

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 5. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1871. NO. 31.

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,
OFFICE—In Dr. Tilling's Brick Building.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Single Copy one year, in advance, \$2.50

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 75 cents per line, 1 week, 2.50

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

Neat, quick and cheap!

All business transactions upon a specie basis.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHARLES E. WARREN,
Attorney at Law,
Oregon City, Oregon.

JOHN M. BACON,
Importer and Dealer in
STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, Ac., Ac.,
Oregon City, Oregon.

JOHN FLEMING,
DEALER IN
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK,
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

MACK & WELCH,
DENTISTS.

Dr. J. H. HATCH,
DENTIST.

FIELDS & STRICKLER,
DEALERS IN
PROVISIONS, GROCERIES,
COUNTRY PRODUCE, Ac.,
CROCK WINE AND LIQUORS.

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

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1842, at the old stand,
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

CLARK GREENMAN,
City Drayman,
OREGON CITY.

NEW YORK HOTEL,
(Deaf-folks' haunts.)
No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail steam-
ship landing, Portland, Oregon.

H. ROTHPUS, J. J. WILKENS,
PROPRIETORS.

A. G. WALLING'S
Pioneer Book Bindery,
OREGONIAN BUILDING,
Corner of Front and Alder Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

BLANK BOOKS RULED and BOUND to
any desired pattern.

MUSIC BOOKS, MAGAZINES, NEWS,
PAPERS, Etc., bound in every variety of
style known to the trade.

Orders from the country promptly at-
tended to.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
Of troubles, toil and careful quest;
The lingering twilight's saffron cloak
Trails over the dusky west,
And curlew creaks with measured stroke
Chime in the hour of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;
The kine come up with tinkling bells
Through all the loamy ways;
And hushes drip by busy wells,
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops,
The snail the silent anvil leaves,
His ringing saw the planer drops,
No more the weaver weaves;
His loaded wain the peddler drops,
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A lappet bush, a tranquil balm,
As if the week-day work and care
Were lifted off and left its calm,
Fervid the quiet air—
A sense as of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay,
Seems brooding like a tender dove,
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the hours of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To toiler hours above.

God help us all, since here below
Few Saturdays are ours, ours at best,
And out of toil and pain we know
Few days of Sabbath rest;
God grant us that we yet may know
The Sabbath of the blest.

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Few Saturdays are ours, ours at best,
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Hendrick at Home—Interesting Gossip about a possible President.

As far as appearances go, the
Presidency is the last of his
thoughts. He is devoted to his
profession. His receipts for fees
are enormous, ranging often as
high as four or five thousand dol-
lars a month. In the management
of his cases he does not go out
of his way to hunt up evidence. His
knowledge of the law is accurate
and thorough, and he takes advan-
tage of every development in the
progress of the case. No discre-
pancy or sophism escapes his an-
alysis, and he is merciless in its
exposure. His sarcasm is as keen
and cruel as a rapier thrust, while
his manner is courteous in the ex-
treme, and his style of speaking a
model of clearness and energy. In
quickness of debate he is unrivaled,
and in one trial he replied to no
less than thirty interruptions in the
course of his argument. He sits
down closely to his business from
9 o'clock in the morning until 4 p.
m. Then he is driven to his home
in the country, a mile and a half
south of the town. His wife near-
ly always comes for him. Her car-
riage is a large turnout of the
plainest and richest description.

The approach to Mr. Hendrick's
house is across railroads, through a
densely populated German district,
by a nursery to the left, and an
open space on the right, which is
dotted over with lot-stakes, show-
ing that the city limits are drifting
that way. Beyond, to the right,
is the miniature farm where he re-
sides. There are not more than
twenty-five acres of ground, but it
combines woodland, grain space,
an orchard and garden spot. The
house is a two-story brick, of no
particular style of architecture, but
is very inviting and home-like. It
has green shutters, a portico in
front, and a beautiful tower, that
for once in the history of these
ornamental appendages seems to be
of some use. The house origi-
nally faced the south. On that side
there is a long piazza above and
below stairs, and there is a lawn
in front filled with grand old trees,
so large and of such gracious depth
of shade that the birds sing therein
the livelong day. There is every
variety of trees, from the oak to
the hawthorne, and nothing else is
permitted to grow but the roses
that in May and June fill the air
with their perfume. From the
piazza one enters a broad hall
which leads by an arched way to
a cross entrance lined with pic-
tures, that by another arch com-
municates with the parlor. It is a
handsomely furnished room, but
the eye is insensibly attracted to
the views from the windows. They
would not be called views of the
dead level of Marion county, but
they give a pleasant glimpse of
neighboring farm land and the dis-
tant town, and there is an indes-
cribable air of repose in the quiet
hills and its surroundings.

