THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 4. OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870. NO. 30.

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

A DEMOCRATIC 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.

TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:

Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$2 00

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, per sq. of 12 lines, 1 w.	$ 2 50
For each subsequent insertion.....	1 00
One Column, one year.....	$120 00
Half " "	60
Quarter " "	40
Business Card, 1 square one year.....	12

☞ *Remittances to be made at the risk o Subscribers, and at the expense of Agents.*

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

☞ The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINE PRESSES, which will enable the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times

Neat, Quick and Cheap!

☞ Work solicited.

All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

JOHN MYERS, Financial Agent.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. W. ROSS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,

☞ Office on Main Street, opposite Masonic Hall, Oregon City. 13tf

H. SAFFARRANS,
Physician and Surgeon,

☞ Office at his Drug Store, near Post Office, Oregon City, Oregon. 13tf

J. WELCH,

DENTIST.

Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon

ROOMS—With Dr. Saffarrans, on Main st.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,
SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—95 Front street—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

ALBERT H. KALLENBERG,
Chemist and Druggist,
No. 73 FIRST STREET,
Bet. Stark and Washington,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully prepared, at reduced Prices. A complete assortment of Patent Medicines, Perfumeries, Toilet Articles, Fancy Soaps, etc., on hand and for sale at lowest prices. n6tf

A. H. BELL. E. A. PARKER.

BELL & PARKER.

DRUGGISTS,

AND DEALERS IN

Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,

And every article kept in a Drug Store. Main Street, Oregon City.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,

Established since 1849, at the old stand, *Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.*

An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.

Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

"Live and Let Live."

FIELDS & STRICKLER,

DEALERS IN

PROVISIONS, GROCERIES,

COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.,

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

☞ At the old stand of Wortman & Fields Oregon City, Oregon. 13tf

"Barnum Saloon."

KENT & PLUMEY,

DISPENSERS OF

Choice Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Main st., Oregon City.

☞ Call, and Robert Potter will show you through the establishment. 13tf

"Barnum Restaurant."

LEON DELOUEY, PROPRIETOR OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT,

Main st., Oregon City.

☞ Knows how to serve his customers with Oysters, Pigs' Feet, a good cup of Coffee or a SQUARE MEAL. 13tf

R. G. SNEATH,

WHOLESALE GROCER,

32 Front Street, Portland.

GOODS BY THE PACKAGE, FOR CASH

—AT—

SAN FRANCISCO PRICES, and Freight.

☞ Orders Promptly filled in San Francisco, if desired. (40.tf

CLARK GREENMAN,

City Drayman,

OREGON CITY.

☞ 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.

DRUGS.

W. WEATHERFORD & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRUGS, OILS, PAINTS, &C.,

RESPECTFULLY INVITE THE ATTENTION of the trade and consumers to their Stock of Goods, consisting of

Pure Drugs

AND DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES.

An assorted stock of

PAINTS AND PAINTERS' MATERIALS, PATENT MEDICINES, CHEMICALS AND DYE STUFFS, WINDOW-GLASS, BRUSHES, &c., &c., &c.

With a selected assortment of

Fancy Goods and Perfumery,

Constantly receiving

FRESH SUPPLIES

And offer goods in their line at

GREATLY REDUCED RATES,

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

W. WEATHERFORD & CO.,
Druggists, 139 Front Street,
Portland, Oregon.

March 19, 1870:tf

NEW WAGON AND

Carriage Manufactory!

The undersigned, having increased the dimensions of his premises, at the old stand

Corner of Main and Third streets,

Oregon City..... Oregon.

Takes this method to inform his old patrons, and as many new ones as may be pleased to call, that he is now prepared, with ample room, good materials, and the very best of mechanics, to build anew, reconstruct, make, paint, iron and tara out all complete any sort of a vehicle from a common cart to a concord coach. Try me.

Blacksmithing, Horse or Ox shoeing, and general jobbing—neatly, quickly and cheaply done. DAVID SMITH.

Opposite Excelsior Market

LINCOLN BAKERY.

BAILEY, HARDING & CO.,

Successors of L. DILLER in the Lincoln Bakery,

BEG LEAVE TO INFORM THE CITIZENS of Oregon City and surrounding country, that they keep constantly on hand and for sale, all kinds of

BREAD, CRACKERS,
CAKES, PASTRY,
CANDIES AND NUTS.

Also, a good and general assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES.

