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The Great Game.

[From Pomeroy's Democrat.]

Have the people eyes and yet cannot see? Have they ears and cannot hear? Have they tongues and cannot speak? Let them fix their eyes upon the Senate Chamber at Washington, and give their ears to what is going on in that assemblage of the misrepresentatives of sovereign States; and when they see all, and hear all, let their tongues give utterance to their indignation. Some few days before the holidays, Mr. Senator Trumbull offered his now famous resolution to investigate into the manner in which the affairs of Government have been and are conducted.

No one will deny for a moment the right and duty of Mr. Trumbull to bring forward his proposed examination into these all-important subjects. Every Congress that has held its sessions, since the advent of the Republican party into power, has spent a great portion of its time in the creation of commissions to examine into matters appertaining to public affairs; but as a general rule they were created to go South and concoct excuses for military usurpations and interference in the hapless States "latently in revolt."

The Butler and the Bingham, and all of that pernicious crew, have been indulged with commissions, and out of them naught has accrued to the general welfare; but, on the contrary, a system of imposture has been substituted for wise legislation; and as is well known, the despotism of the bayonet has supplanted the benign influence of the civil law. In fact, the Republicans have had their own way in all things, and such was their idea of prerogative and justice, that they had reached the conclusion that nothing could possibly be wrong except in the Southern States.

The resolution of Mr. Trumbull, a Republican, seems to have broken in upon this state of one-sided inquisition, and his proposal to look into the ways and doings of the Republicans has created a terrible commotion among the Senatorial vassals of the President. Morton, the unscrupulous advocate of every measure leading to a despotic form of government, and the defender of every outrage upon public right and liberty, will not hear of such a thing as Mr. Trumbull proposes. Mr. Nye, the infamously corrupt misrepresentative of his distant State, rises in fury and resists the attempt to probe the well understood crimes of the Grant administration. Conkling, of this State, ever ready to prevent the truth and cover up the tracks of political and official robbers and corruptionists, stands boldly in the breach which divides his party from the vision of the people and the unnumbered crimes of his friends. Grant must not be exposed and his recollection interfered with. The plunderers, from President down to tide-waiter, must be left untouched of justice.

But those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, and these bold, bad men have overshot the mark and are in that category. This is not a nation of fools, and even Republican papers, such as the *Evening Post*, of this city, the *Buffalo Commercial*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Boston Advertiser*, the *Worcester Gazette*, the *Providence Press*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Cincinnati Commercial*, the *Rochester Democrat*, the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the *Cleveland Herald*, the *New Haven Palladium*, the *Evening Wisconsin*, are all highly excited and alarmed at the attempt on the part of their party Senators, to oppose the investigation of Mr. Trumbull. However much they may dread the result of such a search, they are more alarmed at the course of their party leaders in opposing it.

As sure as the sun shines on a summer day, the time is approaching when Mr. Grant and his myrmidons will be powerless before the grand rage of the people. The mere fact of any opposition to an investigation by the people's representatives into the condition of the people's government, has already aroused the fears of the leaders of the Republicans outside of Congress, and in that proportion will the long-cowed down masses pluck up courage. Great events are dimly prefigured by all these signs, and a great nation will be righted in the end.

How to prevent your wife from scolding you—Don't get married.

Our Rich Men.

LABORIOUS HABITS OF THE NEW YORK MILLIONAIRES.

The *New York Times* correspondent of the *Troy Times* says: Having referred to industry as the chief necessity to sweeten existence, let me add something upon the laborious habits of our leading business men. Many young men look forward to the time when they shall be released from labor, and they have a notion that the rich men of this city lead what is called an "easy life." This idea is very erroneous. Our successful men not only have been but continue to be hard workers. It is true there are persons who have inherited wealth, and therefore yield themselves to indolence and dissipation, but their experiences quickly prove the truth of the old saying, that the fool and his money are soon parted. Our rich business men work because habit has become second nature, and they would be miserable if they were idle. We have no rich drones, for a drone would never become rich. Let us look at the industry of a few of our self-made men. Here is

