OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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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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All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

S. HUELAT. CHAS. E. WARREN.
HUELAT & WARREN
Attorneys at Law,
OFFICE—CHARMAN'S BRICK, MAIN STREET,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
March 5, 1872:tf

F. BARCLAY, M. R. C. S.
Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.
35 Years Experience.
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Main Street, Oregon City.

JOHNSON & McCOWN
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS of the State.
☞ Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City.
April 5, 1872:tf

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.
Repairing 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.

A. G. WALLING'S
Pioneer Book Bindery.
Corner of Front and Alder Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
BLANK BOOKS RULED and BOUND to any desired pattern.
MUSIC BOOKS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, Etc., bound in every variety of style known to the trade.
Orders from the country promptly attended to.

JOHN M. BACON,
Importer and Dealer in

BOOKS,
STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,
Oregon City, Oregon.
At Charman's & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackerman, Main street.
10 tf

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. 8: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. 9:tf

GAZETTED.

The type setter stands before his case,
The gas burns low and the night is deep;
And over the staggering chimney stacks
Darkness and shadows creep.
And the city is lost in sleep.

The type-setter stands there gaunt and gray,
With dim old eyes and a weary brain;
And he sighs a cadence solemn and low,
To the beat of bitter rain
On the rattling casement and pane.

Tremble the rafters, roof, and floors.
As he fingers the types (in his desolate way);
And he hears the music faintly borne
From the theatre over the way,
At some strange old tragedy play.

The old man sings, and tremble the floors
With the bellowing engine down below.
And the crash of the whirling axle bars,
And the thunders that from them grow,
Echoing to and fro.

As he fingers the types (in his desolate way)
He sets them up with a heavy lead;
And a marge of black encircles his work—
The name of the man just dead;
A soul in the battle sped.

And he sighs as he thinks, this man so gray,
Winking and blinking before his case,
How, out in the dark and desolate night,
Some form of womanly grace
Is weeping upon her face.

Lower and lower the gas lights burn,
And grow the shadows dusky and gray;
And the storm is hushed and the music's swell
And the theatre over the way,
And finished the tragedy play.

And the type-setter wipes his dim old eyes;
The types no more with his fingers move;
And he smiles that while setting the name below,
The angels, in tender love,
Were setting it up above.

Grant's Familiars.

It is a painfully interesting group of familiars that surround and control Gen. Grant. Look at them, as they are set out by the New York *Sun*:

There is brother-in-law Dent, who tends the door of the White House, and peddles patronage on due consideration.

There is brother-in-law Casey, who runs the Custom House at New Orleans, and tried to break up the State Government of Louisiana because he could not control it.

There is brother-in-law Corbin, the central figure of the Black Friday gold conspiracy, who contrived to make $25,000 out of it for one of the members of the White House family, and who would have made all of them rich, perhaps, if another of the family had not got frightened at Washington and backed out and left poor Corbin in the lurch.

There is the father of this interesting group, cunning old Jesse himself, who bargained with Stoms for $500 to keep the latter in the enjoyment of a gaugership in the Cincinnati Custom House.

There is Gen. Babcock, who undertook to engineer the San Domingo job in contravention of international law, and daily violates a law of Congress by acting as Grant's private secretary.

There is young Col. Leet, who with Gen. Grant's letter in his pocket, made a good thing out of the order business, and still finger in that rich pie, and a warm place in the affections and the interests of his great patron.

There is Robeson, Grant's right bower in the Cabinet who thinks it a small consideration to pay a contractor $93,000 in violation of the law, provided the contractor knows how to make Christmas presents in a graceful way to the right person.

There is Chorpenning Creswell, who thinks a half million or so not too much for a mail contractor, provided he appreciates addition, division and silence.

There is Bancroft Davis, who made out out "case" for Geneva, and concerning whom it would be interesting to know precisely how much he personally is to get out of the Alabama claims.

There is the whole carpet-bag throng, who have run the Southern States in debt to the amount of nearly three hundred millions of dollars, and have not a shadow of doubt that the preservation of the three amendments depends upon keeping the patron saint of these cormorants in power for another four years.

There is W. H. Kemble, a leading member of Grant's National Committee, who wrote that now notorious Addition, Division, and Silence letter.

We might extend this catalogue of Grant's friends. But this will suffice for the present.

