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TO FRUIT-GROWERS. THE ALDEN FRUIT PRESERVING COMPANY OF OREGON CITY WILL PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR PEARS AND APPLES.

Mr. Thos. Chorman is authorized to purchase for the Company. President, T. D. C. LATOURRETTE.

THOS. CHORMAN, Secretary. Oregon City, July 28, 1875.

dear, I wish I was home," sobbed the little bride. "I tell you, sir," said the bridegroom, bristling up with indignation, "this is a vile plot. What would I be doing with your pretty spoons? I was married this morning in Fifth Avenue, and I am on my wedding tour. I have high relatives in New York. You'll repent it if you dare arrest me."

The Three Traveling Bags.

There were three of them, all of shining black leather; one on top of the pile of trunks, one on the ground, and one in the owner's hand, all going to Philadelphia, all waiting to be checked. The last bell rang. The baggage man bustled, fuming from one pile of baggage to another, dispensing chalk to trunks, checks to the passengers, and crosses to porters in approved railway style.

"Mind—Philadelphia!" cried out a stout military-looking man, with enormous whiskers and a red face, crowding forward, as the baggage man laid his hand on the first traveling bag.

"Won't you please give me a check for this now?" entreated a pale, slender, carefully dressed young man, for the first time, looking out bag No. 2. "I have a lady to look after."

"Say, do you goin' to give me a check for this 'ere, or not?" growled the proprietor of bag No. 3, a short, black-marked fellow, in a shabby overcoat.

"All right, gentlemen. Here you are," said the functionary, rapidly distributing the checks. "Philadelphia, this? Yes, sir, 1095, 1720, 1050. All right."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. "Whoo-who!" responded the locomotive, as the train moved forward to the station house. The baggage man meditatively watched it as it sped away in the distance, and then, as if a thought suddenly struck him, slapped his high and exclaimed: "Edest if I don't believe—"

"What?" inquired the soldier, looking at him. "The fellow that three last fellows the wrong checks. The cussed little black things were all alike, and they bothered me." "Telegraph," said the switchman.

"Never you mind," said the baggage man, "they were all going to Philadelphia. They will find it when they get there." They did.

These three suits to the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. Front parlor, upstairs. Occupants, the young gentleman alighted from No. 2, and young lady. In accordance with the fastidious custom of the East, they had been made one at 7:30 a. m., duly kissed and congratulated till 8:15, and aboard the express at 8:45, and deposited bag and baggage at the Continental at 11:58.

They were seated on the sofa, the black-headed functionary continuing the slender waist of the gray traveling dress, and the jatty music in equally affectionate proximity to the glossy curls. "Are you tired, dear?" "No, love, not much. But you are aren't you?" "No, darling. Kiss and a pat." "What, love, I seem to see you?" "What, love?" "That we should be married." "Yes, darling." "Won't they be glad to see us at George's?" "Of course they will."

"I had come—the autumn time—let the sun in from above—of any days—Charles for joy or fears—For the food was quick with tears—Without fail the hopes of years—in my size.

When the magic of the love—let the sun in from above—of any days—Charles for joy or fears—For the food was quick with tears—Without fail the hopes of years—in my size.

For just as a brighter sheen—glorifies the passing year—And the vistas opening clear—let the wider scenes appear—When passion's dream is true—Is the best.

Had shed their flowers and fruits—From pure and poisoned roots—Late or soon.

When they find a grand view—With a view of the world—To our rest—And that love which blossoms last—When passion's dream is true—Is the best.

When the train stopped at Camden four gentlemen got off and walked arm-in-arm, rapidly and silently, up one of the by-streets and struck off into a foot-path leading to a secluded grove outside the town. Of the first two, one was an military friend in a blue coat, and the other, a member of the party. Of the second two, one was a slender, rosy little man, carrying a black valise. Their respective companions walked with hasty irregular strides, were abstracted, and apparently ill at ease. The party stopped. "This is the grove," said Captain Jones. "Yes," said Dr. Smith. The Captain and the Doctor conferred together. The others studiously kept apart.

"Very well, I'll measure the ground and do you place your man?" It was done. "Now for the pistols?" "Whispered the captain to his friend, the second. "They are all ready in the valise," replied the doctor. The principals were placed in uncovers apart, wearing that decidedly unbecoming expression which is in momentary expectation of being shot. "You shall give me the pistol," said the captain. "I will," replied the doctor. The principals were placed in uncovers apart, wearing that decidedly unbecoming expression which is in momentary expectation of being shot.