His library is the most deligh-
tful room in the house. It is to the
right of the side hall, and, with
windows on the south and east,
commands a view of the lawn and
country neighborhood. The win-
dows were filled with plants, and
—shall I tell it?—in entering the
door I nearly trampled on a brood
of little chickens. Yes, a possible
President of the United States sat
writing in his library, with an old
hen and her chickens within half a
dozen feet of him. To be sure, the
hen was in a huge door-cage, peck-
ing at the crumbs of bread scat-
tered in the roses of the velvet car-
pet. The American Tellerand, as I
said before, is fond of pets; and
when the wind blew high and cold,
he carried Dame Chick and her
brood into his library. Seated on
a luxurious divan, my attention

Wade Hampton's Home.

[H. V. Ruffell's Columbia Letter in the
Cincinnati Commercial.]

I walked on stone three miles
from the city, and was directed by
some children to the hill to the
right of the road, where are the
ruins of General Hampton's famous
residence—famous because beauti-
ful and costly, and the former
home of the most distinguished
descendant of a distinguished
family. Before the war the Hamp-
tons were the first of the first fam-
ilies, having descended from a
long line of ancestors wealthy and
warlike. The old original Hamp-
ton was a revolutionary general,
and the family have since kept up
the reputation he had gained as
fighting stock. I turned from the
road up among the trees, as direct-
ed, and in a short distance came to
the ruins. The site was magnifi-
cent. From the top of this hill or
rise of ground the country spread
out before you, visible in all direc-
tions. To the West Columbia lay
enveloped in trees, and to the east
and north a landscape of rare
loveliness presents itself. But the
looks of the place itself were in sad
contrast to what can be seen from
it. Nothing is left of what was an
elegant mansion but four stout pil-
lars and a great mass of blackened
brick thrown into confused heaps.
The house was large, and is said to
have been filled from cellar to
garret with everything that was
costly and historic. Here were
gathered the trophies and "heir-
looms" of one of the oldest,
wealthiest and most distinguished
families of South Carolina. But
in February, 1864, the house and
its contents were reduced to ashes
by the cavalry of Sherman's army.
Hampton has never rebuilt, having
been reduced to the verge of bank-
ruptcy by the war. The surround-
ing grounds were once beautiful,
remnants of their beauty still re-
main to this day. It is said that
Hampton expended sixty thousand
dollars in beautifying these
grounds. All around the ruins of
the houses are walks and drives,
shaded by the numerous trees and
shrubbery that grow so luxuriantly
in this Southern clime. But for
seven years these grounds have
been turned out to the common.
Cattle roam over them at pleasure,
and no one seems to have cared to
prevent it. The hedges have
grown stiff and rank out of shape,
the cedars and pines and "box
trees" sadly show the need of
attention, but are still beauti-
ful. The flowers are nearly
all killed out, only now one bloom-
ing here and there, making the
surrounding desolation still more
impressive. Imagine that which
was once a miniature Garden of
Eden turned out to the cattle, the
shrubby cacti down, the flowers
and small plants trampled over,
the trees untrimmed, the gravel
walks grown up in weeds and
brambles, the hedges broken and
scattered, and you have some idea
of "Millwood" now. There were
a row of frame houses near, former-
ly the servant's apartments, but all
deserted. Seeing a small house,
some distance away, that looked as
though it might be inhabited, I
walked towards it. A small boy
was playing in the yard.

"Who lives here?" I asked.

"Mother," he replied, appar-
ently startled at the appearance of a
stranger at that desolate looking
place. A lady came to the door,
evidently of the poor white persun-

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I inquired.

"Yes, there's where the General
lived before the war. But the Yan-
kees, they tore everything up about
the place and burned the house.
They seemed to have more spite
against the Hamptons than any-
body else. They destroyed three
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as fine a place as this. Then they
burned up Frank Hampton's house.
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I wandered around through what
were, ten years ago, beautiful parks
and gardens, although now hardly
to be recognized as such, down to
the road, and away from the deso-
late place.