ROUGH ON "LITTLE RHODY."—The Louisville *Journal*, referring to the fact that a party is to build a hotel in Rhode Island 92 feet long, by 60 feet wide, expresses astonishment that the authorities would "permit anybody to put the State all under one roof in that way." It is expected to be finished in September.—Bob says: "Horace Greeley will have an opportunity of addressing the whole State in the dining room, before election."

A Contrast.

DAVIS AND LEE AND THE GREAT UNITED STATES GIFT-TAKER.

As a specimen of the different stuff that public men may be made of, we copy the following pointed contrast. It is from the Richmond correspondence of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. It leaves no little room for the reader, as the letter writer suggests, to draw the contrast for himself. Through every line about the refusal of Lee and Davis to take gifts, stands out the base contrast of the Seneca-Gift-Enterpriser:

Back of the Capital, on Marshal street, stands a large residence, one of the finest in Virginia. It occupies a commanding position, known as President hill. This house was built many years ago by a wealthy gentleman named Brockenbrough. He aspired to have the most costly and beautiful residence and surroundings in Richmond, and to that end spared neither money nor pains. The grounds were laid out in beautful style, traversed by gravel walks and adorned by statuary and fountains.

When the capital of the Confederacy was removed from Montgomery to Richmond, the City Council here proposed to do something handsome for "President Davis;" so they bought the Brockenbrough residence, with the intention of presenting it to him. When he arrived here from Montgomery the city authorities had gone so far as to pay for the property, and had the title vested in Mr. Davis. A formal presentation of the property was then made by the City Council, when much to their surprise and mortification, he respectfully yet firmly refused the present. He warmly thanked the city authorities in this behalf, yet he could not, consistent with his own self-respect and the dignity of his office, accept the gift. The city, however, refused to take the property back, and for a time there was a quandary. Mr. Davis, however, held out firmly, and at last the matter was compromised by an agreement on the part of the city to become the owner of the property, and an agreement by Davis to live on it during his term of office. His term was cut off by the operations of the Federal army, and has never been filled out. The property now belongs to the city, and is used for school purposes.

I don't wish to draw any contrast between the caudact of Jeff. Davis and Grant in the matter of accepting houses and lots as gifts, but the reader can do so for himself.

After gazing at the rectangular, three storied, stuccoed pile before mentioned, thinking of the hopes and fears, disappointments, sorrows, and joys that must have successively inhabited the breast of the rebel president while he inhabited the city's three story house, I passed on to take a look at the residence occupied by General Lee during the war, and yet known as the "Lee house." It is a plain unpretending three story brick building. No. 707 Franklin street and is now occupied by Mrs. George Davis. Whether it was the property of Lee or not, I don't know, but at all events he occupied it. At the beginning of the war a number of wealthy citizens of Richmond made up a handsome sum of money to buy General Lee a house suited to his station and rank. But he refused to accept the proffered present, and the money was refunded to the subscribers. Here we have two instances of the most preminent men in the late Confederacy. In the light of our President's conduct, these two old Confederates were great fools.

THE COTTON CROP OF 1872.—The report of the Department of Agriculture on the cotton crop of this year is encouraging. The average increase of the area in acres planted throughout the cotton States over that of last year amounts to about thirteen per cent. The condition of the plant is about as favorable as at the corresponding period of last year. If therefore, nothing unusual occurs to damage the crop between this time and the time of gathering the yield will be probably thirteen per cent greater than last year. This increase is not likely to affect the market price much, for the increased demand keeps fully up to the augmented supply. When the South recovers entirely from the war, its labor becomes well organized again, and a flow of immigration sets in there, we shall have a greater cotton product and cheaper cotton

This is what happened to the man who refused to buy his wife a Dolly Varden:

His wife, she left a note behind.
Which read, "I beg your pardon,
But I'v run away with a nice young man
Who bought me a Dolly Varden."

Corpses in Rum.

A HORRIBLE RUMOR.

N. Y. Sun, June 25th.

Pale consternation was seated on the face of every Brooklyn politician yesterday. The saloons were deserted, and the barkeepers employed themselves in chasing flies from the counter, and bootblacks from the doors. Everything looked melancholy. A *Sun* reporter heard a "gentleman" invite an Alderman, a Supervisor, a Commissioner, and a prominent heeler to take su'thin'. They all refused except the heeler, who said: "Now dere's nothin' in dem bottles what's got de seal on, 'case yer can't get nothin' in after the wax is put on."

