

# Oregon City Enterprise

DEVOTED TO POLITIC, NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.  
OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1874. NO. 47.

**THE ENTERPRISE.**  
A LOCAL DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER  
Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.  
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.  
**A. NOLTNER,**  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.  
OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS CO.  
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**SOCIETY NOTICES.**  
**OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main Street. Non-Resident members invited to attend. By order, W. M.

**REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main Street. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

**ELMWOOD LODGE NO. 1, I. O. O. F.**  
A. A. M., holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order, W. M.

**CLIFF ENCAMPMENT NO. 2, G. O. P.**  
Meets on the 1st of each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order, W. M.

**W. W. MORELAND,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW;  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
OFFICE—Main Street, opposite the Court House.

**S. HUELAT**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW;  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
OFFICE—Main Street, opposite the Court House.

**JOHNSON & McCOWN**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT-LAW.  
Oregon City, Oregon.  
Will practice in the Courts of the State, special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City.

**L. T. BARIN,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
OFFICE—Over Pope's Tin Store, Main Street.

**ICE-CREAM SALOON**  
AND  
**RESTAURANT!**  
LOUIS SAAL, Proprietor.  
Main Street, Oregon City.  
ICE CREAM WILL BE SERVED FROM 10 o'clock until 12 o'clock during the Summer season. The best quality of FRENCH and AMERICAN CANDIES. For sale in quantities to suit.

**DR. JOHN WELCH,**  
DENTIST,  
OFFICE IN  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.

**RECREATION! HEALTH!**  
Willhoit Soda Springs!  
THIS ESTABLISHMENT, SO CELEBRATED for the medicinal qualities of its water, is again open for the reception of guests. The best quality of FRENCH and AMERICAN CANDIES. For sale in quantities to suit.

**W. H. HIGHFIELD,**  
Established since 1849, at the old stand.  
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.  
An assortment of Watches, Jewels and Gold and Silver Clocks, repaired and warranted to be as good as new. On short notice, and at the lowest prices.

**Martha Phillips.**  
She was dead. An old woman, with silvery hair brushed smoothly away from her wrinkled forehead, and snow-capped neck, her chin; a sad, quiet face, patient mouth with lines about it that told of sorrow, borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired hands, crossed with a restless look. That was all.

Who looking at the sleeping form, would think of love and romance, of a heart only just healed of a wound received long, long years ago. Fifty years had she lived under that roof, a farmer's wife. If you look at that little plate upon the counter, you will see "Aged 70" there, she was only twenty when John Phillips brought her home a bride.

A half century she had kept watch over the dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese, and looked after the innumerable duties that fall to the share of a farmer's wife. And John had never gone from home with buttonless shirts and undared socks; had never come home to an untidy house or scolding wife. His trim, tidy Martha had been his pride; and though not a demonstrative husband, he had boasted sometimes of the model housewife who kept his home in order.

But underneath her quiet exterior there was a story that John had never dreamed of, and would have believed impossible had he been told. She did not marry her love. When she was nineteen years of age, a happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their village, and that summer was the brightest and happiest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist, and fell in love with the simple village girl and won her heart; and when he went away in the autumn they were betrothed.

"I'll come again in the spring," he said. "Trust me and wait for me, Mattie, dear."  
She promised to love and wait for him to the end of time, if need be, and with time came, and true to his word, Paul returned; he said only a day or two this time.

"I am going away in a few weeks to Italy, to study," he said. "I shall be gone two years, and then I shall come and claim you for my bride."  
They renewed their vows and parted with tears and tender loving words, he put a tiny ring upon her finger, and cut a little curly tress from her brown hair, and telling her always to be true and wait for him, he went away.

The months went by and Mattie was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself, so that she might be worthy of her lover, when he should come back to make her his wife and true.

"It must be about time for him to start," she said to herself one day. And by and by, as she gazed over a newspaper, her eyes were attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes she read of his marriage to another.

"Married! Taken another bride instead of coming back to marry me? Oh, Paul, Paul, I loved and trusted you too much for this."  
She covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly. An hour afterwards, as she sat there in her room, she saw a newspaper on her lap, she heard a step on the gravel walk, and looking, she saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before, but never had yet spoken of love, and had of course received no encouragement from her to do so. He was a plain, hard-working farmer, with no romance about him, but matter of fact to the core. His wife would get few caresses or tender words. He would be kind enough—give her plenty to eat and wear—but that was all.

Now he seemed to have come for the express purpose of asking her to be his wife, for he took a chair and seated himself beside her, and after the usual greeting, reserving scarcely a moment to take breath, began in his business-like way to converse. There was no confession of love, no pleading, no hand-clasping, no tender glances; he simply wanted her to be his wife. His manner was hearty enough; there was no doubt he really wanted her—would rather marry her than any woman he knew, but that was all.