Orders promptly filled, and goods delivered at the residence of the purchaser when desired.

The highest prices paid for Butter, Eggs and Vegetables.

A liberal share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

April 23, 1870:1y

ALANSON SMITH,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

PROCTOR AND SOLICITOR.

AVOCAT.

Practices in State and U. S. Courts.

Office No. 108 Front Street, Portland, Oregon,

Opposite McCormick's Book Store.

Savings! Savings!

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PORTLAND.

Savings Department!

This Bank has established, in connection with its general Banking business, a savings department, and will allow interest on coin deposits, made in accordance with the conditions adopted by this Bank.

In establishing a Savings Department, this Banking Association has in view the benefit to accrue to a class of persons having small sums to loan, by providing a safe place of deposit, ample security, and fair rate of interest, as well as to aggregate and bring into use idle capital. For the safety of deposits in this Bank, are pledged its entire capital and resources, and also the personal liability of its Directors and Stockholders, as provided by Section 12 of the National Currency Act, approved June 3, 1864, a greater security than that given by ordinary Savings Banks. Printed copies of the conditions upon which deposits are received, may be had upon application to the Board.

HENRY FAILING.....President
JAMES STEEL.....Cashier

DIRECTORS:

HENRY FAILING, HENRY W. CORBETT,
L. H. WALDEPIELD, JAMES STEEL,
W. J. VANSCHUYVER. n6tf

Oregon Lodge No. 3, I. O. of O. F.—Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in Odd Fellow's Hall, Main street.

Members of the Order are invited to attend By order. N. G.

Physician & Accoucheuse.

DR. MARY P. SAWTELLE,

OFFERS HER PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the people of Oregon City and vicinity. Residence in the country, ten miles east of Oregon City.

May 14:tf

Willamette Lodge No. 15—I. O. O. F. Meets every Saturday evening, at the rooms S.E. corner of Main and Fifth streets, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Visiting members are invited to attend. By order of W. C. T.

The Men who Succeed in the World

Take twenty boys of sixteen, in our or in any city in the State, and let them go to work, three or four in a dry goods store, boot and shoe or blacksmith establishment and printing offices. In ten years they will have become men of twenty-six, and the majority of them will then be about as far along in the business as they ever will be. One or two only in each of the above branches will be established in business for themselves or connected with some firm doing a good business, living and growling about their poor luck.

Now we assert that there is good reason for their poor success, and that luck has but little, if anything at all, to do with it. If we take the trouble to ascertain the real facts in their several cases, we shall find that those young men who became masters in their trades or leading men in their pursuits, were not afraid to work, and were determined to succeed. They looked beyond the day and week. They made themselves valuable and useful to their employers, by being faithful, reliable, and willing to do what they could for the interest of those for whom they worked. When a press of business came, they were ready and willing to work extra hours, without sulking or grumbling, well knowing that business must be attended to when it came, and that there were plenty of dull times during the year which would more than counterbalance any extra business of the busy season. To sum it all up, these young men indentified themselves with the establishment where they were employed—became useful to their employers, in fact, fixtures, who could be illy spared, and in due course of time, having gained experience, were invited to take a hand with already established house, or else boldly struck out for themselves. Here, then, is the lesson, which is, if you wish to become successful masters, learn first to become faithful servants.—*Exchange.*

There is so much good sence in the above that we cannot resist transferring it to the columns of *the Copperhead.* If the young men who are now engaged as mechanics in manufactories, clerks in stores, or labors on farms would act in the spirit of the advice given, it would be not only better for their employers, but it would train their own minds to habits which would be of lasting benefit to them. When employee works for the interest of the employer he is working for his own temporary advantage and is laying out a future course of action for himself which he will find of advantage in every hour of his intercourse with the business world.

Glimpse of the other Life.

We notice in one of our exchanges the following item which we copy, and will add one or two others of a similar nature:

A few days ago a little girl Ithaca just before she died exclaimed:—"Papa, take hold of my hand and help me across." Her father died two months ago.

In the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* a few years ago—perhaps seventeen—there was a notice of the death of a little child of Mr. Biglow, of sainted memory" who had apparently passed into a sleep prior to death, when all at once she aroused, opened her eyes, raised her arms, and rapturously, exclaimed, "I see you papa! I do," and immediately passed from life before her.