"The doctor, stooping over and fumbling at the valise, appeared to find something that surprised him. "Why, what is that?" inquired the captain. "The matter?" asked the Captain, striding up. "Can't you find the case?" "Denise a pistol or a cap, but this." He held up a lady's nightgown. "Look here—and here!" holding up successively a hair-brush, a long white night gown, a cologne bottle, and a comb.

They were greeted with a long whistle by the Captain, and a blank stare by the two principals. "Confound the luck," ejaculated the Captain. "If we haven't made a mistake, and brought the wrong valise, the principals looked at the seconds. The seconds looked at the principals. Nobody volunteered a suggestion. At last the Doctor inquired: "Well, what's to be done?" "It's d—d un-lucky," said the Captain again. "We shall be late for the train," said the doctor, "consequently remarked the Doctor, 'if this is the valise.' "One word with you, Doctor," here interposed his principal. They conferred.

At the end of his conference with his principal the Doctor, addressing the Captain, said: "I have a statement of the insurance that the offensive words, 'You are a liar,' were not used by him (in any personal sense, but solely as an abstract proposition, in a general way, in regard to the matter of fast-idiot dispute. To which principal No. 2 appended his statement of his high gratification and unparalysed with the offensive words, 'You are a scoundrel,' they had been used by him under a misapprehension of the intent and purpose of the remark which preceded them."

There being no longer a cause for quarrel, the deal was ended. The principals shook hands, first with each other, next with the seconds, and were evidently very glad to get out of it. "And now that is so happily settled," said the doctor, checking and rubbing his hands. "It proves to have been a lucky mistake after all, that we brought the wrong valise. Wonder what the lady that opens it will say when she finds the pistol?" "Very well for you to laugh about," growled the Captain. "It is no joke for me to lose my pistols. Hair-triggered best English make, and gold mounted. There ain't a finer pair in America. O, we'll find 'em. We'll go on a pilgrimage from house to house, asking if any lady there has lost a night-cap and found a pair of dueling pistols."

In good spirit the party crossed the river and camped in the large room in reference to each and all black leather traveling bags arrived that day, took notes of where they were sent, and set out to follow them up. In due time they reached the Continental, and as luck would

have it, met the unhappy bridal pair just coming down stairs in charge of the policeman. "Hallo, what's all this about?" inquired the Captain. "Oh, a couple of burglars caught with valises full of stolen property." "A valise! what kind of a valise?" "A black leather valise. That's the one there." "Here!—Stop—Hallo!—Policeman!—Landlord! It's all right. You're all wrong. That's my valise. It's all a mistake. They got changed at the depot. Here's their valise with her night-cap in it."

Great was the laughter, multiform, the comments, all depicting the forest of the crowd in all this dialogue, which they appeared to regard as a delightful entertainment, got up expressly for their amusement.

"Then you say this 'ere is yours?" said the policeman, relaxing his hold on the bridegroom, and confronting the Captain. "Yes, it's mine!" "And how did you come by the spoons?" "Spoons I don't jack up!" said the Captain. "Pistols—dueling pistols." "Do you call these pistols?" said the policeman, holding up one of the silver spoons marked "T. B."

The Captain, astonished, gasped: "It is the wrong valise again after all!" "Stop, not so fast!" said the policeman, "my own investigation with great care by the importance of the affair, he now found himself engaged in." "If so be you've got this 'ere lady's valise, she's all right and can go. But, in that case, this is yours, and it comes on you to account for them 'ere spoons." "Have you any objection to my going?" "Well, you inquisitive scoundrel!" roared the Captain. "I'll see you in a minute. I wish I had my pistol here; I'd teach you how to insult a gentleman!"—shaking his fist.

The dispute waxed fast and furious, and in the end, the door was fast. It was closed by the policeman, and the mystery explained. The thief who had carried off the Captain's valise for his own had taken it up to his room and opened it to gloat over the booty he supposed it to contain, threatening his hand in after the style of a burglar, and the pistol had gone off, the bullet making a round hole through the side of the valise and a corresponding round hole in the calf of his leg.

The wounded man was taken in charge by the policeman, and then by the doctor; and the duelists and the wedded pair struck up a friendship on the score of their mutual mishap, which culminated in a supper, where the fun was abundant and where it would be hard to find a more agreeable party. The Captain for recovering her pistols, the bride for getting her nightgown, the bridegroom for escaping the Station House, or the duelists for escaping each other. All resolved to "mark the day with a white horse," and the policeman to mark their names on the black traveling bags in white letters.

