



The Weekly Enterprise.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER, FOR THE Business Man, the Farmer and the FAMILY CIRCLE.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY A. NOLTNER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING. The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINING PRESSSES, which will enable the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times neat, quick and cheap.

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MACK & WELCH, DENTISTS. OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, corner of First and Alder Streets, Portland.

DR. J. H. HATCH, DENTIST. The patronage of those desiring first class operations, is respectfully solicited.

FIELDS & STRICKLER, DEALERS IN PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c., &c., CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D., SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON. OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Temple, corner of First and Alder streets—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

ALANSON SMITH, Attorney and Counselor at Law, PROCTOR AND SOLICITOR.

W. P. HIGHFIELD, Established since 1849, at the old stand, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

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.

NEW YORK HOTEL, (Doutfles Gatlans), No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail steam-ship landing, Portland, Oregon.

H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS, PROPRIETORS. Board per Week \$7 00 " " with Lodging 6 00 " " Day 1 00

A. NOLTNER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ENTERPRISE OFFICE Oregon City, Jan. 13:11

Somebody in my Bed.

AN OLD BUT TRUE STORY

Few of our readers perhaps, have ever been placed in the situation in which our doctor once found himself. Read his story:—"I believe captain," said the doctor, "I never told you about my adventure with a woman at my boarding-house, while I was attending the lectures?"

"No, lets have it," replied the individual addressed, a short, plump, fat man, of about fifty, with a highly nervous temperament and a very red face.

"At the time I attended the lectures I boarded at a house in which there were no females except the landlady and an old colored cook."

Here the doctor made a slight pause and the captain, by way of requesting him to go on, said:

"Well," said the captain, "I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labor of study and dispel the ennui to which I was subject."

"But, as I feared that forming acquaintance among the ladies might interfere with my studies, I avoided them all. One evening after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy and dissecting a large negro, fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings. I went into the hall, took a lamp and went to my room, it being after one o'clock. I placed the lamp on the table and commenced undressing. I had hardly got my coat off when my attention was attracted to a dress and a quantity of petticoats lying on the chair."

"Well," said the captain, who began to show signs that he was deeply interested.

"A pair of beautiful small shoes and stockings were on the floor. Of course I thought it strange, and was about to retire, but then I thought it was my room, and I had at least a right to know who was in my bed."

"Exactly," nodded the captain.

"So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and, with a trembling hand, drew aside the curtain. Heavens what a sight! A young girl—I thought an angel—was in there asleep."

"Well," said the captain, giving his chair a hitch.

"As I gazed upon her I thought that I never witnessed anything more beautiful. From underneath a little night cap, rivaling the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulders of alabaster."

"Well," said the excited captain, giving his chair another hitch.

"Never did I look upon a bust more perfectly formed. I took hold of the coverlid and softly pulled it down."

"Well," said the captain, betraying the utmost excitement.

"To the waist."

"Well," said the captain, dropping the newspaper and renewing the position of his legs.

"She had on a night dress buttoned up before, but I softly opened the two first buttons."

"Well," said the captain, wrought to the highest pitch of excitement.

"And then, ye gods! What a sight to gaze upon! A Hebe, psaw, words fail. Just then—"

"Well," said the captain, hitching his chair right and left.

"I thought I was taking a mean advantage of her—sneezed my coat and boots, and went and slept in another room."

"It's a lie," shouted the excited captain, jumping up and kicking over his chair, "IT'S A LIE!"

The Devil and Tom Walker.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY. BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and put his wits to work to cheat him out of his conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church-goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be carried by force of lungs. Indeed, one night always tell when he had sinned most during the week by the clamor of his Sunday devotion! The quiet Christians who have been modestly traveling Zionward were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new made convert. Tom was as rigid in religion as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered to their account began a credit on his page. He even talked of the expediency of

Where Will the End Be.

