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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. Thessing's Brick Building

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Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, per sq. of 12 lines, 1 w.	$ 2 50
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Attorneys at Law,

OFFICE—CHARMAN'S BRICK, MAIN STREET,

OREGON CITY, OREGON,
Nov. 10, 1871:tf

J. M. THOMPSON, C. W. FITCH.

THOMPSON & FITCH,
Attorneys at Law,
AND
Real Estate Agents,
EUGENE CITY, OREGON,

OFFICE TWO DOORS NORTH OF THE POSTOFFICE.

REAL ESTATE BOUGHT AND SOLD, LOANS NEGOTIATED, AND ABSTRACT OF TITLES FURNISHED.

WE HAVE A COMPLETE ABSTRACT of Title of all property in Eugene City, and perfect plats of the same, prepared with great care. We will practice in the different Courts of the State. Special attention given to the collection of all claims that may be placed in our hands. Legal Tenders bought and sold. sept1

JOHN M. BACON,
Importer and Dealer in
BOOKS,
STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,
Oregon City, Oregon.

At Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackerman, Main street. 10 tf

JOHN FLEMING,
DEALER IN
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK,

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

DR. J. WELCH,
DENTIST.

OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, cor of First and Alder Streets, Portland.

The patronage of those desiring superior operations is in special request. Nitrous oxide for the painless extraction of teeth.

☞ Artificial teeth "better than the best," and *as cheap as the cheapest.*

Will be in Oregon City on Saturdays.
Nov. 3:tf

Dr. J. H. HATCH,
DENTIST,

☞ The patronage of those desiring *First Class Operations*, is respectfully solicited.

Satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

N. B.—*Nitrous Oxyde* administered for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.

OFFICE—In Weigant's new building, west side of First street, between Alder and Morison streets, Portland, Oregon.

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

OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Temple, corner First and Alder streets—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

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.

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,
(Deutsches Gasthaus,)
No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail steamship landing, Portland, Oregon.

H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS,
PROPRIETORS.

Board per Week	$5 00
" " " with Lodging	6 00
" " Day	1 00

THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD.

BY ALPHONSE DAYTON.

I know a garden of fragrance,
A garden of golden bloom.
There is sunshine wreathed in the roses,
And stars aglow in the gloom.
I know the pathways turn by turn,
For back in the long ago
I used to chase the butterflies there,
And watch for the roses to blow.

How balmy sweet, in the olden time.
The breach of those dainty flowers;
The moments fell with a silvery chime
To sleep in the golden hours;
And the lilies used to love me then
As they leaned across my feet,
To hold me back in the pathway fair.
For they knew the days were fleet.

As the lilies paled and died away,
And the roses side by side
Have faded year by year, to-day
I am left in the eventide;
If I know the garden so well, so well,
I never may enter there.
But morn by morn at the gateway still,
I can see the children fair.

Step down through the gilded blossoms
With their faces all aglow,
And I look back through the broken days,
To that time when mine was so;
And I wonder oft and oft again,
If the lilies bend as fair
To the little children in their flight
As they did when I was there.

I wonder now if the yellow gold
On the wings of the butterflies—
(I used to think them floating stars
Astray in the silvery skies)—
Spills down on the lily cups of dew,
As they drift away in the light,
To find their homes in the isles of blue,
Asleep on the verge of night.

O! I am sad, so sad at heart,
For they cannot bring me back
What the lilies say to the roses now,
Or the sweetness life may lack.
I know the path to the garden.
But the children can only go,
Passing me by as I sit alone.
And weep in the evening's glow.

Irreconciliation As a Policy.

From the Washington Patriot

It is impossible to consider in any comprehensive way the policy of the dominant party, in regard to the settlement of those questions touching the peace and amity of the country which the war has left us as a heritage, without reaching the conclusion that it is a policy of irreconciliation. That they do not want, finally and forever, a settlement of the differences which, first in war and afterwards in nominal peace, have alienated and kept apart the North and the South, is apparent enough to any one who will but glance at their past and present course, and the obvious motives by which they are controlled. The scheme which they have manifestly laid out for themselves is to stand as long as possible between the divided parts of the Union, keeping them asunder, which otherwise would come together and heal; to enkindle or keep alive such animosities as shall make both sides rankle, especially that which is the sorest from having suffered most—the South. In this, now when the common American heart is yearning for the return of fraternal feeling and for forgetfulness of those calamitous events by which it was interrupted, there is a cold-blooded cruelty, and a callousness to a country's greatest necessity, which to all patriotic and right-minded men, should clothe the dominant party with disgrace as with a garment.