Her lips moved to tell him she did not love him, but as she let her eyes fall from the crimson-hearted rose that swung from the vine over the window, she caught sight of those few lines again.

"Married!" she said to herself, "what can it be? He hasn't asked me to love him. If I marry him I can be a true wife to him and nobody will know that Paul has jilted me." The decision was made. Her cheeks were ashy pale as she looked straight into his eyes and answered, "Yes, I will be your wife."  
Her parents were pleased that she was chosen by so well-to-do a young man, so it was settled, and they were married the same summer. People thought she sobbed down wonderfully; more than that nothing was said that would lead anyone to suppose that any change had taken place.

Yes, she had sobbed down. She dared not think of Paul. There was no hope ahead. Life was a time to be filled with something, that she might not think of herself. John was always kind, but she got wearied of his talk of stock and crops, and said to herself, "I must work hard."

er, plan and fuss and bustle about as other women do," that I may forget and grow like John.  
Two years went swiftly by. A baby slept in the cradle and Martha nobody called her Martha but Paul—sitting with one foot as she knitted a blue woolen stocking for the baby's father. There was a knock at the half-open door.

"I have got on the wrong road; will you be kind enough to direct me to the nearest way to the village?" said a voice, and a stranger stepped in. She rose to give the required direction, but stopped short, while he came quickly forward.

"Mattie!"  
His face lighted up and he reached out his arms to draw her to him. With a surprised, pained look she drew back.

"Mr. Gardner this is a most unexpected meeting."  
"Mr. Gardner?" he repeated, "Mattie, what do you mean?"  
"Don't call me Mattie, if you please," she replied with dignity. "My name is Phillips."  
"Phillips," he echoed. "Are you married?"

"These are strange words from you, Paul Gardner. Did you think I was waiting all this time for another woman's husband? That I was keeping my faith with one who played me false so soon?"  
"I played you false? I have not. I have come as I promised you. The two years are but past, and I am here to claim you. Why do you greet me thus? Are you indeed married, Mattie Gray?"

She was trembling like an aspen leaf. For an answer she pointed to the cradle. He came and stood before her with white face and folded arms.

"Tell me why you did this? Didn't you love me well enough to wait for me?"  
She went and unlocked a drawer and took out a newspaper. Unfolding it and finding the place, she pointed to it with her finger, and he read the marriage notice.

"What of this?" as he met her questioning, reproachful look. "Oh, Mattie, you thought I meant me. It is my cousin. I am not married, nor in love with any one but you."  
"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked, in an eager, husky voice.

And when he answered "It is true," she gave a low groan and sank down in a chair, as if she were faint.

"Oh, Paul, forgive me, I did not know you had a cousin by the same name. I ought not to have doubted you, but it was there, in black and white, and this man, my husband, came and I married him, and now with bitter tears she told how it happened. With clenched hands he walked to and fro, then stopping beside the cradle and bent over the sleeping child. Lower he bent till his lips touched its wee forehead, while he murmured to himself—"Mattie's baby."

Then he turned, and kneeling before her said in a low voice: "I forgive you, Mattie, be as happy as you can."  
He took both her hands in his, and looked her steadily, lovingly in the face. "I have no right here—you are another man's wife. Good-bye—God bless you."

He turned as he went out the door, and saw her standing there in the middle of the room, with arms outstretched. He went back, and putting his arms around her, pressed one kiss on her cheek, then left the house, never looking back.

She went down on her knees before the sleeping baby, and prayed for strength to bear her great trial. They never saw each other again.

Seventy years old! Her stalwart sons and bright-eyed daughters remembered her as a loving, devoted mother; her gray haired husband as a most faithful wife.

**Misdirected Zeal.**  
From the San Francisco Examiner.  
While heartily coinciding with all persons, whose efforts are directed towards the attainment of strict prohibition, in the general benefit to mankind which would result from the success of their endeavors, we as heartily disagree with some in their views as to the best means to accomplish the desired end. Their zeal is certainly laudable, but it is, also, as certainly misdirected. The way to remedy the ills occasioned by intemperance in the use of stimulants, is not by intemperance and violence in the work of reform. This is becoming the opinion of many, heretofore earnest advocates of the prohibition. Among others, whose notions have undergone a change on this subject, we notice Rev. C. B. Boynton, ex-chaplain of Congress, now pastor of a Congregational church in Cincinnati.

On the 21st instant he preached a sermon in the course of which he took occasion to express himself strongly in favor of a license system for the liquor trade. He said he had seen all the phases and examined all the arguments in the temperance movement, and had concluded that the best arguments were mostly unsound, and that the temperance people would have at last to re-argue the subject from a new stand-point. He believed that the late phases of the movement were misdirected, in that they aimed at the liquor-sellers instead of the intemperate men who were the foundation of the trade. It was like trying to dip a river dry at the mouth instead of at the fountain-head. Reform in this matter must come from the purification of individuals and of society.