Why do we hear all this bitter complaint about the tightness of money and dullness of trade? Why is it that one-fourth of our mechanics are out of employment, and a good portion of the others on short time? Is it true that money is tight, and that it is caused by a scarcity of the article? If so, has not our Government the power to supply the deficiency? This is a great and powerful nation, possessing the material to live within itself, and with enough to spare for the surrounding nations. Then why is it that thousands of merchants and business men should be driven to despair, and thousands of working people to want and misery? An article has attracted our attention, stating that the government has resolved to pay a large amount of our debt in gold, when it was contracted to be paid in legal tender. It is claimed that had the government done her duty, the debt would have been paid as it became due, as was promised, in legal tender under the law of Feb. 25th, 1862, authorizing the issue of 5,20 bonds. Had this been done money would not have been tight, nor business dull. This would have placed the Secretary of the Treasury in a position to make his own terms, instead of begging the money sharks of Europe and America to take our bonds at a lower rate of interest. It is claimed this would have kept money plenty, and the people would have been saved an immense amount of interest, (millions yearly.) Our grass-grown shipyards would have been alive with industry, while now they are unused; our common debt; our bonds controlled by banks and swindlers, and our stores fast becoming tenantless from bankruptcy forced upon their former occupants. The wholesale swindling monopolies alone are gaining ground. The Constitution declares that Congress "shall control the rates of commerce between the States," and yet the railroads are demanding four times what they should receive for freight on coal. Again, the charter of railroads will not carry wood or coal for any individual, thus giving themselves a chance to carry their own coal and demand what price they please! Is it not time for the Government to exercise its power in this matter?

Again, Congress has passed a law exempting bonds and mortgages from taxation. Thus the millionaire can place his funds in mortgages, and pay no tax, while the poor or less fortunate devil, he who labors for his own welfare, and who increases the value of the country, is obliged to pay the tax which should be paid by the bondholder; and then has to pay the millionaire the interest on his mortgages. And now, again, it is proposed to remove the tax on incomes, because it only effects the wealthy classes, and they can't stand it! As another act of generosity, to the poor, Congress has just given fifteen million acres of government land to the Southern Pacific Railroad company!

Verily, ours is a free country, free for monopolizers to do as they please! And are we to look for any change in this monopolizing system? No, we think not. The various "rings" have the precedence. In Syracuse the Republican party is said to be controlled by the "Journal" ring; our fuel is controlled by the Coal ring; our specie is controlled by the Gold ring; and we seem in a fair way to be controlled entirely by an Aristocratic ring, similar to that of Great Britain.—Syracuse N. Y. Times.

NICE COUNTRY.—The correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette who accompanied the San Domingo Commission, speaking of a Sunday cock-fight he attended at Samana, says: "If the lower orders had been there it would have been less significant, but here before us, helping at the weighing and the measuring of spurs, was one of the three Cabinet Ministers, the Minister of Finance and of the Interior who a few days before had, with Baez, formally received our Commission. With him, engaged in sharpening spurs, and in a general superintendence of the fighting, was the Governor of this Province, and near them, and as intent as any, was the Military Governor of this city."

Since the first day of this year California has forked over \$1,539,476 in gold, for duties on goods imported to San Francisco. Pretty steep "protective" tax this, for half a million of people to pay in less than three months.

The Negro Congressmen.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer thus sketches the negro representatives in Congress:

