

# McMinnville Telephone-Register.

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## LAST OF THE SCOUTS.

Old Jim Baker, Kit Carson's Rival. Who Blazed the Pike's Peak Trail.

Jim Baker, the far-famed scout, hunter, trapper and guide, is now about eighty years of age and the oldest scout in the west, having lived over half a century on the frontier. He is hale and vigorous, but time is doing its work and he has changed rapidly during the past two years. When I saw him not long ago in Denver he presented a decidedly broken appearance. Dressed in a dark suit and blue flannel shirt, and wearing a white sombrero, he was standing on a street corner talking with some fifty-niners of the days of the great Pike's Peak excitement. But it was long before that time that he came to the then wilderness of the Rocky Mountains. It was about 1836 that he started out from the little hamlet of Independence, Mo., now a suburb of Kansas City, which was not laid off until fifty years later. For forty-two years he had led an eventful life on the frontier. Contemporary with Kit Carson and the famous scouts of that period, he came before Fremont and Gilpin, Harney and Kearny, and will ever be a historic figure in the early settlement of the Rocky Mountain country.

Jim Baker has scouted for Fremont and ex-Gov. Gilpin, and was with them on the St. Vrain, July 4, 1843, when Fremont's old howitzer thundered the first salute ever given the American flag in Colorado. He was with Doniphan on his famous march in the Mexican war, and one of the hardest fights he ever had was in this campaign, engaging a hostile band of Indians in the Pan-Handle. He was also a scout with the veteran Gen. Harney at Ash Hollow, when the Sioux were driven back after a terrible battle. He was with Gen. Johnston's command in that unfortunate expedition sent out by the government against the Mormons in 1857. No living scout has a record like this, and but few of those dead ever led so eventful a life. He is the last of that old type of hunters that will live in the romance that always links itself with the borderland between civilization and the home of the savage.

As I stood watching the veteran hunter and scout I wondered not that some Denver schoolboys, in passing, should stop and look up into his face with an inquiring glance. They knew not who he was, but any stranger would stop to look at him. Not for any peculiarities in dress, but for his characteristic face and appearance. It is truly a wonderful face. His beard is white and grizzled. The long wavy hair reaching down on his shoulders is now almost silken white. When I first knew him there were heavy streaks of dark, mingled with the gray, but they are now nearly white. There are deep wrinkles on the forehead and in the face. The eyes, which in bygone years was unerring in the aim of the rifle, is now getting dim, but still possesses much of the eagle glance of half a century ago. Nature has chiselled his features rugged, like the granite rocks. Bronzed and tanned by sunshine and mountain storm, with wrinkles, made heavy and deep by great age; with hair white, like mountain snows; grim-visaged; brave as a lion, yet gentle and modest as a child; the hero of a thousand thrilling adventures on the plains and in the mountains, he looks verily what he is—the last and truest type of the American hunter that for 300 years has been blazing a trail for civilization from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

When Jim Baker came west there were no white women in the Rocky Mountains and he married a Shoshone squaw, by whom he has raised a family. It was squaw or no wife in those days. Some of the pioneers say that Jim Baker married two squaws, one of whom he sent back to her tribe in later years, and the other was stolen from him. It was a good thing for the squaw that he was out of the range of Baker's rifle, for the old scout would have killed him. Love did not always run smooth even in those early days on the frontier.

Jim Baker knew every phase of Indian life and was known to all the chiefs of the great tribes. Next to Kit Carson he was the crack rifle shot on the frontier, and Carson often acknowledged that Jim Baker was his only rival in the use of the rifle. His last work as a scout was during the Ute outbreak about ten years ago, when Father Meeker was massacred. With plenty in his old age he lives on his ranch on Snake river, near the Northern Colorado boundary line, occasionally hunting and fishing and following his favorite sport of trapping the beaver, and about once a year he comes to Denver, hunts up some of the pioneers, talks over reminiscences of the early days and then returns to his mountain home.—Philadelphia Times.

A stitch in time saves nine.

## The Arizona Kicker.

We take the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:

Maj. Bostwick, the owner of Grizzly Ranch, came in the other day and subscribed for the Kicker in the name of his 6-year-old son, who has been crying for it for the last two months. This is the fifth or sixth case where children have evinced their interest in and admiration for our great enterprise, and we cannot help but feel flattered.

While the Kicker will not enter the field to compete with the Sunday School Advocate or the Christian Herald, we shall give everything a goodish twist and strive to point a moral and inculcate a lesson.