In such a position, a position deliberately chosen for the facilities it afforded to keep the flames of hatred burning, or to engender hatred where it did not exist, and, as a wedge, to keep apart the shattered fragment of the Union, there is something supremely savage and hateful, alike, unworthy of this country and this age. It is almost incredible, had we not the proof before our eyes, that a great political party should have no better office to fulfill than the sowing of discord and discontent, and by such means endeavor, in conjunction with the usurped use of arbitrary power, to perpetrate its own existence. Yet this we see on every hand, with cumulative evidence, is what the dominent party are doing. They are the common enemies of peace, the rude disturbers of the common quiet that should everywhere prevail, the champions, under disguise which long since ceased to conceal their real designs, of what is in effect virtual disunion. The great need of the country, as demanded by every consideration that could weigh most with those most solicitous for the general welfare, is to set at rest, and quiet forever, the disturbing elements which have survived the arbitrament of arms, and to renew, among all classes of citizens, feeling of cordial and universal good will. Against this the Radical party put in their continual protest.

Not in reconciliation, but in irreconciliation, do they find the food that nourishes them. To every measure of pacification, to every proposition of reconciliation, to every policy that looks to harmonizing the discordant elements, they never fail to show themselves promptly and bitterly hostile. Of unforgiveness they are crammed full to the top. Their sight is too short and too prejudiced to see one whole country, nor are they capable of comprehending and laboring for the whole common good. To consider their party exigencies and party interests fills up the full measure of their powers.

They have no policy at all of which party is not the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. To it are all things, and in all ways, sacrificed. War's ravages are left unrepaired; peace's necessities disregarded; one half of the Union left unrelieved amid its ruins; burthens accumulating everywhere upon the people; disorganization of the very elements of national well-being going on, and all by the betrayal, of the dominant party, of its public trusts; but party interests are carefully looked after. If a measure is brought up in Congress, so far as it is discussed at all, it is discussed on party grounds. How it will affect the party, which to them is the test of right, the test of patriotism, the test of statesmanship, is the question to be decided. Broader views are not allowed to obtain. A country's claims to the wise consideration of her legislators are not recognized at all, that recognition leaves little impress upon the legislation. Legislation, except to oppress and humiliate those who are not in sympathy with the ascendant political ideas of the day, or to enrich and aggrandize those who are, does not reach beyond party. There is no such thing as a comprehensive policy, or comprehensive legislation, designed to operate equally, equitably, justly, without partiality and without vindictiveness, upon all classes of citizens alike and in all sections of the country. This signally and certainly is the duty of the legislator, and this duty, by the party into whose hands the people have confided it, has been for years and is now signally undone. They have revenges to satisfy, and they do not scruple to satisfy them; party ends to attain, and they stick at nothing to attain them; they are blind to everything beyond the meanest and most ignoble things, to which men occupying the places of statesmen can descend. They stand up brazen in the presence of the unfulfilled duties due to a neglected country.

At the present time the vital question of general amnesty to the South, a statesmanlike measure of pacification, is undergoing the process of being sacrificed, in the usual way, by the majority in Congress, from party considerations. Seven years have passed since nominal peace was restored, and these seven years, it seems, have not sufficed to dispel the dread of the Radical majority that the dead lion of the South would rise again and tear them to pieces. Such, at least, is the pretence; and was ever pretence either so transparently a sham or so cowardly? Was it ever before that legislators stood in awe of a people in dust and ashes? Was it ever before that a party, calling itself great and wise, and boasting of its strength, stood trembling before a people stripped of everything, powerless, helpless, humiliated, poor, indeed, and surrounded with hopeless wrecks? What an astonishing position for a great party to even pretend to occupy.

THE GREAT MISSION OF WOMEN.—Great indeed is the task assigned to women. Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity, the frail yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, will learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into a virtue with a soothing care; to allay the anguish of the mind: by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to be a compensation for friends that are perfidious—for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny; to visit the forsaken, to tend the neglected; when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice prosecutes, when brethren and deciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged, and to exhibit to this lower world a type of that love, constant, pure, and ineffable which in another we are taught to believe the test of virtue.

The highest luxury of which the human mind is sensible is to cause smiles upon the face of misery.

