OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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The Weekly Enterprise.

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By D. C. IRELAND,

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Thanksgiving Sermon.

OREGON CITY, December 3d, 1866.

Rev. P. S. Knight:

Dear Sir—We, the undersigned, believing that your Thanksgiving Sermon, delivered in this city November 29th, would interest the reading public, respectfully request a copy of the same for publication.

Yours, &c.,
J. W. Roseberry, Fred. Charman, Thomas Charman, A. H. Bell, E. B. Kelly, L. Diller, J. M. Moore, D. C. Ireland.

OREGON CITY, Dec. 3d, 1866.

Messrs. Roseberry, Charman and others:

Gentlemen—In accordance with your request, I furnish a brief outline of the discourse alluded to. It was prepared without the remotest idea that any such use would be made of it, and nothing but the respect I have for your judgment leads me to place it at your disposal. Truly yours,
P. S. KNIGHT.

ACTS: 14, 17: Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from Heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

Paul always reasoned with men on their own ground. When he stood on Mars Hill to reason with the wise Athenian he referred him to his unknown God whom he ignorantly worshipped. When he reasoned with the Jew he spoke of the law, and the prophets, and the temple, and the sacrifice. When he reasoned with the Romans he referred them to "*visible things*" which he claimed were sufficient to give an understanding of the "*invisible;*" and he declared that with these *visible things* before them, though they possessed no written revelation, the heathen world were "*without excuse*" in their wickedness.—*Rom.* 1:18-20.

So here, when Paul reasoned with the people at Lystra, he referred them to God as revealed in "heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein," declaring that he in times past had not "*left himself without witness, in that he had given rain, and fruitful seasons, and food, and gladness*" to the world. And if the heathen, who possessed no revelation, were *without excuse* when they neglected these evidences of God's goodness, how far from blameless shall we be if we neglect them when we have them all so fully and beautifully explained in the key of Revelation. The great question at which the students of the ancient world toiled as at a hard problem, is for us worked out in clear and simple demonstrations. If they were without excuse in failing to work out the problem, how guilty shall we be if we fail to read it as it is worked on the spotless tablets that God has given us!

Now, what the text suggests to my mind is simply this: an examination of the munificent gifts of Providence, the rain and sunshine and the fruitful seasons that have filled our hearts with food and gladness, as witnesses for God. And before proceeding to an examination of these witnesses, a few words touching their character and qualifications may not be inappropriate. * * * And the proposition to which I ask particular attention here is, that the testimony which these works or developments of nature bear to the goodness of God is direct testimony; or, in other words, that the evidence here obtained cannot be called either hearsay or circumstantial evidence. Some recent readings have made me feel that there is too much of a tendency among writers and even theologians of the present day to speak of what they term the LAWS OF NATURE without qualifying or explaining the terms used. The impression which they tend to leave upon the mind is, that natural laws are abstract in their character, independent or self-existent. And while they always keep the law in view, they rather tend to keep the *law maker* out of view. When the rain falls, or the sun shines, or the plant grows, or the flower blooms, they say it is in accordance with NATURAL LAWS. Thus the law is remembered while the Being who enacted it, and who executes it, is forgotten. Now, would it not be just as well to say that all these things occur in accordance with God's law, or God's will, or God's all pervading and never varying providence, thus keeping ever before the mind the substance as well as the shadow, the cause as well as the effect?

Natural law, forsooth! What is it that men call natural law, unvarying natural law?

Is it anything more or less than the will of God? If these LAWS, as we call them, are unvarying in their operation is it an evidence of any thing more or less than simply the immutability of that Being who changes not? Speaking abstractly, is there any such thing in nature as a LAW? If there is, suppose it to be exhibited in the blooming of a flower. The flower blooms, you say, in accordance with LAW. Well, suppose Gods power in entirely withdrawn, will the flower bloom? No! Then what becomes of your LAW? "O," you say, "God not only *enacts* the law, *but also executes it.*" Well, then, what you call a LAW is nothing more or less than the power of God exerted in the blooming of the flower? That is all. Then what is your LAW but simply another name for God's Providence? Why this everlasting talk about the *instrument*, and no word about the hand that wields it? Why, these tedious volumes about NATURAL LAW, containing no direct reference to Him whose supreme will is the only law in the universe? God gives LAWS to intelligent beings, and even of these it is said "God worketh in them both to will and to do;" How truly may we say then, of all the developments of *inanimate* nature. "*He doth the works!*"