A stranger, supposed to be a man who is wanted for murder in Tucson, was discovered hiding under the bridge the other day and taken to jail to be held until identified. That night he dug his way out, and the sheriff was around trying to get a hundred dollar bill changed. He says he found the bill on the street, but that story looks fishy. There ain't a man in this town that wouldn't yell a lung out if he lost that much money. The prisoner used a crowbar to dig out with, and the sheriff says he must have had it concealed in his pistol pocket. The official owes us \$15, and if we can get our hands on the money this week we shall, in our next issue, advise the public to run him out of town as a dishonest scoundrel.

Two or three weeks since we denounced Col. Hallinell as a claim-jumper, mule-stealer and wife-deserter, and added a few words to the effect that he would look well at the end of a rope. Saturday evening, as we were talking with the cashier of the First National bank, the colonel approached us and warned us to prepare for death. Greatly to our own amazement and to the intense surprise of the whole street, we didn't run. On the contrary, we sailed into the colonel like a brick house falling on a sand fly, and we had him licked inside of five minutes.

We can't account for these freaks in our nature. Sometimes we fight like a tornado and again we run like a jack-rabbit. People intending to lay for us must take their chances.

We have received several communications this week asking us to pitch into the N. P. branch road for its slow time, dirty coaches and impudent officials. We can't do it. We have an annual pass over the branch, and we feel in honor bound not to even mention accidents along the line.

In a law suit before Esquire Jones last week fourteen reputable witnesses swore to seeing Pete Jackson carry off a rifle belonging to Abram Weeks. Jackson himself didn't deny the fact, refusing to plead at all, but his honor discharged him. Why? Because Jackson's brother Jim sent four gallons of whisky around to his honor's shanty the day before the trial.

We do not purpose to criticize the judiciary of this town, but we feel to remark that if Esquire Jones was soaked in the creek for about four days he'd be more worthy of the confidence of our people. We don't say that he sold himself for four gallons of whisky, but we are ready to form one of a committee to wait upon him and prove that he has been drunk ever since the case was ended.

News reached town yesterday that William Napoleon Farrington, otherwise known as French Bill, had departed from this world. He was materially assisted by three or four bullets which Hank Henderson fired into him during a dispute about the ownership of a piece of land. We don't know whether Henry was right or wrong, but we have felt for some time that this cold world was no place for Mr. Farrington. He wasn't a bit content, and he was in the habit of shooting at such people as were. He wanted cheaper whisky, better weather, more latitude for his skill with the pistol, and we truly hope he's got it.

We desire to give notice to the public at large that the next man who flings a stone against our office door will have to outrun six bullets. We have got tired of the business. We don't want to seem capricious, but enough is enough. Tim Reeves, Joe Smith and Hank White will please take notice.—Detroit Free Press.

## Too Much Bull Run.

Senator Tongue came near being killed by his Ayshire bull Sunday last week. The enraged animal got him down and tossed him about until driven off by a man coming to his rescue. Senator Tongue says he is getting tired of this business. The bull floored him in the senate and the bull gored him in the corral. In future he will keep out of bull run. The bull undoubtedly wanted pure water.—Washington Independent.

This has been a very pleasant winter all along the Pacific coast. Newcomers are well pleased.

## A MATHEMATICAL WONDER.

Ignorant Old Tom Cabbage and His Astonishing Feats with Figures.

There died at Woodville, Virginia, some time ago one of the most remarkable characters the Blue Ridge country of Virginia ever produced. Old Tom Cabbage, as he was known, was the mathematical wonder and pride of Blue Ridge people. His feats at figures and his calculations were indeed wonderful, and like Blind Tom, the musical prodigy, his powers were intuitive and innate. Old Tom did not know a figure or a letter and never went to school for an hour in his life. He was a rough, ignorant and untutored native of the hills, and yet he could solve, almost in a moment, any problem read to him from the text books or the papers and give the correct answer. He would add a column of figures of any possible length, subtract, multiply or divide, and do it so quickly as to surprise the scholar who tested his remarkable powers.

His answer sometimes will include a dozen or more figures, and knowing absolutely nothing about the numbering of them, he would give the figures beginning at the right, and if a mistake had been made or a wrong figure purposely introduced by the person taking down his answer, old Tom would discover it at once and give the correct one. He knew nothing of the notation of numbers, and his whole knowledge was limited to the giving of his answers, figure by figure, as fast as they could be written from the right to the left. Persons of fair education, who tested old Tom, say they could never stump him, though they hunted for the most difficult problems in the books, and believe he could give the correct answer to any possible sum. Problems involving square and cube roots, completing the square of equations, were as readily solved by him as simple addition, and yet were you to ask him what cube root meant he would tell you he didn't know. No one knew the way old Tom did these things, indeed, he could not tell you himself. He was simply sui generis, and the only one of his kind ever known to the people of the Blue Ridge.