"The negro members in the House, next to the raw oysters in the restaurant down stairs, are about the first thing to attract the attention of a visitor. It is on the principle, I presume, that a mockery has more friends to all appearances in a menagerie than the lion. The novelty has not worn off the negro business yet. Mr. Rainey, of the South Carolina delegation, is evidently the most intellectual African in this Congress. He is a snuff-colored gentleman, with straight, oily hair, which he plasters closely over his rather Caucasian head, and he has made a fair attempt at side whiskers, which imparts to him a decided clerical air. His clothes are sable and have a religious air. He has a pinchbeck watch-chain, and aside from this there is no attempt to impress you. He has taken a seat by the side of the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts. There, under the left wing of the great Defender of Human Rights, he proposes to legislate for the country at large. It is a little unfortunate that he has placed himself adjacent to Mr Butler's indifferent optic, but let us hope that they will get on well together. Mr. De Large is another exponent of the degradation of South Carolina. He is also identified with a maroon-colored hide, and he claims to carry in his veins some white blood of a very excellent quality. Mr. De Large looks quite seely. His broadcloth has seen its best days, and his rear elevation is that of a schoolmaster who has just weathered through in an unappreciative neighborhood. He carries his left arm in a very dirty sling, but for what reason I am uninformed. He may be a recent victim of Ku-Klux outrage for all I know. The Hon. Mr. Elliott, another colleague, is a fragrant hyacinth. He is of the bullet-head, Congo type of architecture, dresses well, and affects ultramarine neckties. He would not be a pleasant hot weather member, it strikes me. On the side of the hall, directly opposite the speaker's stand, sits a modest negro on the outside row. I know that he is a modest, sensible negro, otherwise he would have selected a seat near the skirmishing line. This is the Hon. Mr. Hall, of Florida. He is as black as Mephistopheles' hat, and his face is greasy and unctuous. To see him sitting there, one not acquainted with his high and noble station might readily be induced to think that some of the colored senechals about the corridors or waiters in the refreshment rooms had casually dropped into some neglectful member's seat. The country expects much at the hands of these distinguished gentlemen.

Senatorial Swillers.

(From the Brooklyn Union.) With Senator Saulsbury will vanish one of the most memorable faces and forms of the Senate. On the Democratic side of the Senate he is

THE GREAT FIGURE-HEAD, which Charles Sumner is on the Radical. Not to see Saulsbury, with his hands deep in his pockets, glowering up and down the last tier of Senatorial chairs, restive and defiant as a caged lion, with his pale, trim, temperate brother "Eli" in his seat, will be to see a new Senate. To look upon, he is a great, leonine man, noble to behold, though he does chew tobacco and mock with strong drink. I have seen him at a street corner exchanging "chews" on terms of perfect hail-fellow equality with one of the despised race, which he ragged over the next day in the Senate as very little above that of a baboon. I have seen him empty his pockets in the gutter and then drop down and lie in it, and have seen him one of the

GRANDEST LOOKING OF MEN.

clad in spotless black and faultless linen, walking beside Mrs. Jefferson Davis on a fair June Sabbath (which her husband spent at Fortress Monroe), gallantly and devoutly carrying her prayer book to church. He stands more than six feet high, and is large in proportion. His head is covered with abundant black hair, just touched with silver. He has black eyes and finely cut features, and when he is himself, a most winning expression. In early life he studied for the Episcopal ministry, and even now, when he assumes the "white choker," as he often does, looks like one. With him and Richard Yates, the 4th of March, depart the last but one of the inebriate Senators. There may be plenty of "drunkards" left, but of "drunkards" I believe but one in the Senate of the United States.

"POOR DICK YATES."

Probably never did living man battle harder than he had done with an over-mastering appetite. An inherited one, born in his blood, no one not thus cursed can dream of the power of such a foe, nor judge by right the sin of the soul that at last sinks vanquished. Brave, generous, and child-hearted—as the victim of the wine cup so often is—Illinois loved this, her favorite son, loved him for himself, and for all that he had done for his native State; trusted him, bore with him, trusted him again—even when, through weakness of the will, he had betrayed her faith. How he struggled to be worthy of that trust in the highest legislative council of the nation, only he knows and his God. But there came

AN HOUR WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE, when affection, intellect and will went down forever before the insatiate foe, and Richard Yates, but the wreck of himself, to-day trembling in his seat, counts the days when his place will be filled by another.

The Religion of Hate.