Recently, also, the London Times, in reviewing the debate in the English Parliament on the Licensing Act, declares that "the Prohibitionists seem to have learned nothing, they might as well be content with procuring a better legislative definition of the conditions under which licenses should be granted, but while they struggle for the power of suppressing licensed houses altogether, they forfeit the help which might make more practical efforts successful, and condemn themselves to an irritating and resultless agitation. Although signally defeated this year, these worthy and well-meaning, but misguided people, will do well to claim to have learned many a lesson from the sin of the few."

It is rapidly becoming apparent to all but purblind fanatics, on this question, that prohibition or repression cannot reach the root of the evil. Laws to regulate the traffic in spirituous liquors, to a greater extent than it is now under control, should undoubtedly be enacted. These measures of restriction might be good if they were stringency until, after a lapse of years, prohibition would become a fixed fact. But any and every radical and sudden attempt, in that direction, will, in all instances, prove abortive. The real remedy, at last, is to be found in the moral and social influence of men and women here—you are another man's wife. Good-bye—God bless you."

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**SOME VERIFIED PREDICTIONS**—So long as 1843 that great Whig statesman and orator and life-long enemy of the Democracy, Henry Clay, declared that the agitation of the question of slavery in the Free States would: First—Destroy all harmony among the Northern and Southern States; Second—Lead to division; Third—To war; Fourth—To poverty; Fifth—To the extermination of the black race; Sixth—To ultimate military despotism.

In the light of the present it is plainly to be seen that four out of six of the predictions of the dead patriot have been verified by actual results, and fear it is only a question of time as to the realization of his other two mournful vaticinations.

During a storm the lightning struck one of the stove flues of the Court house in Canyon City passing down the pipe, thence down the two front feet of the stove, sweeping the sawdust that lay in front of the stove clean from the floor and scattering it promiscuously over the benches and tables and, strange to say, without doing any damage. About this time an unfortunate Celestial, who was confined in the county jail for passing off bogus gold dust for that of a bona fide article, made his escape. The query is, did the lightning find Heaven unbar the prison doors and let the captive free?

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**Party Self-Examination.**  
From the New York Tribune.  
Senator Morton, in his "great speech," at Terre Haute, Indiana, on the 31st of July, took occasion to glorify the spirit of the Republican party for what he called "its self-examination," the "exposure and punishment of corruption," and "its continued vigilance for self-purification in doctrine and practice." "Resolutions against corruption," he said and very truly, "are the cheap traps of parties." The Republican party, however, had shown its sincerity by this best test of honesty in parties, a disposition to self-examination and readiness to correct abuses.

A proof whereof he pointed out that nearly all that is known of corruption and bribery and abuses of power by the adherents of the Administration has been shown by the diligent self-examination of the Administration party and the prompt exposure of every political delinquent who has been discovered.

Between Mr. Morton's loose charges and the general denial we do not propose to come. As a matter of fact we do not suppose either party is so sensitive about corruption that it would provoke defeat or risk disaster in exposing it. In saying this, however, let us be understood as referring to the managers, rather than the mass of either party. It is for the interests of the party managers only, not of the people on either side, to conceal political corruption. Our objection to the gentleman's argument is not to his arraignment of the Democratic Administration, but to his attack upon public opinion by concealing the delinquencies of its members.

It is rapidly becoming apparent to all but purblind fanatics, on this question, that prohibition or repression cannot reach the root of the evil. Laws to regulate the traffic in spirituous liquors, to a greater extent than it is now under control, should undoubtedly be enacted. These measures of restriction might be good if they were stringency until, after a lapse of years, prohibition would become a fixed fact. But any and every radical and sudden attempt, in that direction, will, in all instances, prove abortive. The real remedy, at last, is to be found in the moral and social influence of men and women here—you are another man's wife. Good-bye—God bless you."

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success. They have only exposed and punished when not to do it endangered the party. What the Senator attributes to self-examination is the work of the much-abused newspaper press of the country.

**The Modocs and Their New Home.**  
A correspondent recently visited the survivors of the Modoc tribe of Indians at their home in the Indian Reservation in Southern Kansas. The Modocs now number, all told, 148. Of these less than fifty are men, all that remain of the little band that for so long a time kept six times their number at bay at the lava beds of Oregon last year. The chief of the tribe is Bogus Charley, whose name will be remembered in connection with the war. Among other participants in that campaign whom the correspondent saw and with whom he shook hands were the "old familiar" Shack-Nasty Jim, Hooka Jim and Scar-Faced Charley. The tribe lives with his family among the open plain to the shelter of the woods. They are resigned to their fate; and while many of them speak English, the others are endeavoring to learn the language so as to be able to communicate with their white neighbors. In fact, when it was in power it was noted for the industry and skill with which it covered up the peculations of its own members. Committees to investigate the official conduct of its own members were rarely appointed by the Democratic majorities in Congress as not to be remembered. To all which it is easy enough to reply, as the party attacked doubtless will, that the reason why investigating committees were not appointed under Democratic administration was not that the party covered up the peculations of its own members, but that there was nothing of the kind to be investigated.

