A. L. Bancroft & Co.

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Statesmen Badly Dressed.

Andy Johnson's Style---Clarkkson Potter a Well-Dressed Man--Old Poland--Sam Cox--Fernando Wood's Dignified Style.

From the Chicago Times.

Andy Johnson was of the old school style of politician of some twenty years ago, with but one modern concession, and that was that the coat was a frock instead of a swallow-tail. His style of dress, the conventional one of the "American gentleman" of the years gone by, consisted of a shiny black broadcloth coat and trousers, with a vest of deep black velvet. There are but few of the Congressmen of the present day that wear this style of dress, but take them as a class, probably they are as badly dressed a set of men as one can find anywhere in the country.

Throughout Congres there are many men who make it a point of dressing in the most eccentric possible manner. Luke Poland of Vermont was one of the most eccentric dressers in the House. He used to always move about in a coat of blue adorned with small dinner plates of brass buttons. His vest was generally white, and opened so as to display a wild expanse of dainty ruffled shirt bosom, under whose shades gleamed here and there tiny diamond buttons. The old man never in his life passed a pierglass without taking a good square look at himself. Two of the best dressed men in Congress are Clarkson Potter of New York in the House, and in the Senate Gen. Burnside. Clarkson Potter has rather overdone the matter in too closely adhering to the English style of dressing. His whiskers are cut after the English fashion, and he affects the English style of pronounciation. Yet there are but few men in the House who are his equals in ability and capacity for work. Gen. Burnside, the best dresser in the Senate, affects the undress military style, and in his peculiar cravats, waistcoats, and original colors never fails to attract more than ordinary notice. He was once a tailor in his early days, and never neglected an opportunity offered by an evening session to put on full dress-suit. Attired in this society splendor, Ambrose loves to stand about the doorways of the Senate Chamber and allow the public to drink in the full beauties of his noble proportions.

Among the worst dressed men in either branch of Congress is Sammy Cox. He always wears a bob-tail sack coat, and a bobtail sack coat never fails to damn a little man. His clothes would not bring over $7 50 in any auction store in the country. There was only one man in the last House who was a worse dresser than Sammy Cox, and that was Crutchfield of Tennessee. Crutchfield is a rough mountaineer, who never wore a collar or shaved himself oftener than once a week.

Flannigan, in the Senate, used to dress in a very peculiar manner when he was on deck as a Texas statesman. A shad-bellied coat of blue or brown, ornamented with bone or brass buttons, a plaid waistcoat, and nankeen-colored trousers, over which hung a three-pound gold chain, made up a costume sufficiently striking.

One of the most ungainly-looking men that ever stood on end in Congress is Louhridge of Iowa. He looks as if he was whittled out of very knotty wood with a very dull knife, and stalks about morning, noon and night, in a black suit, the coat a swallow-tail, with a waist-coat worn open and low, displaying a tumbled shirt that is ever struggling arduously to get above his ears. Luttrell of California was another badly dressed man. He always wore a rough gray suit, that looked as if some day it had rained clothing, and by chance a few articles had clung to him. After a time Luttrell donned one day a Prince Albert coat, buttoned snugly across his broad breast. His trousers were a neat conventional gray. His paper collar had to disappear above a purple stock. Wonder of wonders! this California Granger held also a dainty buttonhole boquet in his coat. Behold the influence of lovely woman! the fair creature who tamed the Granger Luttrell is now in the mint in San Francisco, possibly continuing her good work of polishing down the crudities of her Congressional lover.

The double-breasted frock coat has grown in favor with the better order of Congressmen during the last few years. The beauty of the coat is that when it is closely buttoned it gives a man a very compact appearance that never fails to impress a closely-dressed crowd. There is a dignity about a closely buttoned double-breasted frock coat that can be found in no other article of a man's wardrobe. Fernando Wood would lose nine-tenths of his impressive dignity were he to put on a sack coat and lounge about in a way assumed by some of his Western brethern. He always wears a long black coat that buttons tightly up to his throat. He looks as if he were melted down every night, and run into his clothes every morning. He is always easy in manners, however, and has not the mannerism of Clarkson Potter, the best dressed man in the House.