The old abolition party and the radical party have taken fiendish pleasure in heaping insult and abuse upon poor South Carolina. No doubt the groveling soul of the nation can free themselves from the corruption of political party. What say you, freemen of America? Will you cut loose from all party ties and show to the world that the great American nation can have a ruler chosen by the people, and not by the politicians? Let us rally around "old Tecumseh" and save the nation from political corruption.

EM-GRANT.—The Hon. William Mack, Speaker of the Indiana House of Representatives, tells the following: "A distinguished gentleman of Terre-Haute informed me that one evening last summer, when he was at the house of a prominent Republican of that city, he witnessed a number of little children, from seven to twelve years of age, amusing themselves by playing charades. You are familiar with the mode of playing. The company divide, a few go out of the room, select a word, return, and act it out by syllables, so those in the room may guess it. Well, the word emigrant was selected. Well, after they had made out "em," and "i," a syllable was left which chanced to be the name of the President. A little girl entered and after bowing to a little boy seated in the room, and handing him a package said: Here is a present worth \$100,000; don't open it." Then came a little boy who says, "we have just bought you a nice house." Then came a third, not more than eight years old, leading a big Newfoundland dog, almost as tall as himself, and says: "I have brought you a nice pup, and I want to be post-master." At this a dozen voices shouted, "Grant," "Grant," "emigrant."

WERE PECULIAR.—For ways that are obscure and tricks that are calculated to take the conceit out of the Nineteenth Century the early Egyptians were peculiar, says the Hartford (Conn.) Times. It is now ascertained that carbolic acid, our latest discovery, in medical chemistry, was used in the processes employed to embalm and preserve mummies. Next we shall hear that the forty years' job of the Israelites at compulsory brick-making in Egypt was the original measure of Reconstruction; and that Mrs. Potiphar had been drinking of the genuine original Orville Grant-brand of untaxed whisky, and that's what made her act so.

DIALOGUE ON CORRUPTION.—The Kansas Tribune relates the following dialogue:

"Two wags passing out of town on the Galveston road were struck with the beauties of Lawrence. "Whose place is that?" asked one of them. "That is the lordly residence of Major A. Reynolds. Cost \$30,000." "What is his business?" "Indian agent." "What is his salary, and how long has he held that office?" "Two years at \$1,500 a year." "Lord! what did the honest fellow do with the rest of his salary?" "Started his brother and two other men in the newspaper business to denounce corruption."

Mrs. Partington, reading an account of a railroad accident, was much surprised to learn that the engine had been driven off the track by one of the switches. I should not have thought, she said, that the great iron engine would mind such a small thing as a switch. Yes, but you must remember, mama, said Ike, gravely, the locomotive has a tender behind.

Sherman for President.

The Soldier's Friend, a monthly publication in Chicago, brings out General Sherman as the soldiers' candidate for President, independent of present party organizations. We do not apprehend that the Friend's movement will amount to much, but we give the following as a sample of the spirit which is actuating many who have contributed their votes, influence and means to maintain the Radical abomination:

Workingmen, soldiers, and friends of political reform! The time has come to revolutionize the political firmament. The time has come to bind together and hurl from power the men who disregard the rights of workingmen and the rights of our country's heroes. The money power of the nation is sweeping everything before it, and leaving the working classes to provide for themselves as best they may. Let us be freemen now, and assert our rights! Party feeling is bringing ruin and disgrace upon the nation. Political tricksters govern us, and we are slaves! There is one remedy! We want no political conventions, nor wire-pullers to trim for us. There is one man, and one only, around whom all men can rely and sweep political parties out of existence! That man is William T. Sherman, the hero of the march to the sea. With him the people of the nation can free themselves from the corruption of political party. What say you, freemen of America? Will you cut loose from all party ties and show to the world that the great American nation can have a ruler chosen by the people, and not by the politicians? Let us rally around "old Tecumseh" and save the nation from political corruption.

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