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*From the Caucasian.*  
**JEFFERSON IN 1797--1801.**  
The Vice President stood alone. With the narrow prejudices and tyrannical measures which were gradually being moulded into the distinctive features of the administration, the more liberal spirit and enlightened views of the great Republican could form no association. Thro' all the dark storms of federal hate and malice, which, spider like, were directed against *La belle France*, whose noblest and richest blood, but sixteen years before, had been so copiously shed in the work of baptizing a new nation in the smoking trenches of Yorktown; through all the hurricanes of fanaticism, engendered by a thirst for aristocratic power, and which were finally assuming shape and form in those Alien and Sedition acts which were subsequently destined to dig political graves for their blinded authors; he alone, unswayed by the then almost crushing influence of the government, remained true to the interests of the people; the only custodian of the common weal, in that dark hour of the young republic, when liberty had well nigh fallen stillborn, who was "weighed in the balance and not found wanting." Despairing from the depths of his noble soul, the petty tendencies to aristocracy which characterized the administration of Adams, he took no pains to conceal his righteous contempt of the fabled adjuncts of monarchical power, now seeking to gain by insidious approaches a foothold on the floor of the Presidential mansion; but that the matchless power of his sarcasm, attacked without mercy those vanities and emblems of concentrated power, which he conceived but fitly comported with that simplicity which should ever characterize the dispensation of authority, in a government deriving its sovereign powers immediately from the body of the people.

of that organization, which in the year 1801, swept away every vestige of an administration, which too long had cumbered the fair earth with its fell presence, and which to this day, is only remembered as the synonym of all that is despicable, and the counterpart of all that savors of blinded folly.  
Sixty-one years have slowly rolled their wonted course down the slope of time, since Thomas Jefferson laid the foundation of that party, which by its liberal policy, made America a happy and an honored nation; the sacred hand which alike inscribed the glorious Declaration of Independence, and laid the corner stone of Democracy, has long since blended with its kindred dust; but the "self-evident truths" which compose the one, and the hallowed principles which are the pride and glory of the other, are as immortal as the soul which gave their birth.  
Four times since his creation, has the Democratic party been stricken to the earth by the mailed hand of ruthless error: thrice has it arisen with renewed energy, and asserted its rights to direct the destinies of a progressive people; and if the signs of the times admit of an interpretation, its undaunted crest will soon again confront its natural antagonist, as in days of yore. The same fanatical ideas which warred against its birth will be arrayed to stay its further progress; the same blind devotion to concentrated and centralized power, beneath the weight of which the once fair name of Adams sank to merited dishonor, has become the policy of dear, good, easy Abraham Lincoln, and if Democracy exhibits but a tinge of the vitality imbibed in its inception, in the history of the second President, the sixteenth may read his own. Meanwhile, if Democrats desire to be known as the political children of Thomas Jefferson, they must do as did their father. What he did is a matter of history.

*From the Budget of Fun.*  
**Hon. W. Bones at the Union Mass Meeting.**  
As I, Ben Loper, was pursuing my perambulations on Tuesday, July 15th, I thought myself that on that day the great Union Mass Meeting at Union Square was to come off; and although it was rather warm, I turned my steps resolutely that vicinity, concluding that it was my duty to add my distinguished presence to the occasion.  
As I turned into the Square, and was just commencing to mingle myself in the multitudinous crowd, wonderful to relate, I beheld just in front of me an individual attired in an army regulation-hat, whom I recognized as my friend Billy Bones. As I had not been fortunate enough to get time to stop at the People's Hall for Free Discussion, and had no speech from Mr. Bones for this month's Budget, I followed him, not doubting that he would feel the inspiration of the occasion.  