Another, and one of the most beautiful incidents of death, was made a theme for a poem, Mrs. S. S. Smith, of New York. A child, on the confines of death and life, while partially awake asked his mother who would take him over the mountains? Saying "I cannot go over them." His mother told him that he would be taken care of by the Good Shepherd. He was still troubled, but presently his face illumined, and with feelings of joy he exclaimed, "I can go, now, mamma, a strong man has come, who will carry me safe over the mountains."—*Ex.*

The report that the widow of Stonewall Jackson was going to marry a Boston man turns out to be a base libel on a very estimable lady. Some people take delight in starting such damaging stories about respectable ladies.

If all the land bills now before Congress should pass, it would plunder the country of one hundred millions of acres.

A Protest against Woman Suffrage

One hundred and forty women of Loraine county, Ohio, all intelligent and highly educated, have sent to the Legislature the following memorial:

"We acknowledge no inferiority to men. We claim to have no less ability to perform the duties which God has imposed upon us, than they have to perform those imposed upon them. We believe that God has wisely and well adapted each sex to the proper performance of the duties of each. We believe our trusts to be as important and sacred as any that exist. We feel that our duties fill up the whole measure of our time and abilities; and that they are such as none but ourselves can perform. Their importance requires us to protest against all efforts to compel us to assume those obligations which cannot be separated from suffrage; but which cannot be performed by us without the sacrifice of the highest interests of our families and of society. It is our fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons, who represent us at the ballot-box. Our fathers and brothers love us. Our husbands are our choice, and one with us. Our sons are what we make them. We are content that they represent us in the corn-field, the battle-field, and at the ballot-box, and we them in the school-room, at the fire-side, and at the cradle; believing our representation, even at the ballot-box, to be thus more full and impartial than it could possibly be were all women all owed to vote. We do, therefore, respectfully protest against any legislation to establish 'woman suffrage' in our land, or in any part of it."

The Wife.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his hearty attentions, let her feel that her cares and love are noticed, and appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgement respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished in the fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children and society, a well-spring of happiness. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love to her in a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed by words and looks and deeds, for I have not a spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine; the one is life, the other is mechanism—the unloved woman may have bread just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness a penetrating kindness to which the former is an entire stranger. The deep happiness of her heart shines out of her face. She gleams over. It is airy and graceful and warm, and welcoming with her presence; she is full of devices and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the poetry and romance of life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and graceful melodoies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high; and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is heaven and heaven is love."

Bloomington, Ill., is excited over the finding of the following note, picked up in the street, and Mr. C. is looked for with interest:

DEAREST C.—Your boots are inside the garden fence, at the southeast corner, under a peice of old carpet. Don't come any more, for Heaven's sake. The old man swears he'll blow the top of your head off. Your affectionate B.

Beecher accepted a present of a cat from an Indiana boy, and published the boy's letter to him. This was the most reckless thing Henry ever did for now there are, in different parts of the country, over eight thousand boys preparing to send cats to Beecher, to get their names in the papers. A fiddle-string factory in the basement of Plymouth Church will probably be the next "dead thing" the celebrated divine will have on his hands.

Pleasant Reading.

HOW THE PHILADELPHIA DESSECTING ROOMS LOOK—WHAT IS DONE THERE—A BEAUTIFUL SUBJECT.

[From the Philadelphia Press.