Old Tom went once to the University of Virginia, upon the solicitation of some of his admirers, with a view to his education there in his particular line, but after astonishing the professors by his great gifts and having done all the sums given him by the students, he declined all offers made him and returned to his hut in the Old Rag and to the company of his dogs and his rifle.

The greatest work of this strangely gifted man was the calculations and computations for a hundred-year almanac, made entirely by himself and reduced to writing by one of his neighbors. This work was done by him mentally, and included all the eclipses as well as changes of the moon, and was calculated specially for the part of the state in which he lived. It was never published owing to the outbreak of the war at the time of its completion, but those who have compared the manuscript with other published almanacs say it is a perfectly correct one.

How this unlettered man could understand the movements of the earth and the heavenly bodies is the strangest part of all his surprising achievements, and must remain one of the mysteries known only to him who created man fearfully and wonderfully, and breathed into him the spirit of life. On one occasion he was asked if he could tell the contents of a pile of brush by some person who thought to rig him, and his reply proved old Tom to be at home where figures were concerned.

"Yes," said he, "put it in water and measure the water it displaces and you will have the solid contents." His measurement of land by simply walking around it, no matter what its shape, and making his own calculations, have been proved to be correct, and there are those who would take a survey made by old Tom in preference to one made by compass and a regular surveyor. Outside of his peculiar gift old Tom Cabbage was a sad failure, and he died as he had lived—as poor and shiftless as his mountain neighbors. He did not even own the small piece of land upon which his hut was built; save by the rights of a squatter, and work to him was an unknown and unsolved quantity. Yet he was a quiet and contented man, and was never better satisfied than when copiously supplied with apple-jack or mountain dew. He would pay the sum given him by way of pay for the liquor.

West Point cadets always attract attention and favorable comment from the public. A number of them when in Washington, were thus described: "They were covered with buttons and so tightly laced and walked so straight that a ramrod looks puffy and humped beside them."

## Barbara Fritchie.

There is not one of our readers, probably, who has not read and admired John G. Whittier's "Barbara Fritchie." Probably many of your readers have also heard the genuineness of the heroine of the poem called in question. There is a Baptist minister living in East Aurora, Erie county, New York, the pastor of the Baptist church in that place, who gives me the following version of the affair which was the basis of Whittier's poem, and how he came to write the poem:

Barbara Fritchie was a very fine old lady, living in Frederick City at the time of Lee's invasion of Maryland, but, unfortunately for Whittier's poem, she did not live on the street through which the rebel army passed. She lived on the street through which the Union soldiers moved and unfurled the stars and stripes as they passed. It was Mrs. Mary A. Quantrell (the sister of Rev. Sands) who held a Union flag in the face of Lee's troops as they passed through Frederick. Mrs. Quantrell lived in Washington, D. C., but was at my father's house, in Frederick, visiting at the time.

Of course all the Union men fled at the appearance of Lee's army for fear of being captured. No one but southern sympathizers and women and children were left in the city. My sister, with three or four other ladies and some children, was standing on the stoop of my father's house viewing the army as it marched along. By and by a soldier espied in the hand of one of the children a little Union flag, and cried out: "See, see, the Stars and Stripes." That called my sister's attention to the flag, and she took it from the child and held it before the army. An officer, whom she afterwards learned was Gen. Hill, rode up and halted, raised his cap very politely and said:

"Madam, give me your flag."

She replied: "What do you want with my flag?"

He said: "I want to present it to Gen. Lee."

"You can't have my flag, sir; my forefathers fought for this flag and your cause is not worthy of it," she replied.

He touched his cap, and passed on. She continued to hold it out, and a private stepped out of the ranks, ran his bayonet through the cloth and slipped it out of her hand. Trailing it in the dust he said: "This will be the fate of all Unionists."

A young lady standing by her side had another little flag concealed in her sleeve, for which my sister asked, and having received it, held that up to the army as it passed. In the course of a few minutes more another soldier stepped out of the line, and with his bayonet cut off the staff between her hand and the flag and carried this flag away. She denounced him as a coward. Just then an officer who had witnessed it, rode up to the soldier and made him return it. In the evening McClellan followed with the troops, and the men, who had been hiding, returned to the city. Some reporters heard of the incident and called on my sister for the account. She replied that she had no desire to appear as the heroine in a story, and would not tell the reporters anything about it. Then they heard of Barbara Fritchie, and made her the heroine.