Mr. Speaker Blaine, affects the double-breasted frock. He generally wears two buttons buttoned, and allow the rest of his coat to roll so as to show a very neat shirt. Farrel of Chicago wears the double-breasted frock, generally in some brown cloth. He rarely if ever buttons it.

There are peculiar garments worn by individnl Congressmen that are so original in style that you cannot help wondering at the genius of tde tailor who devised them, or at the taste of the wearer. Kasson of Iowa was the most noticeable type of this class last winter. He appeared upon all occasions in a little "bunt" looking blue reefling jacket, until his very presence, from its absurd monotone, became appalling. He visited Washington this summer, and as he did not wear the jacket, out of respect to a thermometer then waltzing up above 100 degrees, his best friends passed him upon the streets without knowing him.

Of the hats worn by the statesmen of the period, the rakish slouch nearly always have the preference. The Western and Southrn members nearly all wear this villainous looking slouch. Ben Butler generally wears the worst hat of any of his comrades.

The Administration.

What Oregon Radicals Endorse.

An exchange says that the President (which means the Administration in Oregon politics) affects great virtue all of a sudden about the prosecution of the St. Louis "Whisky Ring," for the protection of which he is more responsible than any living man. The "ring" furnishes a large share of the money to aid his re-election, and has contributed heavily for other objects in which he is personally interested. Its influence at the White House has been often and openly illustrated in a manner to cause the greatest scandal.

When Mr. Bristow directed the supervisors and agents of the internal revenue to be changed, in order to break up a corrupt combination known to exist between them and the manufacturers of illicit whisky, Supervisor McDonald, chief of the St. Louis "ring," went to Washington with a fine span of horses as a present, and got that order revoked by the President's own hand, without a word of conference with the Secretary of the Treasury. McDonald could not restrain his joy over this triumph, and he telegraphed to his confederate Joyce, who like himself is now under indictment:

"The goose hangs high. I rode out with the President to-day."

To gull the public now, Grant endorses a letter to Bristow with this ardent exhortation:

"Let no guilty man escape if it can be avoided."

Grant's practice and this profession are very wide apart; for when Hodge was convicted of stealing half a million from the treasury, right under the shadow of the White House, he let that "guilty man escape" with a pardon, and reinstated him in the fellowship of his associate thieves of the Washington "ring." So, too, he has done with a host of mail robbers, forgers, defaulters, counterfeiters, and other third-term patriots, whose services were needed to pack conventions and to make platforms of Radical principles.

It comes with a singular grace from Grant to say to the Secretary of the Treasury:

"No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a public duty."

Since the first days of June, remarks the New York *Sun*, he has been established at Long Branch, seeking personal pleasure and amusement only, to the utter neglect of every public duty, and setting an example which has done as much as anything else to demoralize the civil service. By indecent importunity and the subserviency of a corrupt Congress, his pay was doubled, with perquisites heretofore wholly unknown, which have made the salary almost clear profit to him.

Instead of recognizing this enormous increase by some token of respect for his great trust, and at least a passing exhibition of fidelity to its obligations, he has since then been more reckless than ever, and more disdainful of public opinion and common decency. The extraordinary spectacle is presented of the President and every member of his Cabinet junketing about the country and exhibiting themselves like a travelling menagerie at clam-bakes and receptions, while the plunderers are holding high revel in the departments at Washington.

The diplomatic corps, finding the head of the Government absent, the Secretary of State absent, and no responsible official present to deal with, have all quit the capital, and have probably written home that this is a government of clerks and imbeciles. It is not at all surprising that enlightened diplomatists should seek to avoid the mission to the United States, as they have done of late years.

With vulgarity and venality at the White House and its social surroundings, offending all decency when Grant and his shoddy court are at Washington for six or seven months of the year, and with his underlings to govern during his prolonged absences, the life there to people of culture and refinement must be hard to endure. There is comfort in knowing that eighteen months more will put an end to this national disgrace, and restore honor and propriety to the high places now stained and degraded by Grantism.

NEWSPAPERS.—There is no book so cheap as a newspaper, none so interesting, because it consists of a variety measured out in suitable proportions as to time and quality. Being new every week or day, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to the welfare of the individnal and the community. It causes many an hour to pass away pleasantly and profitably which would otherwise have been spent in idleness and mischief.