What I mean, then, when I say that these developments bear *direct testimony* to Gods goodness is, that they are the *immediate effects* of His ominpresent working power. They do not speak by a system of circumlocution and bear their testimony in behalf of a LAW, leaving the law to speak of Him who made it. The fruitful season and plentiful harvest speak to us *directly* of the God who brings them! * * And there is satisfaction in this. Suppose you were a wanderer from home and your father resided in a far distant country: You would be interested in hearing messages from that father. But suppose one should come to you and say: "A— told me that B— told him that somebody else had seen your father and that he desired such and such a message to be delivered." How vague and unsatisfactory would such a message be. But if one should come to you and say, "I saw your father, shook his hand, and conversed with him, and he desired me to deliver this message." That kind of a communication would be direct, satisfactory, joyful! Now, it is so here When we go forth and commune with nature, pondering her works and her developments, we stand face to face with witnesses that bring to us direct messages from our Father in the sky.

With this view of our witnesses before us, it only remains for us to hear their testimony, and apply it. One of the witnesses Paul refers to for evidence of God's provident goodness, is the rain which He had given—the rain from heaven. Elsewhere it is said of Him: "He sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust." He is impartial in the distribution of his gifts. He sends the shower on the fertile valley that bears much—He sends it on the stony place that bears but little. And what a blessing is the rain! Let the showers of heaven be sent no more, and the merry ripple of the little brook would soon be hushed—the thunder of the cataract would cease—the floods of the great river would be exhausted—the hum of the factories would be heard no more—steam boats would lie rotting at their docks—the green hills would become barren wastes—the blossoming wilderness would be desolate—the seed planted would produce no harvest—there would be no grinding in the mill—there would be no ships bearing the fruits of industry over the highways of the ocean—there would be no more bread for the dwellers on the land—and following these there would be a giving up of all joy and mirth, a yielding of all energy and hope, a sitting down in sorrow and despair, and to complete the general gloom, gaunt famine would appear with a universal harvest of death that would sweep all life and beauty from the world, as the frosts and the winds of autumn sweep the decayed foliage from its branches. What untold evils, what nameless calamities, are kept away from the world just by these simple showers! And who sends the showers so regularly, so opportunely, so impartially? Have we ever thought what blessings they are and to whom we should be thankful for the blessings?

Now it may seem strange, but I believe it to be true, that in order for men to fully appreciate any blessing they must be for a time deprived of it. Why, we never fully appreciate HOME till we get away from it. And it is more especially true of the simpler blessings of life. "A cup of cold water" was considered worthy of mention by our savior. But what does a man who lives beside a mountain stream care for a cup of water? He may sit down beside the fountain, where it babbles clear as crystal from the earth, and there is no music in the sound to him. But take him out on the sandy desert—leave him there to tread his weary way without a drop to cool his tongue—and how different will he feel! His thoughts will wander back to the crystal fountain then—there will be music in its sound, though he hears it only in memory. His soul will revel in visions of moss grown wells, and "old oaken buckets," and generous tin-cups, with their dripping coolness. And let him but hear these simple words uttered by a human tongue—A CUP OF COLD WATER; and a strain of heaven's own harmony would not be sweeter music in his ear! So it is with the showers that do so much for the world. We do not appreciate them because we have never been deprived of them! Ah, the strange perverseness of the human heart! How inconsistent, how terrible it seems, when we look squarely at it! One of the most agonizing prayers ever offered was that which went up from Carmel's hights, when Elijah, the man of God, prayed for rain! And let this land be deprived of rain, as was that land, in the wicked reign of Ahab, and how would every eye be turned up in thankfulness for the first shower! But why not be thankful now for the blessed showers of heaven? Why wait inconsistently and wickedly for God to teach us the value of our blessings by depriving us of them?

