The Occident


# THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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**THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.**

*AN INDEPENDENT PAPER,*
FOR THE
**Business Man, the Farmer**
*And the FAMILY CIRCLE.*

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
AT THE
*OFFICE*—Corner of FIFTH and Main streets Oregon City, Oregon.
*D. C. IRELAND, Proprietor.*

THE ENTERPRISE has been very well received during the time of its publication, by gentlemen of distinction in the State, who recommend it as a journal valuable for Eastern circulation. Such we shall endeavor to continue to make it.

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MANUFACTURERS are earnestly requested to inform us with respect to those various interests, to the end that we may be able to make the ENTERPRISE as near an encyclopedia of the business of Oregon as can be.

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With accuracy, and scrupulously and faithfully superintended. ☞ Owners' interests considered paramount.

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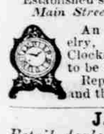
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**DRUGGISTS,**
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*Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,*
And every article kept in a Drug Store. Main Street, Oregon City.

**CLARK GREENMAN,**

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☞ All orders for the delivery of merchandise or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care.

BILL HEADS PRINTED.
At the Enterprise Office.


### A LITERARY ODDITY.

The Brewers should to Malta go,
The Boobies all to Scilly,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The Furriers to Chili.

The little, snarling, carroling "babes,"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lap-land, or to Brest.

From Spit-head Cooks go o'er to Greece,
And while the Miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spendthrifts are in the Straits.

Spinsters should to the Needles go,
Wine-bibbers to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags at the Bay of Fundy.

Bachelors to the United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man;
Let Gardeners go to Botany Bay,
And Shoeblacks to Japan.

Thus emigrate—and misplaced men
Will here no longer vex us;
And all who ain't provided for
Had better go to Texas.

A RATIONAL VIEW OF "INDEPENDENCE."—The San Francisco *Morning Chronicle* gives the following exposition of its views of newspaper independence:

Our idea of independence is that it is a reality, and not a sham; that it is not incompatible with the sharpest and most decisive expression of political convictions: that it does not involve the necessity of keeping up a pretence of finding fault with both sides when you think one side is in the right; that it does not require you to avoid the advocacy of what you believe to be right lest you should be suspected of favoring a party that advocates the same thing. In short, the difference between a party organ and an independant journal is, as we understand it, simply this: the party organ supports men and measures because the party supports them, while the independent journal supports what it regares as the best men and the best measures irrespective of party. Bogus independence has to keep up appearances by the affectation of disagreement with all parties lest it should expose itself to the charge of belonging to one or the other. Genuine independence is not afraid to side boldly and decidedly with any party which for the time being seems to be in the right. The *Chronicle* would not be either more or less independent than it is if it supported Seymour instead of Grant. It would not be independent at all if it supported neither. We do not propose to play the miserable part of a whiffler or a time-server, in a crisis like this; and we do not mean to try to keep up a wretched show of fairness and impartiality by picking a little at one side, and then balancing the account by picking a little at the other.

WHO FIRST ATE AN OYSTER.—The name of the courageous individual who first ate an oyster has not been recorded, but there is a legend concerning him to the following effect:

Once upon a time—it must have been a prodigiously long time ago, however—a man of melencholy mood, who was walking by the shore of a picturesque estuary, listening to the sad sea waves, espied a very old and ugly oyster, all coated over with parasities and seaweeds. It was so unprepossessing that he kicked it with his foot, and the animal astonished at such rudeness on his own domain, gapped with indignation. Seeing the beautiful cream-colored layers that shone within the shell, and thinking the interior of the shell itself to be beautiful, he lifted up the aged "native" for further examination, inserting his finger and thumb beneath the shell. The irate mollusc thinking, no doubt, that this was meant as a further insult, snapped his pearly doors close upon the fingers of the intruder, causing him some little pain. After releasing his wounded digit, the inquisitive gentleman very naturally put it in his mouth. "Delightful," exclaimed he, opening wide his eyes. "What is this?" and again he sucked his thumb. The truth flashed upon him. He had accidentally achieved the most important discovery ever made up to that date! Taking up a stone he forced open the oyster, and gingerly tried a piece of the mollusc itself. Delicious was the result; and so, there and then, that solitary anonymous man inaugurated the oyster banquet.