Thomas Jefferson.

Some Interesting Recollections of the Great Statesman.

From Prof. Geo. Long's Letter.

A few days after my arrival at the University of Virginia, I walked up to Monticello to see Mr. Jefferson. I made myself known to his servant, and was soon introduced into his great room. In a few minutes a tall, dignified old man entered, and after looking at me a moment, said: "Are you the new professor of ancient languages?" I replied that I was. He observed, "You are very young," to which I observed that I would grow older. He smiled and said that was true. He was evidently somewhat startled at my youthful appearance, and I could plainly see that he was disappointed. We fell to talking and I stayed to dine with him. He was grave and rather cold in his manner, but he was very polite, and I was pleased with his simple Virginian dress, and his conversation, free from all affectation. I remember this interview as if it took place yesterday.

During my solitary residence before the University opened I visited Monticello several times, and occasionally passed the night there. I thought that Mr. Jefferson became better satisfied with the boy professor, and we talked on all subjects. He saw that I took great interest in the geography of America, and in the story of the Revolution, and he told me much about it, but in a very modest way as to himself. He showed me the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, and he could clearly see that I was in habits, as I have always been and still am, a man who preferred plain republican institutions to the outward show and splender of European knigdoms—when I say republican institutions, I mean genuine republican, for a Republic may have the name and very little besides that I value.

I often saw Mr. Jefferson between this time and his death. When he came on his horse to the University, he generally called on me. His thoughts were always about this place of education, of which he was really the founder; and though the first few years of the University were not quite satisfactory, he confidently looked forward to the future, and to the advantage which the State would derive from the young men who were educated in the University of Virginia.

I remember well a long conversation which I once had with Mr. Jefferson on George Washington. He spoke of him freely and generously, as of a man of great and noble character. Mr. Tucker, in his life of Jefferson, has given the character of Washington as Jefferson wrote it, and it is, perhaps, certain that the character was written at the time when Jefferson spoke of Washington to me, though he told me more than the written character contains, but nothing that is contradictory to it. The character is exceedingly well written, and it proves that as a mere writer Jefferson might have excelled most men of his day.

I discovered that Mr. Jefferson was well acquainted with Polybius, who is not a good writer, but a man of excellent sense and the soundest judgment.

The last time I saw Mr. Jefferson, when he was suffering from a complaint which caused his death, he was reading Pliny's letters, and we had a conversation about a passage. A few weeks after, when I was at the Sweet Springs during the summer vacation, I heard of his death. There was much foolish display in Virginia, and some extravagant bombastic orations. Those who had more sense showed their feelings in another way. The man who had done so much for Virginia and the United States was honored for his service, for his talents, and for his grand and simple character. He ought to be revered by all who enjoy the advantages of being educated in his University, and ever remembered as one of the great men whom Virginia has produced. His great deeds are recorded on the epitaph which he wrote for his own tomb.

Don't Advertise.

Don't do it. Don't advertise your business; it's paying out money to accommodate other people; if they want to buy your goods, let them hunt you up.

Don't advertise, for it gets your name abroad, and you are apt to be flooded with circulars from business houses, and to be bored with drummers from wholesale establishments, all of which also results in soliciting your order for new goods, and money to pay for them, which is very annoying to one of a dyspeptic temperament.

Don't advertise, for it brings people in from the country, (country folks, you know, are of an enquiring turn of mind) and they will ask you many astonishing questions about prices; try your temper with showing them goods, and even vex you with the request to tie them up, which puts you to the additional trouble of buying more.

Don't advertise, it gives people abroad a knowledge of your town, and they come and settle in it; it will grow and other business will be induced to come in and thus increase your competition.

In short, if you would have a quiet town not too large; if you would not be harrassed by multitudinous cares and perplexities of business; if you would avoid being bothered with paying for and losing time to read a great cumbersome newspaper, just remain quiet; don't let the people know five miles away where you are, nor what you are doing, and you will be severely let alone to enjoy the bliss of undisturbed repose.

