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# The Telephone-Register.

Circulation Guaranteed Greater Than That of Any Other Paper Published in Yamhill County.

McMinnville, Yamhill County. Here is the County seat. Here is published THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER, Monarch of home newspapers, accorded first place in all the Directories.

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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1892.

VOL. IV. NO. 27

## HOTEL YAMHILL.

E. SANDERS, PROPRIETOR. First Class in Every Particular. Free Sample Room for Commercial Travelers. Farmers can get a good dinner here for 25 cents; give us a call. Formerly the Cook House.

## W.M. HOLL.

Watchmaker and Jeweler. Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware, Clocks and Spectacles. McMinnville, Or.

## J. P. TURNEY.

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN. Specialty of Surgery and Diseases of Women. Union Block - McMinnville, Or.

## J. C. MICHAUX.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. LAFAYETTE, OREGON. Jan. 21, '92.

## CALBREATH & GOUCHER.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. McMinnville, Oregon. (Office over Braly's Bank.)

## J. D. BAKER.

SURGEON AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Office upstairs in the Garrison Building.

## H. MULEN.

VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST. Office at McMinnville Pharmacy. All diseases and ailments of the domesticated animals treated day or night.

## RAMSEY & FENTON.

ATTORNEYS AT-LAW. McMinnville, Oregon. Office, Rooms 1 and 2 Union Block.

## McMINNVILLE TRUCK AND DRAY CO.

CARLIN & COULTER, Proprietors. Goods of all descriptions moved and careful handling guaranteed. Collections will be made monthly. Hauling of all kinds done cheap.

## The Duke of Yamhill.

The Ohio Improved Chester boar, Duke of Yamhill, No. 8167 property of Wm. B. Turner, will be permitted a limited number of sows this season. Can be seen at owner's farm 6 miles southwest of McMinnville, Feb. 22.

## J. W. COWLES, LEE LAUGHLIN, E. C. APPERSON.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK. McMinnville, Oregon. Paid up Capital, \$50,000.

## J. B. ROHR,

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter. The Only Sign Writer in the County. Homes fitted up in the Neatest and Most Artistic Style. Designs furnished for Decorations. Remember Paper Hanging and Inside Furnishing a Specialty. Work taken by Contract or by the Day. Experienced men employed. Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

## DERBY & BOYER,

Proprietors of The McMinnville TILE FACTORY TILE. Situated at the Southwest corner of the Fair Grounds. All sizes of First-Class Drain Tile kept constantly on hand at lowest living prices. DERBY & BOYER, 41 - McMinnville, Oregon.

## A. H. GAUNT

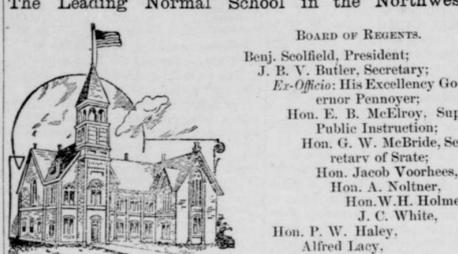
SOLE AND FANCY GROCERIES. The Finest Line of Confectionery in the City. All kinds of Produce taken at the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE. Call and examine my Stock and get Prices. A. H. GAUNT.

## Royal Ashantee 24,214.

This registered Jersey bull was recently purchased by the undersigned and will stand for service at my farm. Sire Royal Beauty's Duke, (17,315); average of dam and sire's dam, 30 pounds, 15 1/2 ounces, in seven days. Dam Princess of Ashantee (43,514), a most promising young cow. Average of dam and sire's dam 25 pounds, 10 1/2 ounces in seven days. ROYAL ASHANTEE is a solid fawn, with soft mellow skin and silky hair, long body, straight back, large barrel, short legs, clean cut throat, dished face, beautiful head and throughout in fine form. Royal Ashantee traces three times to the great Commaise, the greatest of Island prize-takers and the greatest progenitor of the breed. C. W. HOLMAN.

## OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

MONMOUTH, OREGON. The Leading Normal School in the Northwest.



BOARD OF REGENTS. Hon. J. B. Butler, President; J. B. V. Butler, Secretary; Ex-Officio: His Excellency Governor Penney; Hon. E. B. McElroy, Supt. Public Instruction; Hon. G. W. McBride, Secretary of State; Hon. Jacob Voorhees, Hon. A. Nollner, Hon. W. H. Holmes, J. C. White, Hon. P. W. Haley, Alfred Lacy, Hon. J. J. Daly.