THE EARTHQUAKE AS SEEN IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS.—A gentleman who was in the mountains near Pescadero Wednesday morning, during the earthquake shock, describes the scene as fearfully grand. Huge redwood trees swayed like fishing-rods, and immense dead limbs, detached by the violence of the motion, fell to the earth. Large pieces of rock were wrested from the mass of the mountain, and in some instances rendered the road impassable. The waters of Pescadero creek became muddy in a moment, and the surface was covered with large bubbles. These, when a match was applied to them, burst with a slight report and a small flame, showing they were filled with an inflammable gas that must have come from the bowels of the earth.

—The last effort of the "anxious and aimless" in Iowa, is the establishment of an organization called "Grant Girls." Their motto is supposed to be—"Match us."

### PRACTICAL JOKES.

Practical joking is at a discount. Practical jokes are voted vulgar, witless, stupid, ill natured; and it is really impossible to deny that the popular verdict is a correct one; but how amusing they often are!

You must, in your youth, have either set or fallen into a "booby-trap." It consisted, you may remember, of books, boots, etc., balanced on the top of a door, which was left ajar, so that the first incomer got a solid shower-bath.

Another trick was to pour water into a stone ink-bottle, cork it tightly, and slip it between the bars of a boy's grate on a winter's evening, when he was returning to his room after a temporary absence—the nozzle, of course, directed toward his chair. The tenant returned, and sat down to his verses or translation; presently the water began to boil, and the steam fired off the cork at him.

Perhaps the decline of practical joking, both in the army and among civilians, is due in a great measure to the abolition of dueling. It seems mean to play tricks upon a man who has no redress in case he should take serious offense; and this, undoubtedly, is the weak part of the practice, that it necessitates a victim. This is the case, indeed, with the majority of our amusements: one cannot win a game without another losing it; fox-hunting is unpleasant for the fox; and shooting entails pain and death upon the objects of our sport; neither does any body, however good a face he may put upon the matter, like to be made game of. But in the last instance there is an element of treachery which distinguishes it from the others; to insure the success of a practical joke it is generally necessary to lull the victim into a false security.

A French auditor of accounts in the seventeenth century was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it, for he left four large candles to be carried at his funeral, which had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fire-works.

When a lady condescends to a practical joke it is generally a very neat one. M. Boncourt, the rich financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin-money. One day a lady, closely veiled, and very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.

The French thieves sometimes used to steal so funny that even their victims were half inclined to pardon them.

The Duke of Frousac, nephew of Marshal Richelieu, was coming out of the opera one night in a splendid dress embroidered with pearls, when two thieves managed to cut off his coat-tails. He turned into his club, where every body laughed at him, and so he found out what had happened, and went home. Early the next morning a well dressed man called at the Duke's hotel, and demanded to see him at once on a matter of most vital importance. Monsieur de Frousac was awakened. "Monseigneur," said the visitor, "I am an officer of the police. Monsieur, the lieutenant of police has learned the accident which happened to you yesterday on leaving the opera, and I have been sent by him to request you to order the coat to be placed in my hands, that we may convict the offenders by comparing it with the mutilated tails." The dress was given up, and the Duke was in raptures with the vigilance of the police. But it was a new trick of the rogue who had stolen the tails, by which he possessed himself of the entire garment.

The ancients used to indulge in practical jokes to a considerable extent; for instance, the Thracians, at their drinking parties, sometimes played the game of hanging. They fixed a round noose to the bough of a tree, and placed underneath it a stone of such a shape that it would easily turn round when any one stood on it. Then they drew lots; and he who drew the lot took a sickle in his hand, stood on the stone, and put his neck into the halter. The stone was kicked away; and if he could cut himself down with the sickle, well and good; but if he was not quick enough, he was hanged outright; "and the rest laugh, thinking it good sport."