MOSES TAYLOR, who is about three score and ten, and is estimated at five millions. Surely such a man, one might say, ought to rest. So far from this, however, he is almost as busy as ever. He was noted as an active dealer and far-sighted merchant, and since he retired from trade he has engaged to do in the vast field of finance. Mr. Taylor is President of the City Bank, which is one of the heaviest of our Wall street institutions. He would be extremely miserable if he did not visit that bank every day, and spend an hour in overlooking its operations in a manner which some men would call laborious. After this is done one may meet in the Wall street crowd that form, little and erect, and that penetrating countenance, which seems as much on the alert as when he was a poor clerk. Four o'clock finds him at his home, with a racked brain and weary body, but a fine dinner restores his tone, and after an hour of social small talk and a drive to the Park, he retires to his private office and enters into a deep and vexatious calculation which continues until bed time. Do you inquire what can it be which thus drives a rich man so intensely? I reply, he has a large number of vacant lots, which should be covered with houses, and the architect's plans and the builder's contracts are to be examined. He has shares in banks, in gas companies, and in other stocks, all of which must be looked after. And if he does not finish his work as rapidly as each day brings it before him, it would soon accumulate in a very burdensome manner. Such, then, is the life of a five million man.

THE COMMODORE. He has worked hard more than sixty years. Of late he has abated the intensity of his application, but still labors from five to six hours a day in a very close manner. He has just completed the greatest railway depot for travelers in this city, and this is a mate to the great freight depot in St. John's Park. The Commodore must work to save himself from sheer misery. Idleness would be to him the greatest of misfortunes. He is also determined that his children shall be working men. The largest part of his property will come into their hands, and he knows that it is only industrious habits that can keep them in possession. To such a man as the Commodore the idea of retirement is repulsive. Activity is his life, and business is an elysium. Each day brings its excitements, either of loss or of gain, and at its close he feels the pleasure resulting from exercise of the faculties both of body and mind.

STEWART. It is well known that this man is a marvel of industry. Like Vanderbilt, he is about seventy-five, but he looks much younger than the former. Vanderbilt may have felt the impelling consciousness of a family to sharpen his application, but Stewart has "neither chick nor child." He works in simple obedience to his nature, which demands it. Stewart and Vanderbilt are the great exponents of two departments of business, the one being a merchant prince and the other a railroad king. I do not know that they have ever met, and the greatness of this city is shown by containing two such men without collision of interests. It is the opinion of good judges of character, that if Stewart had been bred to military life he would have been the greatest general of the age. What would not have been accomplished by such method and such industry? Having reached old age, and with a property estimated at from thirty to forty millions, he must still do his day's work.

The Nathan House.

[New York Cor. of the *Troy Times*.]

The Nathan House in New York, has afforded a frequent theme for paragraphs, and many interesting stories concerning it have been put into circulation. It has been said the house was sold at a reduced price because of the horror connected with the tragedy which occurred within its walls. Another statement informs the public that it has been rented by a noted gambler for a faro bank, while it is said on the other hand that such is the taint connected with it that no tenant will take it at any price. The stories are all equally false. The facts are these: The family abandoned the house immediately after the dreadful affair which has given them such painful publicity. They did not, however, remove the furniture, which still remains in its former condition, and a trusty servant with his family has charge of the establishment. The house has never been in market, either for purchase or tenant, and will not in all probability be offered very soon. The family has hired a very stylish mansion in Fifth avenue, for which they pay about \$10,000 per annum, this rent including that of furniture. The Nathan mansion has been correctly described as being of elegant finish, and was built under the inspection of its late owner. He took great delight in this mansion; and, having made his property by assiduous attention to business, he was the better prepared to enjoy it. He frequently mentioned to an acquaintance of mine that he could get \$225,000 for the property. This price is now out of the question, but it would readily bring \$175,000. Mr. Nathan's estate has been rated from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, but its precise amount is only known to the little circle of heirs. The mystery of the murder remains as impenetrable as ever; but I have been told by a person, who lives near by, that many if not most of the neighbors, discard the sneak thief theory.