"The Frowzy Foreigner."

[From the S. F. Examiner.]

The countrymen of Carl Schurz, in this State, who so illogically went over to the enemy at the last election, should feel chagrined at the return they are getting at the hands of their new party associates. The Democratic party always and naturally has been the friend of foreign-born population, and the opposition always, and just as naturally, their enemy. The Radical party being the legitimate descendant of the authors of the Alien and Sedition Laws, can have no real regard for those who have sought here a refuge from oppression, and consequently all their ante-election affection is simulated and false. The Democratic party, on the contrary, has ever shown, in liberal laws and protective measures, the sincerity of their expression of friendship. Just now we have a case in point, supporting our proposition, in the abusive treatment dealt out to that distinguished German Carl Schurz, by the administration and its Senatorial satellites and newspaper apologists. One of the former, Senator Matt. Carpenter, declares that he considers the naturalization laws a mistake in policy, as these foreigners—Schurz for an example—always hold paramount allegiance to their Fatherland. The depth of this insult we feel more than we can express; and if our feelings as Americans are inexpressible, what can be the feeling of the element so malignantly and wantonly assaulted? And still worse, an East-Radical paper, quoted approvingly by the Virginia City *Enterprise*, denounces Schurz as a "frowzy foreigner!" He, the representative German Republican of the United States, who has gained for his talents and scholastic acquirements a more than national reputation, who did so much by his voice and pen to build up that party whose leaders now turn their ungrateful tongues upon him as a "frowzy foreigner!" If our German fellow citizens, with their wealth and standing and intellectual importance in this country, after the blood and money they lavishly poured out in support of the war, can stand being called "frowzy foreigners," and act hereafter with the party thus contemning them, we have been mistaken in our estimate of their pride of spirit and sturdy honesty of character.

How to Judge a Newspaper.

To that class of people who estimate the value of a newspaper wholly upon the amount of original matter which it contains, we commend the following from the *Literary Journal:*

It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily columns of words—words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern.—Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that we all know is half the battle, but, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated and his labors understood and appreciated by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its temper, its uniform, consistent course, its aims, its manliness, its propriety, its dignity.—To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of a newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they can find time to write at all.

SO WE ALL DO.—In a little quiet street up town there is a dry goods shop bearing the somewhat singular name "Starusband." It was never regarded as poetical, but it was made the medium yesterday of a very pretty conceit. A lady, accompanied by her daughter, was passing along, when the young lady drew her mother's attention to the sign, saying: "Mamma, I want a star husband." "So we all do, my dear," was the venerable lady's appreciative reply; "but we don't get 'em."

A girl living in Great Barrington announces through the advertising columns of the local paper that "she takes this method of informing a certain man that the next time he desires to gaze upon her forty-five mortal minutes without winking his eyes, she will consider herself highly favored if he will shut his mouth, and not sit there like a young robbin awaiting the parent bird."

Old Brimstone.

BROWNLOW, AS HE APPEARS IN THE SENATE.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

There is a natural instinct in every human bosom which leads us to respect age and pity bodily infirmity, and when a man is bending under the double weight of years and disease our sympathies are aroused and we are even inclined to cover his disagreeable eccentricities with the mantle of broadest charity. Yet there are

OCCASIONAL EXCEPTIONS

to this rule, and Brownlow, of Tennessee, is certainly one of them. So far as we are aware, his private life is blameless, and, were it otherwise, criticism in that direction is out of our province; but as a public man it is not too much to say that he is a public nuisance, and should be regarded and treated accordingly. Previous to the war he was a persistent political agitator, and the means of creating more bad blood than any individual that ever dwelt on the soil of the State he now misrepresents. When the rebellion broke out he espoused the loyal side and is entitled to proper credit therefor, but his championship was an injury rather than a benefit to the Union cause, and it would have been infinitely better for that cause if he had thrown his influence for the Confederacy.