The others however, persisted in their refusal. Unable to account for this strange phenomenon, which the reporter saw three different times during the afternoon, he interviewed a barkeeper.

"I don't know what's der matter," said the barkeeper. "Some bloke is injuring business, and if der Board don't take action dere's no protection. Now, as far as I'se concerned, all our liqaors are genuine, and have been in the house long before that dam vessel came to port. Outside of sasparilly and sich we haven't taken liquors in since last Wednesday, and der boat only come in Friday night."

"Ah!" said the reporter, as he finished drinking the small bottle of soda he had ordered, "then you are all right."

"Why, uv corse I is, but will you believe me, de Alderman and de rest won't believe a word I say. Dey think dat we've got some of de spirits which dose fellers were in dat were fotched from Cuby on de vessel."

At this point a couple of strangers entered and interrupted the talkative barkeeper. They called for whisky. As they drank it the barkeeper whispered, "This is the first glass of hard stuff I've sold to-day, and I wouldn't hev sold that if these fellers weren't countrymen.'

Still mystified, yet having a slight idea of the trouble from what he had heard, the reporter made futher inquiry, and learned that last Friday a vessel arrived from Cuba or some of the islands contiguous thereto. On Saturday eight large casks were removed from her hold. Each of those casks contained a dead body, and the liquor which preserved them on the voyage was sold to a wholesale dealer, and by him it is said was distributed all over the city. All attempts to discover what particular kind of liquor it was that filled those eight casks proved unsuccessful. The few who are aware of the fact are sedulously endeavoring to keep the matter secret. One of the politicians said:

"If they would tell us whether it was rum or gin, why we could shake that particular drink until we knew the d—n stuff was all consumed, but as we don't know anything about it, why we got to sheer clear of everything until we are worn out. I understand," he continued, as he looked wistfully toward a neighboring bar-room, "that the Board are to send a communication to the Common Council of New York, and I wish them luck."

At the meeting of the Board a resolution was ordered to be sent to the New York Board that the shed around Fulton Market in Fulton street, from Front to Water and from Beekman to Burling Slip in South street be removed. It is hoped that the New York Common Council will take immediate action, if this will re-establish confidence and good feeling, although the reporter was unable to understand what connection the streets in New York have with the eight casks containing an unknown brand of liquor and the dead bodies.

A London, Ontario, paper has the following among its "scientific discoveries:" A new fashioned baste was found in the cricket field yesterday, which consisted of several newspapers, three pairs of hose, two "quilted" petticoats (nearly worn out), two old slouch hats, a pair of top boots, a bunch of hay, a piece of stair carpet, and a cord about three feet long.

A Louisville man, says the Indianapolis *Evening Journal*, very drunk, fooled a rattlesnake, which he found on the common, by letting it bite him fifty times. A snake is fooling away its time in bitting a Louisville man. They are not afraid of snakes down there until they get into their boots.

They have a precise young man in the office of the Worcester *Gazette*, who never goes to bed or gets up. He "retires" to the arms of Morpheus, and "arises" when the bright aurora gilds the eastern horizon. And he's a printer.

Carl Schurz.

The following letter from Carl Schurz, to Governor Palmer, of Illinois, in reply to an invitation to attend the Liberal Republican Convention of that State, will explain his position in regard to the approaching Presidential contest:

ST. LOUIS, June 25th.

My Dear Sir:—I regret to say that it will be impossible for me to attend the Convention of Liberals of Illinois to-morrow. I arrived here last nigh from the East, and find an accumulation of business which demands my immediate attention, besides I desire to address my constituents here before taking part in the campaign elsewhere. You have my earnest wishes in your endeavors to rally for united action all the elements in opposition to that system of policy which is now controlling the Government and the people of this Republic, and which has not inappropriately been called *Grantism*. It is time that the people of the North and South be once more bound together by inspiring consciousness of common nationality, common rights, common duties; and to this end it is necessary that the traditional barriers be broken down and that the policy of force by which the embers of civil strife are assiduously fanned, and bitter feelings of the past are kept alive for partisan advantages, give way in those moral agencies to conciliation and fraternal intercourse, without which our Republican system cannot long endure. It is time that despotism of party spirit be broken, which rules our national legislation. The past organization of office-holders, debauched with corruption, demoralizes and subjugates public opinion, and stands in the way of every true, and thorough reform, and to this end it is necessary that the embodiment of that despotism, the present administration, be defeated in its efforts to continue in power, and that thus a free field be opened for the reformatory movement, untrammeled by selfish partisan control, whether we be able to accomplish all we desire or not. We certainly can accomplish this if for that purpose we unite in an energetic effort, and our success will be a great step in the right direction. Although I cannot be with you to-morrow, I hope to be able to co operate with you to that end in the cause of the Liberal movement.