Indeed, in the early stages of civilization, practical wit is apt to be grim; as society advances jokes at other people's expense are not quite so heartless; when we reach a certain pitch of refinement nothing gives us pleasure which causes pain to another, and then there is a chance of practical joking dying out altogether—except in the case of boys, who will probably never be humanized.

—A country editor, praising a successful politician, called him "one of the cleverest fellows that ever lifted a hat to a lady or a boot to a blackguard."

HOW TO MAKE A RICH JAM.—Crowd twenty fashionably-dressed ladies into one omnibus. Would this also *preserve* the tempers of the aforesaid twenty ladies?

Jerrold was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment, and said to him, "I hear you said it was the worst book I ever wrote." Jerrold.—"No. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

### RIDICULOUS WOMEN.

THE GRECIAN BEND INDECENCY.

*Correspondence of the New York World.*

The nights at Saratoga are, more absolutely than they ever were, devoted to follies the most fascinating, and exhibitions of fashionable manners and attires so absurd, that it would seem as if the modistes had conspired together this season to play a monstrous joke upon their patrons. The difference between a female popinjay and a lady is here defined by such a curious and vulgar set of peculiarities appertianing to the former person that I cannot forbear to describe them. The body and waist of the dress are remarkable in only one respect—the last is exceedingly tight, and the former rather loose at the top, and rather low. It is below the waist that what is monstrous in the costume first attracts and then repels the eyes of man. A hoop of moderate dimensions, overspread with an underskirt or two, and a dress of whatever fabrics are worn. Underneath the rear of this hoop, just below the waist of the person designated, is bound a coil of wire from two to three inches in diameter which "throws out" and elevates the upper portion of the dress behind, and forms the foundation, so to speak, of an exterior protuberance called the panier.

THE PANIER

Is a bustle, more or less enormous, upon which in successive folds or layers gathered up, or confined by a band encircling the dress from the stomach of the wearer around and beneath, an extra skirt, reaching quite low behind, or rather "wobbles" to and fro. The dress has a train from four to six feet in length.

THE POSTURE

Affected in order to set off this attire is called the "Grecian Bend," a contortion of the body which, as it is highly improper in itself, I find it difficult to describe with propriety. High heeled shoes dispose the wearer to incline forward, and high heeled gaiters are therefore adopted by the "belle of the season." She is thus the more readily enabled to elevate her hips unnaturally behind, enhancing the aspect of the panier, to contract her stomach, and to form an S-like curvature of her upper shape by thrusting out her chest, drawing back her shoulders and bending back her head. The latter is crowned by a hideous chignon, surpassing by several inches the thickness of the shallow nether brain.

SUGGESTIVE OF A LAME KANGAROO.

So bent and deformed, the belle constrains her elbows against her sides; and, with horizontal forearms and little gloved hands dangling from limp wrists, tilts painfully along. The profile of such a figure, and its ungraceful gait, are irresistibly suggestive of a lame kangaroo. When it is whirled and tossed about in dance by a fashionable jumping jack in black broadcloath, who are here so numerous and so much alike that you can hardly tell one from another, the sight—what with the bobbing up and down of the woman's panier and the agile, sidelong leaps of the jumping jack across the immense trial piled on the floor—is too exasperatingly ridiculous even for laughter.

THE INSIDE ARRANGEMENT.

It has been confided to me by an elderly woman with whom I conversed at a recent ball, that the distortion of the shape known as the "Grecian bend," is quite painful and wearisome, and that some girls adopt artificial contrivances to aid them in preserving the posture for several consecutive hours. "A belt is fastened about the waist, under the skirt. From this belt, down either side the hips, two straps furnished with buckles descend, and are attached to strong bands made fast a little above the knees. As the buckles of the straps are tightened, the hips are drawn up and held in position. "This," said my amiable informant, "is a relief, of course, to only one part of the frame. The constriction of the upper part has to be preserved with no other aids than the stays, and those often render it the more difficult and tiresome.