Of course it was published in the papers, and a copy fell into the hands of Mrs. Southworth, of Georgetown, D. C., and she thought it would be a grand basis for a poem and sent it to Whittier, whereupon he wrote the lines entitled "Barbara Fritchie."—Nebraska State Journal.

## How to Spoil a Child.

1. Begin young, by giving him whatever he craves for.
2. Talk freely before him of his great cleverness.
3. Tell him he is too much for you—that you can do nothing with him.
4. Let him regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical; or a mere whipping machine.
5. Let him learn (from father's example) to despise his mother.
6. Do not care who or what his companions may be.
7. Let him read stories about pirates, Indian fighters, and so on.
8. Let him roam the streets in the evening and go to bed late.
9. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart and habits in the life, and let him have plenty of money to spend.—Exchange.

Sailors believe religiously that the frigate-bird can start at daylight, with her trade winds, from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether or not this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures and is able to fly, under favoring conditions, 200 miles an hour.

The author of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" acknowledges that he has made £20,000 by it.

## The Gunboat Yorktown.

The gunboat Yorktown was subjected to an official trial on Wednesday, February 13th, to determine her acceptance or rejection by the government. The trial as far as reported was a complete success, the contract requirements of speed and horse power being exceeded. Four hundred tons of pig lead were distributed through the ship so as to represent her stores, guns and other equipments. Thus seventy-two tons of lead was placed in six piles at the positions to be occupied by the guns. This weight brought her down to draught in fresh water of 13 ft. 4 in. forward and 15 ft. 4 in. aft—a mean draught of 14 ft. 4 in., with a displacement of 1703 tons. The day before the trial she ran down the bay and anchored inside the breakwater. Early next morning preparations were made for the trial. This was to be a four hours' run. The run over the measured mile has been discarded as a satisfactory test, as the speed thus shown is fallacious, in the sense that it may be largely in excess of that which can be maintained for any length of time. Three to five minutes is not sufficient time in which to prove a vessel's capabilities.

The Yorktown ran out to sea and at 9:45 a. m. the official test began. Quite a heavy breeze was blowing with considerable sea. The chip log and taffrail log was kept in use continually, and a large corps of government inspectors took indicator diagrams from her different cylinders, so as to obtain full data for speed and developed horse power.

The ship started nearly southeast with the wind abeam, her speed increasing quickly from 16-7 to 17-2 knots per hour. After an hour's run the ship was turned so as to bring the wind on one bow, and the speed dropped off to 15-3-15-9 knots. The wind was next brought dead ahead, when a speed of 14-9 was shown. The four hours' run ended where it began, off Cape Henlopen. The steam pressure varied from 145 to 168 pounds. In all the four hours' work no journal became heated.

The chip log, used at 15 minute intervals, showed an average of 15-6-7 knots, and the average of two taffrail logs was almost exactly 16 knots. Every 15 minutes twelve different indicator cards were taken, giving 192 to be calculated. The indicators are first to be tested for accuracy, and it is probable that the slower of the two taffrail logs will need a correction in favor of the ship. The results of the trial are, therefore, not yet definitely known; but it is thought that they will show about 3550 horse power and over 16 knots speed. This will give the contractors a bonus of upward of \$50,000. The consumption of coal was about 120 tons a day under forced draught and at high speed. For a 10 knot speed it is about 30 tons a day.

Evolution was next tested, and it was found that a little over five minutes was needed for a full turn, whether by running her engines in opposite directions or by the rudder only. The diameter of the smallest circle was estimated at from 150 to 200 yards. Nothing was gained by reversing one engine. The full speed could be checked and the ship brought to a dead stop in 1 m. 1 s., in about 200 yards. Taking the warships and merchant vessels together, it is estimated that the Yorktown could overtake 95 per cent of them.—Scientific American.

## Will Take a Paper House With Them.

There is an exhibition at Worcester a portable house, to be used by the Harvard astronomical party in their South American expedition. The building is made of heavy paper and canvas sheets, being stretched upon a frame of pine scantling three-quarters of an inch wide and half an inch thick. It is built in small sections, so that it can be easily and cheaply transported.