Dissecting rooms are paradoxes. They are places where, with but few exceptions, all would like to visit, and yet nine out of ten are to nervous to approach. And in truth there is something horrible attending the cutting up, coolly, of the "human form divine," even if immediately, human life be prolonged by it. Nor is it a nice pleasant thing either to be a witness or a party to the cutting up; but for the benefit of those who lack the courage to approach these "schools of the dismembered dead," we serve up a delectable dish in the sure knowledge that it will be swallowed with avidity. There are some dozen dissecting rooms in Philadelphia, attached to college buildings and in other places. To describe one is to describe all. They are, as every one knows, places where the study of the human being who may have died from disease, or in health both internally and externally, his bony and fleshy structure, is pursued. There has been always something devilish connected with these apartments—a kind of rebelling or shrinking horror surrounding them. As far back as the palmy days of the Egyptian kingdom, the embalmers of the dead though a necessary class of men at the time, had to flee for their lives at the end of each embalming. Although a national practice, the fact that they had taken a man's stomach out and stuffed him full of spices, and had pulled his brains through his nostrils and crammed his head with aromatic drugs filled the Egyptians with a holy horror. But use makes horrible things even pleasant in time and the young gentlemen of the present day have no such fears. Going up stairs in one of these places (for these rooms are always on the top story of a building,) and entering the room, the first thing a man experiences is a peculiarly unpleasant smell, sicklyish, indescribable. On looking about he sees twenty tables that look like ice cream tables ranged round the room, and a dead body of a man, woman or child, black or white, male or female, in whole or in part, lying upon each. These lay with their heads upon wooden blocks for pillows; and, except where the students were engaged in dissecting were covered with coarse cloths for decency's sake. A woman—a fine fresh subject—lay on one. "Doctor," said one student, "isn't she a beautiful subject?" "Was she ever buried?" said another. "How old is she?" "How long has she been dead?" "Plump." "That's so." "Was she ever good looking?" "Isn't she English?" &c., &c. On the wall of the room hung pictures of parts of bodies, which seemed to be suffering from incurable diseases, and some of these were undergoing terrible surgical operations. From a gibbett, suspended in the middle of the room, hung low the skeleton of a youth. It seems the suspension was a screw, which was worked into the skull. As the students walked about, their shoulders strike the dry bones, and they would swing backward and forward and rattle again.

Past doctors, called "demonstrators," dressed in long, red aprons fastened round their necks, walked up and down the room, to reply to questions propounded by the students who were engaged in the art of dissecting, when "Gray's Anatomy," did not make matters clear enough. These "anatomies" lay open upon the dead bodies, at the page referring to the particular spot on which they were at work. As they cut, layer after layer of skin was peeling off, and nerve and sinew and fiber and ligament and muscle and bone and membrane were here and there exhibited at one view. Here lay a black man, his thigh laid open and the white flesh beneath looking whiter, and the black looking blacker, because of the contrast. There lay a little girl, and here a womam with her arm in shreds. On some flat part of the bodies lay the little boxes of instruments, and ever and anon, as the student wanted to turn over a new leaf of "Gray," or scratch his head, or do anything which required more that two hands, he would put his knife between his lips till the hands were again disengaged. It is customary, before a body is dissected, to draw lots among five, that being the number of parts into which a body is divided. This accounted for the peculiar question, put in a loud tone from the other end of the room: "Who wants a leg?" some subject having one leg yet undrawn, and the four could not be cut up till he was entirely monopolized. Around one table at the end of the room a crowd of students was collected, quietly looking upon the dead body of a beautiful girl, about eighteen years of age. Approaching the table from the lower end we noticed the high Arabian instep—curved high enough for a stream of water to run beneath, without wetting the foot—rising gently to the well developed calf and thigh, showing in life, a firm and resolute tread; then the full chest, above that again the neck, like a column set upon a mountain, straight and beautiful; and, last the head and pallid face, lying amid a mass of dark brown hair, which hung knotted and tangled all around. Her nose was finely shaped, straight and squarish at the end; purely Caucasian, Hogarth's line of grace and beauty was in the mouth, and the whole face illustrated finely the Grecian rule of the exact triple division from the forehead to the chin.

In the bandage-room there were about a dozen stuffed dummies, all brothers, from there likeness to one another, with that leathery, can't-help-myself kind of a look, and stuck upon iron rods run up in the region of each dummy's *os coseygis.* Students were here engaged in applying straps to the toes, fingers, legs, necks, heels, etc., of these gentlemen. It looked as if there had been a terrible railroad smash-up in the neighborhood and these unfortunates had been pulled out from among the debris.

A Boston clergyman, while preaching the other day, suddenly exclaimed: "Awake! awake! the best part of my sermon is yet to come."

Boonesboro, Iowa, claims to have started Revels for the Senate by scaring him out of town in the night, because he seduced a colored neighbor's wife. The Senator once ran a baber shop there. The neighbor is on the way to Washington to confront the Senate, but we suppose it will be hushed up for the good of the party.

A pious old lady in Connecticut, who is down on actors and theatergoers, has on her mantel shelf a bust of Edwin Booth, which some lively nephew has palmed off on the poor old lady for Christ. It answers every purpose; but if she finds out the deception, that nephew needn't expect anything in her will.

A Mississippi writer is discussing the "incompatibilities of timbers," asserting that certain timbers of great durability, when framed together, act upon each other so as to produce mutual destruction, and that consequently, when such have been immediately divorced.