Very respectfully, etc.,
CARL SCHURZ.

Gov. Warmouth on Grant.

GOVERNOR WARMOUTH, of Louisiana, has declined a nomination for the Governorship, for the reason that the Convention nominating him was favorable to the reelection of Grant In his letter of declination he says:

"The success of Gen. Grant at the ensuing Presidential election would be a calamity such as cannot be contemplated without alarm. It would be the perpetuation, perhaps the permanent establishment of personal government in its worst form. It would be the commencement of imperialism in politics, and the utter and hopeless degredation of political morality. It would be the continuence of an odious executive and legislative tyranny which tramples with equal indifference upon the rights of persons and communities; which overturns all the munities of public liberty, and drags thousands of peaceable citizens to the common jail on the false pretense of secret conspiracy; which uses the bayonets of its soldiery to overawe a convention of the people, and prostitutes the courts of the country and the officers of the law to the service of an audacious attempt to overthrow the government of a State.

"It was in order to avert these evils and to join in the general protest against these infamous acts, as well as to save this State from the further depredations of the ring of Federal officials who have persistently used their personal and political power to suborn and corrupt the Legislature, that I went to Cincinnati and participated in the nomination of Greeley and Brown. It is with the view of assisting to prevent the triumph in this State, of a party whose success would fill the Legislature with the representatives of organized ignorance and unblushing venality, would cause irreparable injury to our commerce, would irretrievably ruin our credit, and bring contempt and scorn upon even the beneficial results of Republican policy, and upon the whole scheme of Republican reconstruction, that I have resolved to devote all my energies to the service of the Liberal Republican party and the allies who may act with it in this contest.

Subscribe for the ENTEPRISE.

Changing Front Without Cause.

The New York *Nation*, an able Republican journal and one of the leading spirits of the Liberal movement, now seems determined to support Grant. It has a bitter feeling against Greeley and without the slightest cause for its political change. It would have been satisfied with Adams, but cannot support the white-hatted philosopher. The *Nation* is an advocate of Free Trade, and with the two platforms before it—that of Cincinnati and the office-holders' declaration at Philadelphia—it declares its preference for Grant over Greeley.

The tariff question as agreed upon at Cincinnati was left to be decided by Congressional action, and must be regarded by those in favor of a pure revenue tariff as far superior to the declarations made at Philadelphia. The *Evening Post*, also a Free Trade organ which favored the Liberal Republican movement, is not satisfied with Horace Greeley, but it does not quite agree with the *Nation* in its views. It cherishes the hope that hope that Grant's Administration may be improved by the riddance of the Senate from corrupt advisers who have directed the President's policy. These are slight chances and too desperate to be taken in an election to secure a chief magistrate. The probabilities of Grant's re-election producing an amendment of conduct in respect to his public or private life are very remote. His re-election would confirm him in the ways and practices which have excited so much just censure of his conduct. Even while the approaching his intimacy with the vicious characters who visit Lon Branch while he is there is very unseemingly in a man in his exalted position.

Greeley would have no such surroundings in public or private life. His knowledge of men must be very extensive, for his long career as journalist has afforded him the best school for learing human nature. Even the faults alleged against him are virtues in the station to which he aspires, compared with the notorious rival. It is better to be economical than sordid; better abstemious than intemperate; better be homely in attire, than gorgeous and magnificent by parading the gifts received from present-makers. In every moral respect the sage will be better than the soldier.

"Dead Letters."

Two Million Dollars Risked in Misdirected and Unmailable Envelopes.

The aggregate carelessness of the American people is strikingly shown by a statistical statement in the *Postal Record* of the number of letters sent to the Dead Letter Office during a single year. It appears that during last year nearly three millions of letters were received at that office, of which sixty-eight could not be forwarded for the reason that the county and State were left off the direction; four hundred thousand were unstamped, and more than three thousand were mailed with no direction at all.