A Modern Invention Known to an Ancient Roman. In a "Book of Curiosities," says the London Times, we read: "There was an artificer in Rome who made vessels of glass of so tenacious a temper that they were as little liable to be broken as those that are made of gold and silver. When, therefore, he had made a vessel of the proper sort, and such as he thought most worthy of Caesar alone, he was admitted into the presence of the then Emperor Tiberius. The gift was praised, the skillful hand of the artist applauded, and the donation of the giver accepted. The artist, however, desired a reward of the Emperor, and he was not only amazed but frightened by the act; but the artist, taking up the vessel from the ground (which was not broken, but only bruised together, as if the substance of the glass had put on the temper of brass), directed a stream of fire from his bosom and beat it out into its former figure. This done he, imagined that he had conquered the world, as believing that he had merited an acquaintance with Caesar and raised the admiration of all the beholders; but it fell out otherwise, for the Emperor inquired if any other person besides himself was privy to the like tempering of glass. When he told him 'No,' he commanded his attendants to strike off his head, saying: 'That should this artifice come once to be known, gold and silver vessels would be made of brass, and the world would be in the street.'" Long after this—viz., in 1610—we read that, among other presents then sent from the Sophy of Persia to the King of Spain, were six mirrors of malleable glass, so exquisitely tempered that they could not be broken.

SHERMAN AS A DANCER.—"The sturdy soldier joins the mazy dance," Senator Sharon gave a ball at his home of Belmont lately, at which Gen. Sherman danced a quadrille with the Countess of Dufferin. He is described as having danced with excellent grace of the affair as heartily as if he had been dancing at a husking bee to the music of a fiddle in the hands of the musical darkey of the village. He showed an earnest enjoyment throughout the whole programme of twelve dances, and never missed a dance.

The New Laws.

Below we give a list of the bills passed by the recent session of the Legislature and which have been approved by the Governor.

SENATE BILLS.

No. 15—An act to amend an act entitled an act to incorporate the town of Marshfield.

No. 36—An act defining and punishing the crimes of kidnapping and child stealing.

No. 50—An act to amend section 14, title 1, chapter 28, general laws of Oregon, being section 684, chapter 8, criminal code, published in 1874, by authority of the legislative assembly of the State of Oregon.

No. 58—An act to repeal an act entitled an act to provide for a State geologist, to define his duties and fix his salary, approved Oct. 24, 1872.

No. 75—An act to provide clerical aid in the office of State treasurer.

No. 17—An act to incorporate the city of North Brownsville, in Linn county, Oregon.

No. 9—An act to provide a board of canal commissioners for the canal and locks at the Willamette falls, and to otherwise regulate the passage of steamboats and other water craft through the same.

No. 38—An act to provide for the appropriation of money to pay bills, with accrued interest thereon, for printing report of investigation commission, appointed in pursuance of Senate joint resolution No. 27, passed at the sixth regular session of the legislative assembly of the State of Oregon, 1870.

No. 158—An act to incorporate the city of Astoria, in Clatsop county, Oregon.

No. 18—An act to amend chapter 36, miscellaneous laws of the code of 1872, as compiled by Lafayette Lane and Matthew P. Deady.

No. 24—An act to authorize Jacob Fleischer to establish water works in the city of Albany.

No. 102—An act to provide for the support and government of the University of Oregon.

No. 54—An act to amend section 39, title 11, chapter 1, code of civil procedure, general laws, as compiled by Matthew P. Deady and Lafayette Lane.

No. 62—An act to amend section 8 of an act entitled an act to provide for the public printing and distribution of the laws and journals. Approved June 30, 1875; and also an act amendatory thereof, approved October 22, 1870.

No. 81—An act to provide for the education of deaf mutes.

No. 83—An act supplemental to an act entitled an act for the construction of a wagon road up the south bank of the Columbia river from near the mouth of Sandy, Multnomah county, to The Dalles, Wasco county.

No. 104—An act to repeal an act entitled an act to provide for the construction of a State capitol building, approved Oct. 10, 1872.

No. 111—An act to provide for the maintenance and regulation of the Oregon institute for the blind.

No. 126—An act to amend section 17, title 3, chapter 57, miscellaneous laws of the State of Oregon, as compiled by Matthew P. Deady and Lafayette Lane.

No. 127—An act to provide for the construction of locks on the Yamhill river, at Lafayette, and to regulate tolls thereon.

HOUSE BILLS.

No. 85—An act to provide for a permanent location of the county seat of Lake county.

No. 2—An act to change the location of the county seat of Josephine county to the town of Josephine.

No. 69—An act relating to and legalizing the election of justices of the peace for Monmouth precinct, Polk county.