HIS OPPOSITION TO SECESSION

took the form of vindictive, unrelenting hate, and he seemed to lose sight of all other considerations in the gratification of personal vengeance. Nor did his views and actions undergo any apparent change when Federal authority became re-established throughout the length and breadth of Tennessee. Conciliation and forgiveness are elements utterly foreign to his disposition, and for the past six years he has been a fire-brand in the midst of the community, intensifying the bitterness of enemies and carrying disgust and dismay among the ranks of friends. Kept alive, as it were, by the fierceness of his passions, he has survived physical suffering sufficient to kill a giant, and sits to-day in the Senate without strength enough to rise to his feet, almost unable to move, and yet ready whenever the occasion offers to fire off a malignant speech though the medium of the reading clerk. There is something pittiable in such a grim and ghastly wreck of humanity, lingering on the verge of the grave; not calm, peaceful, and dignified, as becomes his position and his prospect: but breathing out threatenings and slaughter like a decrepit demon, and anxious only to exhibit his capacity for malice and outrageous abuse.

BROWNLOW'S PERSONAL ATTACK

upon Beck last Thursday would have disgraced the author, had he not long since sunk below the point where disgrace is possible, and it was an insult to the Senate and nation. Nor can we see any good reason why such blatant bullying as this of Brownlow's should be tolerated by the body to which he belongs. The upper branch of the national Legislature is neither a beer garden nor a bar-room, and surely language fit for ruffians alone might find a more appropriate locality for its utterance. To suspend the rules in order that Brownlow might exhibit himself in his native deformity without let or hindrance, may be a pleasant joke for idle and indifferent Senators, but a license of this sort is a shameful outrage upon decency, and will be so estimated by respectable people at home and abroad.

CLEARLY STATED.—The following from the Memphis *Appeal*, shows most clearly the difference between Democracy and Radicalism: There is a marked difference between the conduct of Democratic and Republican Congressmen.—When Edwards, a Democrat, at least elected as such, was ejected from his seat every Democrat in the House voted for his exclusion; Boles, a straight Republican, securing his place. When the contested case of Clark (Republican), of Texas, against Giddings (Democrat) was tried, though it was conclusively shown that Giddings was elected by fifteen hundred majority, the Radical majority in Congress did not hesitate to commit moral perjury by giving Clark the seat.

CAREFUL.—A very careful bridegroom in Cleveland kept the wedding ring in his mouth during the first part of the ceremony, so that he could find it when the proper time arrived. He mumbled the responses all right till the minister winked at him to produce the ring, when in his nervousness he swallowed it, and was stood on his head by the groomsmen to facilitate its recovery.

Radical Hatred of the Foreigner.

The old know-nothing element that many years since sought to disfranchise all foreigners, exercises a controlling influence in the radical party, and every now and then this feeling crops out. An illustration of this was manifested in the Senate a few days ago when Nye, of Nevada, taunted Carl Schurz with his foreign birth. In the debate, Nye, referring to Schurz, used the following language:

"Mr. President, I may not be as fine-spun in theory as my friend; but I think I have observed as much about this rebellion, and know as much about the history of my country, and feel as deeply in her behalf, as he can feel, *for I was born to this inheritance.* Those points I shall not yield. I submit, therefore, whether it is becoming in the honorable Senator from Missouri to charge all those who have handled this subject from the day the sword was sheathed to the present time with a want of consideration and of maganimity in their action."

Schurz came back at the rotten borough representative of radicalism in the following style:

"There is only one thing to which I wish to call his attention as well as that of the Senate. It struck me as rather sigular that the Senator from Nevada should have said to me 'I am to the manor born; I know something about republican institutions;" intimating that I only came from abroad and still dare to have and express on American affairs an opinion of my own. Let me tell the Senator from Nevada that as an adopted citizen I am determined to do just that thing, and there are thousands like me who will do the same. We came to this country with a desire to enjoy the blessings of republican institutions, and surely our desire to maintain them is by no means inferior to his. If he thinks that we deserve those rights only in case we follow his lead, let me assure him that he does not understand the spirit of American liberty. Had I sat at his feet trying to study the principles of republican government by his teachings, I must confess I should so far not have found it very profitable."

CHOKING HER.—The La Croose *Democrat* noted, a few days since, the Fon Du Lac Commonwealth had an item requesting the heads of families to "choke the hired girls from the habit of using the kerosene can to light the fire with in the morning." The *Democrat* relates a sequel: "A few mornings after, a lady, whose husband is a merchant and takes the paper, heard a scuffling in the kitchen, door, found her husband with one arm round the girl's neck, and he was kissing her and acting queer for him. She took him by one ear and asked him how long this had been going on. He got the paper and showed her the item, and said he was only choking the girl so she could not use the kerosene to light the fire. His wife says he can tell that to the marines. This shows how great a scuffle a little fire kindleth, when people take the papers."