The building when ready for occupancy is 18x22 feet, with 8-foot posts, and covered with a third pitch hip roof, thus raising the center of the roof about fourteen feet above the floor.

The top is surmounted by a handsome galvanized iron cupola, in the center of which is a large pipe, which can be used as a stove funnel in cold weather. The cupola is made in movable sections for the purpose of affording ventilation. The sections are worked worked with chains, and can be regulated as the occupant wishes. The building is divided into three rooms and is lighted by six large windows, and has two entrances—one on either side. The building will be taken down, packed and shipped to New York, where it will be shipped to Peru, South America, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made with the Peruvian government to allow it to pass through the custom house in bond. This is the largest paper house ever constructed.—Boston Transcript.

## "THE LAST OF THE BUFFALO."

Albert Bierstadt's Notable Contribution to the Paris Exposition.

In a mysterious room on Fifth avenue, near Fourteenth street, New York city, are the pictures to be sent by our artists to the Paris exposition. Among them is the enormous canvas painted by Albert Bierstadt, N. A., a work on which he has spent many years and which he has named "The Last of the Buffalo." In a pamphlet which has been printed and is to be sent over with the picture, Edmund Clarence Stedman writes most appreciatively both of the painting itself and of the phase of wild Western life which it depicts.

"The scene of Mr. Bierstadt's picture," says Mr. Stedman, "is laid upon the Sweetwater river, which rises in the Wind River mountains, the snow-capped range visible in the distance. This great pasture land was, a few years ago, the favorite haunt of the buffalo and the storied domain where the Indian, with his wild horses of Arabian stock—derived by inheritance from those strayed or captured along the Spanish-American border—made his home and hunting-ground. Here he hunted the buffalo, and occasionally—as depicted in this painting—was himself hunted in turn.

"The well-known characteristics of Mr. Bierstadt's art, through which he has gained his fame at home and abroad, are seen on this large canvas in their prime and freest scope. We have his fidelity to nature in her most glorious haunts and moods, his unequalled knowledge of the west, of its inanimate grandeur, its natural history and animal life. The picture is notable for breadth of treatment, vigorous yet careful painting, imaginative light, color and harmonic tone. It is not only a work that appeals to the universal world of art, but one conveying a unique spectacle of the 'Wild West,' in which no loyal American can fail to take a national pride. He welcomes its enduring record and preservation upon Bierstadt's historic canvas, knowing that a scene like this can never again be witnessed in real life."

## Boston's Latest Female Dissipation.

The latest female vice is intoxication by naphtha. It is not drank. The fumes of it are inhaled, inducing, so the imbricates say, a particularly agreeable exhilaration. Not even hashish, it is understood, begets more fascinating dreams or more gorgeous visions of splendor. The girls in the rubber factories, of which there are a great number in Boston and its neighborhood, are greatly addicted to this novel form of drunkenness. In such establishments naphtha is used in enormous quantities to cleanse the rubber, being kept in big boilers closed against the air. To the valves of these boilers the young women employees readily obtain access and breathe the exhalations therefrom, some unlucky accident having betrayed to a chance experimenter the abominable secret. The notion is said to have been brought originally from Germany by emigrant laborers in petticoats. Now the manufacturers propose to put a stop to the evil by keeping the valves carefully locked. An overdose of naphtha fumes brings on hysterical convulsions and other unpleasant symptoms. The habit, long followed causes a swelling of the face and other parts of the body, with drowsy to follow, and sometimes epilepsy. On the whole, it is difficult to know which of these new-fangled vices for women to recommend. There is either drinking, laughing gas and tea-eating, besides the naphtha. The conscientious pursuit of any one of them will surely lead to the lunatic asylum. You pays your money—any one might remark—and you takes your choice.

## Our Postal System.

No other department of the United States government shows such a remarkable growth as the postal department, as regards the extent of the business done by it. In 1790, the year after the government under the constitution went into operation, there were only 75 post offices in the country, the post routes covered only 1,875 miles, the gross revenue of the department amounted to only \$37,935 and its gross expenditure to \$22,140, and the total sum paid as compensation to post masters amounted to only \$8,198. In the fiscal year 1888, before the lapse of quite a century, the number of post offices had increased to 57,376, the post routes to 403,976, the gross revenue to \$52,695,176, the gross expenditure to \$55,795,357 and the compensation to postmasters to \$12,589,768.

The recollection of the doings of this legislature in the way of public extravagance will go thundering down the ages proclaiming it as one of the most unpopular bodies that ever met in this state to legislate for a too confiding people.—Albany Democrat.