

dampness of the Oregon climate, and the chronic condition of inundation prevailing in the State seem to make it necessary that the acclimated citizen should be web-footed, like a water-fowl. JOHN LYCURGUS WHITEAKER is "a web-foot," if not web-footed. His views of statesmanship are primitive. J. W. NESMITH, another fresh-water Democrat, who was never east of the Mississippi River until he went to Washington as Senator, was a good type of the race. Asked by the grandiloquent SUMNER how he was impressed by the surroundings and atmosphere of the United States Senate, NESMITH replied: "For the first six months I wondered how I ever got here; ever since that I have wondered how any of you ever got here." WHITEAKER has got there. He will never cease wondering how it all happened. To him his passage from the piny woods of Oregon to the gilt-gingerbread splendors of Washington is like a fevered dream.

Elected to Congress, and hugging himself with the idea that he was a statesman, JOHN LYCURGUS WHITEAKER fondly lingered in the bosom of his family. Eleven white-headed, not to say white-acred, babes claimed him as progenitor and protector. Slumbering in the midst of these domestic joys, and loath to plunge into the cares of statesmanship, JOHN LYCURGUS was rudely awakened, one night, by a telegram from Portland, informing him that he must hie him away to Washington, where his vote was needed to assure a Democratic majority in the organization of the House. Tearing himself from the embraces of his numerous progeny, and supplying himself with fresh rations of tobacco and the fluid of the Willamet region, the illustrious statesman turned his large face Eastward, with reluctant and slouching gait. The Democrats of the House warned him that he must not tarry. Yet, failing to realize the stringency of the exigency, JOHN LYCURGUS took his leisurely way to San Francisco by sea. He had never been to sea. He would go to sea if it took him all Summer.

JOHN LYCURGUS WHITEAKER bitterly repented him. His anguish was unutterable. He was deadly sick—and, in the agony of internal convulsions, he was ready to throw up his certificate and return to the privacy of the piny woods and the eleven white-headed children. More dead than alive, and fairly turned inside out, the Oregon statesman finally arrived at San Francisco. Here, he thought, he might rest, see the improvements which had been made since '49, change his linen, and get "a square meal." But, as the collapsed, sickened, and depleted statesman ventured over the ship's side, he was met by an emissary of the Democratic Party, who told him that a special train waited for him, and that he must go East at once. In vain the unsophisticated and sea-worn traveler pleaded. A special train, costing \$1,500 at the very least, had been engaged for him by the National Democratic Party, and, yielding up his individual being, he went. Disheveled, unshorn, and unfed, the unhappy statesman was, in the expressive language of the region, "fired into" the waiting train, and whirled Eastward over the Sierras. Vainly at the several way-stations he pleaded for a hot meal and a chance to slake his thirst. Like FRANKENSTEIN'S monster, he must go on. Fed with canned goods, deprived of natural warmth and nourishment, this unhappy man was shot over the Snowy Range, across the gray wastes of the alkali plains, through the chasms of the Rocky Mountains, a miserable, unkempt, shaken, and sleepless Democrat, for whom a doubtful majority in the House waited and longed. Rudely torn from the bosom of his family, the bucolic Oregonian thought of his eleven white-headed babes, and cursed the day when he had assumed the cares of statesmanship. The regular train was 500 miles ahead of him, and after that the iron horse, dragging the battered JOHN LYCURGUS, tore with satanic speed. The supremacy of the Democratic Party in the House was at stake. Why should he not fly on the wings of the wind, sustaining nature, meantime, on canned goods and corn-juice?

Past the Aztec cities of tradition, past the Giant's Stairway and the Devil's Gate, past the flowing Platte and the rippling Cottonwood, past the smiling villages of Iowa, past the snow-clad prairies of Illinois, and past the frowning ridges of the Alleghanies, the wayworn statesman hurried. At every station, telegrams, hot with electric speed and frantic with vehement urging, dropped in upon him, until he tore his hair, and cried: "Am I, or am I not, the savior of my country?" But on Tuesday, March 18, when the House was called to order by Clerk ADAMS, a pale, worn, tattered, and dust-covered figure tottered into the House of Representatives. Its eyes were sunken, and its limbs reminded pitying beholders of the belated champions of the late walking match. It was gaunt and unshaven, and a strong flavor of canned provisions was exhaled from its person. "I am JOHN LYCURGUS WHITEAKER, of Oregon," he whispered. He voted for RANDALL for Speaker. The country was safe. And everything went on just as though he had not spanned the Continent in five days, five hours, and eleven minutes.

#### WHITEAKER'S RIDE.

JOHN LYCURGUS WHITEAKER, member of the House which has just convened, is what is known on the Pacific slope as a "fresh-water Democrat." Not that JOHN LYCURGUS is addicted to the use of water of any kind; no politician on the Pacific slope absorbs water while whisky preserves its normal condition of fiery cheapness. But JOHN LYCURGUS WHITEAKER is a fresh-water Democrat in the sense of being a stranger to salt water until seen on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Born and raised in Missouri, Arkansas, or some other State remote from the Eastern seaboard, JOHN LYCURGUS WHITEAKER pursued the even paths of an agricultural life in Oregon, until the Democratic Party, and his country, summoned him from his plow. Large of frame, huge-thighed, flabby, and good-natured, JOHN LYCURGUS chewed tobacco, secreted his share of corn-juice, raised white-headed children, and pursued the even tenor of his way until elected to Congress. And when, in the privacy of his Oregonian home, he read in the weekly paper that he was actually elected to Congress, honest JOHN LYCURGUS WHITEAKER threw his otter-skin cap on the floor, and said: "Well, I'm danged!"

To the well-informed Pacific-coaster, the Oregonian is known as "a web-foot." The