GRACIOUS EXPOSURE OF BUST AND LIMB

You perhaps notice another peculiarity about some of the ladies' dresses. The bodies are not only cut very low, but are so far from clinging jealously to the figure as to seem to challenge the gaze. "So gracious a condescension on the part of our belles," continued the matron, in a tone tingling with irony, "commends them, you will surely admit, as a far more honest and unequivocating set than the haunts of fashion are used to boast of." And, indeed, this claim might be founded upon proofs even more striking than the one alluded to, Nobody who has been entrapped here, as spectator of the frequent displays of under drapery on the stairways and the edges of verandas and colonnades, can doubt that many of the embroidered hose and delicate laces which adorn the limbs of the exhibitors were donned as well for beauty as for wear, and that the manner of making a graceful disclosure of them is studied as a fine art.

—Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was repairing, remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

—Wherein consists the humanity of a horse? He parts with the very bit from his mouth, and is never deaf to the call of woe(e).

### LIVING TAPESTRY.

The following adventure happened in Bath, in the year 179–, and the lady who narrated it was a young girl staying in the house. It was in the palmy days of Bath, when that now fallen city rivalled London in brilliancy and dissipation, and when all the rich, the gay, and the high-born of England congregated there in the season and graced the balls and assemblies. Mrs. R—, once the belle of the court of George III., but at this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest of the old houses, and gave in it entertainments which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated for three things (once for four, but the fourth—her beauty—was of the days gone by.) These things were: her fascination, her benevolence, and a set of the most perfect and matchless amethysts. Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept were hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing table. It represented Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life size, it filled up the whole space between the two windows, and the horses were concealed behind the high old-fashioned Venetian lookings-glass, while Phœbus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and by night at his mistress, at her toilette.

One evening Mrs. R. had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room, about four o'clock in the morning, she took off all her jewels, laid them on the table, and dismissing the weary maid, intended to put them away herself, but before doing so, knelt down, as usual, to her prayers. While engaged in her devotions, it was a habit with her to look upward, and the face of Phœbus was generally her point of sight, as it were, and the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to Phœbus. What does she see? Has Pigmalion been here at work? Has he filled those dull silk eyes with vital fire? Or is she dreaming? No. Possessed naturally of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as if in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze, and still the eyes looked down on hers. The light of her candles shone distinctly on living orbs, and her good keen sight enabled her, after a cleverly managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phœbus had been cut out, and that, with the door locked and every servant in bed in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room. She concluded her prayers with her face sunk in her hands.

We can well imagine what those prayers must have been! She knew there was some one behind that tapestry; she knew that bells and screams were equally useless, and she lay down in her bed as usual and waited the issue, her only omission being that she did not put away her jewels. "They may save my life," she said to herself, and closed her eyes. The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived. She heard a rustle, a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to the bedside, or to the window? He turned and approached her bedside, but by that time she had seen enough and again closing her eyes resigned herself to the Providence whose protection she had just been craving. The man was her own coachman. Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked her door and left her. For two hours—they must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement being to relock the door which her living Phœbus had left ajar.

At seven in the morning she rang her bell, and ordered the carriage around immediately after breakfast. All this was according to her usual habits. On the box was the man who had cost her a night's rest, and most probably, all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate. "Seize my coachman," said she; "secure him and search him. I have been robbed, and I hardly think he has had time to disencumber himself of the jewels he has taken from me." She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were still about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle.

—A story is told of a young lady, a teacher of one of our Sabbath Schools, who one or two Sundays ago asked a youngster what was matrimony. He mistook the question for purgatory, and promptly answered: "A place or state of punishment in this life where some souls suffer for a time before going to Heaven."