A GOOD ONE ON GOVERNOR SEWARD.—Hon. James Brooks, in his latest Chicago letter, says:

They tell a good story in Pekin of Governor Seward when here-doubtless a lie, but too good a story to be lost for all that. The expectations of the ex-Governor were doubtless great when he entered the great Capital of this Empire; with which he had made a great treaty, and he therefore indulged in those great expectations of a great welcome. As he entered the gates of Pekin, a great funeral procession was going out with music, catalafaque, etc., as if imposing as a grand procession of some great dead man could well be made. The Governor was entering with the marine band of the Colorado, mounted on donkeys, as this grand procession was going out. The great living and the great dead thus met. The Governor naturally enough, concluded this was in honor of his grand entree, and he rose, and rose, in his open sedan chair, and bowed and bowed, and then ordered a halt, and got out and bowed, and bowed, and bowed again to the catalafaque and the dead. The Chinese think all foreigners are rather mad, and hence did not marvel over it as much as they might; but when Governor Seward found out what he had done, the story is that he was more mad than pleased.

THE ORIGIN OF SPIRITUALISM.—A Vermont exchange says that among the latest to throw away Christianity and embrace Spiritualism, was Elder —, who lives not a thousand miles from water-ford, in that State. The elder had a daughter who struggled hard against the influence, but finally gave up, and became a writing medium. One day, while wrestling hard with the spirit, she prayed that if Spiritualism was God's work it might be manifested; if not, that the name of the author might be given. Imagine her surprise on recovering from her trance, to find written out in brief, "The Devil."

A young Englishman of twenty-two, son of a general in the British army, has come before the Court of Bankruptcy with a list of debts amounting to a total of \$24,000. One of the creditors presents a bill of \$353 for cut flowers supplied in the course of six months, and among the items in the bill such entries are to be found as "early lilies of the valley, \$10 10s;" "a moss rose, 10s 6d."

In order that the daughters of British Post masters may be made thoroughly conversant with the use of telegraphic instruments, apartments have been fitted up in the general telegraph office, London, where they will be instructed,

The Stolen Pass.

An editor in Harrisburg lost his pass on the railroad, and requested the officers of the road to secure the arrest of any man who should present it. The next day he found the pass in the pocket of his Sunday trowsers, and proceeded to take a trip upon it. As soon as he offered it to the conductor, that faithful officer knocked him on the head with his lantern, called in three brakemen and the baggage master; dragged him, despite his desperate struggles, along the floor into the baggage car, where a brakeman sat on him while the conductor battered him up a lot to keep him quiet; and then they searched him to ascertain what other thefts he had been perpetrating. With the exception of a ticket to the circus, that man had upon his person absolutely nothing but railroad passes! He had passes over all the main roads and branch lines and feeders and sidings in the State of Pennsylvania. He had free tickets over all the railroads in the Eastern, Southern, Middle and Western States. He had a pass over a railroad from Yeddo to Yokohama and another from Calcutta to Bengal. He had a letter promising him one on the new road which is proposed in Terre Del Fuego, and a manuscript puff which he had written for a man who had assured him he should have a pass over the road, which the man said he was about to run under the Mediterranean from Africa to Italy, as soon as it was built. The conductor concluded that he had caught the greatest pass kleptomaniac that the world ever saw. But when he got back to Harrisburg the affair was explained. And now, if there is any one editor in the State who is completely sick of "gentlemanly conductors," that editor resides in the State capital.