I was not disappointed. As he walked, he commenced muttering to himself, in a voice like the sound of distant omnibuses, and a crowd of boys and men, with dirty clothes and bad hats, belonging to the "Great Unwashed," gathered around him. Some one who knew his antecedents commenced to cry, "Speech, Bones!" "Bones, speech!" and the cry was taken up by the crowd. Upon this, Mr. Bones ascended the stonework around the Park, and held on by the railing, preventing him from gesticulating as much as usual. "He then made a rousing speech, which we herewith present to our readers. We pride ourselves upon our enterprise, as none of the daily papers, which strive to make such a splurge with their full accounts, had the good fortune to get it. It is undoubtedly the most eloquent and impressive address delivered on that day. Mr. Bones hung his hat on one of the iron pickets and spoke as follows:  
*Address of W. Bones, Esq., at the Union Mass Meeting.*  
Frens, com'ry men, lovers, Romans, New Yorkers, Irishmen, Dutchmen, Scot-men, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Niggers and Octoroons—I greet you in de name ob de American Eagle! (Great cheering.) In dis present emergency ob de national crisis, I feel my soul bobbin up in a pool in my boson, like a crazy perpus in a pond ob red hot soap-grease, an my enthusiasm bubbles ober like a bottle ob ginger-pop, to say nothin ob de sweat dat is hangin in glubrious perspirations on my alabaster brow. Am I not right? (Cheers.)  
But, my frens, I don't care a continental mill-dam for dat—but, on de contrary, I shall speak to you on dis momentous occasion, when de tender tones ob de preponderatin masses is ascending up into de alburn firmament, like tunder an Mars, for de Union, de Constitution, an de uter annihilation ob a dire an deep an dreadful an damnable insurrection! (Loud applause, and cries of, "Go in, Simmons!") I shall speak to you, I say, Mr. President, like Demosthenes bryain at de moon, or like a roarin magnitudinous whale, seekin whom I may devour on de top ob a gorgeous an gigantic cloud-capt iceberg, pursuin its grand an irresistible way along de glitterin confines ob sebetenve tousand hemispheres, towards de invulnerable precipices ob de Mediterranean Ocean. (Thunders of applause.) I shall try to pour some ob Nixon's liquid fire into de parched an drivelin eek-ins ob your souls, until you rise like a mountaneous catarrack, an swear dat dis rebellion shall be exterminated, so dat de las spark ob daylight might find its way into black an infinite darkness, eben on de fur ob a demonic an pandemoniac pussy cat, would not be able to discover de least atom ob its accursed an infernal proportions? How's dat, now? Tree cheers! Hip, hip! (Tremendous cheering an waving of hats.)

**The Indian Depredations in Minnesota.**  
**The Scene of the Atrocities.**  
The details of the Indian atrocities in Minnesota, as they are given to us by the journals in that State, become more and more horrible. In answer to the Governor's call, hundreds of armed men are hastening to the scene of the atrocious murders, and, unless the reports of dissatisfaction among the tribes further westward is correct, we hope, before many days have passed, to record the fact that the insurrection has been quelled, and that the warrior, from disappointment at a temporary prostration upon the part of the Government, as is alleged by some, or from false and deceptive promises and statements of friends in the employ of Southern Traitors, as is stated by others, have urged their followers to the perpetration of deeds which, in their enormity, makes the blood curdle, have met with that reward which their crimes merited.  
Browne and Renville counties, in which the enormities have transpired, are situated in the southwestern corner of Minnesota, the two counties being separated by the Minnesota, or St. Peter's river. This stream has source in a series of lakes lying between latitude 45 degrees and 56 minutes north, and flows south-easterly, for about three hundred miles, to its confluence with the Blue Earth river. It then has a north-east course for a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, until it reaches the Mississippi, at Fort Snelling. It is navigable about forty miles, but small boats can run up to Patterson Rapids, two hundred and ninety-five miles from its mouth. Now Uin, the scene of one of the most atrocious of the depredations, is a town settled within a few years, located on the right bank of the Minnesota, and in the southeastern portion of Browne county. Fort Ridgely, in Renville county, about ten miles above and on the opposite bank of the river. It has of late years been used as an artillery post, but previous to the rapid increase of population of the State was an important fortification.  
In 1850, the white population of Minnesota was only 9077; but so rapid was the immigration, that in 1860 it had increased to 175,535. It is said to have been first visited by two white traders in the year 1664; but until 1845, it was the home of the Sioux and Chippewas, the only representatives of civilization being the trappers, traders and lumbermen on the St. Croix river, and a few missionaries.  
