A. L. Bancroft

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

—o—

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TERMS of ADVERTISING:

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☞ The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINE PRESSES, which will enable the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times

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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.

Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

JOHN FLEMING,

DEALER IN

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK,

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

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

DR. J. WELCH,

DENTIST.

OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, corner 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

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.

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

PORTLAND - - OREGON

GEO. L. CURRY,

DEALER IN REAL ESTATE AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Commissioner Selecting Swamp and Overflowed Lands.

Farm Lands sold and purchasers obtained for all kinds of landed property.

Valuable securities transferred in exchange for real estate.

Loans negotiated on property, and titles examined and determined.

Commissions solicited and executed with fidelity and promptness.

OFFICE—No. 14 Carter's Building, corner of Alder and Front streets.

Feb. 3, 1870:tf

THAT $500 GRANT SONG.

AIR—"*Little Brown Jug.*"

Me and Judge Dent live all alone
In the White House, we call our own.
Dent takes the money and divides with me,
And keeps the places for the family.
CHORUS—Ha, ha, ha, Dent and me
Treat relations liberally.
Ha, ha, ha, Dent and me
Represent the family.

If you want a place, call on Judge Dent,
If you can bargain for his consent.
Pay your money and take your choice,
In this the public have no voice.
CHORUS—Ha, ha, ha, Dent and me,
Are the heads of the royal family.
Ha, ha, ha, Dent and me
Are family men, as you can see.

It is the talk of all about this town,
That Horace Greeley and Gratz Bsown
Are about to turn us out.
Hear me now, while I do shout:
CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, Dent and me
Are going to Salt Lake City.
Oh, oh, oh, Dent and me
Along with the royal family.

Uncle Sam and Useless Grant.

AIR—"*Robin Ruff and Goffer Green.*"

USELESS.

Please give me another four years, Uncle dear,
Oh! please give me another four years?
I'll turn over a new leaf and discharge every thief,
If you try me another four years. Uncle dear,
If you try me another four years.

UNCLE SAM.

I can't do it, Ulysses, you're asking too much,
For your record is very unclean;
But suppose I'd relent and give my consent,
To retain you another four years, Hiram dear.
What would you do in the other four years?

USELESS.

I'd reform very much in four years, Uncle dear,
For my relations are now pretty rich
I'd change my arithmetic, and ship Robeson quick.
If you give me another four years. Uncle dear,
If you give me another four years.

UNCLE SAM.

Oh, Hiram! I know you don't mean what you say—
I can't give you another four years.
I want Honesty—that is to say, Horace G.,
To preside at the White house the coming four years.
At the White House the coming four years.

Not Much of a Shower.

Charles Sumner was once the idol of the Radicals, says the San Francisco *Examiner;* and that was not very long ago. Then he was adored as the perfection of statesmanship; the paragon of honesty, sincerity, and universal excellence. But what a change has come over the spirit of his late political associates? Because he chose to exercise his right of opinion, and give heed to the voice of his soul, he is now considered by the Administration party as a man of small account, whose loss is not to be estimated as any injury to their cause; in fact, it is rather a gain. Those who once lauded him to the skies, now affect to rate him at a low figure, and assail his once honored name with all manner of malevolent abuse. Because his ideas of principle and conception of the personal unfitness of the present Executive for the high office he holds have induced him to withdraw his support from the Administration, and unite with the party of Reform, he is held out as a deserter and traitor to the principles for the supremecy of which he has devoted a lifetime of brave and earnest effort. No one differed more widely from Sumner than we did in the past; yet we never visted upon him half the contumely that the advocates of Grantism now do, because he has obeyed the dictates of his conscience, and the promptings of patriotism.

General Nathaniel P. Banks was another of the clay-made idols of the Radicals; and he, too, in obedience to the monitor of his conscience, has turned from the error of his way, and refused to be dragooned into the support of Cæsar Grant. As a consequence, Banks, like Sumner, suffer the penalty of his courageous assertion of individual liberty of thought and action, by submitting to gross calumny and depreciation of past services in the Radical ranks.

Both of these distinguished men, as well as all the rest of the Republicans who abandoned the camp of the White House Dictator, are now stigmatized as diminutive tubers, and, we are informed in this connection, that "there is not going to be much of a shower after all;" which reminds a cotemporary of an ancient story which acquaints us with the fact that in the days of old some over-confident individuals expressed the same doubting opinion as to the power and efficiency of an extensive shower that then prevailed to accomplish the destruction, but we believe they all discovered their error when it was too late, and never realized their true peril until they were about to become food for the deluvian fishes. Would it not be well for the Radicals to seriously ponder over this unpleasant history, and not foolishly reject the only ark of safety, that will afford them any shelter from the angry storm that is now swelling around them.