And the rain is not the only witness of God's provident goodness. Paul does not aim to enumerate them all. He points out this one as peculiarly striking, and then indicates where numerous others may be found. What a long array of eloquent testimony may we find by a proper study of this expression: fruitful seasons!

Think first of the seasons! How regularly they follow each other! How mercifully gradual are the changes from one into another! What an unbroken chain of varied experiences is woven into our lives by this regular succession of "seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night," that never has ceased since Noah looked up and saw the golden bow of promise, the token of God's eternal covenant, spanning the sky! And then they are fruitful seasons; seasons that come and go not without an object!

Go forth in the merry Spring time and see the flowers blooming and the grass growing, and the flocks skipping and feeding over the hills. See all nature springing into life again, after the long death-like sleep of Winter. And then remember this is a *fruitful* season—a season *freighted* with blessing for an ungrateful world.

Go forth again in summer and see all coming to perfection, the blossom giving place to fruit, the seed that man has planted ripening into golden harvests. Is not this also a fruitful season? Filled with toil it is true, but that toil is crowned with promises of rich reward.

Go forth in autumn and see the world's bread gathered in. See the rich clusters hanging in the trellised vineyards. Hear the ripe fruit dropping in the orchard, and then remember this is a fruitful season, the harvest of the year, the season of accounts and of rewards.

And shall we stop here and say that winter is a barren season? See! there is a horn of plenty in every home. There is a bright fire on every hearth. Each home is a little world. Each hearthstone is a sacred altar around which the inmates gather. There is a smile on every face, there is a merry word on every tongue, there is a beam of hope in every eye. Why? Because their kind Father in the sky has given "rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, and filled their hearts with food and gladness." Would that there were a song of praise on every lip and a feeling of thankfulness in every heart!

Oregon City, Nov. 29, 1866.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?—The following questions, and responses are given by the Young Men's Christian Association, of San Francisco:

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of my words, of him shall the son of Man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because I am afraid I will not "hold out."

"He that hath begun a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Christ Jesus."

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter, without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—The basis of success in all occupations which involves the relations of employer and employed is, that the employer should have an accurate knowledge of the work to be done, what it consists in, how to do it, and how long it should take. A man of business who neglects this, places his interest entirely in the keeping of irresponsible agents, and, human nature being what it is, arrives in due time at insolvency. This is why the self-made man, who has been sternly initiated into the whole mystery by having himself stood in the ranks of the employed, outstrips those who seem to start so fair from the vantage ground of education and capital, and builds a fortune where those kick one down.

And the mistress of a household, who neither understands what a servant's duties are (except, perhaps, these which, affecting her immediate comfort, force themselves upon her notice,) still how and when they may be best fulfilled, will certainly not get them fulfilled in the best manner, or by the smallest number of hands, and hence will manage, or mismanage her income in a wasteful, ineffectual manner. This is inevitable.

SPREADING THE GOSPEL.—A correspondent sends us the following: "While a young minister was recently preaching a written discourse in Andover, the wind, entering through an open window, whisked the sermon off the desk and the most of it out of an opposite window, scattering it through a field of grain. No one going to his aid the young Reverend was obliged to leave the desk and the church and hunt up his flying sermon, which, with its rearrangement, took about a quarter of an hour. This new way of 'spreading the Gospel,' as may be imagined, was anything but a serious matter to the congregation."

Why should underwriters realize large fortunes during the reign of the Queen. Because whilst Regina reigns there will be no Rex (wrecks.)

Why does the railway clerk cut a hole in your ticket? To let you pass through.

Why is love like a Scotch plaid? It is all stuff and often crossed.

Our Idaho Letter.

BOISE CITY, Nov. 20th, 1866.

FRIEND IRELAND:

Hearing that you had embarked in a newspaper ENTERPRISE on your own account, I thought a line from our mountain city might be acceptable.