A reverend gentleman named Fary, of Chicago, proposed to give the *coup de grace* to the city by establishing in Arkansas a colony of persons who will be guided by "principles of temperance, morality, and religion." His enthusiasm leads him to the preposterous hope that 300 or 400 families could be found for such a purpose.

A Doctor of Divinity, in Alleghany Penn., a widower, is accused of violating his promise to marry a young lady, daughter of a poor and respectable widow in his congregation, that he may wed an heiress in an Eastern State. She shows ninety-six notes and letters he has written her, but he exculpates himself on the ground of her "mental weakness."

THE DEADEST.—We learn from an exchange that Susan Brown, of New Hampshire, died last Thursday at the advance weight of five hundred pounds. It took her two whole days and a half of a morning besides to die all over and clear through; but when she DID die she was the very deadest woman in the State, Susan was. The clergyman was obliged to read the funeral service over her twice, she was so large.

A Pennsylvania man claims to have invented or improved a railroad that is superior to any yet brought before the public. He says that it can run entirely safe at the rate of 60 miles an hour, thus completely revolutionizing commerce and travel. His plan is four instead of two rails, the cars to be 17 feet wide, which can be fitted up with all the modern improvements of a first class hotel. The new method will soon be brought to a test.

The Loafer.

Here is an accurate discription of a class of men who infest every community. The most miserable, hopeless scrape of humanity is an idle man—a man whose chief aim of life is to loaf—to waste in the listless longing, and mental and physical inaction the years of this short life. There are scores of such beings in every town and city—miserable loafers, whose sole occupation is to avoid employment of any kind—whose lives can scarcely be called lives—who die one after another and leave behind them—what? A vacancy to be mourned? No, for they are in themselves vacancies, not men. To these atoms society owes nothing. The history of the world's progress ignores their names and existence; and being dead, the grave contains no more inert, worthless earth than it did before. They become chronic nuisances as regards their worth or value, and from day to day in the haunts of busy men, they pass as uncurrent funds—at so much discount that they can not even buy themselves. Such are loafers—miserable, worthless beings, who die only when they get too lazy and indolent to use their organs.

Things I Hate.

I hate the man who makes love to his wife before folks, and makes the house too hot to hold her when they are gone, who says dear, and wifey in public, and abuses her when he gets her home.

I hate a woman who, when her husband comes home at night tired, and discouraged perhaps with his day's labor and trials, insists upon dragging him out to a party or opera, when the lounge or bed appears the only comfort to the exhausted man; and I hate him if he is simpleton enough to dress and accompany her because she cries.

I hate the man who spends money without stint among men and denies his wife a decent wardrobe; and I hate the woman who doesn't make a fuss about it.

I hate the man who is always ready to do a good turn for a neighbor, and obstinately refuses to do any thing at home; who gives freely of his time and money to outsiders, and neglects to provide for his wife and children.

I hate the woman who is so bent upon "improving her mind," that she allows her little ones to go ragged and dirty, and her husband's clothes tattered and buttonless; and I hate the man who don't put a stop to such nonsense.

HOW HE MADE HIS MONEY.—The following conversation is reported to have taken place in the barber shop of one of our principal hotels the other day, says an exchange:

First man and brother (reading a newspaper)—I see dis Mr. Rosschild, what jest died, was wof fo' hundred millions dollars!

Second man and brother (stropping a razor)—Who?

First man and brother—Mr. Rosschilds.

Second man and brother—How much was he wof, did you say?

First—fo' hundred million dollars.

Second—Goshamity! He must a had a good districk.

First—Good districk! What do you mean?

Second—I mean good districk; dat's what I mean. I s'pose he was a whisky inspector! else how could he make so much money?

A FOWL JOKE.—"Dennis, darling, what is it you're doing?"

"Whist, Biddy, I'se trying an experiment."

"Muther! what is it?"

"What is it, did you say? Why, it's giving hot water to the chickens, I am, so that they'll be after laying boiled eggs."

In the charter elections, lately held in Peru, Columbus, Madison, and other towns of Indiana, the negroes voted solidly for the Republican ticket, but the Democracy triumphed nevertheless. The white men of Indiana are repudiating the fraud by which that state was made to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment.

Two wealthy citizens of Wilmington, Del., have just built fine residences, and have found that they are on another man's lots. The other man says he will show them where he has got some more lots, if they want to build some more. He will not sell the lots, but gives them a week to take away their confounded houses.

...SITY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.