

A "Bout" with a Parson.

The following "set-to" between Jack Flintlock of Port Townsend, and our *elderly* Parson of this place, is quite amusing, and if we are allowed to decide the contest, would unhesitatingly award the "belt" to Jack. He knocks the old man off his "pins" every "round." Jack "hits heavy," right "from the shoulder," and although the Parson exhibited considerable stragetic dexterity, yet when Jack fetched his left handed mauler down, away went the Parson, head over heels. The fourth "round" sent him clean out of "time;" but whether he will throw up the "sponge" or not, we will leave to further development:

PORT TOWNSEND, March 9, 1865.

To A. R. ELDER,

Chairman Union Cen. Committee,

SIR: Accept my thanks for your kind remembrance, in sending me a copy of your address to the Union men of Washington Territory. Flattered by the compliment, I could not do less than read it through.— Allow me to reciprocate the favor by presenting you with my opinion of it. I cannot boast of a very refined education, but if my tongue is not as oily as that of a minister of the Gospel, my head is clear enough to distinguish "gammon from argument." Indeed a fellow must be steeped in stupidity, to be unable to "twig" the clap-trap gab that characterises the school of politicians to which you belong, and which is clearly indicated when you talk about the "great conflict in which we are soon to be engaged," great principles, integrity of the Government, perpetuation of human freedom and rights of man." Oh, thou ungallant Chairman, why omit the "rights of woman?" The Duke of York's royal spouses down here, the fascinating Anna Dickenson, and the miscegenation "school-marms" of Port Royal, will never forgive you. Now, my pious friend, did you "gird on the armour of truth," as you invited the addressed to do, when you elaborated that eloquent, logical, holy, patriotic, hyperfaluting effusion? I have just "girt

my loins" to enter the ring with you, and I will bet a Democratic fifty, to a Republican ten, and the drinks, that I wallop you in four short rounds.

Let us see: You argue in favor of a Republican Delegate from this Territory, in Congress, because, firstly, of "the absurdity of expecting to accomplish anything for the good of the Territory, by sending any man to Congress who now opposes the National Administration," etc. If it be true that none but a Republican—and that is the inference—can accomplish any good for the Territory, why did not the Republican Wallace do something for it? He "did not oppose the National Administration." Who more patriotic than your distinguished cavalier, in "crushing out the rebellion?" You may recollect that it was whispered, as a secret, that the gallant Colonel would "follow to the field some warlike lord," and eclipse the daring, dashing bravery of I. I. Stevens. His ability to accomplish for the Territory every good it required, was vouched for by the friend whom the *spirit moved* to canvass for him. He endorsed him in the very same strain of argument that you have adopted. Indeed your address is just a re-hash of the dish prepared by him. So bewitchingly persuasive was the friend, that to him belongs the merit of the success of the election. And what did the Republican do who "had the ear of the President," and whose magical potency could unlock the treasury of the State? What memento of "good" accomplished, has he left the Territory, unless some relic of gratitude to his friend, the Acting Governor, which his modesty keeps secret from the public gaze.

"First blood!" Mr. Chairman, of the Union Central Committee, and first round in my favor.

You argue, secondly, that the present Delegate has accomplished nothing, and the interests of the Territory have been, for the past two years without an advocate. You must have loosened your "girdle of truth," to enable you to breath more easily when indicting that whopper. We read the *Congressional Globe*, down here, and therein we find that our Delegate has been an untiring advocate of, and accomplished the recognition of the claim of Puget Sound to a branch of the Pacific Railroad. We read in them, also, that he has secured a mining establishment for Washington Territory,—two most important measures,—thou man of truth, and involving the most decided interests of the Territory

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This is a second short round in my favor.

You argue, that the Democratic party is but the "ghost of a party;" and this veritable assertion is made whilst the memory of the late Presidential campaign is not yet obliterated.

In reply, pray inform us by what rule you measure the ghost of a party. Is your standard the ghost of the Constitution which your party has mutilated to death, or that of the horse-thief, who was hanged in Virginia, and who, your party says, is now "marching on" at their head? Your ideas of bulk are about as vapory as your logic, and though the latter may originate hallucinations in your own brain, that in your locality, may pass for realities, it is not likely to make any more permanent impression than the shadow which a ghost would leave to define its bigness. There were one million eight hundred thousand Democratic votes polled for George B. McClellan at the last election, my boy,—rather a corpulent ghost, I opine.

Down again, I see, that's another round for me, and the third.

You say the Democratic party are arrayed in hostility to the Government. Dare you, sir, intimate that, after the admission of your lord and master, in his late Message to Congress, they are arrayed in hostility to the Government? Do you mean to say that they are arrayed against that Government founded by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and the other inspired men of the Revolution; that Government on whose altar the divine eloquence of a Webster and a Clay perpetually burned as a fragrant incense of laudation; that Government which elicited the admiration and won the respect of the civilized world; whose conquests were peaceable, whose victories were merciful, whose arm, when raised to strike, never fell in fiendish fierceness on a fallen foe; that Government whose army, from the humblest in the ranks to the proudest in command, was never disgraced by robbery, nor dishonored by rapine. This, I do not

believe you mean, and therefore needs no refutation. But, if you do mean that the Democratic party,—and that is the inference,—is arrayed against the Revolutionary fanatics of the South that would strive to upset this Government, and against a similar set of fanatics of the North that would do the same, by first defaming, then disfiguring and mutilating it, until it becomes unsightly and deformed, thank Heaven there are yet in our beloved country two million of voters who boldly protest against such; who have the honesty to denounce the Butlerizing of our army, and Turchiaizing of its morals, and who fearlessly maintain the inviolability of the Constitution.

I perceive, my friend, that you are fallen again, and Van declares that you cannot come up to time. I have, therefore, kept my word, that I would wallop you in four short rounds. And now, my boy, let me advise you to take your table and thimbles to some other than the Democratic race course. That game of yours is played out, long since. Every fellow understands that now. The situation of the little joker is well known, and you cannot succeed even though all the officials of the Territory were to "cap" for you. You are mightily alarmed lest some Democrat should be elected, and thus prevent the frauds of the beef contracts in the Indian Department, and fruit tree contracts, and speculations of Collectors of Revenue in town-lots, laid out to the detriment of commerce, and the exposure of Internal Revenue pickings from the drained pockets of tax-payers.—You will be disappointed, my distinguished Chairman of the *so-called* Union Central Committee. We shall elect a Democrat, if for no other purpose than to watch theiving officials, and his time will be well and continuously occupied in that work.

Adois, my dear sir,

I am, &c.,

JACK FLINTLOCK.

P. S. Don't forget to fork over the greenbacks. We'll take the drinks when we meet at the race course.

J. F.