—A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

### Pat. Lyon, the Philadelphia Blacksmith.

In an article on John Neagle, the artist, in Lippincott's Magazine, we find the following anecdote of Patrick Lyon, the famous "retired blacksmith" of Philadelphia:

Shortly after his return to Philadelphia (1825,) while at work one day in his studio, Pat Lyon, the celebrated retired blacksmith, called and seeing Neagle, said:

"This, I presume is Mr. Neagle?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name."

"I wish you, sir, to paint me at full length, the size of life, representing me at the smithery, with a bellows-blower, hammers and all the et-ceteras of the shop around me."

Thinking he did not know the expense of a large picture, with two figures and all the surroundings, our artist said:

"This, sir, will be a large and difficult work, and the expense considerable."

Mr. Lyon replied, "D—n the expense!" upon which Neagle added—

"Even the canvas will cost several dollars."

"Here is the money; go ahead," Lyon said, "how much more will you have to start on?" Presently he added, "I wish you to understand clearly, Mr. Neagle, that I do not desire to be represented in this picture as a gentleman—to which character I have no pretensions. I want you to paint me at work at my anvil, with my sleeves rolled up and a leather apron on. I have had my eye upon you. I have seen your pictures, and you are the very man for the work."

An arrangement was then made for the first sitting, which was a mere head to try the likeness. This was so satisfactory to Mr. Lyon and his friends that the full length was immediately proceeded with. During the progress the painter visited the blacksmith in the navy yard, and other shops throughout the city, and made a number of sketches, in order to become acquainted with the detail of the business. On one occasion Neagle made a sketch of a man with a paper cap on his head.

"What are you doing?" said Lyon.

"I am sketching this man for a bellows-blower."

"Pooh! pooh! do not do anything so absurd. No blacksmith was ever seen with a paper cap on while at work."

Afterward, Neagle showed him a sketch of an anvil, hooped around with an iron band looped in a manner to receive the tools. Lyon laughed at this, saying:

"Put no such thing in my picture, for truth's sake! A genuine blacksmith would scorn such a thing. Horse shoers only, who strike and do their own blowing, would descend to such a thing! Why, my dear sir, you will always find that a legitimate blacksmith has his tools placed in a frame-work around the bellows. He calls for each tool wanted and it is handed to him by the bellows blower."

Lyon was a remarkable man in more respects than one. He had a fine mathematical mind, and worked his problems out on paper before he cut his iron. He was renowned as a blacksmith. He built the Diligent fire engine, and it remained the best of Philadelphia engines for forty years after his death. It was a machine of remarkable power and singular accuracy and skill. Lyon was noted likewise as a manufacturer of hydraulic engines, locks and everything relating to his business. A characteristic anecdote is related of him:

An iron chest in one of the banks could not be opened on account of the key having been mislaid. Lyon was sent for to pick the lock. He came and opened it.

"What is your charge?" asked the President.

"Ten dollars," answered Lyon.

"That is exorbitant," said the other.

"Very well," replied Lyon, shutting down the lid again, "perhaps some one will do it for you more cheaply." He then walked away.

One or two other persons were applied to and failed in their attempts to open the chest, so it became necessary to send for Lyon again, who came and reopened it.

"Here is your ten dollars," said the President.

"No," replied Lyon, "it must now be twenty."

"I will not give it," exclaimed the President, putting his hands on the lid of the chest, and attempting to force it entirely open.

"Take your hands away!" shouted Lyon, "or I will smash them," and the hands were instantly withdrawn and the lid shut down. It was a case of great urgency, and, cost what it might, the chest must be opened; so they concluded they had better give him the twenty dollars, for Lyon said he would charge them ten dollars for each visit. Thereupon the money was paid, and Lyon departed, considerably elated at having trumped over the meanness of the President.