SECRETARY BOTTWELL, in the coolest, calmest, most deliberate way, assures us that while its burden has not been light exactly, yet "our system of taxation has not been oppressive to individuals, nor has it in any sensible degree embarrassed the business of the country!" And this is said in the very face of the fact that while two-thirds of the foreign commerce of the country was carried in American bottoms in 1861, our own ships now carry less than one-third; that the grass is growing in the shipyards from Maine to Texas; that the once prosperous copper-smelting works of our seaboard are idle and closed up; that the great machine works in iron of the country, once so prosperous and important, now employ less than one-fifth their former force, and that only upon inferior work; that much of the shoe trade of Massachusetts is flitting to Canada, and the book business of New York being absorbed by London; that there is not a man, woman, and child in the country but is "oppressed" by the burthens which have been imposed upon the necessities and comforts of life, and that these burthens have not been laid on so much as to create revenue for the Government as to protect monopolies and enrich individuals at the expense of the common country, while at the same time the wages of operatives have not increased.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.—We understand that old Mr. Bennett, the founder of the *Herald*, has so greatly failed in health and strength that he now takes almost no interest in anything, and is gliding into helplessness and second childhood. For months past we have noticed an unusual reticence concerning him by the press at large. He has ceased to be sneered at and abused. His name still stands at the head of the great newspaper which he called into life and power, but his contemporaries, who for so many years gave him a daily blow, now refrain from kicking the sick lion. Old age and weakness thus come not unattended with compensation after all—*Golden Age*.

At a social party, where humorous definitions was one of the games of the evening, the question was put, "What is religion?" "Religion," replied one of the party, more famous as a man of business than of wit, "is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best policy."

A five-year-old city boy told his mother how to make butter: "You just take a long stick, with a cross at the end of it; then you get a big tub; and then you borrow a cow."

"The strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on, and the next is to boss the job."

Rough on Ben Butler.

[Brooklyn Eagle, Dec. 11.]

A New York paper declares that Gen. Butler was never considered a jackass or an idiot. No, he was never so considered. What Butler considers himself can be gathered from his satisfaction at not "being called a d—n fool; no matter if they do call me a d—n scoundrel." It ought to be added, that Butler never considered it important as to whose initials were on spoons, and such. Apropos to this genial confisicator of the contents of disloyal sideboards, the following story will be found both new and true: While Ben, bossed New Orleans, he informed a wagghish, but very ill Confederate officer, then sick at his home in the city, that he must take the oath, or clear out. This order was peremptory. The Confederate demurred as much as possible, alleging that he was used up, anyhow; that he didn't believe in the old Government, and that the odds were that he would soon die, and secede permanently. It was no use, so he got Ben, to administer the dose to him himself. Ben, complied, holding the book behind the back of his neck, so as to bring it within range of his serviceable orb. The officer swallowed the oath, with severe and suggestive grimace. At its close he seemed rejuvenated, and he asked Butler, "Ain't I as good a Union man as you, now General?" "Yes, if you live up to your oath," replied Ben. "And I can abuse the South as loud as the worst of you, can I," inquired the officer. "To your heart's content," replied the Beauty. "Well, then, General," added the sick man, rising in bed, and "fixing" Butler's one eye with his two, "if you and I had that d—d old rebel, Lee, in our hands, wouldn't we steal his watch?" The oath-taker got four days in the guard-house, but he said he was satisfied with the price he paid for the punishment.

How to Acquire a Good Memory.—We read too much and think about what we read too little; the consequence is that most of the people we meet know something, in a superficial way, about almost everything. Not a tenth part of what is read is remembered for a month after the book or newspaper is laid aside. Daniel Webster, who had a rich store of information on almost every subject of general interest, said that it had been his habit for years to reflect for a short time on whatever he read, and so fix the thought and ideas worth remembering in his mind. Any one who does this will be surprised to find how retentive his memory will become, or how long after reading an interesting article the best portions of it will remain with him.

The Houston county (Minnesota) Democrat confirms the statement that a man at Spring Grove, in that county, is turning into stone. His name is Harmon Silvester. He is completely petrified in all his limbs and body—the only exception being a portion about the mouth, throat and eyes. He has a good appetite, eats, and prays day and night for the Lord to deliver him from his terrible affliction. He is perfectly helpless. The process of petrification commenced sometime last spring in his feet and knees, since which time it has gradually increased.