The business of this place has been very active since the latter part of summer. Our merchants have found it difficult to keep up their stocks, there being so constant a demand for goods from the different mining camps adjacent to this place. At present everything is in a perfect whirl of excitement. The town is filled with persons of every grade of character, who have come in to purchase their winter supplies or spend the winter. You can meet the merchant, miner, quartz speculator, gambler, and man of no occupation on every corner of the street. In the evenings the different saloons and public places of resort present a perfect Babel of confusion: on every side is heard battery dust, quartz, placer diggings, greenbacks, the rattle of faro, monte, and poker checks, —all combined requiring one fresh from the land of Web-foot to keep his wits around or be lost in the confusion of talk and excitement. Now there is not a vacant house to be obtained in the town; every old cabin is filled, and a demand for more buildings. In order to procure a bed at the hotels it is necessary to register your name in the morning, or sit up all night by the stove of some gambling hell. However, this week Mr. T. B. Hart, late of Placerville, opens a new hotel, and will be able to accommodate two hundred persons. His house will be one of the finest this side of San Francisco. All the fixtures are of the most ample character for the entertainment of guests. This with the gentlemanly character of the proprietor will doubtless render "Hart's Exchange" a favorite resort for travelers.

A few weeks since I was down the Boise valley some thirty miles and must confess was taken by surprise at the extent of farming land under cultivation, and the quantities of oats, barley, corn, wheat and vegetables of every kind produced. From personal observation, standing by the thresher when working, I saw sixty-five bushels of barley and sixty-two of oats threshed from the acre. What do you of Web-foot think of that? Sixteen years since I traveled down this same valley a weary emigrant with eyes turned towards Oregon as the mecca of my hopes. Then it was a wild, barren, uncultivated waste, inhabited by Indians, cayotes, and—big rabbits. To-day I find it filled with farms and a people of intelligence and wealth, surrounded with all the comforts that make a home pleasant; schools, churches and society organized, and all the appliances that tender to the happiness and pleasure of any community.

We are just now having a nice little time with the counterfeiters. The *Statesman* treats upon the subject at length, extracts from which I annex:

The public are already aware of the arrest last week at Idaho City of Thomas G. Murphy upon a charge of passing counterfeit gold dust. We learn that he has since been discharged, though whether upon recognizance to appear or upon failure to sustain any charge against him, we have not learned. It has been believed, in fact, pretty well known for some time to the officers of the law, that a considerable gang of counterfeiters were operating in our midst. The arrest of Murphy gave a new clue to the prosecution of further inquires. About four weeks ago Mr. Geo. H. Chick was called upon at his tin shop to make a sheet-iron furnace which so much resembled a concern for melting gold, and from other suspicious circumstances, he was led to believe that it was designed to be used for counterfeiting dust. Mr. Chick acquainted sheriff Dutal of the facts, and a sharp lookout has been kept for the gentlemen ever since. Evidence has been accumulating for some time past, the nature of which it is unnecessary to state, until yesterday morning it was determined to make a raid upon a log building fronting the public square, and formerly used as county hospital. The result was the capture of John C. Page and John Watson, just after they had got up in the morning. A third hombre having gone down to Main street in the meantime, somehow got wind of what was going on and secreted himself, so that he has not yet been arrested. An examination was had before Justice Lindsay yesterday, during which it appeared that the furnace described by Mr. Chick was set up in the house above referred to, lined with clay, and a grate in the bottom, all giving indications of having been used. The room was made very dark, had a bed in one corner and a pile of charcoal, nearly used up, in another. There were also two crucibles used and cracked, a pair of tongs to lift them with, tin sieves and three jars of chemicals. So far as finding dust, good or bad, or in fact any kind of currency whatever, is concerned, the raid is a failure at present. Whether the treasurer of the concern is still at large with the funds, or whether they are absolutely and totally impecunious, is yet to be ascertained. The only "currency" found about the "establishment" was a small sack of black sand in the bed. The fact of Murphy being up at Idaho City on a "mission" with about two hundred ounces of the "spelter" may account for the absence of funds at the manufactory. Judge Heed appeared for the prosecution and Judge George for the defense. The result of the examination was that Page was held to appear at the next term of the district court in the sum of $8,000, and Watson in the sum of $5,000. Not being able to respond, they have taken board and lodging at Duval's hotel, in one of the dark rooms. A rich and interesting letter from "Captain" Murphy was introduced and read as evidence. What was in it, or how it came in possession of the officers, is none of our business; but it has, we doubt not, had the effect before now to get the "head centre" again into durance vile. The proceedings in the case promise to be interesting, and it is hoped the whole gang will be secured. The prisoners' appearance in court yesterday was as much as to say, "O, yes, we are caught, but no jury will convict us; and if we escape hanging by an outraged public, will bid the law defiance." It appears that the arrest was not made too soon, as Murphy advised his correspondents to "kick the furnace to h—ll." A day or two later and they might have destroyed much of the evidence there is against them.