Fortunes in Congress.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

One of the most startling facts connected with the history of legislation during the last fourteen years of Radical rule in Congress, is the great number of fortunes acquired by members of the Senate and House of Representatives, who went to Washington poor, glad to receive the pay as a means of subsistence. Most of them were merely professional politicians, and had no other business to improve their material condition.

There is but one possible explanation, remarks the New York *Sun*, for this sudden acquisition of wealth, and it is to be found in the enormous grants of public land to railroad corporations; immense subsidies of money in various forms; special legislation for the creation of huge monopolies; the passage of fraudulent claims; great appropriations for corcupt "rings;" Credit Mobilier jobbery; Pacific Mail stock pools, and other methods, by which the treasury was robbed and the people were crushed down with ruinous taxation.

Chairmanships and places on the leading committees which control the tariff, banking and currency, public lands, judiciary, appropriations, Pacific railroads, post-office, army, navy, claims, patents, District of Columbia, and others of less importance, but still available for venal uses, were not sought for the honor they conferred, but almost solely for the profits to be derived from an abuse of their trusts.

They became objects of bargain and sale, of partisan arrangements and of caucus spoils. Presidents, and directors, and stockholders of banks, railroads and other corporations, not only shaped the legistation affecting their own interests, through the committee over which they presided and held in hand usually by a majority of three-fourths, but they openly advocated and voted for these schemes, in defiance of all parliamentary morality and decency.

The Credit Mobilier investigation revealed the system of rascality which prevailed in Congress. Astounding as it was, by exposing the shameless venality of the most accepted Republican leaders, who preached piety and lectured on morality while in the very act of stealing, it deserves to rank as a mere trifle compared with the wholesale spoliations in other directions, which as yet have only been partially brought to light.

According to the Springfield *Republican*, ex-Speaker Blaine appears the third highest on the list of taxpayers in Augusta, Maine, to the extent of $1,085, in a city where taxation and assessments are low. He is also a very large property-holder in Pennsylvania, and owns a fine house in Washington, which is kept up on a costly scale. While he swore vigorously before the Credit Mobilier Committee to having no interest in that particular job, Mr. Blaine admitted that he had $30,000 invested in the Sioux City road, which was really a branch of the great concern, and managed by some of the same men, and with the same seven principals.

Mr. Blaine went to Congress twelve years ago, poor, like most of his associates. He has received no inheritance and been engaged in no business outside of politics. Yet in this short period of time he has grown to wealth, lives like a prince of the blood, and even aspires to be President. He illustrates the system at one end of the Capitol which John Sherman does at the other, who has become a millionaire by pulling the wires of legislation. No wonder they all looked sad and felt badly when the people revolted last year and left them out in the cold.

Easy Work and Plenty of Fun.

Our well-paid rulers are taking the world easy and making light of the distress. The President, with every member of the Cabinet, and many of the heads of bureaus and and chiefs of divisions, to say nothing of a multitude of subordinates, was absent from Washington at the last accounts. Some of these officials have not been on duty for over two months, though they have punctually drawn their full salaries for every hour of this prolonged absence.

They are scattered in all directions in and out of the country. Some are regularly established at the sea-side, like Grant at Long Branch; others are traveling in Europe, others in California, others in New England, and others in Canada. All of them are bent on pleasure and amusement, without the least concern for their obligations to the public.

Until Grant became President, remarks the New York *Sun*, no such loose and indefensible practice as this is was ever known, or would have been tolerated. He set the example, and therefore could not rebuke those who followed it. To this cause may be ascribed much of the corruption and stealing which made the present Administration exceptionally odious.

Every facility has been offered to venal and weak employes in the Departments to abuse their trusts, and to fill their pockets dishonestly. They have not failed to improve these opportunities, as the frequent thefts, collusion with "rings" and scandalous jobbery, which are notorious, attest. The want of supervision and of strict accountability has opened the door of fraud, and it will not be closed until every vestige of Grantism is expelled from the public service.

The assessment of Boston, just completed, fixes the total valuation of real and personal property at $793,767,900.

Know-Nothingism.

