cass was never President of the United States." "Why, yes he was," replied Preston with well feigned astonishment. "I'll bet you the drinks for the house Legation, and Vice President." "Done," answered the old man, and he drew forth his pocket-book, unfolded a page of the Congressional Globe of 1848-9 and proceeded to read that President Tyler having died on Saturday, and Vice President Fillmore not being at Washington, the President of the Senate, General Cass, became President of the United States until the following Monday pending Fillmore's inauguration. When the old man had finished reading, he looked around and said: "Come up boys. A little fellow lounging in the depot, and shaking his fist at him in assumed rage, he shouted: "Oh, there you are, you villain! I've been looking for you all over this cursed town. Oh, you knave, you thief, you scoundrel!" At this time the train was rapidly moving out of the depot, and Backus wildly shook his fist at the astonished stranger, several times wishing it had time to get off and thrash you, you scoundrel!" To the horror of the minstrel joker, the train was stopped and backed into the depot. Backus made a rush for his apartment in the drawing-room car, and locked himself in just as the broad-fronted depot lumber boarded the train and howled: "Where is that duffer who has been looking all over this 'ere town for me?" Backus kept himself in his prison until he reached New York.

DISGUSTED.—One of our young men, when he was married, didn't want to patronize the baker. He said bread tasted ever so much better when made by her dear hands. This delighted her. But when she wanted a scuttle of coal and he suggested that she get it, as the fire would feel so much better if the coal was brought by her dear hands, she was disgusted. Women are so changeable.

WHAT IT IS.—It is the wear and tear on the female intellect in the manner of deciding upon the arrangement of the new bonnet that is ransacking so many graves for the daisies to grow upon.

BECAME PALE.—Mr. Sherry, of Indiana, became pale Sherry on being arrested for obtaining money on a worthless draft.

Utury.

From the Evening Journal.

The case of Chapman vs. Henry Watkins et al, lately decided in the Circuit Court for Multnomah county, presented some features which are of interest to persons dealing in negotiable paper. The facts of this case may be briefly stated: A man named Henry Watkins, proprietor of a retail butchering establishment, called "The Washington Market," in this city, induced an honest, hard-working mechanic named Shuker to lend him, from time to time, sums of money equal in the aggregate to the amount of \$300; the last \$150 of which was lent by Mr. Shuker for the purpose of getting security for the whole; Mr. Shuker, it appears, had accepted from this fellow for the sums lent, greater interest than the law allows in lending the last \$150, a negotiable promissory note for \$350, with chattel mortgage on the effects in Washington Market, was executed by this fellow to Mr. Shuker, who placed the mortgage on record. Before maturity of the note, Mr. Shuker (for value) transferred it by endorsement to the plaintiff, who took the same without any notice of the usury. A suit being brought to foreclose the chattel mortgage as against the fellow mentioned, and Messrs. Johnson & Spaulding, subsequent mortgages of the property, the former (by his separate answer) set up usury, to which answer the plaintiff demurred. The question, therefore, presented to the Court was:

Is the defense of usury available against an innocent bona fide endorsee of negotiable paper, who took the same before maturity?

The Court, after full argument, held that it was, and directed the District Attorney to take steps to secure from Watkins the forfeiture of the \$300 lent, to the School Fund.

Whether or not, under the statute, the Court can decree a foreclosure of the chattel mortgage in favor of the School Fund, is yet an open question. It may be that the Court has no such power—in which event, the subsequent mortgages fell to the property, and the School Fund a judgment, which perhaps may be beaten on execution.

We trust the next Legislature will take some steps toward reforming our present usury law, so as to protect innocent purchasers of negotiable paper. As it stands at present, advantage can easily be taken of its provisions against the ignorant or unwary by those whose interest is opposed to paying principal, and whose principle is opposed paying interest.

Since the decision of the case, we are informed that Mr. Shuker has repaid to the plaintiff the amount he received for the note, together with interest and costs.

Rich, And Why? An exchange states that "when President Grant retires from office, he will be the richest man that ever left the White House," whereupon the Stockton Leader remarks:

Certainly he will be a rich man—he could not well help being rich. It is safe to assert that during Grant's seven years' reign there has been more oppression of the masses of the people, more corruption in office, more public swindling and dishonest practices by public officials than there had been during the whole previous history of the American Republic.

That Grant is responsible for the existing state of affairs, we do not pretend to say; but that an upright, unapproachable, incorruptible, honest man in the Executive office might have done much to check this high-handed swindling and open dishonesty which has been carried on at Washington, cannot be denied. Bills to enrich numerous monopolies, and at the same time oppress the people of the country in a corresponding degree, have during these years been engineered through both Houses of Congress with marvelous rapidity and ease. And a silence has been maintained in the Executive mansion—a silence which has amounted to a sanction of it all.

To what extent Grant was concerned in the Central Pacific Railroad, Oakes Ames' Credit Mobilier, and the Jay Cooke failure, the world will never know. But of one thing we may rest assured—that these and similar dishonest transactions have helped to fill the President's private coffers to overflowing; and that of that godly sum, the increase of his salary, forms but the smallest part.

Mand (with much sympathy in her voice)—"Only fancy, mamma, Uncle Jack took us to a picture gallery in Bond Street, and there we saw a picture of a lot of early Christians, poor dears, who had been thrown to a lot of lions and tigers who were devouring them." Ethel (with still more sympathy)—"Yes, and, mamma dear, there was one poor tiger that hadn't got a Christian."

HOW REPORTED.—A London paper states that Mr. Disraeli, having, in one of his speeches, informed his audience that it was not his wont to "swagger or utter ambiguous words in the streets," was reported in the local papers to have said that he did not "stagger or utter big words in the streets."

GOOD GROUNDS.—An Arkansas woman has applied for a divorce, her complaint being: "I've been married 21 years, have informed his attorney that it was not his wont to 'swagger or utter ambiguous words in the streets,' was reported in the local papers to have said that he did not 'stagger or utter big words in the streets.'"

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