No. 6—An act to amend section 17, title 3, chapter 32, miscellaneous laws of Oregon, relating to liens on boats and vessels.

No. 16—An act to amend section 4 of chapter 42, miscellaneous laws of the State of Oregon, relating to oysters.

No. 29—An act to incorporate the town of Bunsenville.

No. 21—An act to appropriate money for payment of the mileage and other necessary expenses of the legislative assembly, and to provide funds for that purpose.

No. 39—An act entitled an act relating to trails and water courses.

No. 80—An act to incorporate the town of Hillsboro.

No. 82—An act to amend section 1, chapter 3, miscellaneous laws of Oregon.

No. 86—An act to amend an act entitled an act to improve the breeds of sheep.

No. 94—An act to amend section 1118, title 6, chapter 15, of the code of civil procedure of the State of Oregon, relating to the sale of property by executors or administrators.

No. 112—An act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors and others.

No. 22—An act to authorize the United States to condemn and appropriate private property to public uses within this State.

No. 34—An act to amend section 14, title 1, chapter 99, miscellaneous laws of Oregon, relating to the fees of officers and other persons, as compiled by Matthew P. Deady and Lafayette Lane.

No. 41—An act to amend sections 142 and 143, title 15, chapter 1, code of civil procedure of the State of Oregon, relating to attachments.

No. 57—An act to create roads of public easement.

No. 83—An act imposing certain duties on the Governor of the State.

No. 96—An act to provide for the payment of the interest on the bounty and relief bonds of the State of

Oregon.

No. 105—An act relating to the relocation of the county seat of Polk county.

No. 134—An act to provide for a tax to defray the great expenses of the State and to pay the indebtedness thereof.

No. 64—An act to provide for the ordinary expenses of the State government and other general and specific appropriations.

No. 84—An act to incorporate the town of McMinnville.

No. 100—An act to prescribe the amount of damages in case of injury or destruction of property by persons in the conduct or management of a steamboat or other water craft.

No. 7—An act to legalize defective acknowledgments of conveyances.

No. 115—An act to amend section 54, title 5, chapter 1, of the general laws of Oregon, as compiled by Matthew P. Deady and Lafayette Lane.

No. 78—An act to amend section 570, title 1, chapter 6, of the code of civil procedure, relating to the writ of review.

No. 99—An act to prescribe and punish a crime against the person, in a willful or negligent injury caused by a person in control or management of a steamboat or other water craft.

No. 102—An act to amend an act to provide for the sale of tide and overland lands on the seashore and coast.

No. 158—An act to authorize and empower the Calapoia Boom Company to construct, maintain and use a boom or booms upon the Calapoia creek.

No. 116—An act for the relief of Justus Krumbien.

No. 65—An act to amend sections 1 and 5, chapter 59, title 1, of the miscellaneous laws, relating to property and polls subject to assessment and taxation.

No. 127—An act to incorporate the town of Halsey.

No. 113—An act to locate the county seat of Tillamook county.

No. 135—An act requiring local agents of the board of school lands commissioners to give bonds for the security of public school funds in their hands, and requiring reports thereon.

No. 156—An act to prevent and punish gambling.

No. 45—An act to bond the balance of the Modoc war claims.

No. 161—An act to attach Tillamook county to the third judicial district for judicial purposes, and to provide time and place for holding the circuit court therein.

No. 103—An act to provide for the collection of school and district taxes.

An Actress' Nervousness.

Lafayette, says a French journal, has been playing "The Poor Idiot" in the provinces. At one small town she took company with a very nervous man, especially a hapless woman who was cast for the mother, and with whom Lafarriere was the crack scene of the piece. It is in the fifth act, at the moment that the idiot begins to recede and distinguish the persons that surround him, then she turned to him and, folding him in her arms, shrieks:

"My son, I am your mother." At every rehearsal Lafarriere encouraged her. "Don't be so nervous, he would say; 'keep cool. All you have to do to cry: 'My mother, I am your mother, and embrace me.'"

"Oh, yes, but M. Lafarriere, I am so frightened to play with you." "All went well through the first four acts, and in the wait before the fifth, Lafarriere went to the actress' dressing room to cheer her.

"Keep a stiff upper lip," he said, cheerfully; "you know what you have to do. The whole play leads up to that scene. I reckon on you. 'My son, I am your mother, and embrace me.'"

"Yes, yes; 'My son, I am your mother.' I shall not forget."

The curtain rose. Lafarriere was playing with even more than his furious vigor. The crisis comes and the lady clasps him to her bosom.