Two days after the above appeared we were informed that Murphy had been admitted to bail by a Justice of the Peace at Idaho City, in the sum of $1,000, to answer some charge connected with the bogus business, commenting upon which the *Statesman* again says:

That order of the justice certainly was not well considered. It would seem that his bonds should have been more or nothing at all. "If there is probable cause to believe the defendant guilty," a thousand dollars will hardly secure his attendance upon court; and if there is not probable cause, he should not have been held at all. If Murphy will commence the "practice of his profession" in Boise City we will warrant him a higher figure.

In view of the past history of crime in this Territory, and of recent disclosures in the bogus dust business, it becomes a question of serious importance whether adulterating and counterfeiting dust shall be suppressed and punished as a crime against the laws, or whether it shall be winked at by the community and considered a legitimate business and sharp practice. The business is carried on to an extent much greater than is generally supposed, and we believe is increasing. It is a well known fact that the dust in general circulation at the present time will not coin as much on an average as it did two years ago, by from two to four dollars per ounce. Every merchant knows that to be the case; no matter how well he cleans his dust it falls several dollars below what he could realize for the same class of dust when the mines was first opened. This, we believe, is attributable for the most part to the greater or less quantity of bogus that is mixed with it. It is, in fact, difficult to find half a dozen ounces in circulation that does not lose in weight upon application of acids But worse than that, the art of counterfeiting has reached that perfection by which silver dust may be so effectually coated with gold as to avoid detection by the common tests of acid. The boldness and defiant manner of the "operators" are further proof of their strength. The two "birds" now in the county jail, notwithstanding the weight of evidence against them, BOAST that they can easily give the required bail for their appearance at the district court, large as it is, as soon as they can communicate with their friends in Owyhee. Murphy has given one thousand dollars bond to answer the charge that was preferred against him at Idaho City last week, and boasts of having money and influence enough to buy or crush the *Statesman*, Reynolds, or any one else who dare insinuate that he is a counterfeiter. The very tender manner in which he is treated by the Idaho press is suggestive of an indisposition to incur the displeasure of his gang. We are also told by one of the gentlemen who took a part in the transaction, that about a year ago a scamp was detected in passing bogus dust in Boise county; that upon promise of money he disclosed the names of his gang, when to the astonishment of his captors they found the concern so numerous and influential, and including so many desperate characters, that they deemed it best for their personal safety to drop the matter, which they did, and no legal proceedings were instituted. These facts give some idea of the extent to which the business is carried on, and the influence of its organization. One of two things must be done in the premises. Not only the officers, but every good citizen must make it a personal matter to lend his influence to the ferreting out and punishment of these villains who are too lazy to earn an honest living but not quite desperate enough to get it by highway robbery, or they must be indirectly supported by the laboring portion of the community by allowing them to "expand the currency" as much as they choose. Our Territorial statutes make counterfeiting dust or knowingly passing it a crime, and provides punishment as severe as for counterfeiting coin. In Ada county we have officers who will spare no effort to make the business both unprofitable and unpleasant to those engaged in it; while it will be our pleasure to expose to public execration and contempt every one connected with the business, no matter what his wealth, influence, or position. We venture the opinion that Murphy and his confederates will, before many days, assume a less defiant attitude, and that the bogus business will not become respectable, even in Idaho.

When our Legislature convenes I will write you again, from BOISE.

"I have great confidence," says a writer "in young men who believed in themselves and are accustomed to rely on their own resources from a early period. When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the world, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it comes off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers."

Why is an author the most peculiar of all animals? Because his tail (tale) comes out of his head.

Why ought the stars to be the best astronomers? Because they have *studied* the heavens for ages.