A year at school for \$150; Tuition reduced to \$6.25 Normal, and \$5.00 sub-Normal per term of Ten Weeks. Board at Normal Dining Hall \$1.50 per week; Furnished rooms \$1.00 per week. Board and lodging, private families, \$3.50 per week. Beautiful and healthful location; no saloons. First term opens Sept. 20th. For catalogue address P. L. CAMPBELL, A. B., J. M. POWELL, A. M., Vice President.

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They have the best and most complete stock this side of Portland and will always treat you right. BURNS & DANIELS.

## WE WANT YOUR EYE

Points to Remember for 1892, in the purchase of Groceries. Fully one-half of the People do not stop to consider the money they can save during the year in purchasing goods of a firm that pays strict attention to the selling of First Class Goods at a Small Profit.

People usually go to the nearest place regardless of cost. We sell our goods cheap and deliver them at your door. You will be able find every thing in the grocery line in our store. We are in it--The Grocery Business; and we will always give you the best goods in the city for the money. We give cash or trade for all produce, suit yourself in the matter. MILLSAP & SON.

## Combination? Yes

O. O. HODSON HAS MADE A BIG COMBINATION! I have enlarged my store and have combined a full and complete stock of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, And everything belonging to this class of goods. Have also Combined a Line of Fishing Tackle & Guns. This with my Immense Stock of HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE ALTOGETHER MAKES A COMPLETE COMBINATION. As to stocks, but not with any other firm or men. I STILL RUN MY BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND, WHERE PRICES AND GOODS CAN'T BE BEAT. Call and see me before buying. O. O. HODSON.

## ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR FOR THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER.

Best Local Paper in Yamhill. Will be Especially Interesting during the Fall Campaign. Subscribe Now.

## MOSBY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF THE GREAT CONFEDERATE LEADER. A Private's Experience With Officers Who Were Gentlemen and With Military Martinetts--Men Who Fought for Principles and Men Who Fought for Pay.

In the Examiner appears the following interesting article from the pen of John S. Mosby, the celebrated Confederate guerrilla commander of the Confederate Army. His life has been a peculiar one and his history reads like a romance. He is thoroughly able to make his "recollections" readable. He was a great supporter of Gen. Grant for president, and is the originator of the phrase "The Solid South." He was appointed consul at Hong Kong by Grant and introduced several great reforms in the consular service.

It was my fortune to have been in close and rather intimate relations with General Robert E. Lee during the war, and also with his great antagonist, General Grant, after its close. That I enjoyed their confidence and friendship will always be the proudest recollection of my life.

During the first year of the war I served as a private in the First Virginia regiment of Cavalry, which was then commanded by J. E. B. Stuart, who afterward became so renowned as a leader of cavalry. While he commanded the regiment Stuart never spoke to me but once, and that was to send me with a message to General Longstreet. When I delivered it Longstreet gruffly answered: "All right."

Although I was on familiar terms and messed with the captain of my company, William E. Jones, a West Pointer, known in the old army as "Grumbler Jones," yet while I was a private I always avoided the society of men of rank. Their manner always seemed to be either overbearing or condescending, both equally offensive to me. They were generally men who had resigned from the regular army and had not learned the difference between men who were fighting for their country and men who were only fighting for their pay.

A long sectional quarrel over slavery had culminated in a great sectional war. The soldiers of the north fought for their section under the old flag, the soldiers of the south fought for theirs under a new flag. Neither side cared which side was right or which side was wrong. In my opinion the men who fought on both sides were right. In a great civil convulsion there is no fixed rule of conduct for the government of men. Each man's conscience must be his guide. The two noblest characters in English history fell in the civil war fighting on opposite sides. Treason cannot be made odious without making the names of John Hampden and George Washington odious.

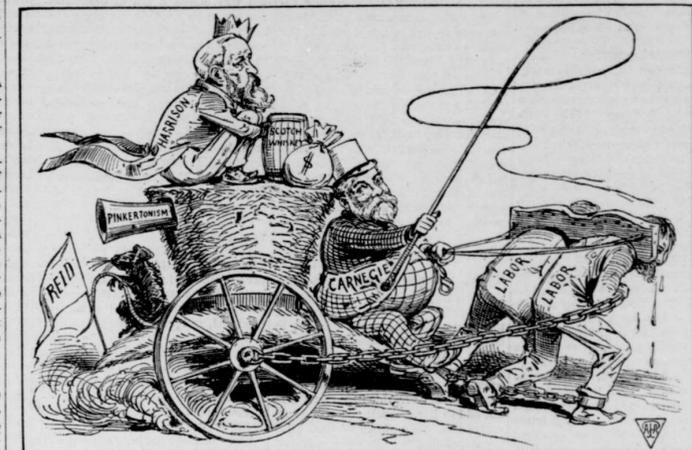
Our regiment marched from the Shenandoah valley and arrived on the field of Manassas the evening before the battle. At a critical moment Stuart charged and routed the Ellsworth Zouaves. I saw him riding at the head of the regiment a few minutes before he went in. He seemed to feel the inspiration of Marat on Mount Tabor. I was not in the charge. Stuart sent the major with a part of the regiment in another direction and I was with him. The major contented himself with "marching up the hill and then marching down again."

Some days after the battle I was detailed to carry a dispatch from our camp to a house in the rear. At Joe Johnston, whose headquarters were still near the battlefield. A staff officer to whom the dispatch was delivered, met me at the door of the house where he was quartered. I stood on the porch while he went into his room to read it. While I was waiting old Joe with his grim visage came out on the porch. Just then a thunder storm came up and it began to rain. We stood on the porch some minutes, neither one speaking to the other. After a while the staff officer came out and told me there was no answer to take back. As I had neither been asked to enter the house or to take a seat on the porch, I started to go. Gen. Johnston said to me that I had better go into one of the courier's tents in the yard until the storm was over. If he had told me to remain where I was until it stopped raining I would have stayed; but telling me to go into a tent when I was already under the shelter of the porch, cut me to the quick, and in a fit of indignation I mounted my horse before his eyes and rode off in the rain. Not long before his death I dined with him in Washington and was strongly tempted to tell him of the time when I left him in a rage, to go out like Lear in the storm.

When I was a private I met General Lee but once. Shortly after the battle around Richmond, when he defeated McClellan, he was captured by a raiding party of Northern cavalry and taken to Washington, where I was kept ten days in the old capital prison, and then exchanged. Justice Field now lives in the house where I was confined.

A year after the war I was in Washington and went to take a look at my former residence. A showman had the house, and his fee for admission was 25 cents. A placard on the door announced that among other curiosities to be seen in this museum was "Mosby's horse drawn in charcoal on the wall by one of his men." The figure might have been drawn for a horse, a whale or a camel.

During my imprisonment I kept my eyes open and obtained some valuable information. Although born and raised in Virginia I had never seen Mount Vernon until I went up the Potomac on a steamer as a prisoner of war. While lying on the steamer at Hamp-



## THE REIGN OF PLUTOCRACY.

ton Roads I saw a large number of transports with troops passing out by Fort Monroe, and learned that it was Burnside's corps that had just come from North Carolina and was going to reinforce Pope who had been given command in Northern Virginia.

There is a popular myth that Pope had announced in his general order upon taking command that "his headquarters would be in the saddle." The fact is that Pope never said any such thing, but it has become an article of faith in the south. To question its truth in Virginia would be regarded as being as great an act of impiety as to discredit the legend of Pocahontas and Captain Smith.

The reinforcement of Pope indicated the withdrawal of McClellan's army from Harrison's landing, where he had been lying since his defeat in the seven days' battles before Richmond, and its probable transfer to the department commanded by Pope. As soon as we landed at the point of exchange on Jones river, I started to walk twelve miles under an August sun to carry the information of the movement to Gen. Lee. I knew it would result in a corresponding movement on our part.

I shall never forget the awe and oppression I felt when I came into the presence of the great commander. His benevolent look and kind manner soon put me at ease. He immediately started a courier with the news to Stonewall Jackson. The result was Jackson's victory at Cedar Mountain, where he defeated Pope before the reinforcements from Burnside reached him.

After exhausting my budget of information General Lee asked me how I was captured. I told him I was at Beaver Dam station waiting for the train, when a regiment of Northern cavalry (Harris' Light) gobbled me up. He said: "Couldn't you run as fast as a horse?"

Not long ago I was visiting a seaside resort in California near the Soldiers' Home. One of the inmates of the home heard I was there and came to see me. He was Corporal Dodge, who had been guard over me when I was a prisoner. He was delighted to see me, and we sat for a long time on the shore where the billows were breaking, and talked over the scenes of "the big war that made ambition virtue."

I brought with me from Fort Monroe a haversack full of lemons. Such a luxury as lemons was then unknown in Richmond. As I rose to leave I took out a dozen lemons and laid them on the table. He said, in the gentlest way, that I had better give them to the sick and wounded in the hospitals, that he didn't need them. But I went away and left them. I have no doubt that some wounded soldier got them.

I was a common soldier, in my shirt sleeves, covered with dust, without any political influence behind me and no prospect of promotion. My feet were wet and blistered from the long walk in the hot sun, yet I felt that the privilege of the few minutes' interview with the great general who then filled the world with his fame was ample compensation for all the toils and dangers of war that I had undergone. It was certainly a distinction to which I had not permitted myself to aspire.

We did not meet again until after Gettysburg in his tent on the Rapidan. In the meantime I had become a partisan officer and he knew me by reputation. I doubt, however, whether he ever knew that the soldier who gave him the lemons was the same person for whom he wrote the following letter to President Davis:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, Mar. 21, 1863. His Excellency Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States--MR. PRESIDENT: You will, I know, be gratified to learn by the enclosed dispatch that the appointment you conferred a few days since on Captain J. S. Mosby was not unworthily bestowed. The point where he struck at the enemy is north of Fairfax courthouse, near the Potomac, and far within the lines of the enemy. I wish I could receive his appointment [as major] or some official information of it, that I might announce it to him. With great respect, your obedient servant, (Signed) R. E. LEE, General.

Although the weight of the Southern Confederacy then rested on his shoulders he did not seem to be oppressed by it nor discouraged by defeat. His spirit it was as bold as it was on the day that he drove McClellan out of his intrenchments before Richmond. My command was then in embryo, yet he took as much interest in our petty forages as

in the operations of our army corps. A thorough soldier by training, familiar with war in its theory and details, yet there was no man in the southern army less a martinet and fonder of adventure than Gen. Robt. E. Lee.

In February, 1865, I went to see him at his headquarters near Petersburg. His army was then reduced to a skeleton, but his spirit was as combative as ever. Although he knew that the end was near, his manner and conversation did not indicate it. He was just as bold and aggressive in temper as on the day that he routed Pope at Bull Run. Looking over in the direction of Grants lines he said: "We could whip those people now if we could only get at them," referring to their being under ground.

My little girl had sent him as a Christmas gift a small silk tobacco bag, thinking he used, as most Virginians, the fragrant weed. It was lying on the writing table by him. He stopped talking about fighting and, holding up the little bag in his hand, asked me if I recognized it, and said that he prized it more than any Christmas gift he had received. I had sent him a fine pair of gauntlets, which I got through the blockade. He asked me to take dinner with him, but told me he didn't have much to eat. When we walked into the room where his meal was spread, we saw a smoking leg of mutton on the table, which seemed to surprise him. He shyly intimated that some of his staff had stolen it. Sheep were scarce in that region.

After dinner he talked a good deal about the military policy of the south. He was nothing of a Fabian in his view of war; a Fabian man never led an army. He always wanted to be the aggressor. He thought the abandonment of Northern Virginia in the spring of 1862 a mistake. He said that he wrote to General Johnston after he got back to the Rapidan, advising him to march back and threaten Washington. He thought that such a movement would have drawn McClellan's army back to defend the capital. This statement is verified by the war records recently published.

In the spring of 1870, a few months before his death, I was at the Exchange hotel in Richmond when Gen. Lee arrived there from Lexington. He had been advised to take a trip south for his health. He looked worn and haggard, and it was hard to realize that he was the fierce warrior that so often wielded the thunderbolts of battle. I went to his room and we had a long talk. I had met him in public after the close of the war, but this was the only time we ever were alone. The war still threw its shadows around us, and, while we talked of the future and present, our thoughts were of the past. I felt oppressed, almost overwhelmed, by the great memories which his presence recalled. He was no longer my commander, yet his word would have been law to me.

Soon after leaving his room I met General Pickett. I told Pickett that I had just left General Lee and that he looked like a dying man. There had been an estrangement between them. Pickett said that he would call and pay his respects to General Lee if I would go with him, but that he did not want to be alone with him. So I returned with Pickett. The interview lasted only a few minutes. The conversation was formal, with no reference to the cause of their difference. I do not think they ever met again.

In a few months the great soldier joined the shadowy host that had crossed the river before him. "Fate denied him victory, but blessed him with a glorious immortality."

JOHN S. MOSBY. Mrs. Millon's Ride. When Mrs. Millon goes to ride she travels forth in state, Her horses, full of fire and pride, Go prancing from the gate; But all the beauties of the day Sit visioned with languid eye, Her dash in weakness wastes away, Her voice is but a sigh.

For Mrs. Millon is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She envies the rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Millon of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. \$50 reward is offered by the manufacturer for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

## FACTS ABOUT THE SAUSAGE.

How one of the Most Universal of Culinary Products is Made.

What is a sausage? The principle of making all sausages is similar, and consists in simply chopping or mincing the particular kind of meat employed and seasoning it with spices or herbs of various sorts, bread crumbs, eggs, salt or mustard or any of those ingredients mixed in such proportions as are agreeable. Then the whole mixture is inclosed in portions of the prepared intestine of a hog, sheep or calf, scrupulously washed and scraped until immaculately clean. Among the herbs employed for seasoning are shallot, onions, leeks, sage, thyme, garlic, marjoram and parsley, and in some kinds of sausages, besides meat, anchovies, oysters and red herrings are added. Finally, the blood of various animals, as the ox, pig and goose, is used with oatmeal, bread crumbs and seasoning of various kinds. These in England are known as black-puddings, but the Americans as scotch pudding, refuse to eat blood puddings as they do to partake of the hare. Bologna sausages are shrewdly suspected to be made of the flesh of the ass, but they can be successfully imitated by making a mince of equal parts of pork, veal and lean beef. Then there are the tasty little Lyons sausages, of which the only fault is that they are too highly seasoned with garlic. The Persians make a very palatable sausage of a loin of mutton, chopped with an equal quantity of bacon, or the fat of a sheep's tail. The mince meat after being seasoned, is stuffed into a skin, but rolled into an oval form, round a small iron skewer, and the sausages are then roasted between two banks of hot ashes, the skewer being carefully turned during the operation. The famous sausages of Mayence, in Germany, are made of pork cut into small dice and seasoned with pepper and saltpeper, and these, when filled into the skins, are smoked in the chimney for forty-eight hours, over a course of wood fire. Germany has for centuries been the rival of Italy in the production of these historical viands. From different parts of the fatherland, and especially from Frankfurt, Mecklenburg and Hamburg, come a vast variety of sausages, beginning with the "Wurstchen" (Garmring), which are very little sausages used for garnishing vegetables or other dishes. The meat for them must be minced to a pulp, and if the flesh be veal twenty-five per cent must be fat bacon and white bread crumbs soaked in milk. Then are the tongue sausages, into the seasoning of which powdered cloves enter largely. The Germans are undoubtedly experts in the art of sausage-making, and almost every district in the country has its own favorite seasoning of spice or herbs; but the addition of bread is not much patronized by German sausage makers, and it is considered to detract from their goodness. Sometimes, however it is thought desirable to use it--first, because it renders the sausage less rich; and next because it increases the bulk. To six pounds of meat no more than a pound of bread is allowed. In every case the bread must be moistened with cold milk or water and must be added before the mincing process is half completed. In former times almost every German house had its Rauchkammer or room for smoking sausages, but at the present day the fumigation of sausages is artificially imitated, the brown pyroigneous acid sold by chemists being the medium used in giving a smoky flavor to sausages, hung beef, fish, etc. A teaspoonful of the acid is poured into a saucer, and with a wing feather or a small brush the sausages are moistened all over and then hung in a dry place.

Insects have recently destroyed whole forests in Powhatan county, Va. and among other trees the water-ways connecting the same, of any vessels of the United States, or of cargoes and passengers in transit to any port of the United States, is prohibited or is made difficult or burdensome by the imposition of tolls or otherwise, which he shall deem to be reciprocally unjust and unreasonable, he shall have the power to suspend the right of free passage through one of the St. Mary Falls canal, so far as it relates to vessels owned by the subjects of the government discriminating against the United States. The bill was passed by the house without a division.

The best 25 cent meal in the city at hotel Yamhill, formerly Cook house, E. Sanders proprietor.

Evolution of the Race-Horse. The Development of the Thoroughbred is Entirely the Work of Man. In so far as a creature evolved with life can owe its existence to human hands, the race-horse may be said to be man-made. Horses were an important factor in early nomadic life, and were cherished by their owners, and the progress of civilization, so far from breaking this bond has apparently strengthened it. The animal is not now so essential to human welfare and convenience as in former times, but other means of transportation, and is in a fair way to take all the heavy loads from his back; but in the degree that he ceases to be a mere beast of burden, he is transformed into a source of entertainment and pleasure. From a rough and hardy creature, subsisting on such rations as chance and convenience might provide, and suffering the hardships and hazards of toil and adventure, he has gradually evolved into a combination of nervous intelligence and trained muscle that has but a family likeness to his early progenitors.

It differs from them in the same measure that the American Beauty or the LaFrance rose differs from the little five-petaled pink flower that blooms by the roadside. Like those floral triumphs he is a production of scientific culture. It is not chance that has given him that peculiar build, that sleekness and lightness that to the expert mean speed. His masters have wanted these developments, and they have studied sire and dam and the pedigree of each until they could name in advance the qualities of the offspring, and having secured a horse that has within him the possibilities of outdoing his ancestors they treat him as a precious being, always, as indeed, he is. A groom is long in attendance; he is fed and housed and exercised with as much care for his comfort as for a child's; royalty itself is not looked after with more solicitude. The attention that ancient Greeks used to give to their own bodily training is given by modern men to the racehorse, and, as a result he is a marvel of physical perfection. And after all this? Why, when he has been tested and his paces tried he is put upon the race-track, where his beauty and grace and swiftness please the sight and thrill the pulses of the watching thousands as no other spectacle devised for public pleasure could ever do.

PEARY HEARD FROM. The Story of a Wandering Sailor Man From Greenland. A weather beaten looking individual wandered into the navy pay office in the postoffice building on Wednesday, says the Philadelphia Ledger, and casually remarked that he had arrived in New York the night before on the steamer Granada, which had just arrived from Greenland.

The visitor gave his name as M. R. Brand, and in appearance was a typical seafaring man. He said he brought information from Lieutenant Peary, whose Arctic expedition is still fresh in the minds of the interested public. At the mention of Peary's name the clerks in the immediate vicinity dropped their pens and all attention was paid to the story of the visitor.

"Ninety-one days ago," he commenced, "the vessel on which I arrived was ice-bound in one of the floes in the Arctic region. While scanning the horizon for some new object to behold a small curl of smoke commanded our attention. Differing somewhat in color from those seen to those regions were we naturally anxious to ascertain from where it emanated. The dog-sledge of the vessel was put into service and the captain, one of his officers and myself started on a search for help. Before going far I was obliged to return to the vessel suffering from dysentery.

The captain and his companion proceeded and were gone a considerable time. When they returned to the vessel and I heard their story I regretted that I did not continue with them. The captain said they went but four miles when they discovered it was Peary and his small party. During the course of conversation Peary said that Mrs. Peary had left the little party nearly three months before by a whaling ship bound for Denmark, by which route she expected to return to her friends. Peary further stated that they were all in good health and as rapidly as possible were pushing their way north."

Mr. Brand seemed to impress his hearers that he was thoroughly conversant with the geography of that portion of the country, and told his story in such a straightforward manner, that their attention was riveted to him till he had finished.

Action has been taken by the House of Representatives in reference to the alleged discrimination against the commerce of the United States by Canadian canal tolls. It has passed a bill providing that whenever the president shall be satisfied that the passage through any canal or lock connected with the navigation of the St. Lawrence river, the great lakes or the waterways connecting the same, of any vessels of the United States, or of cargoes and passengers in transit to any port of the United States, is prohibited or is made difficult or burdensome by the imposition of tolls or otherwise, which he shall deem to be reciprocally unjust and unreasonable, he shall have the power to suspend the right of free passage through one of the St. Mary Falls canal, so far as it relates to vessels owned by the subjects of the government discriminating against the United States. The bill was passed by the house without a division.

A modern lawyer, with good sense and the modern ideas of justice, is often better authority than precedence. He can make authority.