The Sioux, who appear thus far to have been the perpetrators of the murderous deeds recorded within the past few days, are a courageous, warlike and powerful tribe, who have extended from the Blue Earth region to the Rocky Mountains. Their principal agency is a few miles above Fort Ridgely. They also call themselves Dacothas, and have always cherished the deadliest animosity to the Chippewas, with whom they are at constant war, and the acts of enmity mutually indulged in by the two tribes have no parallel in Indian history. Tradition has it, that, long before the visit of the first white man to their territory, there existed at the mouth of the Menomonee river an extensive Menomonee town, under the jurisdiction of a chief of influence.  
Some distance above, upon the banks of the same river, were four Chippewa settlements, also under the guardianship of a powerful chieftain. After a friendly intercourse of long duration, the Menomonee ruler obstructed the stream, with a view of stopping the fish from ascending. A famine was created among the Chippewas, and remonstrance provoking insult the war began. The Sioux were the principal allies of the Menomonees, and until the year 1830, when the United States Government deemed proper to interfere, hostilities continued almost without intermission. They formerly numbered thirty thousand in all, seven thousand of whom were warriors, but in 1853, disease had so decimated their numbers, that not more than eight thousand remained.  
The Chippewas, from whom danger also appears to threaten, and who are known also by the name of Ojibways, are a type of the Algonquin stock, and at a very early period were discovered by the French occupying the basin of Lake Superior, to which point they stated they had come many years before, from the east. On November 28, 1785, the first treaty between the United States and this tribe was signed, for the purpose of assigning the boundaries of their possessions.  
In 1795 they were a party to a treaty of pacification, and in the year 1805 and 1808 made large cessions of land, by treaty, to our Government. In 1815 they took part at a conference held at Detroit for the pacification of the Northwestern tribes with each other and with the United States, and in the following year ceded all their remaining lands in Ohio. In 1854 and 1855 they ceded nearly all the lands then in their possession, many of which reservations were set apart, and every exertion was made by the Government agents to induce them to adopt habits and pursuits of civilized life. The attempts, however, were generally useless. They have rarely evinced any inclination to improve the opportunities offered.  
They are brave and expert warriors and fishermen, but, in general, are contempters of arts and industry and letters. The use of the bow and arrow they consider the noblest employment of man, while agricultural and mechanical labors they regard as degrading in the extreme, and upon all occasions have opposed the introduction of schools and industrial improvements. Repeated attempts have been made by Christian missionaries to improve their condition, but they regard them with suspicion and look upon them as interlopers who contemplate and design the overthrow of their primitive system of living. The Chippewas are tall, well developed and good looking. What their actual strength is at the present time it is difficult to estimate, but probably they do not number more than ten thousand.

**The Arrest of Ingersoll—Plain talk from a Republican Paper.**  
The New York World, a republican newspaper is outraged by the systematic attempt to stifle free speech and a free press. It actually published the "reasonable" speech of Mr. Ingersoll, and makes these stinging observations: We publish elsewhere the speech delivered by Charles J. Ingersoll, at the Philadelphia Democratic meeting on Saturday last, for which he has been arrested by order of the Government. It no doubt contains a world of incendiary and disloyal matter, or else he would have been arrested; but a great many honest people will "cudgel their brains" without finding it. He expresses a doubt as to the wisdom and honesty of the administration, it is true; but then Horace Greely and Wendell Phillips have done the same thing in a fifty-fold more offensive manner—yet the one offender receives a respectful letter signed "A. Lincoln" and the other is sent to jail.  
It is an extraordinary spectacle which we witness for the last year—a free people, the freest on earth, tenacious of their rights, insipid for the largest liberty, quietly submitting to the suspension of their rights and liberties, to a restricted freedom of the press, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, imprisonments without trial, liberations without reparation.  
The President of the United States and his advisers will terribly mistake the temper of the American people, the secret of their submission to, of their demand for, these stretches of executive power, if they presume or act upon the presumption that they will tolerate them for any other end whatever than the suppression of the rebellion.  
**Abolition Disunionism.**  
The abolitionists continue to curse and revile the Union as much as ever. The Chicago Tribune of August 19th ult., says: "What means this talk about restoring the Union as it was? There can be no 'Union as it was' until the Confiscation Act is erased from the Statutes; that's certain. 'THE UNION AS IT WAS' WILL NEVER BLESS THE VISION OF ANY PRO-SLAVERY FANATIC OR SECESSION SYMPATHIZER, AND IT NEVER OUGHT TO. IT IS A THING OF THE PAST, HATED OF EVERY PATRIOT, AND DESTINED NEVER TO CURSE AN HONEST PEOPLE OR BLOT THE PAGES OF HISTORY AGAIN. The act of confiscating the property and freeing the slaves of traitors will not be repeated!"  
