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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., July 6, '84.

The American people seem to take it for granted that for the summer months at least, the President is justified in abdicating his power and leaving the government to take care of itself. Of all the line of presidents, from Washington down to the nineteenth, Grant was the first chief magistrate who had ever taken a summer junketing. Mr. Lincoln in the last summer of his life slept occasionally out at the Soldier's Home, but in his four years' administration, he never left Washington. Nor was it particularly because of the existence of war and the supervision of military affairs that detained him, because these duties could as well have been performed from any other headquarters, but Mr. Lincoln would not establish the precedent of leaving the Capital and the duties of his high position, simply because of the climate and its malarious accompaniments. Yet the Washington of to-day is infinitely more healthful than it was then, and the necrology of the White House shows but two Presidential demises—that of Harrison who was killed, not by malaria but by the office-hunters, and that of Taylor who ate too heartily of ice-cream that was flavored with the same villainous vanilla that afterwards poisoned Mr. Buchanan and others at the National Hotel, and is now slaughtering the youth and beauty of our land.

This leads me to mention that Mr. Arthur, who has never spent a summer in Washington, never intends to. As soon as Congress is done with its work, the President will go in the Dispatch straight to Newport, and during the summer will go up and down the eastern coast, fishing around Poppysquash Point, digging clams at Squantum and eating them at the Gut. How the President will spend his days of retirement after the 4th of March next, is a problem which even he cannot solve. He can hardly assume any prominence in the political world, for the dignity of his retirement will be above that, whatever it may have been in the time of John Quincy Adams.

The prospect of Congress coming to an adjournment as early as the third of July or the fifth, is not so flattering. The fight over the fortifications bill promises to be both long and desperate. Indeed it would not be surprising if this part of the appropriation may not go over entirely to the next session, for what does the country want of fortifications anyhow? If Congress would go to work and do something toward rendering our navy something like respectable, we could well forego any necessity for fortifications or coast defences of any kind. As I have hitherto written, the Chicago (which is said to be the best specimen of marine architecture that the Government has ever turned out of its own account) has proved a dismal failure so far as fighting qualities and seaworthiness are concerned.

By the first of September the Washington Monument will have attained a height of 500 feet, when the shape of the structure will be changed to that of a pyramid, to continue on for 55 feet to the apex, which will be the completion of the monument proper. The dedication of this grand memorial will take place on the 22d of February next, just thirty years from the date of the laying of the corner-stone. One of the peculiar and appropriate features of the dedicatory exercises will be the delivery of the oration by Hon Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, the same orator who officiated thirty years ago. The ceremonies attendant upon the dedication will be the most elaborate that have ever taken place upon a like occasion in this country, Congress having by joint resolution appointed a committee of both houses, empowered to make such arrangements as will be appropriate to so august an occasion. The whole cost of the monument when completed will be not less than \$1,250,000, but to the everlasting disgrace of some of those who had the manipulation of the funds when the original Monument Association undertook the work, about one-third of this amount was stolen from the fund.

DOM PEDRO.

EXAMPLES are few of men rained by giving. Men are heroes in spending, cravens in what they give.

This hot weather dampens the linen of the starchiest dude on the street and makes him uncomfortable in mind and body, but, bless you, how it does make the corn grow. Out of the corn, if we have plenty of it, may be made new dudes and more starch.

A LITTLE girl of this city hit it very happily, yesterday, when she said one reason why she was glad her father had quit drinking was because he sent her to the butcher shop now to buy beefsteak instead of to beg liver as she used to do. There is nothing left to be said, for a neat temperance lecture.—Lincoln Journal, July 4th.

THE Fitz John Porter case has finally been shelved. The bill for his reinstatement passed both branches of the National Legislature, and was vetoed by the President. The House immediately passed it over the Chief Executive's veto by a vote of 168 to 78, but the Senate failed to pass the bill by a tie vote—27 to 27. "Only a little while longer" Fitz John singeth.

THE same old story—"didn't know it was loaded," comes from Plattsburgh, where a boy pointed a supposed empty revolver at a young lady. It was too well loaded and the aim could not have been more certain. The lady was dead on the instant, and the boy in jail has an excellent opportunity to ruminate upon his folly. A few years in the penitentiary might have a wholesome effect upon him and serve as an admonition to others who indulge in such idiotic and dangerous sport.

If the best man God ever made ran for the presidency, he would have to wade chin-deep through obloquy. The first target was put up two weeks ago, and the next will be put up two weeks hence. The target with the most holes in it will be elected president. Defamation elected Garfield, Lincoln and Jackson. As soon as a man achieves anything by brilliancy, eloquence or statesmanship, all the hounds of hell are turned against him.—Talmage.