The anecdote often told by Dr. Chapman, in regard to himself, when called to visit a little boy who had swallowed a silver twenty-five cent piece, is not bad. "Madam," said the renowned joker, in all solemnity, "was the piece good?" "Indeed it was, sir," replied the surprised but excited lady; "I got it from the mint." "Then, my dear madam," he replied, "if the money was good give yourself no further uneasiness, for it will certainly pass."

"How is your wife today?" said a friend to a French gentleman. "Oh, moche de sem," said he; "she is no better, and I afraid ver little wass. If she is gone to die, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so unhappy—my mind is so moche unsettled. When she die, I shall not be so moche dissatisfied."

It is common to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted as her victims. This is a grave error. Her real victim is the man whom she accepts. A happy simile runs thus: A coquette is a rose from whom every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns remaining for her future husband.

A barber of a statistical turn of mind asserts that there are 300 different hair dyes in circulation. Duluth is two years old, and is building its ninth church—and is not over pious, either.

Fact and Fancy.

New York proposes lady ushers at weddings.

The choir at an Iowa church wedding sang "I am Fat." A man in Cincinnati is organizing a brass band of twenty women.

"Hope I don't intrude" and "Hell up a limb" are northwestern saloons.

The Czar of Russia has permitted the Sisters of Mercy to practice medicine.

There are no chimney sweeps to be found in Paris since the days of the Commune.

Of the ten thousand English miners, one in every thirty is killed by accident yearly.

A candy cannon, weighing two hundred pounds, was presented to Krupp on his birthday.

A lighthouse, costing \$75,000, is to be erected at the entrance to the harbor of Cleveland, Ohio.

Next to busy bees, boot-blacks furnish the brightest example of improving the "shining hour."

The latest magazine venture in London is the *Pro and Con*, published monthly by Mr. Hardwicke.

Those who could not get admission to the Russian Duke's ball are indignant in Czaristic language.

When Horace Greely is asked what kind of music he prefers, he answers "the song of the harvest, three beats to the measure."

Mr. Hadden, a New York inebriate, thought he would stop a runaway horse by tripping him up, and now wishes that he hadn't.

If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a watch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and a smooth rolling prosperity.

How to Acquire a Good Memory.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth.

William Warren, the comedian, of Boston, lost a house in the Chicago fire. "My house is gone," he said, "and I am now bewailing my unhappy lot."

A little four year old boy being asked by his mother if he would not like to have wings and be an angel, replied, "No, ma, I'd rather be a hawk and live on chicken."

Emerson says, "Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task, no duties or affections that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life preserver."

"My dear" said an anxious matron to her daughter, "it is wrong for young people to be throwing kisses at one another." "Why so, mamma? I am sure they don't hurt, even if they hit."

A resolution of expulsion didn't work well in the case of a Good Templar who went into an Oswego, N. Y., lodge with a bottle of whiskey. He picked up a chair and expelled the whole meeting.

A man who lately shot and killed a boy in his melon patch, when called to account for the deed, said he did it in memory to the boy, who otherwise might have died a painful death from cholera morbus.

A minister in Indiana became mixed up in land speculations, and announced to his congregation that his text would be found in "St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, section four, range three west."

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and had example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

George Francis Train, as everybody knows, was born with a looseness in his head; but we were not prepared for the information given us by the correspondent of an Albany paper that he is an olapodrida of sesquipedalian verbage.

Twenty years ago Leland Stanford arrived in California with "only one shirt to his back." Since then, by managing always to retain a situation, and close attention to business, he has contrived to accumulate a trifle of \$10,000,000.

Tarr, who died at Meadysville, Pa., last week, was one of the oil princes. He was offered \$2,000,000 for his farm, but refused it. The yield in four years was 646,000 barrels. Mr. Tarr tarred his pockets and an immense fortune stuck in them.