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**Voting Direct for President.**  
Whenever an opponent, political or otherwise, utters a sensible remark we are willing to acknowledge it. Even the devil is reputed capable of wise and true speech at times; so, also, may such a man as Morton of Indiana emit a ray of light out of the clouds of darkness and prejudice, such as the following from his late speech at Terre Haute, which, to say the least, deserves careful consideration:

Another question of paramount importance, rising high above the ordinary political consideration, is the proposition to amend the Constitution so as to elect the President and Vice President by the direct vote of the people. The dangers and imperfections of the present system are well understood and may plunge the nation into civil war at any time.

The theory and reason for the establishment of the Electoral Colleges are but useless machinery, potent only for mischief. Election is chosen by general ticket in all the States, a small majority may determine the whole vote of the State, and this has often been controlled by the fraudulent vote in a large city, which was the case in New York in 1856. There is no provision in any State for contesting the election of Presidential electors, however notorious the fraud or violence by which they may have been chosen. If no candidate receives the vote of a majority of the whole number of electors, then the election of President is to be made by the House of Representatives, in which each State has one vote; Nevada, with 40,000 people having the same vote as New York with 5,000,000. Such an election of President is anti-republican, grossly inequitable, presents the grandest opportunities for corruption and intrigue, and is fraught with imminent danger to the Republic.

In 1825, Mr. Adams, who had received less than one third of the popular vote, was elected President by the House of Representatives over Gen. Jackson who had received a plurality of the popular and electoral vote. In this election Mr. Clay, a member of the House, cast his vote and influence for Mr. Adams, afterward became his Secretary of State, and never recovered from the charges of bargain and sale. In the other election of President by the House of Representatives, in 1825, Mr. Jefferson was chosen after a protracted struggle, running through many days, and it is now a well established fact that three States finally changed their votes to Mr. Jefferson, giving him the election upon an understanding in regard to measures and the retention of certain persons in office, which would now be regarded as corrupt.

The path of duty is the path of safety. We should brush away the election of a man, and the election by the House of Representatives, and choose the President and Vice President by the direct vote of the people, giving the election to the candidate who has the highest number of votes.—*Examiner.*

**DECLINED TO ACCEPT.**—Charles N. Davenport declined to accept the nomination of the Democrats in the Second Congressional district of Vermont now represented by Judge Poland, but was nevertheless voted for by a majority of the House, cast his vote and influence for Mr. Adams, afterward became his Secretary of State, and never recovered from the charges of bargain and sale. In the other election of President by the House of Representatives, in 1825, Mr. Jefferson was chosen after a protracted struggle, running through many days, and it is now a well established fact that three States finally changed their votes to Mr. Jefferson, giving him the election upon an understanding in regard to measures and the retention of certain persons in office, which would now be regarded as corrupt.

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**SENSIBLE NEGROES.**—The negroes of Marengo county, Alabama, have resolved that they do not desire nor ask for mixed schools, and that as for social relations, they are governed by the law of nature, which cannot, even if desired, be controlled, regulated, amended, or repealed by any laws enacted by man. In Lee county the colored people declare that they are unalterably opposed to any kind of legislation, State or Federal, favoring mixed schools, mixed churches, or any mixture of races, or bearing on the question of social equality.

**PARSON—"What's a miracle?"**  
Boy—"Dunno."  
Parson—"Well, if the sun were to shine in the middle of the night, what would you say it was?"  
Boy—"The moon."  
Parson—"But if you were told that it was the sun, what would you say it was?"  
Boy—"A lie."  
Parson—"I don't tell lies. Suppose that I told you it was the sun; what would you say then?"  
Boy—"That you wasn't sober."

**TALK BRISKEN.**—A young lady who had been greatly annoyed by a lot of simpatons who stop under her window of a night to sing, "If ever I cease to love," wishes us to say if they will cease their foolishness, come in, and talk "business," they will confer a favor.

**WARNER WYGAL,** sent from Baker county, sentenced for two years for larceny, and William Andrews, sent for same length of time from Union county for larceny, were discharged from the penitentiary last Tuesday, having served the full time out for which they were sentenced.

A man advertised in a New York paper for a bar-keeper, "who must be recommended by his pastor."