"Now then," he whispered encouragingly; then, taking up his part, yelled:

"Who is this woman? Who is she?" "My mother! I am your son!" gasped the actress; then she shrieked. Lafarriere had made his teeth meet in her arm.

Old Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper is yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection to one's youth. The elderly spinster finds, in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her tastes than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far-off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of the love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than an image of the feature—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters; burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them, forgive and forget them.

The Earl of Beaconsfield.

Those who recall *Vivian Grey* and the *Young Duke* when they were published, and who have followed the career of their author, and faithfully read *Lady Lovelace*, have smiled as they saw that Disraeli, at the age of seventy-two, had become an earl. The audacious and sentimental dandy; the brilliant and surpassing dandy; who was as much the Murmel of the House as his Tory predecessor as Prime Minister was the Rupert of debate; the descendant of Spanish and Venetian Jews who had become the Conservative head of the Protestant British government; the man who had given his name to an individual distinction, like Pym and Pitt, and Fox and Canning, Brougham and Peel, and Bright and Gladstone—has now tumbled upstairs into the House of Lords, and Mr. Disraeli disappears under the coronet of the Earl of Beaconsfield. There is something exceedingly ludicrous in this ending of his career, and the more ludicrous because it is entirely characteristic. The chief impression of Disraeli's life is that of theatrical effect. It is this which produces the feeling of shrewd observers that he is a brilliant charlatan. They find nothing amid all his talent and ability, and his political dexterity and efficiency which implies deep conviction or principle. His career is like one of his own novels. It leaves the impression of gayety, artificiality, audacity, cleverness, low ideals, and a mock greatness. Vivian Grey, at least, had done the strawberry leaves and dies a duke.

Yet to call him a charlatan is not to deny him very great address and unquestionable ability. A dandy of the Hebrew races does not become a dandy of the Hebrew races. The Earl of England with out a long and continuous struggle, in which he wins by main force every inch of the way. The way, indeed, was smoothed by circumstances. He naturally preferred a political to a literary career, because his prizes were more tangible and tangible, and gratified a love of display. Moreover, in England it is in popular estimation the great career. His early stories show that his thoughts were busy with it, and he finally decided to be a Tory, probably for two reasons: one that he could not be a Liberal, and the other that he could not be a Conservative. But, while this may have assured him of the absence of actual rivalry, he knew that the very dullness of the squararchy and the pride of the peerage would oppose a passive and unresisting aristocracy, and that the really Conservative, and the other that success, if more difficult, would be sweeter and more signal. Undoubtedly he agreed with Mill that while all Conservatives are not sound, all sound people are not really Conservatives. But, while this may have assured him of the absence of actual rivalry, he knew that the very dullness of the squararchy and the pride of the peerage would oppose a passive and unresisting aristocracy, and that the really Conservative, and the other that success, if more difficult, would be sweeter and more signal. Undoubtedly he agreed with Mill that while all Conservatives are not sound, all sound people are not really Conservatives. But, while this may have assured him of the absence of actual rivalry, he knew that the very dullness of the squararchy and the pride of the peerage would oppose a passive and unresisting aristocracy, and that the really Conservative, and the other that success, if more difficult, would be sweeter and more signal. Undoubtedly he agreed with Mill that while all Conservatives are not sound, all sound people are not really Conservatives. But, while this may have assured him of the absence of actual rivalry, he knew that the very dullness of the squararchy and the pride of the peerage would oppose a passive and unresisting aristocracy, and that the really Conservative, and the other that success, if more difficult, would be sweeter and more signal. Undoubtedly he agreed with Mill that while all Conservatives are not sound, all sound people are not really Conservatives. But, while this may have assured him of the absence of actual rivalry, he knew that the very dullness of the squararchy and the pride of the peerage would oppose a passive and unresisting aristocracy, and that the really Conservative, and the other that success, if more difficult, would be sweeter and more signal. Undoubtedly he agreed with Mill that while all Conservatives are not sound, all sound people are not really Conservatives. But, while this may have assured him of the absence of actual rivalry, he knew that the very dullness of the squararchy and the pride of the peerage would oppose a passive and unresisting aristocracy, and that the really Conservative, and the other that success, if more difficult, would be sweeter and more signal. Undoubtedly he agreed with Mill that while all Conservatives are not sound, all sound people are not really Conservatives. But, while this may have assured him of the absence of actual rivalry, he knew that the very dullness of the squararchy and the pride of the peerage would oppose a passive and unresisting aristocracy, and that the really Conservative, and the other