BOTH FOR GREELEY.—The following, in view of the fact that the election came off in West Virginia yesterday, (22d) will be of interest: "Governor J. J Jacobs, of West Virginia, the Independent candidate for Governor, and supported by the Grant Republicans is announced as having declared that he shall support Greeley and Brown. The regular Democratic candidate for Governor is for Greeley. Both candidates supporting the same Presidential ticket takes all political significance out of the contest and makes it purely a personal affair."

The Real Issue.

The issue of to-day is not the repeal of the Missouri compromise, nor the question of slavery in the Territories upon which alone the Republican party was organized in 1856. It is not that which followed, when the Lecompton Constitution for Kansas divided the Democratic party in twain and elected Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860. It is not the question of secession, nor of war to put down rebellion; nor the abolition of slavery in the States by military order, or by Constitutional amendment, upon which Mr. Lincoln was re-elected in 1864; nor yet is it the question of reconstruction or of the Fourteenth or Fifteenth amendment; nor the question of negro suffrage; nor of the establishment by Federal power of universal suffrage as a condition precedent to the States of the South having any rights, or any existence even, as States in the Union. It is none of these questions that is now in issue. All these have been issues in the past—great issues—sufficient in themselves to create and dissolve political parties, because ideas are stronger than men or parties. But they are all past issues. They have been fought out and fought to the end, in the forum or on the field, and they are no more in issue to-day than the Mexican war, or the war of the rebellion. We could not reopen them if we would, and they falsely misrepresent our purposes who say that we would if we could. This great union, therefore, means no step backward. Forward! is the word. And first of all, it means to-day for all the other States of the South what it has already done in Missouri. Instead of proscriptive test-oaths, suspension of habeas corpus, and military despotism, it means personal freedom for the individual, and republican government for all. Instead of negro supremacy, upheld by proscription and the bayonet, it means equal rights to all men, white as well as black. Instead of thieving governments organized to plunder subjugated States, it means the domination once more of intelligence and integrity instead of strife, hate, and robbery. It means, justice, liberty, peace, loyalty, and good will; and gentlemen, for our whole country, east, west, north, and south, it means instead of a war president, trained only in a military school, and whose whole character has been formed in the ideas, arts, habits, and despotism of military life—instead of this, it means a peace president, trained in the ideas, arts, blessings, and republican simplicity of peace and universal freedom; of peace not enchained, of liberty not under arrest awaiting trial, sentence, and execution by drum-head court-martial, but that liberty and that peace which the Constitution secures by placing the civil law above the sword; by preserving in full vigor the sacred writ of habeas corpus, and by the right of trial by jury. It means another thing, and perhaps the most important of them all—it means to arrest the centralization of powers in the Federal government. It means to assert the vital principle of our republican system, in which it lives and moves and has its very being, that Constitutions are made by the people in their sovereign capacity for the express purpose of defining and limiting the powers of government—powers of all governments, State or National. It means that we are determined that Presidents and Governors, Congress and State Legislatures, and every department of the government, shall obey the Constitution. It means a genuine civil service reform, beginning with the Presidential office. It means to put an end forever to certain practices which have grown up with this Administration, which have driven so many of the ablest Republicans to join this Liberal movement, and which have deeply wounded the hearts of all Republicans as well as Democrats in this country. Practices which never existed under any other administration, which are but too well known to all the world, and which our national good reputation will be best consulted by not even naming. It means also to give strength and stability to our financial affairs and our national credit by bringing honesty and economy and fidelity to every position—Federal, State, and Municipal—where public moneys are collected and disbursed. It means, also, the honest payment of all our obligations. It means to give higher tone and greater vigor to the administration of our foreign and domestic affairs, so as to command the respect and the confidence of our own people and of all the civilized world. It means to place in the highest offices of our government men of whom all the world will say, "They are honest and they are capable."—*Speech of Hon. J. R. Doolittle.*

The Vanderbilt Party at Saratoga.