We could fill one entire page each week, from this till the 2d Tuesday of October, with just such a kind of stuff as this, and papers. But we don't choose to occupy too much space with such trash; for the true character of these Northern disunionists is becoming pretty well known.  
**A TERRIFIC ENCOUNTER WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.**—One of the most thrilling incidents which has ever come to our knowledge, occurred a few days since in a "side show" with Van Amburg & Co's Menagerie, where two enormous snakes—an anaconda and a boa constrictor—are on exhibition. Both of the huge reptiles are kept in one case with a glass top opening at the sides, and the keeper was in the act of feeding them when the event occurred. The longer of the snakes, the boa constrictor, which is some thirty feet long, and as large around the middle as a man's thigh, had just swallowed two rabbits when the keeper introduced his arm and body into the cage for the purpose of reaching a third to the anaconda, at the opposite corner.  
While in this position the boa, not satisfied with his share of the ration, made a spring, probably with the intention of securing the remaining rabbit, but, instead fastened his jaws upon the keeper's hand and, with the rapidity of lightning, drew three coils around him, thus rendering him entirely helpless. His shouts of distress at once brought several men to his assistance, and among them, fortunately, was a well-known showman named Townsend, a man of great muscular power, and what was of much more importance, one who had been familiar with the habits of these repulsive monsters all his life, having owned some of the largest ones ever brought to this country.  
The situation of the keeper was now perilous in the extreme. The first thing to be done was to uncoil the snake from around him, but if in attempting this the reptile should become in the least degree angered, he would, in a second, contract his powers sufficient to crush the life out of an ox. A single quick convulsion of the creature and the keepers soul would be in eternity! This Townsend fully understood; so without attempting to disturb the boa's hold upon the keeper's hand, he managed by powerful but extremely cautious movements to uncoil the snake without exciting him, after which by the united exertions of two strong men the jaws were pried open and the man released in a completely exhausted condition. The bite of the boa constrictor is not poisonous, and although the bitten hand was immensely swollen the next day, no serious results were apprehended. A more narrow escape from a most horrible death it would be difficult to imagine.—[Columbus (Ohio) Statesman.]  
**A COSTLY BLUNDER.**—A saloon-keeper in Cleveland, in the scarcity of change, conceived the idea of issuing tickets "good for one drink" to regular customers, when he couldn't change their money. In printing the tickets, the printer made a mistake, as the saloon keeper discovered to his cost, after distributing a large amount of them. The ticket read, "good for one drink." A number of two-listed drinkers, who got hold of some of the tickets, have been indulged in a series of drinks ever since, greatly to the pecuniary loss of the "salooner."  
The right man in the right place: A husband at home in the evening.

**WESTERN CROPS.**—Minnesota promises an extraordinary wheat crop. Samples of the new grain are of the first quality. The St. Peter Statesman says the crops generally will average a larger yield this year than ever before.  
The most moderate calculation of the present Ohio crops makes it at least 60,000,000 bushels, or 10,000,000 more than was raised last year. Of this quantity there will be a surplus beyond the State demand of some 17,000,000 bushels.  
A Pennsylvania editor says:—Many years have passed since the farmer has secured so large a harvest—not within our recollection has there been anything like it. The hay secured and yet to be cut will make by far the largest crop ever harvested. The promise for corn could not be better, and a few rains during August will fill the cribs to overflowing.  
It is a peculiarity of Western papers this season that "croaking" over apprehended short crops is dispensed with.  
**APPLYING THE TEST.**—The following dialogue occurred on the sidewalk of one of the streets in this city, yesterday morning, between a Democrat and Republican who happened to meet:  
Rep.—I have heard it said repeatedly that you are secessh.  
Dem.—Probably you have. But let us see who is secessh, you or me. I propose that we both go before a Notary Public and each take the oath of allegiance to the Constitution as it is, and of fidelity to the Union as it was before secession began. Will you do it?  