### DINNER TABLES.

Absence of body color is the greatest defect in modern pottery, particularly that portion of it used on the dinner table. Go where we may, let us be at home or abroad, the same dead white is toned against a dead white table cloth; if there is a pattern on our plate, and on the dishes before our eyes, it is probably of a pale green or blue; or if red, it is in such small masses as to produce little or no effect. We go out, say to a large London dinner party, where our host has expended £100 or £120 on the service before us. It is rich in gilding, it bears his coat of arms, it is bordered with brilliant blue or green; yet what is the effect? We look up or down the table and see nothing but dead white surfaces—the white table cloth, the uncontrasting silver. In fact, there is no effect at all, except of a chill uniformity, unworthy of an age pretending to the least cultivation in matters of taste. Our potters seemingly forget that warm or high toned colors are a cardinal necessity in the decorative arts of Northern climates.

English architects are beginning to perceive this truth by their revival of the ornamental terra-cotta and fine red brick work of the middle ages. Observe how well these masses of dark red stone look against our wintry skies; and in summer how well they look amid the verdure of our woods and lawns. Except for occasional purposes, white brick and large masses of white stonework are as much out of keeping with our climate as the Grecian order of architecture. Open porticoes, colonnades, roof-lights, and white surfaces are unsuited to us. We want solidity, shelter, warmth and tones of warmth in coloring, in our buildings, and we cannot afford to lose sight of the principle, so far as color is concerned, in even minor things. A century ago, Wedgwood deplored the necessity he was under of changing the color of his ordinary ware from a fine body-color of pale sulphur to a dead white. But the fashionable world, just as it grew tired of Bath or Weymouth, Ranelah or the Pantheon, had grown tired of the cream color, and with the caprice natural to a low state of education, vapid accomplishments, misused wealth, and a senseless and wearying pursuit of pleasure, clamored for a change.

He tried to compromise the matter by introducing what he called pearl white, that was white slightly toned with pink, as the cream color was white, more or less toned with yellow; but it was not well received. He had thus to export his finest wares to the West Indies and North America, and adopt for his home trade a pottery covered with a dead white glaze; not so white as that in use at present, but still low toned compared with the richest examples of cream color. Yet contrast the two—the fine sulphur color of Wedgwood's best days, with a modern dinner service of dead white, on which the pattern is in some low shade of the secondary and tertiary colors, as brown or green. In the one case you see no effect at all but negative unobtrusiveness; in the other a vivid conception of fitness and beauty strikes the mind, and is retained by the eye of the beholder.

WHAT A MAN WANTS HIS WIFE TO KNOW.—There are certain things a man wants his wife to know, that are never learned at ladies' seminaries, and but too seldom, we fear, at home. One would like his wife to know how to make a shirt. Ever so rich, it would be a comfortable sensation to think she made it; yet there are some who cannot even sew on a button. To be able to cook a beefsteak properly, or roast a joint to a turn—to make savory sauce, or dish up a fricasee——to cook one's husband a good dinner; in short, if need be, what every woman ought to know and what very few do know, until obliged to learn it. It is a solemn fact that not one marriagable girl in twenty can make a really good cup of coffee.

THE CAUSE OF MENKEN'S DEATH.—We learn from a private source that the Parisian physician who attended Miss Menken in her last illness declares that the consumption which terminated in her death was caused by the strap with which she was bound to the horse as "Mazeppa." It is a singular coincidence that the first words of her book of poems, which had been in press for some months *before* she was taken ill, but only appeared a few days *after* she died, are, "Yes, I am dead!" It is rapidly running through large editions, and amid all its wild, unpruned rhapsody, contains, here and there, a poem which is such a gem that it is almost impossible to believe that the hapless equestrian actress, of whose short-comings the tongue of scandal has prated so loudly, could have been its author.

—A London theater has made a success by dramatizing a bloody story from a flash weekly, sacrificing everything to the reproduction upon the stage of the wood cuts with which the tale was illustrated. Every tableau is recognized with roars of approbation.