At Congress Hall, Saratoga, the great Vanderbilt party has two daily sittings at five-handed euchre. The first sitting begins at ten A.M. and ends at half-past twelve o'clock, and the second at eight P. M. and ends at half-past ten. At five o'clock every evening Commodore Vanderbilt takes a family drive with his wife, and for the rest of the time he sits upon the piazza and strolls at intervals down to the Hamilton Spring. The euchre party consists of the well known Vanderbilt regency—the Commodore and Messrs. Petit, Harker, Booker and Turnbull—all hale men of the masculine sex, who give no quarter and ask none, and play for a small and uniform stake, just sufficient to enliven the labor. People who suppose that the wealthiest man in the country—who could put up railway securities enough to get the loan of all the banking capital of the State of New York if he wished—disports himself extravagantly for that reason, might study the simple tastes of Cornelius Vanderbilt. A pair of horses, a house, a table for long whist, a Saratoga piazza and pair of lazy slippers, and half a dozen masculine men to deal and shuffle and ante-up—this is the best that fifty millions can do. "This is the end of life," says the Commodore, "and I am content."

People look from the great opposite piazzaz of Saratoga at this scene daily:—Mrs. Vanderbilt, in a red shawl and quiet dress, a slender lady, accompanied by one lady friend and that tall spar of a veteran pilot, sailor and railway king—who has slaughtered imprudent stock operators along a line of 800 miles—her husband, climbing daily into their wagon for a dash out to Glen Mitchell, or the lake, or as far as Ballston Spa, and they see the lesson of Vanderbilt's success in this little daily excursion: simplicity of living, exercise, health, a few friends, and no more, all approved by time for steadiness, and all male friends, and of the masculine sex. There is a wondrous health in Vanderbilt of mind or body. No self-contemplation, but all the world lies material and extrinsic to him like the ocean to a great fish. He dismisses those whom he dislikes without rage, repels small pursuers and politicians by the sense of impregnability and command which resides in him, and although no mystery to anybody and no marvel of reticence, he has so little love of crowds, show, praise or endorsement that there has been less written about him in the newspapers affording a clue to his character than about any man in our era. His income is $4,000,000 a year. He refuses to receive telegraph despatches about railway details, and is not an active manager of the roads, being satisfied with his lieutenants, all of whom are far-seeing, comprehensive men. He is seventy-eight years of age frugal in living, with perfect peace of mind, and he says that all the years a man lives after seventy are clear gain upon destiny.

The Gems of Ceylon.

Ceylon is the land of gems and is the gem Island of the East. The natives are called Singalese and appear to be a little better class of people than the inhabitants of either Barneo or Java. The men wear their long black hair tied up in a knot at the back of the head. Their boats are the most singular looking of any I have yet seen. They are simply long, narrow canoes with two sticks reaching out from the side. The ends of these sticks are fastened to a log which rests in the water parellel with the canoe and and about eight feet from it. A more awkward looking craft can not be imagined, but it is perfectly safe.

The gems for which Ceylon is most celebrated are the sapphire and ruby, particularly the former. As soon as a ship casts anchor in the harbor of Point de Galle the gem merchants come on board to sell their precious stones to the passengers. Good gems may be bought, and bought cheap, but for every genuine stone purchased or exhibited there will be at least ten counterfeit ones. One of Our passengers had been in Ceylon before, and was well informed of the tricks of the gem dealers. He had been extremely anxious to have us appreciate his superior knowledge, and had repeatedly warned us against the dark dealings of the Singalese merchants. On leaving Ceylon notes were compared and purchased treasures exhibited. Many sapphires had been bought, and some very good ones. Our knowing passenger had invested a little as well as others, and on one of his fingers there appeared a gold ring, in which sparkled a beautiful sapphire which had been made from the bottom of a champaign bottle.

The Campaign of 1840.

The great speech used as a campaign document in 1840 was that made by Charles Ogle, of Pennsylvania, concerning an appropriation pending of $3,665 "for alterations and repairs of the President's house and furniture, for purchasing trees, shrubs, and compost, and for superintendence of the grounds." Only think of the tremendous sum! But Mr. Ogle's speech won many voters to his party, especially in the country districts, where the simple people were horrified at such extravagance. Have those people any sucessors in our day? I scarcely think so, for only last evening I heard some one insisting that it was disgraceful that we did not pay our President $100,000 per annum and build him a palace to live in, and I have before heard many persons belonging to both political parties express the same views. I have some extracts from Mr. Ogle's speech before me, which were republished just after the incoming of the present Administration in noticing the improvements at the White House, and I copy one because it indicates the great change in public sentiment since such words were deemed scathing in their satire:

"Oh! sir," said Mr. Ogle, "how delightful it must be to a real, genuine Loco Foco to eat his *pate de fois gras, dinde desosse,* and *salade a la volaille* from a silver plate with a golden knife and fork! And how exquisite to sip with a golden spoon his *soupe a la reine* from a silver tureen! It almost makes my mouth water to talk about it." The plain style in which General Harrison lived was held up in contrast. He, it was asserted, lived in a log cabin, the latch-string of which was always out in token of hospitality, and he refreshed his guests with hard cider while French wines were served in the White House. There was a coon somewhere about General Harrison's establishment that played a prominent part in campaingn speeches, songs, and torchlight processions. The country took up the watchwords of "hard cider," "log cabin," and" "coon" with tremendous enthusiasm then, and waged war with tremendous effect against the existing Administration.

The Women at the Jubilee.

The World's Boston Letter.

I don't think that ever in my life have I seen such an aggregate of female unloveliness as is exhibited here. There is a prominence of cheek-bone, a squareness of mouth, a fishiness of eye, and a shapelessness of form maddeningly common among these gentle creatures. I don't say all are so diabolically ugly that a man need run away from them, but I'd rather be drowned than wrecked on an island with some of them. It seems to me that a great number of them have been or are "school ma'ams." They have the positive, authoritative way, and weary, faded look common to that class. Some of them have great powers of expression in speech as well as song—powers more to be admired for force than grace, profundity rather than piety. For instance, the one I heard yesterday telling a companion as she pinned up a torn overskirt, that this was "the d—dest crowd" she ever was in. I don't think she was a common school teacher, although she might run a Sunday-school class. Doubtless she is on that, and from familiarity with pious words, is careless of the place she puts them in.

HOW SOON WE FORGET.—A leaf torn from the tree by a rugged gale, and borne away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from its fellows. Who is sad that it is gone? Thus it is with human life.

There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken, and for many days the grave is watered with tears and anguish. But by and by the crystal font is drawn dry, the last drop oozes out, the stern gate of forgetfulness folds back upon the exhausted springs, and time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the sepulchre without waking a single echo in his footsteps.

It is singular that the name of God should be spelled in four letters in almost every known language. It is in Latin, Deus; in Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Persian, Syrs; Tartarian, Igad; Egyptian, Aumn or Zeut; East India, Esgi or Zeul; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Wallachian, Sene; Margian, Eese; Sweedish, Oodd; Irish, Dieh; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios, and Peruvian, Llan.

The Man Of Their Choice.

The question is put squarely to the honest Republicans by the New York *Sun*, whether in their conscience they are now in favor of Greeley or of Grant. We have not the faintest doubt that nine out of ten of the honest Republicans will declare in their hearts for Greeley; though worldly interests prevent many from openly expressing their preferences; and repugnance to controversy or personal discussion induces many more to restrain their feelings until the day of election, when quietly they will go to the polls and deposit their ballots for the man of their conscience's choice.

How can the intelligent, thinking, honest Republicans be otherwise than friends and supporters of the Liberal candidate? If they know anything upon the subject they are aware that the States under carpet-bag domination have been ruled through the most shameless and stupendous election frauds that ever disgraced any part of the country. The active agents in the work have been the carpet-baggers and the Federal office-holders; the means mainly employed have been the deluded, docile negroes. The former were the thieving knaves, who ought to have been sent to the penitentiaries; the latter the honest dupes, who ought to have fallen under better leaders.

In pursuance of this nefarious scheme the reconstructed States for the last four years have witnessed falsification of registry lists, ballot-box stuffing, double and triple voting, fraudulent counting, and unwarranted certificates of election, especially in regard to members of Legislatures, which, had they been revealed to Tammany in its worst days, would have made it hide its diminished head:

We need not tell Republicans who have been thoroughly informed upon the condition of Southern politics for the past four years that these things are so. They know they are so, and the honest men among them have deprecated their existence and now go for Greeley that they may bring them to an end, while the rogues who have profited by them now go for Grant that they may be perpetuated.

The Dervish Feast Of The Doga.

The great feast of the Doga, a dervish affair, has just been celebrated. The dervishes are among the most fanatical of Mohammedans, and each year when the annual caravan returns from its holy pilgrim age to Mecca, a week is devoted by this sect to religious exercises in accordance with their own peculiar notions.

The dervish village is just below Cairo. Here each night for many days past the faithful have gone through with their indescribable contortions of body which is known as the dervish dance. Each night the dark Egyptian sky has been lit up by the blaze of magnificent fireworks. I have seen New York City on the night of a Fourth of July, but I did not see fireworks half so grand as I have seen at this strange orgie. The feast culminated last Friday, when the grand head of the order rode in triumph over the prostrate forms of the faithful. Such a sight I never witnessed before and trust I never may again. Thousands of these half-mad creatures threw themselves in their frenzy on the ground, all anxious to show their devotion by being trodden upon by the horse or the men who led him over their bodies. They struggled and fought for the privilege of being stepped upon with all the fervor of lunatics. Back and forth rode the turbaned priest, mounted on a noble looking horse, whose feet fell with a dull thud on arms, legs, necks, or bodies, just as each was in the way of his footsteps. I fancied at times that the horse seemed a little ashamed of the performance, but the dervishes were more than satisfied with the whole affair.

Each person stepped on at once arose and received the congratulations of friends. None seemed much hurt, although a few limped as they walked about. Thousands were shouting at once, and for wild excitement and indescribable noise this scene far surpassed anything I ever witnessed.

COTTON.—The Bakersfield *Southern Californian* of August 8th says: We were shown on Monday, by Mr. W. G. Allen, some fine cotton bolls from his field adjoining town. Mr A. speaks in the most sanguine manner of the prospect for a fine crop. So far, notwithstanding the difficulties labored under at first in consequence of difficulty in procuring seed, the cotton experiment bids fair to be crowned with brilliant success. Mr. Allen assures us that all the conditions are favorable, and he is confident of making a handsome demonstration.

The Grand Final Triumph.

Commenting upon the result of the election held at Memphis on the 1st inst., the *Appeal* of August 3d says: "The smoke of the battle has cleared away and the result is before us. It will be seen from the returns published elsewhere that the entire Democratic ticket is elected. The canvass has been bitter, angry and excited, and we are glad that it is over. We congratulate our friends on this triumph of the Democratic party over its worst enemies—the triumph of its loyalty and its cohesive power and integrity as a political organization. We hope the bolters have learned a lesson they will never forget. They went into the canvass in an overbearing and threateneng spirit, breathing death and destruction to all who opposed them. Some of them were men who participated in the late convention, either as delegates or candidates for nomination. But the people have, by their votes, vindicated the propriety of party organization, and administered a stinging rebuke to the renegades. We predict the Radical party will never make another organized fight in this county. One thousand fraudulent negro votes were polled in the county on Tuesday, and if with this great advantage the Radicals failed to secure victory, they will despair of future success. No man of common sense longer questions the election of Horace Greeley, and this result will dissolve the Radical party. At the election in November the negroes of Arkansas and Mississippi will remain at home to vote; and the Democratic majority in Shelby for Greeley, a Congressman and members of the Legislature will reach two thousand. But the certainty of victory should not make us forgetful of our duties. Let us maintain our organization, and work for the grand final triumph in November, which is to announce that the people have clasped hands over the bloody chasm which has too long divided them.'"

Blanton Duncan and Grant.

The hand is the hand of Blanton Duncan, but the voice is that of the Administration—so much, remarks the New York *Tribune*, one may truly say of the sideshow of the Bourbon Democracy. The whole logic of the case has been from the outset conclusive as to the complicity of the Grant Republicans in this ridiculous move. But now we have ample evidence in the circular sent out by Mr. J. M. Edmunds, Secretary of the Grant Central Committee at Washington. Here we have this honest and ingenuous gentleman actively sending out the call for the Bourbon Democratic Convention at Louisville, and begging Grant Republicans to help circulate it through the country. Here is the Democracy-hating Grant party doing its best to keep up "the old organization," which they say is so damned with treason and rebellion that a man who accepts any of its votes is worse than a traitor. Now, does Mr. Edmunds, backed by the Conklings, Mortons and Chandlers, expect to "save the country" by touting for Mr. Blanton Duncan's Bourbons? or is this only a part of the conspiracy to create a diversion which in this city has resulted in an alliance between Messrs. Murphy, Tweed, Decoy, Bliss and O'Brien.

Be Your Own Right Hand Man.

People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there down they go. Once down they are as helpless as a capsized turtle, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such persons no more resemble men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or spluttering rush lights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted into achievements train a man to self-reliance, and when he has proven to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this; Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their mark on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped the chasm, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that, but for the toil that strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been obtained.

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