THE nomination of James G. Blaine has opened a new industry. A Maine man has applied for letters-patent for the manufacture of plumes from wood fiber and other fluffly materials which can be cheaply made, and, at the same time, are very ornamental and durable. He claims to be able to produce a plume eighteen or twenty inches in length that can be sold for 50 or 75 cents, which, for campaign or street parade purposes, is as good as a \$5 feather. As the plume is the emblem in the campaign for the "plumed knight," the demand must be large for that purpose.—Bee.

THE refreshing innocence of the Kansas press is distinctly shown by the remark of an editor down there the other day, to the effect that "Mr. and Mrs. Blaine were agreeably surprised yesterday by an addition to their family." Now, as all good little children understand these matters, there is a sort of mythical surprise on such occasions, but an editor ought to know better. Though, on second thought, it may be that way down in Kansas. But in the well ordered households of Nebraska these little events are carefully and joyously anticipated.—Topics.

Now, my dear," said a candidate's wife, "I don't wish to throw the slightest obstacle in the way of your election, and if you choose to turn the house into a beer garden, and have all the loafers in town tramping on my carpets and filling my curtains with tobacco smoke, and drinking whisky out of my best teacups, I shan't say a word. But I want you distinctly to understand that if another of those women's rights delegations comes to know if you are going to take a manly stand for down-trodden womanhood—well, that delegation has got to be twenty years older and keep its veil down, or I will interview it myself. That's all, dear."—Puck.

THE name of a Milwaukee saloon is "The Young Men's Christian Association." For monumental, mastodontic cheek commend us to the Milwaukee beer slinger.

THE Prince of Wales comes around again with his little schedule of debts amounting to a round million, and says his mamma won't pay a cent of them. Parliament will have to come to the rescue of the creditors. The prince always lets them run up to a million before he turns them over to the public for settlement. The queen is too thrifty to waste any money on the heir apparent. Her income is enormous and her expenses very light, and Wales has to do all the honors and bear the brunt of the expense, and always will have his nose to the grindstone so long as he is kept waiting.—Journal.

THOSE "starving" Indians in Eastern Montana, who have been reported as feeding on range cattle, are now believed by the secretary of the interior to be a party of Black Kettle's band, who have been living in the Tongue river valley for the last four years. If this is the case the secretary of the interior says that they will not be disturbed. They surrendered to Gen. Miles at Fort Keogh, after the war in which Sitting Bull surrendered, and the general permitted them to remain where they are now instead of sending them to a reservation. He disarmed them, and sold most of their ponies, using the proceeds to buy plows, wagons and cattle. They settled down to farming voluntarily; broke their ponies to plows and wagons, built themselves houses, and have been very successful. Several of the Indians have entered homesteads and are living upon them. They have received no aid whatever from the government, except the first winter after the war, when they were furnished a small quantity of flour by the war department. Until recently they have been theoretically prisoners of war, having never been officially turned over to the care of the Indian bureau by the army, and have no agent. It is the only instance in history where migratory Indians have voluntary commenced farming and have been self-supporting, and the secretary of the interior will see that they are protected. It may be that they are having trouble with the ranchmen and have killed cattle, but it is more probable that the ranchmen are trying to drive them out of a good grazing valley.—Bee.

AND now another illusion is gone. If there is a fiend on earth it is the wood cut man who sends out to country papers those horrid caricatures of distinguished men and women. We would like to meet him in some dark ravine and cut him up with a cleaver and feed him to hogs. After doing that we would weep for a week because justice was so feeble and weak and full of shortcomings. The matter with us now is another disenchantment. We stood bravely the picture of Blaine that made him look like a country cloth peddler who used his nose for a foot rule, we gazed with complacency upon Logan in the air and attitude of a convict being sentenced, we didn't even puzzle to understand how Ben Butler's left eye got around under his right ear. We had always read and heard that Mrs. Logan was a charming woman, fine looking, well preserved, intelligent, amiable, spirited and all that made a fine type of America's fair daughters. But the engraver has laid his sacrilegious hand upon a block of wood and sent it out labeled "Mrs. John A. Logan." The hair looks like the dirt thrown up from a spaded ditch, the forehead like a piece of plowed ground, the eyes like lemon stains on blue calico, the nose like a potato and the rest of the features as though the general effect had been kiln dried. Now a man who will do that ought to be killed. He is evidently in the pay of the opposition. No living woman can possibly resemble the Assyrian contortion that is palmed off on us as the picture of the wife of the next Vice-President.—Topics.

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