Rep.—Hem! Well, I don't know. I think it's hardly worth while.  
Dem.—(starting)—Come along. I am ready to take the oath, and if you are not a secessionist, you certainly are. Come, it is but a step to Squire Miller's office, and it will not take ten minutes. I will pay for both. (Republican moves off.) Are you not for the Constitution and the Union?  
Rep.—Hem! Yes, if slavery is abolished.  
Dem.—Then you are not for the Constitution as it is, for that recognizes the existence of Slavery in the Union. You are, therefore a secessionist. If you are not, you will go with me and take the oath of allegiance to the old Constitution and the old Union. (Exit Republican, sneaking off with both hands behind him, pressing down his coat tail.)—Ohio Statesman.  
**MASTER AND SCHOLAR.**—When I was a boy, said an old man, we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching his idle boys. One day he called out to us:  
"Boys, I must have closer attention to your studies. The best ones of you are getting to be idle boys, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case."  
"Ah, thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simpson that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book and immediately I informed the master."  
"Indeed, said he; how did you know he was idler?"  
"I saw him," said I.  
"You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"  
"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."  
If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.  
**MRS. PARTINGTON AGAIN.**—"Do you think people are troubled as much with fleabottomary now, doctor, as they used to be before they discovered the anti-bug bedstead?" asked Mrs. Partington of a doctor of the old school who attended the family where he was staying. "Phlebotomy, madam," said the doctor gravely, "is a remedy, not a disease." "Well, well," replied she, "no wonder one gets 'em mixed up; there is so many of 'em. We never heard in old times of trowsers in the throat, or embarras in the head, or neurology all over us, or consternation in the bowels, as we do now a days. But it's an ill wind that don't blow nobody good, and the doctors flourish on it like a green baize tree. But of course they don't have anything to do with it, they can't make 'em come or go."  
**CONVERSATION BETWEEN A REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRAT.**—"You Democrats needn't complain that your party doctrine in favor of a hard currency isn't being carried out, for we've got a currency now hard enough in all conscience."  
"Yes, this phlipharic system is the hardest kind of a currency."—Hartford Times.  
The increased number of persons in New York wearing the sober livery of the respectable but un military society of Friends seems to have suggested the following epigram:  
Old Abe's magician whose talent extends  
E'en to making an army of shakers;  
For his late drafting order has made "troops of Friends,"  
In fact, filled the city with Quakers!  
"Said an old preacher once, 'Fellow-sinners, if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church,) you might secure your eternal salvation I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim there was five hundred dollars up there for you, and I'll be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see.'"  
"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sloppy looking lad, walking into a hardware store, the other day.  
"Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor. "We keep all kinds of nails; what kind and how many will you have?"  
"Well," said the boy sliding toward the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and a pound and a half of toe nails."

**A MATRIMONIAL CARD.**—I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk at, quarrel with, then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any color but red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. I am sound in limb and on the nigger question; am very correct in my morals, and first rate at nine pins; have a respect for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile when shirt buttons are all right. If I possess a predominating virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. Money is no object, as I never was troubled with any and never expect to be.  
**DANIEL WEBSTER said:** "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply repaid is its patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the Gazette he takes. It is scarcely impossible to fill a sheet without putting into it something that is worthy the subscription price. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had access to some good newspapers and those who had not. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence."

**Little pigs lie wild their noses bare,**  
Sing andgering dare;  
Lillebulero! Lillebulero! Lillebulero ley!  
Oh, my daddy's a bonny wee man,  
An he's gone for a sejer to Dixie's Lan',  
Sing andgering dang.  
(Loud and continued cheering.)  
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(Loud and continued cheering.)  
A MATRIMONIAL CARD.—I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk at, quarrel with, then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any color but red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. I am sound in limb and on the nigger question; am very correct in my morals, and first rate at nine pins; have a respect for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile when shirt buttons are all right. If I possess a predominating virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. Money is no object, as I never was troubled with any and never expect to be.  
**DANIEL WEBSTER said:** "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply repaid is its patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the Gazette he takes. It is scarcely impossible to fill a sheet without putting into it something that is worthy the subscription price. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had access to some good newspapers and those who had not. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence."