Mechanics Institute

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THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

A. NOLTNER,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS CO.

OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's Brick, next door to John Myers' store, up-stairs.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F., Meets every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F., Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M., Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.
By order of W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. O. F., Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
☞Office Up-Stairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street. aug13tf.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,
Surgeon.
PORTLAND, - - OREGON.
☞OFFICE—Odd Fellow's Temple, corner First and Alder streets. Residence, corner of Sixth and Seventh streets.

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DENTISTS,
OFFICE IN
ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE,
Corner of First and Alder Streets,
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☞Will be in Oregon City on Saturdays. Nov. 3 tf

S. HUELAT. CHAS. E. WARREN.
HUELAT & WARREN
Attorneys-at-Law,
OREGON CITY, - - OREGON.
☞OFFICE—Charman's brick, Main st. 5mar1872-tf.

JOHNSON & McCOWN
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☞Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land office at Oregon City. 5apr1872-tf.

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OFFICE—Over Pope's Tin Store, Main street. 21mar73-tf.

A. NOLTNER
NOTARY PUBLIC.
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
OREGON CITY.

JOHN M. BACON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER in Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc.
Oregon City, Oregon.
☞At Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackeman, Main st.

W. H. HIGHFIELD.
Established since '49, at the old stand.
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
An assortment of Wathes, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks all of which are warranted to be as represented.
☞Repairing done on short notice, and thankful for past patronage.

NEW YORK HOTEL.
(Deutsches Gasthaus.)
No. 17 Front Street, Opposite the Mail Steamship Landing,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS, Proprietors.
Board ⅌ Week.....$5.00
Board ⅌ Week with Lodging..... 6.00
Board ⅌ Day..... 1.00

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth, ye have glided
away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and
gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is
no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed
all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is
gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your
recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye
should fall;
Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have
seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye
have been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me
astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament
your delay.

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile you can
last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion youth light;
Thoughts of my age, tread ye not the
cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your
God.

OREGON.

BY A MINSTREL.

Oregon, with thy fertile vales,
Rich with the fruits of earth thou art
blest.
Beautiful mountains, intersected with
dales:
Land of prosperity! Haven of rest.

Gloriously beautiful State of the Union;
Youngest! Fairest of all the land.
Favored with manifold blessing of
nature;
Genial, thy seasons; prosperous land!

Unequalled, thy harvest fields—golden
with grain.
Beneath fair Summer's breezes waving.
Rivulets flowing through every plain—
Teeming with stock; in thy streams
they are lowing.

Happy thy sons! Contentment prevailing;
Lovely thy daughters; joyous and
free!
Home, my adopted land—soul enslaving.
Beautiful Oregon! Dear to me.

OAK GROVE, EOLA, 1873.

STAND BY THE RIGHT.

Stand by the right, where'er you be,
In honor place your trust!
Though men may scoff and call you
weak,
Still let your every act bespeak
A mind that will be just.

Stand by the right when foes assail!
March! march with bravery on,
And you shall gain the glorious prize
Which in the future surely lies
For labor nobly done.

Stand by the right, even though you
find
There's trouble in your path!
Brave is the man who dares to stand
With fearless heart and active hand,
And scorns the scoffers wrath.

Stand by the right, and you will find
Success and honor too!
Stand by the right, the true, the just!
In Heaven place your constant trust—
To manhood ever be true.

Stand by the right! The skies may
lower,
The sun may cease to shrine,
But you will find that in the storm
Heaven hath placed a blessing warm—
A blessing all divine.

SHORT-STOPS.

A large party—All of us.

A good motive—Locomotive.

Shocking events—Earthquakes.

Fancy bread—A roll of the eye.

Loose Habits—Dressing-gowns.

Overland route—Up in a balloon.

Music by Handel—A street organ.

The "slave of the ring"—A bride.

Mischievous teachings—Modoctrine

Nature's tailoring—a potatoe patch.

Women who paint should never faint.

Ice retails in Sherman, Texas, at 5 cents a pound.

Corn dodgers—Sensible folks who wear big boots.

When is charity like a bee? When it begins to hum.

The Home Circuit—Walking about with the baby in the night.

When is a cat like a teapot? When you're teain' it (tea's in it).

Why is the earth like a Colt's pistol? Because it is a revolver.

The surest way to lose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

New Book—"The Stray Wig," by the author of "Wandering Heir."

Why is a kiss like scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Mr. Bailey, of Danbury, says: "I do not lecture myself, I am married."

Why is necessity like a great many lawyers? Because it knows no law.

Querry—Would it not be proper to call a dancing teacher a hop-merchant.

Why can't Scott "run" for Congress? Because he can't get over a Hill.

There is one thing sadder than to see children die; to see them lead evil lives.

The *Courier-Journal* denies that Louisville girls wear daggers in their garters.

Josh billings says that a red herring will keep a man dry better than an umbrella.

Why is mid-ocean like Broadway? Because there you will see the big "swells."

A revivalist asked an African if he had found the Lord. "Golly," said Sambo, "I am de Lord lost."

It is suggested that Poe's bird must have had the delirium tremens, as he was raven on a bust.

What is the difference between a trick of war and a game cock? One is a ruse and the other is a rooster.

"Much remains unsung," as the cat remarked to the brickbat when it suddenly cut short her serenade.

MODOCS OR MURDOCS.

THE TRUE STORY OF CAPTAIN JACK—OWN SON OF CAPT. MURDOCK, LATE OF LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

From the Stanford, Ky., Interior Journal.

The central figure, which is now attracting more public attention than any other in the United States, is Jack Modoc, the last of the distinguished Indian braves. He is a captive in the hands of his enemies, manacled as if he was a professional redhanded murderer or a common highway robber. Since the heroism of his deeds began to draw toward him public notice, many newspapers have effected a discovery of his parentage, and one county after another in Kentucky has claimed the honor of being the birth-place of his father. during the time we have been partially engaged in the collection of facts which shall forever set at rest the disputed question, "Who is Captain Jack, and who are his parents?" From the best information we have been enabled to gather, he is a son of a native of Lincoln county, whose name was

JOHN MURDOCK.

The exact date of the birth of John Murdock we are not able to ascertain, but may safely say that he was born near Crab Orchard, in this county, some time near the beginning of the present century. The reader who is familiar with that portion of the early history of Kentucky which relates to Indian incursions will remember that upon one occasion a band of Indians attacked the house of a widow near Crab Orchard, and in the first rush upon her house but one Indian succeeded in effecting an entrance before the door was barred; this one was grappled by a lame negro in the house, who held him until the widow lady spoken of dispatched him with an axe. She then directed the negro to unbar the door and let another Indian in, who met with a similar fate. This piece of work met with a similar fate. This piece of work she kept up until several of the savages were killed in detail, and the remainder abandoned the attack.

THIS WOMAN

had been twice married, and John Murdock was her child by her first husband. John, like all other people, grew in years and stature, and at a very early age developed a daring and insubordinate disposition, though not lacking a considerable amount of shrewdness, caution and low cunning. When the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain had fairly burst upon the Canadian border, John, though quite a youth, enlisted in a regular regiment commanded by Col. Taul, of Wayne county, while passing through the town of Stanford on its march to the north. He served with more distinction than privates usually attain to, and soon became noted for his skill and success as a scout. While in the enjoyment of his popularity he was guilty of an act of gross insurbordination—breaking his gun over the adjutant's head—for which he was tried by a court-martial and by it sentenced to the ignomonious punishment of being

"BUCKED AND GAGGED."

This punishment he endured silently, not offering any resistance or uttering a word of protest. The next day John was missing, and in his baggage, which was left, was found a scrawl announcing his purpose to join the Indians and wreak vengeance upon the whites generally.

Nothing further was heard from him for several years; but

ABOUT THE YEAR 1835

some fur traders happened in the same region where he was trapping, and to them he made himself known. He stated that after his desertion of the whites he lived alternately with the Crows and Blackfeet; but, a feud springing up between these two tribes, each one suspected him of adhering to the other, so he determined to shift for himself. During his sojourn with the Indians he had acquired considerable influence over many of them, and to such as he could trust he announced his purpose to form a new tribe or band out of such portions of the various tribes as were in reach. He succeeded beyond his expectations, and formed a band of roving, desperate

MARAUDERS OUT OF THE DESERTERS

chiefly from the Crows, Blackfeet, and Bannock tribes. They were the terror of weaker tribes. But soon found they must have squaws to keep up their numbers. In imitation of the followers of Romulus, they made a raid upon the Nez Perces, and carried off maidens and squaws. One of these maidens, Murdock, the chief or captain of the maranders, took to wife, and the issue of this reunion numbered five in all, of which number the present Captain Jack Modoc is the first.

THE BAND,

after its organization, was known as the Murdocks, which has since been corrupted into Modocs. In accordance with the Indian custom, young Jack Murdock being the first-born, was given the name of his father, and at the latter's death succeeded to the captaincy of the tribe.

THE NEZ PERCES

never forgot the injury, but were too weak to avenge it. They are known as the "Warm Spring Indians," and have sided with the United States in the recent conflict with the Modocs.

This in brief, is the history of Captain Jack's parentage, as we have learned it. Since he is of Lincoln county origin, it is natural that our sympathies should go out toward him, and we trust a better fate awaits him than that which is now impending.

Republican Corruptions.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that the magnificent benefactions of a generous Governmen are perverted by professional corruptionists into the iniquities of Credit Mobilier, and this is only an index pointing the way whither 200,000,000 acres of public lands have gone, together with untold sums of public moneys. If the powers that be are displaced, so that a full and fair investigation may hereafter show a complete history of land grants, the exposures already made will sink into insignificance compared with the enormities yet to be revealed.

So entirely does the mania for theft enter all departments and ramifications of public affairs, that it is not only the big whales that occupy their time in gobbling the greater portion of the means, but the small fry assiduously follow their example, and the representatives of the great American Republic at Vienna are caught in the act or swapping peanuts upon an entirely illegitimate basis.

Rascaltiy is infectious. Like master, like man. A government is set up in a sovereign State by a Federal Judge, throug means and instrumentalities which are denounced by such bright lights of the Republican party as Mat. Carpenter, in unmeasured terms. The will of the people, as expressed at the ballot-box, is thwarted by a proceeding unknown to law, decency, or common sense, and the State of Louisiana is to-day run by a set of officials whom a Republican committee of Congress have declared to be in power by means of infamous wrong.

If the head of the National Government will sanction such things and sustain them by military force, what guarantee is there that, if the vote of any State is needed, the same means will not be used, backed by the same force?

If there can be found in Louisiana a Federal Judge thus ready and unscrupulous to do his master's will, how much safer are citizens of other States with Federal Judges whose status of scruple has been already determined, and whose readiness alone remains to be tested?

Mr. Attorney General Williams, who is little known to the people of the United States except as he has made himself famous in being the author of more misrepresentation to the public in regard to Louisiana affairs than can ever be atoned for by any amount of brimstone lakes, coolly tells a commonweath that is suffering every indignity and wrong, that "The best thing the people of Louisiana, and of the South generally, can do is to mind their own business and let politics alone."

Mr. Attorney Williams sees a man in the last agonies of drowning, and instead of extending a helping hand, remarks that the best thing that he can do is to mind his own business and pay no further attention to the science of navigation.

But it is in vain to attempt to speak in proper terms of the iniquities that are being daily and hourly perpetrated. Suffice it to say the people are ripe for rebellion against public maladministration fraternizing with private thievery. There never was a time more propitious for honest and honorable men to throw off the shackels of party, and assert the dignity of the private citizen and the majesty of simple honesty.

There are sufficient of these latent forces, guided with discretion, to sweep the country through all the elections of the future.

Jeff. C. Davis.

HOW HE TREATED SOME SOUTH CAROLINA LADIES.

The Chester (S. C.) *Reporter* says this distinguished warrior, who has lately succeeded at the head of several regiments of Federal troops in capturing Captain Jack and his handful of Modoc warriors, has a fame in that section of the country. It says:

"It is not one that a warrior would envy; but such as it is he should have the benefit of it in this the hour of his glory. He was an officer in Sherman's army that swept through this State in 1865. Whether he commanded a corps or a division we do not recollect, nor is it material to know. As the army of the north approached the line of Chester county it came upon the home of Mr. John Douglas, in Fairfield county. A courier came to this house and demanded a room for the head-quarters of General Jeff C. Davis. He brought with him a carpet, which he put down in the room, and other comforts and conveniences for his commander. Soon afterwards General Davis arrived and took possession of the quarters that had been prepared for him. Mrs.——, the daughter of Mr. Douglas, and the wife of Rev. T. W. E.——, who was residing in the house and taking care of her aged father, appealed to him to protect the property on the place. He assured her that he would do so, and told her to pack up the articles she deemed most valuable and deposit them in the room he occupied, and that he would be personally responsible for their safety. She did so, packed up in a trunk everything she deemed of special value, and placed it in his room. When he left the house she went into the room to recover her valuables and found that the trunk had been broken open and everything that was worth carrying off had been taken away. These facts can be established by witnesses whose credibility no man would dare gainsay.

The first of the office-seeker's song now is said to be as follows:

"O I long to be a Granger,
And with the Grangers stand,
A bunch of clover in my arms,
And a pitchfork in my hand."

The Joe Thomas ("Wrestling Joe.") Fraud.

STATE OF OREGON, }
COUNTY OF MULTNOMAH, } ss.

I, John C. Nixon, being duly sworn, depose and say: That my true name is John C. Nixon; tna: I was born in London, England; that I am about sixty years of age; that I was reared in Queens county, Ireland, until I was seventeen years old; that my father's residence was called "Milford Cottage," about seven miles from Carlow, and about three miles from Athy; that my father's name was Frederick R. Nixon; that my mother's maiden name was Charlotte Rencher; that she had a brother named Charles, who lived in Halifax county, north Carolina; that one of my father's sisters married a man by the name of Cook, who lived about a half a mile from "Milford Cottage;" that I had an old maiden aunt named Jane Nixon; that I had three brothers—Frederick R., Walter T. and Robert Nixon; that I had one sister named Dorothea E. Nixon; that my father moved into Carlow several years before I left home.

On the 13th of May, 1833, I left home and went to Liverpool, where my father accompanied me; he then returned home, and I shipped for America, and after reaching New York I went to Norfolk, thence by Elizabeth City to Edenton; thence to my uncle Charles Rencher's; from there I went to Clarkesville, Tennessee, with General Bryant; thence to New Orleans, thence to Alexandria, thence back again to New Orleans, thence to Todd county, Kentucky, and there worked in a store for a man named Tom Anderson; I then went to Charleston, South Carolina, with some horses; then shipped aboard a small schooner as Cook; then went to Wilmington, North Carolina; there shipped on board the cutter Dallas with Lieut. Russell. As soon as I told Lieutenant Russell who I was, and that I was a relative of the Renchers, he released me from the ship, and I went to Gen. Bryant's, in Granville county, North Carolina; from there I went to Abraham Renchers; from thence to Wilmington, and shipped aboard a schooner loaded with lumber and went to Havana; there the schooner loaded with fruit and sailed for Mobile, Alabama. I arrived in Mobile about 1837 or 1838, and there worked on a steamboat for a time. About the year 1845 I married a girl named Elizabeth Toler, in Baldwin county, Alabama. From my first arrival in Alabama I have lived in that State and Mississippi and Louisiana until I left and went to St. Louis, in 1870, and from there came to Oregon—excepting since the war, when I made three or four trips up the Mississippi River, begging.

I separated from my wife about fifteen years ago. After our separation I made Scarborough Melvin's and a man named Chandler's, in Baldwin county, Alabama, my home, excepting about two years, until I came to Oregon. I left Baldwin county the last time about the first of August, 1870, on a begging trip; I went by way of New Orleans. When I left Baldwin county I left nine head of cattle, one hundred and thirty chickens and three hundred and fifty dollars in money with a man by the name of Chandler; he lived about seventeen miles northeast of Mobile, near Scarborough Melvin's, who was stepfather of my wife. I begged in the principal towns along the river until I reached St. Louis, Missouri. I had been there five or six days, when a man overtook me as I was going up the street, and took me by the hand and asked me what my name was and what I was doing. I told him my name was John C. Nixon, and that I was begging; he then asked me where I came from; I told him I came from Mobile, Alabama; he asked me many questions, and among them how long I had been in St. Louis; I told him five or six days; he asked me if begging was not a hard way of making a living. I told him it was, but I had to do it, for I had no money. After considerable conversation he said to me: "You are the very man I want." He then said: "Would you like to make seven or eight thousand dollars?" I told him I would, if I would not have to go to the penitentiary or jail; he told me that I would not have to go to either; he told me his name was James Moore; that he was from Oregon, and that if I would go with him and do as he wanted me to, he would give me eight thousand dollars. I told him I did not want to go to Oregon. Moore said, "Well, if you won't go, I know another old man that will." I then told him I believed I would go. He then took me over the Mississippi river to a hotel, and told me that I must change my name, and say that my name was "Joseph Thomas," or "Wrestling Joe;" that I was ninety-one years old; that I was the father of Finice Caruthers; that I was born in Kaskaskia; that I went to Tennessee and married Elizabeth Caruthers, in Dixon County, Tennessee, in the year 1816; that I lived with my wife, Elizabeth, in Dixon county about six months; that I then moved to Christian county, Kentucky; that my wife had one son, and that his name was Finice, and that he had red hair; that I lived with my wife about five years; that I went to the mountains and trapped for a living. Moore and I staid over the river only a part of a day this time, and we then came back to St. Louis, and he wanted me to go with him to a tavern, but I told him that I would go to my boarding-house, where I had been stopping. Moore came next morning and took me over the river to the same place we were the day before. He then got paper pen and ink and wrote down what he wanted me to study, so I could answer questions. He told me there was a man by the name of Finice Caruthers, and his mother who had died in Oregon had left a large amount of property and had left no one to inherit it, but that there was two or three men in Oregon who were rascals and swindlers, and were about to get the property, but had no right to it, and that he and a man named Davidson wanted me to come to Oregon and personate the father of Finice Caruthers, so that he, Davidson, and others could get the property. The following is, as near as I can remember, What Moore wrote down for me to study: I must say my name was Joseph Thomas; or "Wrestling Joe;" that I was ninety-one years old; that I was the father of Finice Caruthers; that I was born in Kaskaskia; that I went to Tennessee and married Elizabeth Caruthers, in Dixon county, in 1816; that I lived there about six months and then moved to Christian county, Kentucky, and worked on a mill; that I lived with my wife about five years; that I had one son; that his name was Finice, and that he had red hair; that I left my wife in Kentucky and went to the mountains and trapped for a living; that I afterwards met my wife and son at St. Louis and other places; that I moved my wife and son from St. Louis to Harmony Mission, Missouri, and that Green Davidson went part of the way with me, and that there was two trappers along; that I settled my wife on a creek near Harmony Mission and went trapping again; that I saw my wife every once in a while; that Finice came down to a creek where I was trapping to see me two or three times; that my wife and Finice lived near Harmony Mission about ten years and then moved to Oregon; that I met a trapper in the mountains who told me my wife and son had gone to Oregon. Moore and myself staid two days' time over at the hotel, so as to give me time to study what Moore had written down for me, so I could answer the questions the magistrate would ask me when we got back to St. Louis; we then went over to St. Louis. As we were going up from the ferry-boat Moore gave me a one-hundred dollar bill; we met Green Davidson on the street, and he took me into a store and gave me a new suit of clothes; Davidson and Moore took me to a great big house—I think it was a hotel; from there Davidson, and a man (I think his name was Johnson) took me to a picture gallery and had my picture taken; Davidson or Johnson, I can't remember which, told me to write "Joseph Thomas" on one of my pictures and not make a mistake; we then returned to the hotel and they sent for a Squire; I repeated to the Squire the lesson which Moore had written down for me to study, as well as I could remember it; as soon as I had done telling my story there was a man (I think it was Johnson) took a paper or deed, and gave it to the Squire, who read it to me, then Johnson (I think it was) signed the name of Joseph Thomas to the paper, and I touched the pen; Moore then paid the Squire $3. Davidson and Moore then took me to Lebanon, Illinois, where Davidson lived, and left me at a hotel; Moore said he was going to New York to get money to pay me, and I was to stay at Lebanon until he came back; I think he was gone about eight days; when he came back he took me to St. Louis to a tavern, and paid me $1,000, and said he would pay me the balance of the $3,000 when we got to Oregon, and when the trial was over would give me $5,000 more.

Moore and Davidson told me that I would not have to be gone longer than three months. I did not want to come to Oregon, but they said I must come, and they would pay me well. While in St. Louis I repeatedly told Moore and Davidson my true name, where I was from, and all about myself.

Moore, Davidson, and his wife, and myself, all started to Oregon together; arriving at Portland, I staid one night; next day Moore took me to Oregon City on the cars; McCown or Johnson took me from the cars to a hotel at Oregon City; the second day (I think it was) after I got to Oregon City, Johnson came to my room at the hotel, and said he had met me in St. Louis; said "don't you know me? I was in St. Louis with Moore and Green Davidson." He then commenced talking to me about who I was, and where I came from, and I thought he was a partner of Moore and Davidson, and commenced telling him what my true name was, and where I came from; he then said his dinner was waiting and he must go. I do not want to tell on Johnson as he never did me any harm. I was taken from Oregon City to the opposite side of the river, and stayed a few days; I was then sent to Green Davidson's in Marion county; after I went there, Moore sent me $200 by Green Davidson.

The paper Moore wrote for me to study while him and me were at the hotel opposite St. Louis, Missouri, he took from me; I do not know what he did with it.

When I went up to Green Davidson's, Moore came up, and wrote another, and gave it to me; it was like the one he gave me at St. Louis made me say I only had one son, and the one he wrote at Green Davidson's made me say that I had two sons—Finice and John—and that John died at Harmony Mission. This paper was given me about three months after I went to Green Davidson's, in Oregon; I studied this paper in the presence of Green Davidson and his wife; I studied this paper until it wore out, and so they had to write the third one. About four or five months after I went to Davidson's in Oregon, he payed me $1,700. While I was at Oregon City, after the payments in the Summer of 1871, I had $2,800 with me, and I lost or some one stole it from me, and Green Davidson slept in the room with me the night I lost it.

All the witnesses who swore that they knew me, and that my name was Joseph Thomas, swore falsely, for my name is John C. Nixon; I never saw Joe Meek in my life in the Mountains or anywhere else until I saw him in Portland; I never was a hunter, or trapper, or mountaineer; I never worked on a mill of any kind; I never was at Harmony Mission, in Missouri; I never knew Elizabeth Caruthers or her son Finice. My wife's name was Elizabeth Toler, who I married in Baldwin county, Alabama, and by her we had two children. My wife's father died, and mother-in-law married again to a man named Scarborough Melvin, who lives in Baldwin county, Alabama, sixteen miles northeast of Mobile; when I lived in Alabama I boated wood and lumber, and kept a boarding-house in Mobile, and after I got crippled I begged for a living.

The whole scheme of bringing me to Oregon as a witness in the trial about the Caruthers estate, and as to my knowing anything about the matter in any way, shape or form is a grand fraud that I was hired by Moore and Davidson to swear to; the whole story was manufactured and drilled into me by Moore and Davidson; I had to learn my lessons like a school-boy; Moore generally wrote his; Davidson gave his verbally; Davidson was teacher. One time while I was at Green Davidson's when he lived at Fairfield, they kept me out in the woods two weeks to keep away from Hannah, that he (Hannah) would kill me; Moore and Davidson put white paint on my hair to make me look old. Last September I and Green Davidson came down to Oregon City to see Johnson and Pease and the man in the land office, and to have them pay me the $5,000 that Moore agreed to pay as soon as the suit was over; but they refused to pay the $5,000, for the reason that Hannah had given them trouble, and finally we compromised by their agreeing to give me $3,000, as follows: Pease's note, due the 14th day of September, 1873, for $1,057 33, and Johnson and the man in the land office to pay the balance equally between them; the amount due from the man in the land office and Johnson was paid to me and Pease's note delivered to me somewhere about the 15th of September, 1872, in Mitchell & Dolph's office, at Portland, by a young man whom they sent down to pay me; I do not know who the young man was. In March or April last I got Mr. John Phillips, of Salem, to come down to Oregon City with me to see Moore, to have him pay me $2,000 that they failed to pay me in the settlement: I asked Moore to pay me the $2,000. [They had agreed to pay me $8,000, and had paid me but $6,000.] I told him I wanted him to pay me or I would go to Portland and tell Hannah the whole secret. Moore said: "If you do he (Hannah) will put you in the penitentiary." I told Moore that he (Moore) did not talk that way in St. Louis; that he had told me that there was no danger. Moore said, in reply: "There is no danger now, if you will do as I told you, but if you tell Hannah you will go to the penitentiary for life." I told him that I did not care; that I would tell it anyhow.

I think that it was on or about Monday, the 12th day of the month of May last, I told Green C. Davidson that I had made a confession to Hannah of the whole secret about myself, who I was and where I came from, who induced me to come here, and what they brought me here for. Davidson then said: "We are all ruined; I will lose my $5,000, and you will go to the penitentary for life; if any person asks you about the matter, tell them I had nothing to do with it, that Moore did it all."

The foregoing is a true and correct statement of my name and family connections, and the circumstances under which I was induced to come to Oregon to personate the father of Finice Caruthers, and give my testimony in connection with the Caruthers estate, and I now make this statement that those whom I have wronged may be able to obtain justice. JOHN C. NIXON.

Subscribed in the presence of Ralph Wilcox, L. Brooke, Elizabeth Nixon, C. M. Godbold, John Hurley.

STATE OF OREGON, }
COUNTY OF MULTNOMAH. } ss:

I hereby certify that on this 19th day of June, A. D. 1873, personally appeared before me John C. Nixon, who, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that the foregoing statement was true, as he verily believed; that, before swearing to and subscribing said affidavit, the said statement was read to the affiant and by him subscribed in my presence.

Witness my hand and official seal the day and year in this certificate above written.

[SEAL.] C. W. PARISH,
Notary Public for Oregon.

RECKONING.—The little son of a prominent Baltimore minister said to his father, "Pa, St. Paul was a Southerner." "How do you know that my son? "Why sir in the eighteenth verse of the eighth chapter of Romans he say: 'Lord, I reckon.' None but Southerners say reckon."

NOT OFTEN.—The Worcester *Press* says: "Two medical societies met in this city yesterday. A Car load of gravestones also arrived during the day. It is not often the eternal fitness of things sticks out in this manner."

A disgusted Danburian wants to know if woman was known to be the equal of man, why it is that she can't whistle.

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