The rise and progress of Know-Nothingism is thus given by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in reply to a correspondent who desires information on the subject:

The principles of the Know-Nothing party were the disfranchisement of all foreign born persons from holding office; also the exclusion of all native born Catholics from that distinction. It was both a nativistic and religious test. It also favored the extension of the naturalization law from five to twenty-one years. That was not new. The enemies of the Democratic party were in power in 1798. They repealed the five year naturalization law. They substituted for it a fourteen year enactment. It was repealed when the Democracy came in under the administration of Thomas Jefferson in 1808. The five year proviso was put back. In those anti-Democratic days a law was passed which authorized the President of the United States to order from our shores any alien whom he might deem dangerous to its security. Thus every foreign born person was to stay subject to the sovereign will and pleasure of the President of the United States. This was known as the celebrated "Alien Law" of the John Adams (Federalist) administration. In 1844 the organization was revived. The churches attended by foreigners and Catholics were burned by a mob in Philadelphia. The foreigners, Protestants and Catholics were bitterly incensed. They voted to a man for James K. Polk for President of the United States in 1844. They defeated Henry Clay, who otherwise would have been chosen as the Whig rominee. In 1854 this party, whose fundamental organization was against all foreign born Protestants and native Catholics, was renewed. It was the meeting of secret, oath-bound lodges. For a time it swept the country. The Democracy opposed it, and soon exposed its errors and its follies. The matter was dropped until to-day, when there is another secret society in vogue, to which most of the leading Republican managers belong, whose purpose is to extend the period of the naturalization laws, and to proscribe all foreign born Protestants, Hebrews and Catholics, as well as the native born of the last denomination.

The Dead of a Few Years Past.

N. Y. Express.

The very sudden death of ex-President Johnson calls to the mind the great number of men conspicuous or eminent in public life, who have died within the few years past, or since the civil war. Foremost of all was the President who lost his life at the hands of the assassin, an event next to the civil war, and which gave knaves and demagogues an excuse for adding to its terrors and burdens. At the same hour came the attempted assasination of the Secretary of State, who received a shock which no doubt hurried his death. Of Mr. Lincoln's first official associates—Seward, Chase, Fessenden, Stanton, Smith and Bates,—all effective men in their day, none survive. Among the Senators of that period, were John P. Hale, Sumner, Dixon of Connecticut, both of the able men from Vermont, Collamar and Foot; "Jim Lane" Frank Blair and Breckinridge, all gone now; and of the dead Representatives we recall Thadeus Stevens, the leader of the House, Henry Winter Davis, Samuel Hooper and James Brooks of New York; Thomas, who won the most complete victory of the war, and Farragut, the Nelson of the Navy, and Frank Blair who saved Missouri.

After the French Revolution, it was said the stamina of the people had visibly suffered—the young as well as the old succumbed more quickly to the assaults of disease and to ordinary trials, and so the civil war told on the nerves and the life-forces of the generation which encountered its responsibilities. Not an ex-President of the United States is now alive.

GOOD FOR "JACK."—We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. John E. Sheppard, commonly and familiarly known here as "Jack" Sheppard, who is now in San Francisco laboring earnestly and indefatigably in the interest of the Immigration Commission of Oregon. "Jack" was appointed last fall by the commission as resident agent in San Francisco to circulate pamphlets, papers, etc., concerning our young State among the immigrants as soon as they arrive at Oakland from the East, and by personal representations induce them to cast their lot in Oregon. We are informed by persons who have recently arrived from San Francisco that Mr. Sheppard is working with all possible energy to turn the constant tide of immigration which is passing westward, in the direction of this State, and that he is doing good service for Oregon. How well he is succeeding in this good work may be inferred from the following paragraph which appears in the S. F. *Alta* of a recent date. A correspondent writing to that journal says: "But here, amidst our own community, the office of the State Board of Immigration for Oregon, 504 Battery street, now has its busy emissaries going up and down the highways of travel. With flaming hand bills and frantic appeals they frequent immigrant haunts and taverns, docks and depots all over town, and entice away great numbers, as the crowded steerage of every Portland steamer will attest.—*Bulletin.*

TINCTURE OF IRON.—Eli Perkins has given up trying to be a humorist and is writing letters from Saratoga Springs to the New York *Sun*.

Mark Twain's Wish.

The Union Democrat.

Sam Clemens, while a resident of Jackass Hill, in this county, became imbued with the idea that his further existence depended upon a sight of the Big Trees, so one day he started, accompanied by his mining partner. After passing Murphy's, the "lay of the country" became unfamiliar to the travelers and as night closed upon them they came to the conclusion that they were not only lost but that the prospects for food and shelter for the night were as slim as they could be. They had followed a wood road to the summit of a chapparal crowned hill and did not know which way to turn to reach the road again. After floundering around in the chemisal and tar weed for an hour or more, they reached a road near an apparently deserted house. Their halloos soon brought around them as vicious a pack of dogs as ever haunted the canine infested streets of Constantinople. They numbered toward fifty, and not one of them was dumb. They dashed at Sam and his companion with murderous fury compelling them both to seek a trembling resting place on the fence. The howls of the dogs finally brought about twenty of their masters from the house and these men must have smiled in the twilight when their eyes fell upon Clemens and his friend clinging with heel and hand to the top rail of the fence surrounded by the hungry snapping dogs. They proved to be Italians who did not understand a word of English. Then and not until then did Clemens lose his temper. He swore at himself for getting into the scrape. He cursed his companion for not knowing the road. He anathematized the Italians for coming to the country before they had mastered the English language. He profanely alluded to the egap in his early education that had not been filled in with the soft melodious tongue of Italy, winding up his remarks with a glance of concentrated hate at the pack of yelping dogs beneath him, as he turned to his companion and in that inimitably lazy drawl so peculiar to him said: "Do you know Jim if I might at this moment ask a favor of Providence after my familiarity with his name, if it was to be the last yearning desire of my heart I would ask that I might be converted into a ton of prime beef, loaded with strychnine, and dumped among that gang of curs. I'd die contented after that."

Narrow Escape.

The Baker City *Herald* of las Saturday says: "Last Tuesday evening about 4 o'clock, Mr. Thomas Cosgrove was caved in upon while at work in the main shaft of the James Gordon mine, and was carried down with the debris perpendicularly about 75 feet, then down an incline of 40 feet. His fellow-workman after the accident went down and attempted to rescue him, and found him buried beneath heavy timbers, rock and dirt. He managed to uncover his head, and to his surprise and delight found that life was not extinct. Being unable to rescue him alone, and the dirt continuing to fall at intervals from above, he reascended and came to town for assistance. The party from town were inexperienced in underground work, and could do very little towards rescuing the man. A couple of men started down, but were driven back by the threatening aspect of falling stones and dirt. All this time the voice of Cosgrove could be heard, though not able to tell what he said. By this time some experienced miners had arrived from the Virtue mine, and a couple of brave men descended with stout hearts. They found that great danger threatened them, as they could now and then hear the omnious thud of falling debris from above. They fixed some timbers and plank so as to protect him as much as possible from the weight of dirt, and reascended. They were none too soon, for no sooner had they gained the top than a terrible rumbling and crashing was heard within, shaking the ground for a distance around. All hope was gone. Nevertheless something must be done. Teams were dispatched from town with lumber and tools for timbering the caving portion of the shaft. With stout hearts and willing hands the timbers were placed in and made secure. After anxiously working till about 7 o'clock Friday morning Mr. Cosgrove was rescued and brought to the surface, having been imprisioned in the very jaws of death for 15 hours. To the astonishment of every one only one rib was broken, and though badly bruised and cut about the body and lower limbs, his head and vitals are said to be uninjured.

MR. MARVIN'S BLUNDER.—Ex-Congressman Marvin, who is the "Warwick behind the throne" in the new United States Hotel, called on a carpenter yerterday and said:

"Mr. Thompson, we have a nice bar-room, and we want a handsome bar made. Who can make the best one?"

"Well, I-I-d-d-don't 'zactly know who could m-m-make a handsome b-bar*maid*," stammered Mr. Thompson.

"No, no. I want a handsome *bar* made——"

"W-w-well, dang it! if you want a handsome barmaid, why don't you go over to T-T-Troy and get one?"

"No, no, no, man! I mean who made these I see all around town?"

"Great guns, Marvin! h-h-how the d-d-devil do I know who made all the b-b-barmaids around town? I d-d-don't know, and damn care who did," shrieked Mr. Thompson.—*Eli Perkins' New Book.*

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