JUST THINK OF IT.—The latest magnificent sensation, says the *Caucasian*, is the theft of six million dollars, by Grantites, in the stamp department of the Infernal Revenue Bureau. The New York *Sun* calls upon Congress to investigate. What good in that, Sunny, with a nation ramified with thieves? Before one case is half done, another similar meteor bursts upon the astonished view, here, there and everywhere. Congress must be Janus-faced to even get a sight, much less an investigation of each case. We insist, that before the elections come on, there will be no country left to save—it will be spirited away, carried off, gobbled up, and hid away. If there is now a single honest man in office, he ought to be presented with a purse by the people, to fortify him against temptation. Just think of it: One hundred millions have been stolen by Radical office-holders—by Grant's low-tragedy robbers!

OUR ENJOYMENTS.—The happiness derived from doing deeds of kindness is the happiest, the purest and the most lasting of all human enjoyments. The vilest sinner breathing, if he has ever performed a benevolent act in the course of his life, knows this to be true. How strange then that so many thousands should ruin health, fortune and reputation, in pursuit of pleasures that turn to ashes in the end, while they utterly neglect this source of enjoyment, accessible to all, and which not only brightens life, but softens the sting of death.

The man who sat down on an open paper of capet nails, said they reminded him of the income tax.

Fact and Fancy.

Saxe describes hotel beefsteak as an infringement on Goodyear's patent.

A man that hoards his riches, and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

Mrs. Gen. Ewell died a few days before her husband, leaving an estate of more than one million of dollars.

"A feller can't help what's done behind his back," as the man said who was kicked out of the front door.

Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, says Clayton of Arkansas, has taken refuge in the Senate to escape the penitentiary.

Colfax has quit retiring to private life, and is again a candidate for Vice-President on the Grant ticket.

A single saw mill at Puget Sound, that at Port Gamble, exported last year over twenty-nine million feet of lumber.

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempest.

The darkest day in a man's career is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by squarely earning it.

Seventy of the church edifices in New York city are Epicopalian, fifty-five Presbyterian, forty Methodist and thirty-two Roman Catholic.

Rev. J. K. Foster, a Methodist minister of Columbus, Ohio, has fallen from grace. A pretty woman was at the bottom of the trouble.

It is stated that Hon. Thos. C. McCreery never filled any office save that of United States Senator, to which he has just been re-elected in Kentucky.

"Fort Hill," the home of the late Jno. C. Calhoun, was sold at public outcry, and bought in by Colonel Clemson, son-in-law of the great statesman, at $15,000.

There is said to be 23,000 Protestants in Turkey, representing twelve different nationalities, the greater number being connected with the American missions.

Lady Franklin has offered a reward of £2,000 for the recovey of the records of the Erebus and Terror, supposed to have been deposited in King William's Land.

Two neglected relatives of the President have been found in Jersey City, utterly void of office.—Inquiry has established the fact that they did not vote for Grant.

Dr. Holmes was never more exactly right than when he said that "a mellowing rigorist is always a much pleasanter objection to contemplate than a tightening liberal."

A lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you never made a match; I think you want the brimstone." To which she replied, "No, not the brimstone only the spark."

A little boy embodied his thoughts on theology in words thus: "I didn't see how the devil came to turn out so bad, when there was no other devil to put him up to it."

A Virginia editor has come to the conclusion that a man might as well undertake to hold himself at arm's length and then turn a double somersault over a meeting-house steeple, as to publish a paper that will suit everybody.

A Western man makes a hollow cone of stiff paper, sticks it in the ground loosely, smears the inside with gummy oil or oil and resin, and puts corn in the bottom. The crows put their heads in for the corn and find themselves clapped.

At a late Plymouth Church picnic, Mr. Beecher was asked why he did not dance. "There is but one reason," he replied: "I don't know how. The only dancing that I ever did was when my father furnished the music and used me as a fiddle. I took all the steps then.

A lad arrested for theft, when taken before the magistrate, and asked what his occupation was, frankly answered;

"Stealing."

"Your candor astonishes me," replied the magistrate."

"I thought it would," replied the lad, "seeing how many big 'uns there are in the same business as is ashamed to own it."

FANCY CLUBS.—The Anti-Low-Neck Society is the last effort by the English reformers, and the war between Low Necks and High Necks is waxing warmer. There is talk in Louisville of forming a "Tie-the-Garter-above-the-Knee Club." No gentlemen to be admitted.