Some of the unstamped letters may have lost their miniature portraits of American statesmen through the non-adhesiveness of Uncle Samuel's mucilage, but how three thousand persons could mail simply blank envelopes passes our comprehension. It must be that they were bound to write a letter to some disagreeable acquaintance, to fulfill the letter of the law of correspondence, and thus deliver themselves from the burden of "owa letter" a letter without the corresponding obligation of receiving an answer, or else the American people are wonderfully careless.

The strangest part of this statement is that there were found in these letters money orders to the amount of two millions of dollars. That a tired lover or a cold friend should write a tender epistle and trust it to the hands of a post-office clerk, in an envelope innocent of even a single line of direction, is perhaps possible; but that old John Cashdown should send off letters to his business correspondents in the same fashion is hard to be believed.

An amusing story is told of an old lady, who having been seen to study a dictionary for a very considerable time, was asked what she thought of it, when, with great simplicity, she answered that she thought it would be very nice reading if it were divided into chapters.

ANYTHING.—A waiter at a resturant going over this formula, "What will you have, sir, roast beef, roast mutton, roast veal, roast chicken," was interrupted by the hungry Democrat saying, "I don't care, hurry up; anything to beat Grant."

Facts and Fancies.

A rare flower—The pink of politeness.

Cash advances—Attention to a rich widow.

What goes most against a farmer's grain? His mowing machine.

When is a lady's hair like news? When it is found in the morning papers.

A rattlesnake informally adjourned a colored Radical meeting at Mobile, recently.

There is not one Democratic newspaper in the State of Mississippi that opposes Greeley.

Some of the largest steamships burn eight hundred tons of coal crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

One of the candidates for the Hawaiinan Legislature is in favor of the repeal of the kanawaihookamakama.

Prisoners in the David county, Florida, jail, are farmed out to any responsible person who will pay their fines.

There is a man in Illinois—Judge Treat—who pretends that he has read the Alabama claims correspondence.

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor she means to sew in order that she may reap.

An Iceland judge, we are told, asked if all the jury were united. "Yes, judge," was the reply, "we're all frozen together."

Renan, who has been lecturing in Paris on the "Book of Job," is advised to come to Washington and lecture on the "book of jobs."

Some one says that a strong argument against suicide is, that it is the height of impoliteness to go anywhere until you are sent for.

A man who has traveled through New Jersey says he saw some land there so poor that you couldn't raise a disturbance on it.

The name "grass widow" is of French origin. It is derived from the French grace, and originally meant a widow by courtesy.

The way of the World—When the world has once got hold of an untruth, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.

There are but three farms in Massachusetts having over 1,000 acres of land—one of them is in Bristol, one in Dukes and one in Norfolk county.

The duty on strychnine has recently been reduced to 30 cents. This places this popular mode of exit from this mundane sphere within the reach of all.

An Iowa paper says the grasshoppers and potatoe bugs met in joint convention at Council Bluffs the other day. They decided to reject the one term principle.

The Japanese girls at Washington are getting along finely in their English. They have already mastered "Dolly Varden" and "How is that for High?"

A New Orleans thief lately sent back the stolen clothes of an undersized citizen, with a note saying that he would wait for his victim to grow.

The oldest Postmaster in the country is John Seiberling, of Lynnville, Pa.; he has held his office continuously for fifty-two and a quarter years.

New Jersey, which does more hanging and has more hanging to do than any other State in the Union, will hang a woman on the 19th of July.

In 1702 was built the first Episcopal church in North Carolina. In 1700 the first Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Daniel Brett, went to the province.

"The whole thing has gone to the devil," said a gentleman of some unfortunate speculation. "Never mind," said Jerrold, "you'll get all back when you die."

An attorney observed to a brother in Court that he thought whiskers very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced!"

One reason why the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, (Rep.) is opposed to Greeley is because he has but two brothers-in-law. That paper thinks that the idea of running this great government with but two brothers-in-law is absurd.

"Why is dat hat like the United States?" said Pompey to Sqaush, holding up his delapidated beaver. "Cos—cos—dunno, niggar."—"Well, cos t's not subject to a crown."

The Woman's Club in Boston are to form a preparatory class of girls, fit them for college, and then make a formal demand for the admission to the colleges of the country.