How the old families have been
broken up and scattered! The
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But let us pass everything to their
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through the long years that these
families ruled the State, they stole
none of its revenues, nor disgraced
its high places by ignorant and
corrupt men. Faulty as the old time
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the cedars and pines and "box
trees" sadly show the need of
attention, but are still beauti-
ful. The flowers are nearly
all killed out, only now one bloom-
ing here and there, making the
surrounding desolation still more
impressive. Imagine that which
was once a miniature Garden of
Eden turned out to the cattle, the
shrubby cacti down, the flowers
and small plants trampled over,
the trees untrimmed, the gravel
walks grown up in weeds and
brambles, the hedges broken and
scattered, and you have some idea
of "Millwood" now. There were
a row of frame houses near, former-
ly the servant's apartments, but all
deserted. Seeing a small house,
some distance away, that looked as
though it might be inhabited, I
walked towards it. A small boy
was playing in the yard.

"Who lives here?" I asked.

"Mother," he replied, appar-
ently startled at the appearance of a
stranger at that desolate looking
place. A lady came to the door,
evidently of the poor white persun-

"That house in ruins was former-
ly Wade Hampton's was it not?"
I inquired.

"Yes, there's where the General
lived before the war. But the Yan-
kees, they tore everything up about
the place and burned the house.
They seemed to have more spite
against the Hamptons than any-
body else. They destroyed three
fine houses belonging to the fam-
ily. One was where the General's
sister lived, and was mighty high
as fine a place as this. Then they
burned up Frank Hampton's house.
The General himself is now at the
West, but we look for him back
some time this month."

I wandered around through what
were, ten years ago, beautiful parks
and gardens, although now hardly
to be recognized as such, down to
the road, and away from the deso-
late place.

How the old families have been
broken up and scattered! The
former home of the Hamptons is
now a desolate hill, and the fam-
ily is no longer the power in the
land that it once was. The Pres-
tons, Middletons, Finkneys and
Rhett's have all been reduced from
their high estates. They are no
longer the rulers of South Carolina.
But let us pass everything to their
credit that is due, and say that,
through the long years that these
families ruled the State, they stole
none of its revenues, nor disgraced
its high places by ignorant and
corrupt men. Faulty as the old time
Southern Democratic politicians

Wade Hampton's Home.

[H. V. Ruffell's Columbia Letter in the
Cincinnati Commercial.]

I walked on stone three miles
from the city, and was directed by
some children to the hill to the
right of the road, where are the
ruins of General Hampton's famous
residence—famous because beauti-
ful and costly, and the former
home of the most distinguished
descendant of a distinguished
family. Before the war the Hamp-
tons were the first of the first fam-
ilies, having descended from a
long line of ancestors wealthy and
warlike. The old original Hamp-
ton was a revolutionary general,
and the family have since kept up
the reputation he had gained as
fighting stock. I turned from the
road up among the trees, as direct-
ed, and in a short distance came to
the ruins. The site was magnifi-
cent. From the top of this hill or
rise of ground the country spread
out before you, visible in all direc-
tions. To the West Columbia lay
enveloped in trees, and to the east
and north a landscape of rare
loveliness presents itself. But the
looks of the place itself were in sad
contrast to what can be seen from
it. Nothing is left of what was an
elegant mansion but four stout pil-
lars and a great mass of blackened
brick thrown into confused heaps.
The house was large, and is said to
have been filled from cellar to
garret with everything that was
costly and historic. Here were
gathered the trophies and "heir-
looms" of one of the oldest,
wealthiest and most distinguished
families of South Carolina. But
in February, 1864, the house and
its contents were reduced to ashes
by the cavalry of Sherman's army.
Hampton has never rebuilt, having
been reduced to the verge of bank-
ruptcy by the war. The surround-
ing grounds were once beautiful,
remnants of their beauty still re-
main to this day. It is said that
Hampton expended sixty thousand
dollars in beautifying these
grounds. All around the ruins of
the houses are walks and drives,
shaded by the numerous trees and
shrubbery that grow so luxuriantly
in this Southern clime. But for
seven years these grounds have
been turned out to the common.
Cattle roam over them at pleasure,
and no one seems to have cared to
prevent it. The hedges have
grown stiff and rank out of shape,
the cedars and pines and "box
trees" sadly show the need of
attention, but are still beauti-
ful. The flowers are nearly
all killed out, only now one bloom-
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